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CANADIAN

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HOME JOURNAL

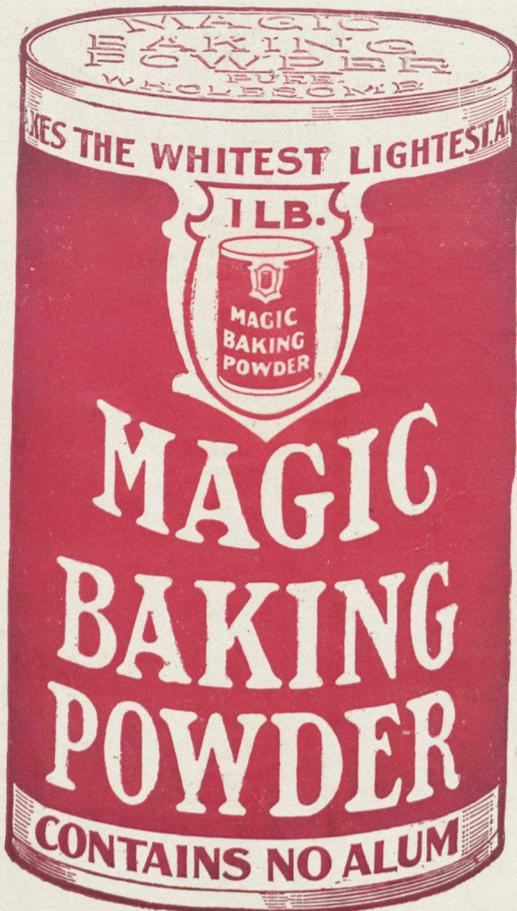
V.W.NEWMAN.



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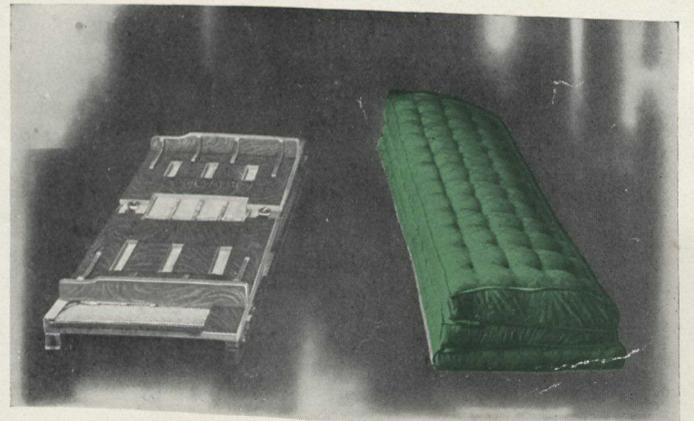
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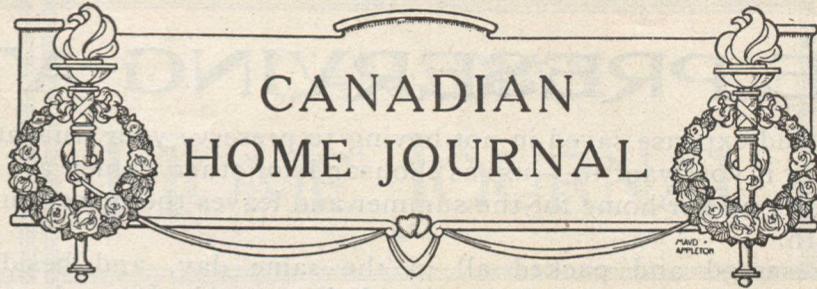
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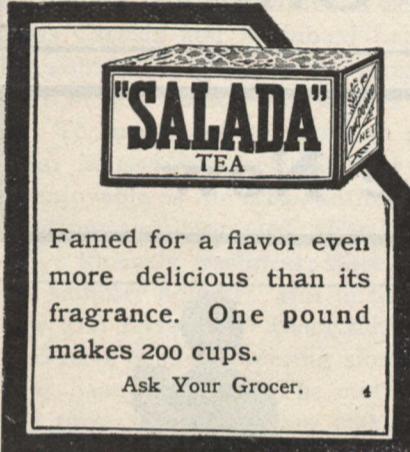
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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1910.

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Do you make clothes for yourself or family? If you do read Page 48.

EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR OCTOBER COVER is by an artist, hitherto unknown to our circle, whose work we are sure you will approve. Our July summer girl, taking a plunge in the surf, was admired, our August maiden, guiding a motor-boat was a bright and bonny lass. The September girl, ready for a canter on her favorite horse, was pleasing to the eye. But we hope you will like, just as much as any of these, the Lady of October, with her dignified calm of demeanor. Mr. V. W. Newman, the artist, has given us other studies which are equally pleasing, and we know you will approve them.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS, we know, will enjoy the contents of this number in which they will find articles of practical helpfulness in the home. "The Housewife's Assistants" deals with those aids to modern cleaning and baking which scientific invention has brought to the aid of the woman who looks after the welfare of the household. The sweeping and dusting and three meals a day are practical considerations which concern all of us. We cannot live without eating, even if we imitate Mr. Upton Sinclair and starve for health's sake. We cannot live very comfortably or in civilized conditions, without taking cleaning day into consideration. Therefore, whatever tends to lighten the toil of preparing the food and getting rid of the dust, should be of interest to the housekeeper. Most Institute members have already seen illustrations or demonstrations of how such labor-savers as the vacuum cleaner and the fireless cooker do their task.

OUR FICTION is unusually good this month. We have already found that "Jeanne of the Marshes," the serial by Mr. Oppenheim, is appreciated, and we assure our readers that as "the plot thickens," the interest becomes keen and exhilarating. The Wicked Princess and the Noble Heroine are quite as entertaining types as were found in the old-fashioned three volume novel. Mrs. MacKay has written one of her most delightful stories in "The Gingerbread House" and the illustrations by Mr. Lester Ambrose do justice to the narrative. The story is one of home life which makes a tender human appeal and which, we are sure, you will all enjoy. "La Tristesse," by Miss Marjorie Pickthall, is a narrative of unusual delicacy and imaginative charm. The description of the quaint old village, with its superstition and its cruelty, is subtle and true, while the devotion of the lovers who leave it for a brighter world is an exquisite touch of idealism.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION and the Household Exchange will, we hope, be departments to encourage correspondence from our subscribers, who will always be welcome, either as contributors or inquirers.

HALLOW E'EN is more than a merry-making—it has become an institution. The games and refreshments of the last night of October are something which nearly every household takes into consideration. Therefore, we

have been mindful of your requirements, and have provided in this number an article which contains a variety of suggestions for entertainment and diversion on that merry occasion.

PURE FOOD articles which we have used have created much interest among our readers and we are sure that the contribution in the present issue, entitled "From Basket to Jar," will prove most entertaining reading to all who care to know about the process of wholesale preserving. Miss Lake found the factories at Winona a scene of decided interest, both in manufacturing activity and in environment, and her description of her visit will make your enjoyment of plum preserves or peach jam all the keener. We should like our readers to realize that only the best goods, prepared in the cleanest manner, are worth consideration by the up-to-date housewife.

THE PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATION is very much desired for our exchange department. If you can send us an article on a new idea in household management or convenience, accompanied by photograph, it is all the more welcome. The articles should not be long. Three or four hundred words on one or two subjects will be better than a variety of recipes. The name and address of the sender must always be given. The editor undertakes no responsibility regarding the household exchange hints, but prefers always to publish the authority for the special recipe or article.

THE CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB is a department which is open to all our girl readers, and which we should be glad to have them address, in connection with any matter of interest. The photograph contest in connection with a girl's room, has not yet resulted in our obtaining a satisfactory photograph, and we shall be glad to receive from our girl friends any letters or illustrations regarding the furnishing of a room. There is a large range of matters, not directly concerned with home life, which interest girls and they may feel free to write at any time on any of these matters to the Canadian Girls' Club.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER is already on the way and will be something for our circle to regard with more than passing interest. The fiction, which is always one of the most important features, as Christmas is the "story" season, is by Canadian writers whose work would be welcome anywhere. One of these is a new writer, but we are certain that when you read "The Comforting of Eugene" you will admit that the author can tell a story well worth reading more than once. Mrs. Sheard's "The Turn of the Tide" is a delightful and cheering tale, and Miss Marion Wathen's "A Pound of Tea" is a Christmas narrative of the good, old-fashioned order. The special features will be of unusual attractiveness and we hope to secure another "rebus," such as excited you all last year.



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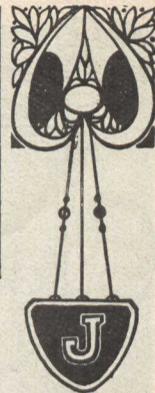
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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

The Autumn Days

IT is a significant circumstance that our Canadian poets and artists have all paid tribute to autumn—and especially to October. Go to an exhibition of work by Canadian artists and you will find a picture named "October," with all the flaming glories of that month of sumptuous departure. Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Archibald Lampman have all given us delightful autumn songs, and the former declares his autumnal preference in lines which few writers have equalled.

To turn from the poets to more practical persons, we find many housewives declaring that there is no time of the year quite so enjoyable as the crisp, autumn days. Spring comes when we are tired out and depressed, after the long winter, and we do not half enjoy its early freshness, since we are working in preparation for the summer holiday. But in the autumn days everything is made new and refreshed. Even school seems inviting to the children, who have been scampering along the beach or in the fields for two long, happy months. The mother of the household has had a rest and turns to the ordinary tasks with renewed energy and enthusiasm. The hot days have gone, the cold days have not yet descended upon us, and we are living in that happy "between time" which remains a pleasant memory of lazy and yet glowing days. It is the time of the "harvest home"—one of the most beautiful and impressive spectacles of the year, when the sheaves stand as a shining symbol of our country's prosperity. We have so much to be thankful for, in this bright, hopeful, young country, that our October days may well close in songs of thanksgiving.

* * *

Lessons from the Exhibitions

WE women are often accused of being ultra-conservative and conventional—especially in matters of social or domestic usage. The charge may be a just one, but the fault has its compensating virtue. In these days of aeroplanes and motor boats, when we may waken any morning to find ourselves flying, it is comforting to find some stubborn and stable persons, who are unwilling to depart from the customs of their grandfathers.

However, in domestic life, we must admit the utility and convenience of the many devices which modern science has invented and trained for our service. Among the lessons to be learned from the modern exhibition is this, of grasping every opportunity to economize in the day's labor and to use every effort to the best advantage. Who would dispense with the sewing machine, though we may reserve some of our spare time for "hand embroidery" or lace?

From the great Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto to the smallest township fair, we may learn the lesson of improving the quality of whatever we may undertake to produce. "The best, not the biggest" is the motto of a certain firm which may well be adopted by many of us. Showy articles of doubtful workmanship have been discarded, in favor of that which is more carefully and finely wrought.

There is another lesson to be learned from these displays of resource and industry—and that is, to be a cheerful loser. Whatever may be the decision of the judges, take it as final and unquestioned. Make the exhibition just as good as you can; and if first prize does not fall to your lot, show the best display of all—

a temper which congratulates another on success. This will permit you to retain your self esteem and what is equally important will gain for you the highest respect of your competitors.

Prevention of Typhoid

THE *Evening Telegram* has called attention to the fact that the Toronto civic authorities were to blame for the prevalence of typhoid fever in that city last winter. There was no excuse for the epidemic, nor was there any excuse for a worse state of affairs in Montreal. The generosity of private citizens in the latter city only throws into more striking contrast the criminal indifference of those whose duty it is to look after the city's health. Typhoid fever, like any other dirt disease, is a disgrace to a civilized community. The civic dignitaries in Toronto have been fumbling about for nearly twenty years, in a pretence of securing a pure water supply. About the year 1920 we shall probably see active measures taken to obtain it.

This is a matter in which women are immediately concerned. The health of the household is of vital importance, and women should be brought to see the overwhelming importance of having pure milk and pure water. The ingenuous milkman may combine them, but if the ingredients are pure, we need not inquire too closely about the compound. There is nothing bitterer than the reflection that the life of a loved one might have been saved if certain preventive measures had been taken. Death is inevitable and must be faced with courage and Christian philosophy. But dirt diseases may and can be prevented, and those who murmur over the victims—"It is the Lord's will"—are neither religious nor practical. We need not blame Providence for the results of our own laziness or indifference and attribute to a mysterious Fate what is nothing more nor less than the consequence of human neglect.

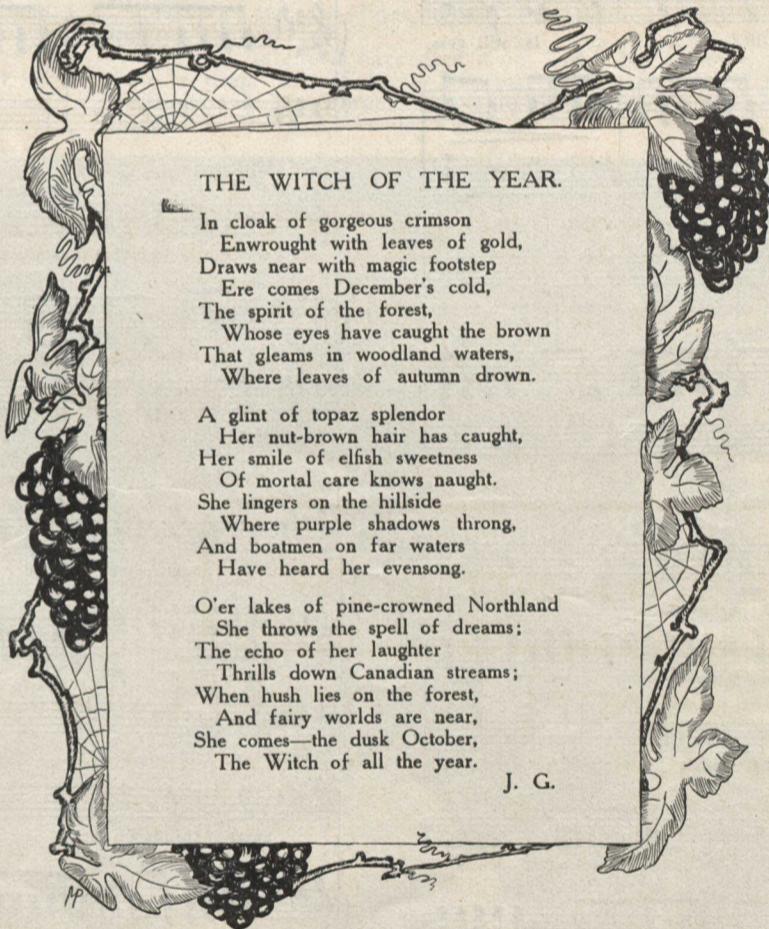
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Less Home Work

THE crusade against "home work" has been successfully carried on by mothers and physicians, and our educational authorities are not inflicting upon the younger pupils those tasks involving home work which, at one time,

threatened to become a crushing burden. The old mathematician's dictum that there is no royal road to geometry is true of all manner of learning and achievement. No one expects or demands that the pupil should be encouraged to believe that acquiring knowledge of a science or proficiency in an art is a facile undertaking. Work and play are distinct, and no one can obtain that which is worth while, unless effort is put forth.

But the younger pupils should be led very slowly into the ways of toil and study. The small, sturdy limbs are so restless that there should be abundant exercise out of school hours. The child's eyes are yet so untried that they should be spared the strain of evening tasks until greater strength and vigor have come to the small body. Germany, which has attained such a high place in the world's scholarship, is beginning to relax in the severe discipline and high standard expected of juvenile pupils. The recent nervous breakdowns of young persons have shown the Teutonic professor that the childish brain has been overtaxed, with the usual tragic result. Health is a supreme consideration, and all the degress in the world will not compensate for a wrecked constitution.



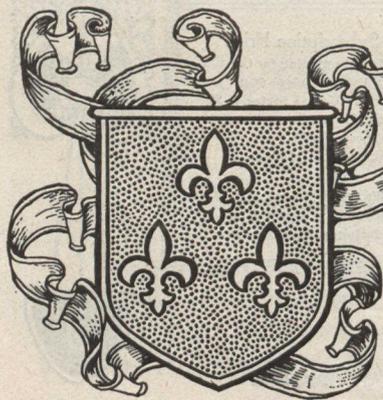
THE WITCH OF THE YEAR.

In cloak of gorgeous crimson
Enwrought with leaves of gold,
Draws near with magic footstep
Ere comes December's cold,
The spirit of the forest,
Whose eyes have caught the brown
That gleams in woodland waters,
Where leaves of autumn drown.

A glint of topaz splendor
Her nut-brown hair has caught,
Her smile of elfish sweetness
Of mortal care knows naught.
She lingers on the hillside
Where purple shadows throng,
And boatmen on far waters
Have heard her evensong.

O'er lakes of pine-crowned Northland
She throws the spell of dreams;
The echo of her laughter
Thrills down Canadian streams;
When hush lies on the forest,
And fairy worlds are near,
She comes—the dusk October,
The Witch of all the year.

J. G.



OUR MUSIC PAGE

A Popular Old Song

"LOVE'S SORROW"

Ballad.

Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone.

Andante con moto.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY.

Piano.

mf

p

p colla voce

pp

rit.

a tempo.

mf

p

Last Letzt'

p

night I dream'd of thee, — A dream so sweet and yet so fleeting. A -

gain thou wert with me: With rap ture I em-braced thee, O

molto rit. why did I from that dream a-wake, To hear a - gain that last "good bye?" *a tempo.*

molto rit. *pp a tempo.*

p O come to me, my love, — O come to me, my love, — My

p *pp* *ten.* heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee a - lone; O speed the lingering

hours — And has - ten, sweet, thy com - ing; My soul in an-guish

rit. years for thee, O come to me, O come, my love. *f a tempo.* *p*



THE GINGERBREAD HOUSE

The Story of a Magic Dwelling Place

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"I WONDER how it would feel," said Ann, "not to have absolutely everything that one wants?"

I am Ann's husband and I am supposed to understand her, so I said "What is it that you want now, Ann?" And passed my cup for more coffee.

"I was just saying," she went on, "that I have absolutely everything that I want and I was wondering how it would feel to—"

You can't bamboozle me that way, Ann. I knew you wanted something. You have wanted it for exactly three weeks.

"Oh!" said Ann, "how did you know? I mean, what ever made you think such a silly thing?"

"I know it because I am your husband and I understand you."

"Really?"

"And I know it further by—well, I don't know that I know just exactly how I know but—"

"Goose!"

"Well, anyway, I do know. You may as well tell me what it is?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. I have everything in the world—except, perhaps," Ann's eye grew pensive, "a gingerbread house."

"Ah, ha!" I cried. "But why gingerbread?"

"Because there isn't any such thing, silly."

"Well, it seems to me that you have answered your own question. Since there is something that you want that you can't have you must know what it feels like to feel that way."

"Um—m," said Ann.

"Seems to me, though," I went on, "that there was a gingerbread house—once. Do you remember anything of it?"

"Oh, yes. Hanzel and Gretel found it, you know, in the forest. But that was a long time ago." Ann's gaze wandered away from the sugar she was dropping into my cup and the little shadow that had worried me lately came back into her eyes.

"Oh, well—time—what's a few hundred years? It was probably a well built house. Run away and get your hat. We couldn't have a better day for house-hunting."

Ann's eyes returned to the sugar. "Don't be absurd, Jack."

"Don't be prim, Ann. I am going to have a day off."

"Really? How nice. How dear of you. I shan't be a moment. Not more than twenty minutes, really. Be sure to finish your coffee."

"Wear something for the country, Ann!" I called after her and her laugh floated back.

When she had gone I did not finish my coffee but did a little thinking instead and then a little telephoning and then a little hurrying around in the car which had been waiting to take me down town, and then quite a bit of waiting for Ann.

When she came at last, radiant, she wore her very daintiest enveloped in a motor coat and veil. "Is my hat on—oh!" She broke into a little shriek of laughter.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"Are we going in that?" asked Ann.

"Certainly."

"What is it?"

"It is a phaeton and a horse. Did you never see a phaeton before?"

"I'm not sure—if that's one! Or a horse either. Oh, Jack, are we really—" Ann's laughter left her helpless.

"If you don't hurry up we shall have a runaway. This horse—" but Ann had retreated. When she came back she wore a plain short skirt, a white shirt waist, a sailor hat and looked five years younger.

"Has it run away yet, dear?" she enquired kindly.

"No, but its efforts have tired it out and it has gone to sleep. Hi! Wake up Pagasus—gee—whoa—I declare I have forgotten how to talk to the brute! Are you comfortable, Ann?"

"Perfectly. I have broken thirteen engagements and ruined a new frock trying to get it off quickly. I am more than comfortable. I am divinely happy. Why doesn't he go?"

"He will in a moment. Can't you give him time to think? Get up. Get up. He's going now!"

"Is he? Yes, I believe he is. How carefully he does it! I hope you have made preparations for an extended trip?" And Ann hummed gaily "I don't care if I never come back."

"Neither do I," I agreed. "But Pagasus has to come back. His owner was very particular about it. He is an heirloom; a remarkable horse; goes very fast when properly warmed up. You see, Ann, we couldn't have found a gingerbread house in a motor. It's one of those things that aren't done. But if there is a gingerbread house anywhere this outfit ought to go straight for it."

"Yes." Ann drew off her gloves and spread her white hands in the sun. "Yes," she repeated dreamily, "I see. Is he afraid of trains?"

"Y—es. You see, there probably weren't any trains when he was young, and he likes the old days best. Naturally he has a prejudice against steam whistles and things, but I think I can hold him. We'll go by quiet roads. He dislikes motors extremely."

"Horrid things, motors," said Ann.

"Yes, dangerous, too. With a motor you never know—now with Pagasus you have his ears. His eyes are a sure warning of danger. Watch his ears and there you are. If they look floppy we are quite safe. If they stand up straight very suddenly—well, its probably all over with us then and nothing matters!"

Ann gave a little shiver of appreciation and came closer. "They are floppy now," she said and came a little closer still. "Don't you think you could manage—"

"Yes. I was just going to. It's not fair to steal my ideas like that. You see, I put both lines in one hand, like this, and I twist the loop around my foot, so—it comes to me quite naturally. Strange how these half-buried instincts recur. Probably my immediate ancestors did all their driving this way. Is that comfortable? He seems to be quite used to being driven with one hand and we can watch his ears. You may lean your head back if you like. Really, it's quite the proper thing."

"I am. Do you know, Jack—oh, look, it's a motor—oh, hold him! Why, I thought you said he was afraid of motors!"

"So he is. It is a sign of remarkable self-control that he conceals his fear. Did you hear him snort? That was a snort of intense terror and yet so great was his self-mastery that his pace scarcely quickened as the motor passed. I doubt if even a steam whistle could move him—outwardly. Get up, Pagasus!"

Ann settled herself cosily. "I suppose you know where you are going, Jack?"

"Certainly not. Hanzel and Gretel didn't know where they



"Be Careful! Don't Waken Her."

were going. Don't you remember—and when Hanzel and Grethel found that the path led them only into the thickest part of the wood, all tangled with brambles, they knew that they were lost. They began to feel very hungry."

"Are we going to begin to feel very hungry?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"O—well." Ann's words slid off dreamily. She watched the sunlight on her white hands. "I have never been hungry," she began again. "I suppose there are lots and lots of people—"

"Who have never been hungry either," I finished hastily. But Ann was not to be diverted.

"Who are often hungry," she went on. "Do you know, I have often thought that if there is ever going to be a general evening up you and I am going to be in for a bad time, Angel."

"Who said?"

"About the evening up? Oh, I don't know. It's a kind of general belief. People who haven't things must naturally think that their turn is coming."

"And people who have things?"

"They don't bother about it, usually. Now you and I—"

"Get up, Pagasus. How is his off ear, Ann? So you think that some great dispenser grudges us things and will make us pay up in the end?"

Ann nodded.

"Well, I don't see it. Especially you. You didn't make the money."

Ann snuggled closer. "If it's you, it's me, goose! But you haven't any cotton factory or coal mines or things with children in them have you, angel?"

"Not muchy! Children, indeed! You're thinking of the old witch in the gingerbread house. Only she kept hers in an oven."

"Yes, and gave them lots to eat to make them fat."

"Well, they don't do that in cotton factories anyway, Ann, I suspect you of reading the magazines?"

"Only one. And that was an article and pictures, such awful pictures! I thought that if you—"

"Well, I don't. Make your mind easy. I haven't such a thing as a child—anywhere."

In the little silence that followed I realized how awkwardly the last sentence had been worded and called myself several kinds of fool. It was just like my idiocy to spend my time for three years in showing Ann that I didn't care for children anyway and then in a moment, by a careless infelicity of expression, to risk detection. But perhaps Ann had not noticed; only she was usually so very quick to notice!

"People become morbid," I began again, "in thinking"—my sentence was cut short by a sudden jerk on the lines and a little shriek from Ann, "Oh, Jack, look at his ears! They're getting stiff. Oh, hold him—oh—!"

"It was that woodpile!" I explained when some five minutes later I wiped the sweat of strenuous exertion from my brow. "I expect woodpiles are just a little too much for his extraordinary self-control. Once in his extreme youth his haughty spirit was compelled to draw wood, and, ever since, the very sight of it—you won't mind if I need both hands for a while? Lucky you noticed his ears, Ann—see, they are still at half-mast—were you frightened?"

"Of course I was! It was lovely. Motors aren't nearly as exciting. They just run into things and smash but Pagasus did a whole vaudeville programme by himself. Weren't you surprised?"

"No. His owner told me not to be surprised at anything Pagasus did, so I wasn't, but I can quite understand how anyone else might be. His ears are quite floppy now. Shall I—"

"Yes. I like it. I'm tired. He must have run a long way. Do you know where we are now, Jack?"

"Lost!" I said. "I was wondering how we would manage it, but you see, it was quite easy. And look, away down the road, that purple line, that is the forest. If Pagasus continues to think that the woodpile is following him we will be there in a few moments and then we will begin the real search for the gingerbread house."

Ann's blue eyes looked up with a gleam of suspicion from under the brim of her hat. "I believe—," she began and hesitated. "Belief," I assured her blandly, "is all that is necessary."

The forest was very close now. Its cool greenness seemed to stretch out restful arms across the long white road. Pagasus forgot the woodpile and looked so very floppy that he seemed to have no ears at all. Almost at the first tree he stopped of his own accord and with a determination not to be mistaken.

"I think we get out here," I said to Ann. "I will tie Pagasus to the fence—"

"There oughtn't to be a fence," said Ann dreamily.

"Perhaps it sprang up in the night like the fence around the sleeping beauty."

"Well, here goes." There was whisk of skirts, a smothered shriek and Ann lay limply on the other side. "No, I'm not hurt. It's fun. Only don't fall on me! Oh," sitting up and fanning herself, "did you ever see such greens and browns and golds and smell it!"

"I wanted you to go to the country a month ago," I reminded her reproachfully, "and you said—"

Ann sniffed, "Oh, the country! The country has lawns and tennis courts and bowling greens and gravelled walks and gardens and houses and servants and everything and everybody. This isn't the country! Here there is nothing and nobody—just us. It's heavenly. Let's go on!"

"It's rather clean, isn't it?" she wondered, "but I suppose we haven't come to the brambles yet. I put on this skirt especially for brambles." But her facile attention was easily diverted from the strange absence of brush and thickets. First, she saw a squirrel and then a whole family of chippies racing along a fallen log, their brown tails waving. They were friendly chippies, and not at all averse to a game of hide and seek and we chased their bright eyes and enticing tails until Ann's hair began to come down.

"We are quite lost, now, aren't we?" she said exultingly, as she stopped to coil it up.

"Quite," I assured her, and presently night will be coming on and we shall be tired and very hungry so that when we see the witch's house through the trees we shall have no misgivings. I say, Ann, stand still a moment and I'll show you something—gently, now!"

Right at our feet lay a piece of hollow log. It looked as if it had not been touched for years, and yet—unless I was mistaken—I stopped and lifted it carefully and instantly there was a slight stirring and a tiny squeal. Ann leaned forward eagerly. There, in a slight hollow in the ground, a soft, warm hollow, lined with delicate grey and white and brown fluff, lay six tiny whitish-fawn baby creatures that curled and wiggled and squealed and blinked blind eyes at the unaccustomed light.

"Oh!" said Ann, and the "Oh!" again. With a fearful hand she touched one of the silky things which squirmed determinedly away. "How exquisite! What beautiful babies. Whose are they?"

"They belong to Mr. and Mrs. Field Mouse. Mrs. Mouse is a splendid housekeeper. Isn't it clean and comfy? But if I don't put the roof on the children will have hysterics."

Ann straightened up. There was a queer little smile about the corners of her mouth.

"You're a dear old fraud, aren't you?" she said, seemingly apropos of nothing.

"What do you mean, Ann?"

"Nothing, only it seems odd that anyone who dislikes children as much as you do should grow pink and happy over infant mice."

"Oh, mice are just—just mice," I said vaguely.

Ann laughed. "Oh, Jack, you goose!" she said. "When are we going to get to that gingerbread house? We must have walked miles."

"Are you hungry?"

"How does one tell?"

"One feels it. Imagine that you have a slice of thick bread and butter, very thick, with crust on, could you eat it?"

"N—o."

"Then you are not hungry. Put your ear against this tree. Do you hear the twittering and chipping? That is Mr. Highhole Woodpecker's family. That is the noise they make when they are hungry and could eat thick bread and butter. Mrs. Highhole will soon dispense the family rations. Did you ever hear such a racket!"

"Can't we see them?" asked Ann.

"No, we are rank outsiders this time. The door is too high up. And say, Ann, if you are not hungry, I am. Let's get on."

"Perhaps I am hungry. If you had that bread and butter I think I could eat half."

"Isn't it a nice feeling?"

"Yes, if there is anything to eat. But—"

"Well, you see, it is not having anything that makes it the real thing. Hanzel and Grethel—"

"Oh, bother Hanzel and Grethel! Jack, I believe I could eat the whole slice. I'm starving—," a look of uneasy awe came into Ann's face.

"That's right. So am I. We are both in exactly the proper frame of mind and here is a turn in the path and night is coming on (or will be after an hour or two) so the witch's house must be around here somewhere. Right through those trees here we ought to see—"

Ann clutched violently at my arm. "Why, Jack! It is there—look!" She rubbed her eyes vigorously and looked again through the screen of trees. When she turned to me her eyes were wide like a child's. Then we both peeped through at the little brown house which stood quite alone in its little clearing as if dropped down by enchantment.

"That's it," I whispered, "the Gingerbread House! Don't you smell it?"

"Smell it? How absurd. Oh, I believe I can! Why, Jack, this is getting curiouser and curiouser like Alice when she fell down the rabbit hole. Whatever is it?"

"Gingerbread, anyway, or I'm a heathen. That smell was the incense of my youth. My mouth is watering already. Let's go and see."

"But if somebody—"

"The witch is sure to be out. She is always out at first, you know. Gently now. If you can keep your petticoats quiet—"

"They are quiet," indignantly.

"Well, hold them tight. I'll go first." The little brown house was very close now and no one was anywhere about. The door was closed but the window was open and on the window-sill sat a big pan of something that smelled deliciously.

"Gingerbread!" gasped Ann. "A whole pan and warm. It's years since I tasted it!"

She peeped in at the window. There was certainly no one there. The door swung on the latch. With a glance of invitation to me Ann pushed it open. Inside was a small room containing a plain table and four stools. Upon the table stood a blue jug of fresh milk and beside it four thick blue cups.

"Why four?" asked Ann stupidly.

"Why not?" I replied brilliantly, "one for you and one for me and one each for Hanzel and Grethel, who will probably be along soon."

"Do you really think we might have some? Oh, I must. I'm so hungry!"

"Then we must hurry before the witch returns. Ah! Is that you, Hanzel? Come right in."

A shock of brown hair and two bright brown eyes had appeared miraculously around the side of the door. At my invitation their owner followed them, wondering. Ann gave a little gasp and then surrendered herself unreservedly to the situation.

"Come all the way in, Hanzel," she said, encouragingly. "If Grethel is there she had better come in, too."

The child made a comprehensive gesture. "Come in Grethel," called Ann, and as if by incantation another brown baby appeared, just like the first one, only browner, smaller and dressed in a girl's straight frock.

"Now that we are all here," I remarked, "let us hasten in

case— Did you see the witch anywhere around, Hanzel?"

The brown one opened his mouth, closed it and shook his head.

"Dumb, perhaps," I suggested to Ann. "You try Grethel."

"Would you like some gingerbread, Grethel?" asked Ann, diffidently. A vigorous nod was the only answer.

"Both dumb," I said sorrowfully. "But that doesn't matter. Doubtless it is but a temporary dumbness owing to some evil enchantment. They seem to be able to eat gingerbread all right. Milk, kiddies?"

"I wish they would speak," said Ann. "What is your name—I mean how did you get here, dears?"

The bigger brown one made a great effort and succeeded in saying, "Came."

"Just so," I said, "exactly what anyone might do. He seems to be a sensible lad, Ann. Isn't the gingerbread good?"

Ann took another piece by way of answer. "I wonder," she said, "if it is a diet of gingerbread that makes these kiddies so brown? Even their eyes are brown."

The eyes referred to opened still wider, but neither of their owners spoke. Only, Grethel, seeing something inviting in Ann's smile, edged a little closer. "What is it, dear?" asked Ann.

"Pretty," lisped the child.

"What is pretty? This?" Ann lifted a slender chain which hung about her neck.

Grethel shook her head and stretching out a tiny brown hand very reminiscent of gingerbread. She stroked the front of Ann's white blouse.

"She means you are pretty," I explained. "Great eye, Grethel."

Grethel laid down a half slice of gingerbread for which there was positively no room and, stretching out the other hand, demanded, "Up."

"Up. Where?" Ann's enquiring eye wandered toward the ceiling.

"She wants you to take her up," I explained again.

"Oh!" said Ann.

She lifted the little thing almost timidly, but finding the action quite natural, instinctively arranged her comfortably, Grethel gave a sigh of huge satisfaction and, leaning back with a little snuggling motion of her round head, closed her eyes. Seeing that Ann looked embarrassed I applied myself to sweeping up gingerbread crumbs and Hanzel, deciding that the feast was over, basely deserted his sister and uttering a wild whoop fled.

"Are you ready to go now, Ann?"

"No."

I swept up more crumbs and then went to the door and looked out. In the open country it would still be bright with sunshine, but here the path was already shadowy, what sun there was came slantingly and lay in little pools of gold. There was quiet save for the native unrest of the wood. The warm air was laden with wood scents; a squirrel peeped saucily around the nearest tree, pausing to observe me with bright-eyed interest.

"She must be heavy," I said without turning. "Better let me lay her down."

"No," said Ann.

After a little while she said: "It has been a perfect day. I wonder why you did it, Jack?"

"Well, you see, Ann, it was impulse, really. But perhaps there was a reason. You remember that I promised that you should always have whatever you wanted? I thought you had everything—until lately. Lately, I have known that you wanted something. I did not know if it were something real or just—just a gingerbread house, you know. And I thought that perhaps if we had a day together, all by ourselves somewhere, I might find out. Won't you let me take the baby?"

"No. And did you find out?"

"No."

"You've given me so much already, you see," said Ann.

"There isn't any limit to what I want to give you, Ann."

"What if there were a limit to my pleasure in taking?"

I was silent.

"What if I say that I am beginning to be ashamed and dissatisfied. What if I am beginning to want to do a little giving myself?"

"You have given me everything."

"Everything? Isn't there anything more that you want? Not even a 'gingerbread house'? Be honest now."

"Nothing," I said stubbornly. "And now we must go back, dear. Give me the baby. I know where she lives. Do you want to know—"

"Oh, no. That would spoil it. Be careful, don't waken her. How awkward men are! Oh, Jack, be careful of her feet! There, that's better."

But we were not destined to bear the sleeping Grethel home. Someone who looked very much like her mother met us at the turn of the path.

"The charcoal-burner's wife," I explained to Ann. Ann gracefully acknowledged the introduction and superintended the exchange of Grethel. "She's just the dearest baby!" she told the charcoal-burners' wife.

"What did you say, Ann?"

"Oh, nothing!"

We found Pagasus where we had left him, the picture of abused but resigned patience. The remains of a frugal meal lay scattered on the grass.

"Wouldn't do to give him oats, you know," I said. "He is much too fiery, and we don't want to hurry home, do we?"

"No."

We settled ourselves in the funny old phaeton and turned Pagasus homeward. The sunset burned

through the haze of fine, white dust on the long, straight road.

"It was a lovely gingerbread house," said Ann, musingly. But I've changed my mind. I don't want a gingerbread house. I don't want anything but what I have this very minute—except what I'm going to get."

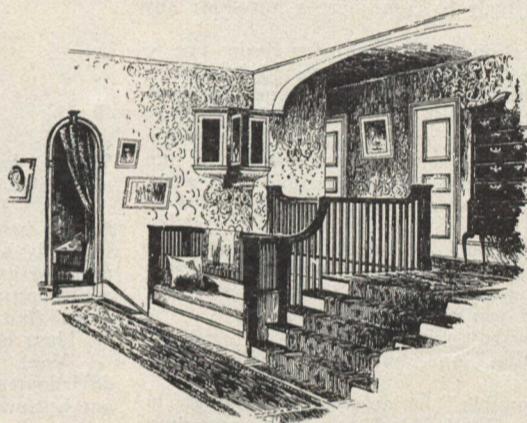
"What are you going to get?" I said, idly.

"Well, you see, it's hard to explain, because it is for you too, and you have just said that you don't want anything."

HINTS ABOUT HOUSECRAFT

NOW often do we hear the expression, "comfort of a home," and how frequently we find a home whose furnishings are not suggestive of that quality! We remember many "best rooms" or parlors which struck a chill to the very heart, in their impressive gloom and stiffness. There was nothing cheerful or inviting about their prim and frozen order, and we recall with sadness the slippery horsehair furniture with cold mahogany "frames," which extended no welcome to weary limbs.

The modern city house affords little room, for either decoration or true comfort, until we come to residences costing upwards of ten thousand dollars. Yet, even with the smaller homes, much may be accomplished if every effort and thought are expended to secure cheerfulness and light. If



A WIDE STAIR LANDING

possible, the dining-room should be made a sunshiny spot. In the illustration shown on this page, there is light and cheer in this most important room, where the family assembles at least twice a day. It is enough to send one to business or school with a headache, to have breakfast in some of the dismal, ill-lighted rooms which serve as dining-rooms. Imagine coming down to breakfast on a cold and rainy November morning, in a room with dull wall paper, ugly carpet and depressing hangings! It would take the heart out of you before the day's work was even begun.

In a description of a bright dining-room, the architect says: "The sideboard nook has the walls above the sideboard lined with mirrors set in gilt frames, and the large window on the opposite side of the room is a French casement leading on to the front porch, while the group of three windows on the front has a wide sill on which rest potted house plants. The fireplace is so arranged that when the fire is burning, one's back is not scorched with the heat while sitting at the table, an annoyance frequently met with in poorly arranged dining-rooms. All the woodwork is painted white, and the fireplace is faced with Delft-blue picture-tile and has a red brick hearth. Dull green tiles might be substituted here if preferred. The dado between base and chair rail is of cement painted white, like the woodwork, and above the rail is a striped green paper with a finish like satin. The ceiling is tinted cream white."

The hall in the average city dwelling is narrow, dark and not too well ventilated. In village and country homes there is the opportunity for better things, and the hall may be made a veritable place of welcome if cosy seats are arranged and an air of brightness given to the entrance. First impressions are half the battle, and, if the hall presents a scene of comfort and well-being, the guest is sure to carry away a pleasant memory. Pictures hung in the hall should always be of a bright and cheering nature. If you must have scenes of slaughter and sickness on your walls, put them in the library or the "den," and do not let them be the first sight on which the eyes of the stranger may rest. If you can have an open fireplace in the hall, by all means let it be found facing the open door, and shedding an inviting and consoling warmth on a winter night. The blaze on the



A BRIGHT DINING-ROOM

"For me? Then, of course, I want it. Is it a surprise?"

Ann dimpled. "It begins to look as if it might be," she admitted. Her eyes were observing me narrowly from under the shade of her hat. "Think," she commanded suddenly, "think of the things that you want most of anything in your very heart of hearts! Quick!"

Involuntarily my mind flew back to the vision of Ann with the sleeping baby in her arms—

"That's it!" said Ann, with a contented sigh.

hearth gives a courage and heartiness to the tired or disconsolate that nothing else can bestow, and its charm will never be less. Whatever changes may come in modes of heat or illumination, the open fireplace will hold its own and give comfort unto weary travellers.

I N the bedrooms, there is a great latitude of taste and choice. It is noticeable how much modern fancy runs to light effects. The bronze and dark greens of the "Eighties" appear to have disappeared entirely. The floral effect, in rosebuds, violets and forget-me-nots, with ribbon-like decoration, has been in vogue for the last two years.

A light blue satin-stripe paper supplied the foundation color for the principal bedroom suite in a picturesque model house, as described by the decorator. Sheer white muslin ruffled curtains next the glass would give the required touch of daintiness, the inner curtains being of blue and green cretonne. The furniture might be of mahogany or white enamel with a brass bed and a blue-green-and-white rug.

The popular amethyst and plum and wine shades can be beautifully combined this year in a bedroom or dressing-room scheme as wall papers, draperies and carpets are shown in these delightful tones, which form an admirable background for either light or dark furniture. For a small chilly-looking chamber looking east, the suggested scheme was bright yellow walls, with white woodwork, and furniture, a brass bed, cream Madras curtains, and a golden tan carpet.

A MONG unique floral decorations, *The Table* discusses several modes of such dainty embellishment.

From the florist will be ordered five wire-pieces, four shaped as horseshoes, and one as four-leaved clover. The four-leaved clover shape is for the middle of the table. It should be of fair size, each of its four leaves being about six inches across. The stalk should extend about a foot away from the point where the four leaves join. This point should have a round hole where a vase or a slender piece of rusticana glass can be set.

The clover shape is really outlined in tin, being, in actual fact, a narrow edging in this shape of tin an inch in height. Very fine wire net is stretched over this tin to form the leaves. A person handy at wire twisting can, with strong wire, form the shape, then coarse net may be sewn over the outline with equal effectiveness.

Having obtained the shape, all that is needed is to cover it entirely with white flowers massed together, the stalk, which should be an inch wide, being covered with moss, though a trail of smilax answers well enough.

The four-leaved clover, when flower-filled over all its net, will have a thick, cushion-like, raised appearance. It must be set upon a color that will bring out its shape perfectly. A green centrepiece would show up the white flowers well, but would spoil the stalk. If such a color is used, the stalk, too, must be filled with white blooms. A scarlet centre will show out the massed flowers exceedingly well, and the green stalk also.

It is well, in making this white emblem of fortune, to make a delicate edging all round the leaves with feathery fern, just short bits being inserted in the rim's edging of holes.

The four-leaved clover looks well in scarlet blooms, and is also pretty in Neapolitan violets which are expressly grown for New Year decorations.

In changing the color of the flowers, care must be used in making the table centre of a color that will show the mass up well.

At the point where the four leaves meet a blanché centre glass of rusticana ware will be set. This glass is cheap, and is made to simulate rustic branches. It is tinted in pale greens very often, the branches being of pipe-like slenderness, each made to hold one bloom and to show it to the best advantage. These branching vases stand on slender feet and are tall. When filled they need but a very few flowers, yet make a good show, ferns being used to give grace and lightness.

A home-made wire stand can be contrived if this glass is not to be obtained. A tall wire stand, with wire circlets attached to hold flowers, will answer just as well.

The four horseshoes are for the table corners. They are really horseshoe-shaped vessels, holding water. Flowers and ferns are set in these, the stalks being firmly held by netting, which is sewn over the inch-wide tops of the tins. The shoes should be of a size which is equal to each leaf of the central clover. If this sign of fortune is filled with white flowers, the corner emblems may be red. A vase with a single flower and a fern should stand in each shoe.

JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

A Story of Love and Mystery

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SYNOPSIS—Jeanne LeMesurier and her stepmother, Princess Ena, accompanied by Major Forrest and Lord Ronald Engleton, visit Cecil de la Borne at Red Hall, his Norfolk home. Cecil's elder brother, Andrew, who dislikes fashionable society, takes the hint and retires before their appearance. The Princess and Major Forrest are really card sharpers looking for a victim.

HE turned from the Princess, who was not greatly interested, to find that for once he had succeeded in riveting the attention of the girl, whose general attitude towards him and the whole world seemed to be one of barely tolerant indifference.

"I should like to see over your house, Mr. De la Borne," she said. "It all sounds very interesting."

"I am afraid," he answered, "that your interest would not survive very long. We have no treasures left, nor anything worth looking at. For generations the De la Borne have stripped their house and sold their lands to hold their own in the world. I am the last of my race, and there is nothing left for me to sell," he declared, with a momentary bitterness.

"Hadn't you—a half brother?" the Princess asked. Cecil hesitated for a moment. He had drifted so easily into the position of head of the house. It was so natural. He felt that he filled the place so perfectly.

"I have," he admitted, "but he counts, I am sorry to say, for very little. You are never likely to come across him—nor any other civilized person."

There was a subtle indication in his tone of a desire not to pursue the subject. His guests naturally respected it. There was a moment's silence. Then Cecil once more leaned forward. He hesitated for a moment, even after his lips had parted, as though for some reason he were inclined, after all, to remain silent, but the consciousness that every one was looking at him and expecting him to speak induced him to continue with what, after all, he had suddenly, for no explicit reason, hesitated to say.

"You spoke, Miss Le Mesurier," he began, "of looking over the house, and, as I told you, there is very little in it worth seeing. And yet I can show you something, not in the house itself, but connected with it, which you might find interesting."

The Princess leaned forward in her chair.

"This sounds so interesting," she murmured. "What is it, Cecil? A haunted chamber?"

"Something far more tangible," he answered, "although in its way quite as remarkable. Hundreds of years ago, smuggling on this coast was not only a means of livelihood for the poor, but the diversion of the rich. I had an ancestor who became very notorious. His name seems to have been a by-word, although he was never caught, or if he was caught, never punished. He built a subterranean way underneath the grounds, leading from the house right to the mouth of one of the creeks. The passage still exists, with great cellars for storing smuggled goods, and a room where the smugglers used to meet.

Jeanne looked at him with parted lips.

"You can show me this?" she asked—"the passage and the cellars?"

Cecil nodded.

"I can," he answered. Quite a weird place it is, too. The walls are damp, and the cellars themselves are like the vaults of a cathedral. All the time at high tide you can hear the sea thundering over your head. To-morrow, if you like, we will get torches and explore them."

"I should love to," Jeanne declared. "Can you get out now at the other end?"

Cecil nodded.

"The passage," he said, "starts from a room which was once the library, and ends half-way up the only piece of cliff there is. It is about thirty feet from the ground, but they had a sort of apparatus for pulling up the barrels, and a rope ladder for the men. The preventive officers would see the boat come up the creek, and would march down from the village, only to find it empty. Of course, they suspected where the things went, but they could not prove it, and as my ancestor was a magistrate and an important man, they did not dare to search the house."

The Princess sighed gently.

"Those were the days," she murmured, "in which it must have been worth while to live. Things happened then. To-day your ancestor would simply have been called a thief."

"As a matter of fact," Cecil remarked, "I do not think that he himself benefited a penny by any of his exploits. It was simply the love of adventure which led him into it."

"Even if he did," Major Forrest remarked, "that same predatory instinct is alive to-day in another guise. The whole world is preying upon one another. We are thieves, all of us, to the tips of our finger-nails, only our roguery is conducted with due regard to the law."

The Princess smiled faintly as she glanced across the table at the speaker.



"I am afraid," she said, with a little sigh, "that you are right. I do not think that we have really improved with the centuries. My own ancestors sacked towns and held the inhabitants to ransom. To-day I sit down to bridge opposite a man with a well-filled purse, and my one idea is to lighten it. Nothing, I am convinced, but the fear of being found out, keeps us reasonably moral."

"If we go on talking like this," Lord Ronald remarked, "we shall make Miss Le Mesurier nervous. She will feel that we, and the whole of the rest of the world, have our eyes upon her money-bags."

"I am absolutely safe," Jeanne answered smiling. "I do not play bridge, and even my signature would be of no use to anyone yet."

"But you might imagine us," Lord Ronald continued, "waiting around breathlessly until the happy time arrived when you were of age, and we could pursue our diabolical schemes."

Jeanne shook her head.

"You cannot frighten me, Lord Ronald," she said. "I feel safe from every one. I am only longing for to-morrow, for a

chance to explore with you this wonderful subterranean passage."

"I am afraid," their host remarked, "that you will be disappointed. With the passing of smuggling, the romance of the thing seems to have died. There is nothing now to look at but mouldy walls, a bare room, and any amount of the most hideous fungi. I can promise you that when you have been there for a few minutes, your only desire will be to escape."

"I am not so sure," the girl answered. "I think that associations always have an effect on me. I can imagine how one might wait there, near the entrance, hear the soft swish of the oars, look down and see the smugglers, hear perhaps the muffled tramp of men marching from the village. Fancy how breathless it must have been, the excitement, the fear of being caught."

Cecil curled his slight moustache dubiously.

"If you can feel all that in my little bit of underground world," he said, "I shall think that you are even a more wonderful person—"

He dropped his voice and leaned toward her, but Jeanne laughed in his face and interrupted him.

"People who own things," she remarked, "never look upon them with proper reverence. Don't you see that my mother is dying for some bridge?"



CHAPTER V.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THE Princess was only obeying a faint sign from Forrest. She leaned forward and addressed her host.

"It isn't a bad idea," she declared. "Where are we going to play bridge, Cecil? In some smaller room, I hope. This one is really beginning to get on my nerves a little. There is an ancestor exactly opposite who has fixed me with a luminous and a disapproving eye. And the blank spaces on the wall! Ugh! I feel like a Goth. We are too modern for this place, Cecil."

Their host laughed as he rose up and turned towards Jeanne. "Your mother," he said, "is beginning to be conscious of her environment. I know exactly how she is feeling, for I myself am a constant sufferer. Are you, too, sighing for the gilded salons of civilization?"

"Not in the least," Jeanne answered frankly. "I am tired of mirrors and electric lights and babble. I prefer our present surroundings, and I should not mind at all if some of those disapproving ancestors of yours stepped out of their frames and took their places with us here."

Cecil laughed.

"If they have been listening to our conversation," he said, "I think that they will stay where they are. Like royalty," he continued, "we can boast an octagonal chamber. I fear that its glories are of the past, but it is at least small, and the wall-paper is modern. I have ordered coffee and the card tables there. Shall we go?"

He led the way out of the gloomy room, chilly and bare, yet in a way magnificent still with its reminiscences of past splendour, across the hall, modernized with rugs and recent furnishings, into a smaller apartment, where cheerfulness reigned. A wood fire burned in an open grate. Lamps, and a fine candelabrum, gave a sufficiency of light. The furniture, though old, was graceful, and of French design. It had been the sitting chamber of the ladies of the De la Borne family for generations, and it bore traces of its gentler occupation. One thing alone remained of primevalism to remind them of their closer contact with the great forces of nature. The chamber was built in the tower, which stood exposed to the sea, and the roar of the wind was ceaseless.

"Here at least we shall be comfortable, I think," Cecil remarked as they all entered. "My frescoes are faded, but they represent flowers, not faces. There are no eyes to stare at you from out of the walls here, Princess."

The Princess laughed gaily as she seated herself before a Louis Quinze card table, and threw a pack of cards across the faded green baize cloth.

"It is charming, this," she declared. "Shall we challenge these two boys, Nigel? You are the only man who understands my leads, and who does not scold me for my declarations."

"I am perfectly willing," Forrest answered smoothly. "Shall we cut for deal?"

Cecil de la Borne leaned over and turned up a card.

"I am quite content," he remarked. "What do you say, Engleton?"

Engleton hesitated for a moment. The Princess turned and looked at him. He was standing upon the hearthrug smoking, his face as expressionless as ever.

"Let us cut for partners," he drawled. "I am afraid of the Princess and Forrest. The last time I found them a quite invincible couple."

There was a moment's silence. The Princess glanced toward Forrest, who only shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you will," he answered.

He turned up an ace and the Princess a three. "After all," he remarked with a smile, "it seems as though fate were going to link us together."

"I am not so sure," Cecil de la Borne said, also throwing down an ace. "It depends now upon Engleton."

Engleton came to the table, and drew a card at random from the pack. Forrest's eyes seemed to narrow a little as he looked down at it. Engleton had drawn another ace.

"Forrest and I," he remarked. "Jolly low cutting, too. I have played against you often, Forrest, but I think this is our first rubber together. Here's good luck to us!"

He tossed off his liqueur and sat down. They cut again for deal, and the game proceeded.

Jeanne had moved across towards the window, and laid her fingers upon the heavy curtains. Cecil De la Borne, who was dummy, got up and stood by her side.

"Do you know," she said, "although your frescoes are flowers, I feel that there are eyes in this room, too, only that



they are looking in from the night. Can one see the sea from here, Mr. De la Borne?"

"It is scarcely a hundred yards away," he answered. "This window looks straight across the German Ocean, and if you look long enough you will see the white of the breakers. Listen! You will hear, too, what my forefathers, and those who begat them, have heard from the birth of the generations."

The girl, with strained face, stood looking out into the darkness. Outside, the wind and sea imposed their thunder upon the land. Within, there was no sound but the soft patter of the cards, the languid voices of the four who played bridge. A curious little company, on the whole. The Princess of Strurm, whose birth was as sure as her social standing was doubtful, the heroine of countless scandals, ignored by the great heads of her family, impoverished, living no one know how, yet remaining the legal guardian of a step-daughter, who was reputed to be one of the greatest heiresses in Europe. The courts had moved to have her set aside, and failed. A Cardinal of her late husband's faith, empowered to treat with her on behalf of his relations, offered a fortune for her cession of Jeanne, and was laughed at for his pains. Whatever her life had been, she remained custodian of the child of the great banker whom she had married late in life. She endured calmly the threats, the entreaties, the bribes, of Jeanne's own relations. Jeanne she was determined should enter life under her wing, and hers only. In the end she had her way. Jeanne was entering life now, not through the respectable but somewhat *bourgeois* avenue by which her great monied relatives would have led her, but under the auspices of her step-mother, whose position as chaperon to a great heiress had already thrown open a great many doors which would have been permanently closed to her in any other guise. The Princess herself was always consistent. She assumed to herself an arrogant right to do as she pleased and live as she pleased. She was of the House of Strurm, which had been noble for centuries, and had connections with royalty. That was enough. A few forgot her past and admitted her claim. Those who did not she ignored.

Then there was Lord Ronald Engleton, an orphan brought up in Paris, a would-be decadent, a dabbler in all modern iniquities, redeemed from folly only by a certain not altogether wholesome cleverness, yet with a disposition which gained for him sometimes friends in most unlikely quarters. He had excellent qualities, which he did his best to conceal; impulses which he was continually stifling.

By his side sat Forrest, the Sphinx, more than middle-aged, a man who had wandered all over the world, who had tried many things without ever achieving prosperity, and was searching always, with tired eyes, for some new method of clothing and feeding himself upon an income of less than nothing a year. He had met the Princess at Marienbad years ago, and silently took his place in her suite. Why, no one seemed to know, not even at first the Princess herself, who thought him chic, and adored what she could not understand. Curious Flotsam and Jetsam these four, of society which had something of a Continental flavour, personages, every one of them, with claims of recognition, but without any noticeable hallmark.

There remained the girl, Jeanne herself, half behind the curtain now, her head thrust forward, her beautiful eyes contracted with the effort to penetrate that veil of darkness. One gift at least she seemed to have borrowed from the woman who gambled with life as easily and readily as with the cards which fell from her jewelled fingers. In her face, although it was still the face of a child, there was the same inscrutable expression, the same calm languor of one who takes and receives what life offers with the indifference of the cynic, or the imperturbability of the philosopher. There was little of the joy or the anticipation of youth there, and yet behind the eyes, as they looked out into the darkness, there was something—some such effort, perhaps, as one seeking to penetrate the darkness of life must needs show. And as she looked, the white, living breakers gradually resolved themselves out of the dark, thin, filmy phosphorescence, and the roar of the lashed sea broke like thunder upon the pebbled beach. She leaned a little more forward, carried away with her fancy—that the shrill grinding of the pebbles was indeed the scream of human voices in pain!



CHAPTER VI.

"IF ANDREW INTERFERES!"

WITH the coming of dawn the storm passed away northwards, across a sea snow-flecked and still panting with its fury, and leaving behind many traces of its violence even upon these waste and empty places. A lurid sunrise gave a little promise of better weather, but by six o'clock the wind had fallen, and the full tide was swelling the creeks. On a sand-bank, far down amongst the marshes, Jeanne stood hatless, with her hair streaming in the breeze, her face turned seaward, her eyes full of an unexpected joy. Everywhere she saw traces of the havoc wrought in the night. The tall rushes lay broken and prostrate upon the ground, the beach was strewn with timber from the breaking up of an ancient wreck. Eyes more accustomed than hers to the outline of the country could have seen inland dismantled cottages and unroofed sheds, groups of still frightened and restive cattle, a snapped flagstaff, a fallen tree. But Jeanne knew none of these things. Her face was turned towards the ocean and the rising sun. She felt the sting of the sea wind upon her cheeks, all the nameless exhilaration of the early morning sweetness. Far out seaward the long breakers, snow-flecked and white crested, came rolling in with a long, monotonous murmur toward the land. Above, the grey sky was changing into blue. Almost directly over her head, rising higher and higher in little circles, a lark was singing. Jeanne half closed her eyes and stood still, engrossed by the unexpected beauty of her surroundings. Then suddenly a voice came travelling to her from across the marshes.

She turned round unwillingly, and with a vague feeling of irritation against this interruption, which seemed to her so inopportune, and in turning round she realized at once that her period of absorption must have lasted a good deal longer than she had had any idea of. She had walked straight across the marshes towards the little hillock on which she stood, but the way by which she had come was no longer visible. The swelling tide had circled round through some unseen channel, and was creeping now into the land by many creeks and narrow ways. She herself was upon an island, cut off from the dry land by a smoothly flowing tidal way more than twenty yards across. Along it a man in a flat-bottomed boat was punting his way towards her. She stood and waited for him, admiring his

height, and the long powerful strokes with which he propelled his clumsy craft. He was very tall, and against the flat background his height seemed almost abnormal. As soon as he had attracted her attention he ceased to shout, and divided all his attention to reaching her quickly. Nevertheless, the salt water was within a few feet of her when he drove his pole into the bottom and brought the punt to a momentary standstill. She looked down at him, smiling.

"Shall I get in,?" she asked.

"Unless you are thinking of swimming back," he answered drily, "it would be as well."

She lifted her skirts a little, and laughed at the inappropriateness of her thin shoes and open-work stockings. Andrew de la Borne held out his strong hand, and she sprang lightly on to the broad seat.

"It is very nice of you," she said, with her slight foreign accent, "to come and fetch me. Should I have been drowned?"

"No!" he answered. "As a matter of fact, the spot where you were standing is not often altogether submerged. You might have been a prisoner for a few hours. Perhaps as the tide is going to be high, your feet would have been wet. But there was no danger."

She settled down as comfortably as possible in the awkward seat.

"After all, then," she said, "this is not a real adventure. Where are you going to take me to?"

"I can only take you," he answered, "to the village. I suppose you came from the Hall?"



"Yes!" she answered. "I walked straight across from the gate. I never thought about the tide coming up here."

"You will have to walk back by the road," he answered. "It is a good deal further round, but there is no other way."

She hung her hand over the side, rejoicing in the touch of the cool soft water.

"That," she answered, "does not matter at all. It is very early still, and I do not fancy that any one will be up yet for several hours."

He made no further attempt at conversation, devoting himself entirely to the task of steering and propelling his clumsy craft along the narrow way. She found herself watching him with some curiosity. It had never occurred to her to doubt at first but that he was some fisherman from the village, for he wore a rough jersey and a pair of trousers tucked into sea-boots. His face was bronzed, and his hands were large and brown. Nevertheless she saw that his features were good, and his voice, though he spoke the dialect of the country, had about it some quality which she was not slow to recognize.

"Who are you?" she asked, a little curiously. "Do you live in the village?"

He looked down at her with a faint smile.

"I live in the village," he answered, "and my name is Andrew."

"Are you a fisherman?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered gravely. "We are all fisherman here."

She was not altogether satisfied. He spoke to her easily, and without any sort of embarrassment. His words were civil enough, and yet he had more the air of one addressing an equal than a villager who is able to be of service to to some one in an altogether different social sphere.

"It was very fortunate for me," she said, "that you saw me. Are you up at this hour every morning?"

"Generally," he answered. "I was thinking of fishing, higher up in the reaches there."

"I am sorry," she said, "that I spoilt your sport."

He did not answer at once. He in his turn was looking at her. In her tailor-made gown, short and fashionably cut, her silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, she certainly seemed far indeed removed from any of the women of those parts. Her dark hair was arranged after a fashion that was strange to him.

"You are not English," he remarked, a little abruptly.

She shook her head.

"My father was a Portuguese," she said, "and my mother French. I was born in England, though. You, I suppose, have lived here all your life?"

"All my life," he repeated. "We villagers, you see, have not much opportunity for travel."

"But I am not sure," she said, looking at him a little doubtfully, "that you are a villager."

"I can assure you," he answered, "that there is no doubt whatever about it. Can you see out yonder a little house on the island there?"

She followed his outstretched finger.

"Of course I can," she answered. "Is that your home?"

He nodded.

"I am there most of my time," he answered.

"It looks charming," she said, a little doubtfully, "but isn't it lonely?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps," he answered. "I am only ten minutes sail from the mainland, though."

She looked again at the house, long and low, with its plaster walls bare of any creeping thing.

"It must be rather fascinating," she admitted, "to live upon an island. Are you married?"

"No!" he answered.

"Do you mean that you live quite alone?" she asked.

He smiled down upon her as one might smile at an inquisitive child.

"I have a ser—some one one to look after me," he said. "Except for that I am quite alone. I am going to set you ashore here. You see those telegraph posts? That is the road which leads direct to the Hall."

She was still looking at the island, watching the waves break against a little stretch of pebbly beach.

"I should like very much," she said, "to see that house. Can you not take me out there?"

He shook his head.

"We could not get so far in this punt," he said, "and my sailing boat is up at the village quay, more than a mile away."

She frowned a little. She was not used to having any request of hers disregarded.

"Could we not go to the village," she asked, "and change into your boat?"

He shook his head.

"I am going fishing," he said, "in a different direction. Allow me."



A BIT OF ATTIC PHILOSOPHY

By VALERIA T. LYON

THE suggestion was really first made by Harvey Lewis, but inside of a minute everyone was discussing it with enthusiasm.

It was at the fortnightly meeting of the Attic Philosophers. The "Attic Philosophers," as everyone in Pentonville knew, was the name assumed by a club of some fifteen young people who loved books and reading, and who met every second Friday night, in a certain roomy attic, to discuss literary topics. The club was supposed to be very exclusive, and its members really were, perhaps, the intellectual cream of the village. There were in it: Mabel Eakins, who did such wonderful crayon sketches; and Helen Blair, who sang and had even city engagements; Wilbert Stone, who could read Hebrew and Arabic; and Rosalind herself, whose short stories and poems had already won her more than local reputation. These were the "stars"—but everyone of the club loved reading.

"I really begrudge paying thirty-five cents for a pound of butter," sighed one of the girls one day. "Just think of it—that thirty-five cents would buy me a copy of Marcus Amelius or the 'Divina Commedia'! Butter is so unnecessary anyway. But I can't make the rest of the family see it!"

This particular evening there had been a paper on Maeterlinck and the discussion had been unduly prolonged.

"Great Scott, it's 10.30," said Harvey Calvert, glancing at his watch. "It's time all we respectable people were in bed. By the way, does anybody know how Herb has been this week?"

"Better," said someone. And Maggie Robinson added, "When spring comes, he'll be able to go out in a wheel chair, the doctor says." "Good!"

There was a brief pause, for everyone's thoughts had reverted to the absent member, Herb Willcox. And then it was that Harvey had sat down suddenly on the arm of a chair and had said decidedly, "Well, say, look here! I think we folks ought to do something for Herb. Just something to let him know we miss him. What's the matter with our getting him that chair?"

"Bravo!" said Rosalind softly.

"Oh yes, let us do that!" said someone else. And then everybody was talking at once.

Harvey raised his voice so as to be heard. "Silence," he ordered. "Now, how many are in favor of our getting Herb the chair?"

Every person uplifted a hand, and some put up both.

"Carried. Now the question is, how are we to do it?"

"Have a social," suggested one. "Private subscription," came from another.

Harvey wheeled around so that he could see Rosalind. "Rose," he called, "speak up! You're the president of this inspired band of souls and a 'young and gifted authoress' besides—say something!"

Rose hesitated, then said: "Well, how would it do to give a benefit? Everybody's sick of socials, and I don't think Herb himself would be pleased much by private subscriptions being taken. Why not have some sort of a literary evening—invite our friends—"

"We'll give a Dickens affair," cried Maggie excitedly. "Browning and Ibsen and the rest are all right, but half the people don't know anything about them."

There was a confusion of voices. Everyone was suggesting something. Harvey finally settled matters by announcing that a special "business" meeting would be held next evening.

That was the beginning of it, but the end was not yet. The Philosophers worked with a will. "And people that you had never suspected had any ideas at all came out with such original ones," said Maggie.

Herb Willcox was a young man of brilliant talents and of fine character. He had worked himself through three years of his college course, and had money sufficient on hand for his final term, when a terrible accident had injured his spine. At first it was thought he could not live, and for many months he had lain in absolute helplessness. Then there had been an operation, and now he was able to sit up, though the lower part of his body was useless. He would never be able to walk a step.

"But I have my arms and my head yet," he had said with a brave smile only that very day to a friend who had called. "When it gets warm, I am to go out in a wheel chair—if I can get one." For Herb's people were not even fairly well-to-do.

He had been one of the cleverest as well as one of the best loved of the "Attic Philosophers." He was so good, so kind and helpful, yet so original, jolly and witty. "We seem fairly lost without him," Harvey had groaned. "What wonder that everyone threw heart and soul into the plan for helping him a little."

Early in the following week, about seventy-five of the residents in Pentonville were much astonished to receive through the mail small envelopes containing the following extraordinary invitations:

*The Attic Philosophers
have the honor of inviting you to
a Dickens Evening,
which will be held by them in
the Attic
(Mr. H. E. Robinson's residence)
Walnut Street, Pentonville,
at 8 o'clock sharp,
Friday evening, February 26, 19—.*

*As this is a benefit, in aid of a worthy but secret cause, please
bring your purse with plenty of small change, particularly coppers.
Your exit fee will depend on your knowledge of Dickens.
(From him that hath not will be taken away even that he
hath.) Password—"Betsy Prig."*

Please come provided with a well-sharpened lead pencil.

The result, naturally, was mystification, wonder, and curiosity, heightened by the fact that not a Philosopher would make the least reply to the most anxious enquiries. "Come and see," they said. So everybody went.

Mr. Robinson's was the largest house in Pentonville, a fine modern mansion in which even the attic was nicely finished, of a good height, and had windows. This attic, on account of its being near at hand, free of cost, and always unoccupied, had for several years been the meeting-place of the club. There were trunks galore to sit upon, some old chairs and a table had been mended, and altogether it had proved very satisfactory. "Far nicer, really, than Souvestre's Paris one, though his was so famous," said Maggie.

In response to the rings at the Robinson front door on Friday evening, Maggie herself opened it, took the wraps, and requested everybody to "go on upstairs and along the hall to where Helen Blair is."

This was simple. Helen, clothed in smiles and her best pink gown, stood upstairs in the hall in a doorway, the attic stairs behind her. Over the door a large placard bore the inscription, "This way to the Attic, where you're going to have the very Dickens of a time!"

"The password, please?" Helen enquired.

And everyone repeated the mystic phrase and tried to be serious. Whereupon, Helen pinned a slip of paper with a number marked on it to everyone's breast, and requested them to "go on up."

At the head of the attic stairs was a young man who pinned another paper, inscription unknown, on everyone's back.

"I've been labelled twice," said the young Methodist minister, comically. "In front I'm a convict, evidently, No. 21. Goodness knows what I may be behind!"

Glances at other backs, however, soon revealed the fact that each paper bore the name of some character in Dickens. The young minister, had he but known it, was for the nonce "no less a person than Mr. Richard Swiveller." A large pompous lady bore the fitting title, "The Marchioness," while Dolly Varden, Lady Dedlock, Nicholas Nickleby, Madame Mantalini and Little Dorrit were all walking about in unhappy ignorance of their own identity.

At eight fifteen practically everyone had arrived, so a bell was rung, and in the ensuing silence, Harvey Lewis mounted a trunk and said: "On the back of each of you is the name of one of Dickens' characters. You will be given fifteen minutes in which to solve your identity. Do this by asking questions. It's a case of 'know thyself.' At the end of that time all who haven't found out the name must please pay a fine of three cents."

Mild consternation reigned, and everyone began to fire questions at those nearby, only to be questioned in turn. At the end of fifteen minutes, not more than one-third had arrived at the right name. The coppers in Harvey's basket chinked merrily.

After this came the roll call, not by name but by number. As the number which each wore was called, each had to rise and reply by a quotation, however short, from some of Dickens' books. Then indeed was there a frantic search of memories, a wild endeavor to recollect some words or phrase! Of course there was a fine, one cent this time, imposed on the unlucky ignorant or forgetful ones. Some of the replies were—

"Toby beck, Toby beck, keep a good heart, Toby!"

"That was a turkey."

"Be true to your time in the morning."

"Barkis is willin'!"

"My friend, Mrs. Harris—"

"Please, sir, I want some more," said Oliver."

"The wind is in the east," said my guardian."

"I'm a lone, lone creetur—"

"Demnition!" said Mantilini."

"Something's sure to turn up sooner or later," said Mr. Micawber."

And one young girl not over long out of school who remembered freshly the old Fourth Reader, rose quietly in her place and recited the long and beautiful selection about Little Nell, which begins—"And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good."

After the fines had been paid, long slips of paper were distributed. Once more Harvey got up and explained things. "This is a short examination, in three parts," said he. "Half an hour is the time allowed, then the papers will be collected, and examined, and the one who has done best wins a prize."

All were now interested.

"On the wall you see ten posters, each one representing some character from Dickens. Identify them if you can. Ten minutes allowed for this."

Everyone set to work. The "posters" were large crayon sketches, done by Mabel Eakins and copied from the illustrations in a well-known edition of Dickens' books. Most of them were quite easily recognized. A little girl leading an old man by the hand was "Little Nell and Her Grandfather." A young man with a black bird on his shoulder indicated Barnaby Rudge with his Raven. Miss Betsey Trotwood, chasing a donkey with a vindictive stick, and little Oliver, holding out his dish for "more," were both there; while a good-natured wench stooping to pick up a button off the floor, while several more, at the very moment, were bursting off the back of her dress, could be none other than dear old Peggoty.

For the second part, everyone was to write, so Harvey said, a full list of Dickens' novels, naming at least three characters in each.

Continued on page 46



LA TRISTESSE

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



THIS is not really the story of a child, though it began when Hypolite caught the measles at a dancing class. And when he was getting better, his uncle, who kept a business-like eye upon his health and his manners, sent him to Madame Dulac at Saint Jacques de Kilkenny, to grow strong in the air of the hills.

Hypolite was a little boy at the time, quiet and brown, with eyes like bronze-purple pansies. It was not his fault that his surname was Gibbs. Even at that age, he preferred to have it ignored. Madame called him "M'sieur Hypolite," or "le petit sieur." But then, Madame had served and loved his mother when that mother was Genevieve de Lempiere, before she married Anthony Gibbs, and before Hypolite was born, or Madame herself took in boarders. To Hypolite, two white shafts in a cemetery outside Montreal represented that ill-assorted father and mother. But before he had been a week in the village, his French began to return to him.

"It is yours by right," said Madame, who would hear nothing of the Gibbises. "What wouldst thou for thy dinner, mon ange?"



Madame fed him royally and made a baby of him, and told him stories of the long-ago days, and spoke to him of his mother. In a little while, the Gibbs part seemed to have dropped out of his life. He loved Madame, and Telephore who chopped the wood, and Andre who worked in the garden. But most of all he loved Felice.

Felice was Madame's help in the kitchen, a girl who belonged to nobody, for whom nobody cared. Perhaps the incipient artist in Hypolite first rejoiced in her; she made an impression on him never effaced. His canvas in last year's Salon, that canvas full of brown and gold, was a far-off memory of her.

"She was Dian," I have heard Hypolite say, "Dian; not the stately goddess, queen of Nature, but the ever-young Artemis, slender as her own white crescent."

Hypolite ran about the straggling village and made friends with the children; and climbed the little hill beyond the Calvary, and looked at the great river running to the sea, wishing he might follow it.

"There are many nice things here," he said, invading the kitchen for cake, "and nice people. Andre is nice and Telephore is nice, and so is m'sieur le cure. But Maxime is nicest. I went to-day to see him. He lives in a little cabin all covered with vines, and he has two fields covered with mustard and flowers. He is tall and he has blue eyes. I picked some of his flowers and he came out and talked to me, and told me his name and I told him mine. Then his dog came out, his big black dog he calls Sorrow,—La Tristesse. Why does he call it La Tristesse? It is a nice dog, and licked my hands."

Madame looked up from her cake and crossed herself, with wide eyes. "Hast thou made friends with Sorrow, mon petit?" she asked, gazing at him strangely. "I am grieved. Maxime and La Tristesse are not for thee."

"It was a very nice dog," said Hypolite, in the gruff tone that was his sole heritage from the Gibbises. Felice was beating eggs at the table. Her long grey eyes turned lazily towards the child, and then were bent upon her bowl again. Her wrists fascinated Hypolite as she whipped the froth, they were so small and strong and firm, sunburned to a creamy brown. He watched them while he ate the cake, and wondered what her cold eyes had tried to tell him.

"Why am I not to make friends with Maxime's La Tristesse?" he demanded of old Telephore.

Telephore stared at him as Madame had done, and made the little sign against evil. "La Tristesse?" he said. "La Tristesse? If you make friends with Sorrow, Sorrow will abide with you."

"But she has not abided with me," put in Hypolite patiently, "she abides with Maxime."

Telephore crossed his scarred, knotted hands upon the haft of the axe and leaned his chin upon them. "Not always," he said in a low voice, "ah! not always. Henri L'Ecosais, he was a strong man last Michaelmas. He stopped to speak with Maxime at his door, and patted on the head that La Tristesse, brute of ill name and ill omen. And she, that La Tristesse, she follows him home, beating with her tail and begging him to look at her, as some dogs will. And he laughs, and gives her bones, and she sleeps a night in his stable. In the morning she goes home, drifting like a black ghost down the road. And Henri, little monsieur, what of Henri? In three days, look you, he is seized with a chill and a weariness, and in a week he is dead,—mon Dieu! dead! And that is not all. If I

had my will, Maxime and La Tristesse should be—eh! sent from here."

Telephore's face was as superstitious and cruel as the faces of some of Millet's peasants, and he muttered to himself as the bright blade of his axe fell upon the wood, and the sweet white chips flew in showers like a tiny snowstorm.

"But that is all foolishness," said the round-eyed Hypolite, in the lordly tone Saint Jacques de Kilkenny had taught him. "La Tristesse is a nice dog, though she is so long and black and cries with her eyes. Once I had a little guinea-pig, un cochon d'Inde, black as Sorrow; but it died of an indigestion."

"Foolishness, is it?" muttered Telephore. "Then, little monsieur, there are many fools in Saint Jacques. As for the cochon d'Inde, that was different. Gabrielle has a black sucking-pig, and no one is troubled by it, though it visited every house in Saint Jacques. But this Sorrow of Maxime's—Foolishness, is it? Eh, well! Pray the good saints you may not be taught its wisdom."

Telephore was cross and would not talk any more. Andre professed to have no opinion at all about La Tristesse. So, as was his way, Hypolite decided to go to headquarters for information.

He crossed one of Maxime's thriftless fields, and went up the path to the cabin. Once the path led through a garden of flowers, but now garden and fields were all one, overrun with blossoms grown small and hardy and wild, which could not be found elsewhere in Saint Jacques. La Tristesse was lying in the door, in the sun, licking a long red scratch on her side. She put her lank paws on Hypolite's shoulders and thrust her melancholy nose against his cheek.

"Are you come for more flowers?" asked Maxime, rising from among the wild raspberry canes. "There are pretty flowers in the field beyond the patch of barley. I shall grow oats there next year, they are prettier than the barley, but the flowers are best. My grandfather brought the seeds of some of them from the other side of the world, and a few braved our snows and frosts. Pick all you want, little monsieur." He laughed at Hypolite, showing his white teeth, and yawned and stretched himself. He was tall and strong, with a fine tanned face and eyes of Breton blue softened by many dreams, and he was shabby to the point of rags.

"Thank you," said Hypolite politely, "but I did not come for flowers to-day. I came to ask you why you call your dog Sorrow? Pardon, m'sieur, if I am too curious."



Maxime bowed, ready laughter in his eyes. "I am honored with monsieur's interest," said he. "I call her Sorrow because she has the look of it, as any but these—ganders of Saint Jacques would understand. I found her in the woods, starved, all over of a tremble. I took her home and fed her. That is all there is about her. She would harm no one. Yet, because of her color and her melancholy, she is a witch and a loup-garou and I know not what besides." He laughed angrily, and touched Sorrow's side gently. "Look you here!" he cried. "This was done last night. It is the mark of a bullet,—of a silver bullet, perhaps, they are such fools." Hypolite touched the scratch too, with fingers light and tender, and Maxime's face softened.

"We have no friends, La Tristesse and I," he said sadly. "I suppose it is because we do not work or go to church. But those stuffy saints—And why should I work? I have no one to work for but myself."

"I'm not very fond of work," confessed Hypolite. "My uncle says I must go into an engineer's office when I leave college, but I do not want to. I would rather paint pictures full of pretty colors."

"And I," said Maxime, "I also love pretty colors. When I want them, I look at the fields and the skies and the hills, and I am content." They smiled at each other with perfect understanding.

"And I am a friend to you and La Tristesse if you will have me," said Hypolite.

"Monsieur honors us," said Maxime simply, "but Loneliness and Sorrow are an ill pair of friends."

Hypolite dined with Maxime and La Tristesse, under the vines, with leaves for plates; dined off bread and baked potatoes and little trout from the brook, and wild raspberries. "It is poor fare," said Maxime shyly, "but the air and the sun make it sweet."

"It is lovely," answered Hypolite ecstatically. "I should like to bake potatoes in a little oven and catch little fish for my dinner always. Oh, always."

"The bread is soft and white," went on Maxime, "feast-day bread, such as you are used to eating."

"It is the same as Madame Dulac's," said Hypolite with his mouth full.

"It is the same as Madame's," repeated Maxime, laughing.

Madame scolded Hypolite for the first time when she heard where he had been. "It is an ill place," she cried, "and those who dwell in it have an evil name. That black thing, called a dog, ran and barked at one of Gabrielle's cows yesterday, and already the cow has sickened. Go not near that La Tristesse, I beg of you, child, nor near her master."

"La Tristesse is a very nice dog," repeated Hypolite in the voice of the Gibbises, presenting so stony a front to her shrill vexation that Madame broke into tears and flounced away. When she had gone, Felice slipped over to the child and, without any change in her small, cold, beautiful face, kissed him. He gasped; feeling as if he had been kissed by a flower, so cool and soft were her lips.

Gabrielle's cow died, and the whispers against La Tristesse changed to silence, which was a bad sign. Hypolite did not know that there were few people in Saint Jacques who would have gone to Maxime's door after dark.

And then the rumors began again, but this time they came from the woods. In the village there was silence and listening. But from the woods there dawned a new dread,—a dread of night and loneliness and the sickness that strikes therein. Telephore first put it into words.

"It is said," he told Andre in a whisper, "that far to the north there is a deserted village. When that village was full of people, there came to their doors a black dog, long and gaunt and wretched. They took pity on that dog-thing, and fed it for three days, and then it went away. But it had left a gift for those people. La Picotte struck them, coming silently as is her wont. They died like flies, those people that fed the black dog, and the few that were left ran away."

Andre stared, his face going grey with horror. He was slower than Telephore.

"If I were you, said Telephore, with a sort of frightened sneer, "I would change the name of Maxime's La Tristesse. Maybe she is only biding her time."

Two or three days afterward, Hypolite went to see Maxime. It was early evening, and he moved through a golden world. "I have never forgotten anything of that evening," he said long afterward. "The sky was golden, the air was golden, and everywhere about the fields was the golden glow of the mustard. But in front of Maxime's cabin there was a black little crowd of people, and in the road stood Maxime, facing them fiercely, his hand upon Sorrow's head. There were boys there, throwing stones, and one or two of the shouting men had old shotguns."

"I ran to them, and I think I was screaming with anger. But Telephore was in the crowd, and he caught me in his arms gently, and made me keep still; though I kicked, and bit his hands, and my teeth were as sharp as a squirrel's. When they saw me, the men who had the guns lowered them as if ashamed, and the boys stopped throwing stones."

"Josef, Gabrielle's husband, was speaking. 'We will not harm you,' he said, 'but if you would stay among us, you must shoot that black brute you call your dog, there under your hand.'

"I will not shoot her for any of you cowards of Saint Jacques," cried Maxime at that. The crowd growled threateningly.

"Then go!" cried Josef, 'you and your dog-thing!'

"I shall never forget how Maxime looked, his head thrown back and his eyes like points of blue fire, facing the men who were casting him out of his home. I thought he was going to fight them all. But he looked down at Sorrow, cowering beside him and trusting him, and I think he yielded for her sake. He laughed, very bitterly.

"I will go," he said, and they shrank from his eyes. 'Sorrow has been my comrade and my friend, she has shared my food and my fire, and with Sorrow will I go. She is more faithful than any other.'



"And then a girl pushed suddenly through the crowd, and stood in front of Maxime. It was Madame's Felice, and she was laughing aloud. I had never heard her laugh before. 'If you go, I will go with you,' she said.

"Maxime's face was suddenly strange and wild at the sight of her. 'You—you—you?' he cried. 'You—you, O heart of my life, star of my dreams?'

I think he forgot all about the angry crowd in an instant.

"Yes, I," laughed Felice. "I have seen your heart in your eyes, Maxime, and now you may see my heart in mine. What is the need of words? If you go, I go with you."

Continued on page 46



THE BUSINESS OF HOME-MAKING

A Consideration of the Most Important Construction in the World

—For the sake of a rug a paper is sought
For the sake of paper a picture is bought . . .

By PAUL FITZPATRICK

I.
WHEN the editor of the HOME JOURNAL asked me to write an article for the Home-Furnishing Number my first impulse was to endeavor (in ever so humble a way) to shed a little light on some technical point of decorating—to light a paragraphic paraffine in the alleged dark of present-day taste. Or, literary scalpel and forceps in hand, to open a clinic for decorative dissection, and expose “The Effect of Blue on Morbid Cosmogonies”—or “Red, and Its Influence on Neurasthenics.”

Instead of either of which (sparing you the boredom and denying myself the amusement) I am going to talk to you women of the HOME JOURNAL circle like the proverbial Dutch uncle.

I am going to talk to you about the Business of Decorating—not from my standpoint as a manufacturer of wall paper, nor from that of the practical man who cuts and pastes and hangs—and sometimes, alas, who smears his paste in unwonted places and suggests the enormity of a horrible pun on his undeniable “right to hang.”

But from your standpoint.

The business of decoration, like all house furnishing and business in general, is usually treated as having only one side, that of production; or at most two, giving distribution equal and separate dignity. As a matter of economic fact, the forgotten side, consumption, is the most important and by far the most interesting.

Leaving aside the rhetorical incongruity in talking of the “Consumption of Decoration,” let us see how this business of consumption is at present carried on.

II.

THE most generous of critics could but brand the present management as incompetent. A just critic might well say that there was no management. In homes where the income runs from say \$1,500 up to the \$2,000 or \$3,000 mark, the decoration and furnishing are haphazard, unplanned and often baldly inartistic. In the homes of the well-to-do and wealthy they are usually delegated to self-styled “specialists,” who prate of periods, and purvey plastic pulchritude at preposterous prices. (Yes, almost that bad.)

Management, in the sense of getting results in the first instance, or value for your money in the second, is woefully lacking. To pick an emerald from the jewels of speech, “True, straightforward, honest decoration is a rarity never found.”

III.

THE reign of the gilded frying pan as a mural ornament may be over, but we still yield fealty to useless knick-knacks and monstrous discordancies in the name of decoration.

And I think the underlying cause of all this is the Devil of Hurry—the horned gentleman who prods so many businesses into the Pit of Failure.

Homes are built around couples—or at least they should be. But to-day, with instalment house temptations on the one side and misgoverned ambition on the other, the average young couple feel that their home must be complete before they make the divine start together.

Like all hurried or cheap things, the result is but a thin veneer of a home, covering basic faults which time exposes all too clearly. It seems to me that a real home is never complete until, after years and years of beautiful service to several generations, it starts to decay. And the difference between the false and the real home is just that difference between veneer, which time cracks and peels to bare the meanness of its reality—and fine old quarter-cut which time but colors into added charm.

IV.

MY plea is not for this or that color in the drawing room, Mission or Jacobean in the dining room, nor for any “ism” of period style or nouveau art. It is for business management in decorating and furnishing the home. Successful businesses are not built in a day, nor are successful homes.

You who are starting, start right!

Exercise choice—there’s really the whole crux of the problem—choice. Because an August furniture sale beguiles, don’t burden your home with some awful “bargain,” needless from a utilitarian standpoint, distressing from an artistic. Because a wall paper is marked down from thirty-seven cents to twenty-nine cents, don’t spoil an otherwise attractive room with an incongruous pattern or discordant color scheme on the walls. And whatever you do, choose your rugs with all the discrimination there is in you.

Exigent buying will lead you nowhere but to failure and final disappointment in the appearance of your home.

Plan the home, as business executives plan their future commercial moves. Take any passing advantage, of course, provided it is worth while and fits in with your broad scheme of furnishing.

But plan, and stick to the plan when once you are sure you have the right one.

V.

I THINK one of the best plans is to start the home with only the immediate necessities—and even these can, if circumstances insist, be far more modest than one plans to possess ultimately.

One couple I know, with an ideal home to-day, started with wicker furniture throughout, the simplest of wall treatments, and artistic but inexpensive grass rugs. Then gradually they have picked up, piece by piece, a houseful of the most charming furniture you can imagine. And just as carefully and with just as fine a discrimination they have decorated their walls in harmony, found the pictures they can cherish and prize, and replaced their grass rugs with fine examples of modern and Oriental weaves. Incidentally, there are fewer gew-gaws and gim-crack knick-knacks in that home than in any other I visit. Each room irradiates a spirit of real “homeyness,” of harmony and taste that professional decorators accomplishing everything at one fell sweep fail utterly to catch.

They decreed at the start that a certain portion of their income was to go to the home. They put the proposition of making their home on a sound business basis. And they have succeeded. Their living room was to be a real living room in the old-fashioned meaning of the word. It is. There are only two pieces of furniture that are of exactly the same style—twin easy chairs that beckon and hold one like a loving mother’s arms. And yet every stick in that charming apartment seems to be possessed with a living brotherly feeling for its neighbors, to blend into and form a part of one harmonious and comfortable family.

And this couple (who by the way have not remained a couple unblest otherwise) have a most refreshing pleasure in “new arrivals”—of either kind—for they go right on, year after year, picking up additions to the furnishings, changing the wall papers and hangings, rearranging pictures—giving their home a chance to grow along with themselves and their charming family.

Their great artistic success with their home has come to them directly in reward for their economic intelligence, their money sense in buying, and their exercise of choice.

Contrast with theirs the experience of so many people who start out with a misconception of what furnishing and decorating a home really is—a life work of love—and wish to have everything ready made and waiting for them. If they are well-to-do, their house will likely be turned over to “Drapem and Stickem, Decorators in All the Periods”—and when they return from Florida, Europe, or wherever the honeymoon has led them, they settle down in the new house with about as much feeling of home as one can have in a hotel, or furnished apartment decorated with Louis Sixteenth furniture, art nouveau wall paper and Turkish rugs.

And if they are not well-to-do they will fill the house with credit bought furniture, decorate (?) the walls with cheap papers and the mantels with plaster of Paris cats and terra cotta dogs—utterly respectable, of course—but!—All of which will be selected very much in haste and repented just as much at leisure. For in three months they will

find they don’t really need half of what they have burdened themselves with, and will hate everything they “half-own.”

Put this business of furnishing and decorating on a sound basis and you will succeed. Appropriate a part of your income for the home, just as you do for dress, food and amusement.

Spend carefully, choose wisely, get one good thing rather than two commonplace expensive “bargains,” keep everything simple and “in tone,” and there will gradually grow up around you a home that is really a home—a monument to the most interesting business in the world.



About Silver and Antique

A WRITER on the subject of “Housecraft” makes the following remarks:

There is a depressing sameness and triviality about the designs which an uncultivated modern taste has made popular in silverware. Base imitations of the richly wrought or chased effects which the silversmiths of the eighteenth century, or earlier, produced by patient and loving labor, are instinctively rejected by sincere lovers of the beautiful as unworthy of a place beside truly artistic productions. The beauty of the metal is exhibited to far greater advantage in objects made on simple, graceful lines, and very sparingly decorated, than on the glittering surfaces that have been entirely covered with meaningless ornament in relief, or drawn with the point. It is a regrettable fact that one searches almost vainly for quiet, tasteful effects in the silver of to-day. One must go to the antique shops to find the lovely shapes and chaste ideas of decoration that our forefathers loved.

It may indeed be true that all the alleged “antiques” are far from being as venerable as they seem, but they have at least the merit of imitating good models, and they are thus more desirable possessions than the characterless, machine-made productions of the modern factory.

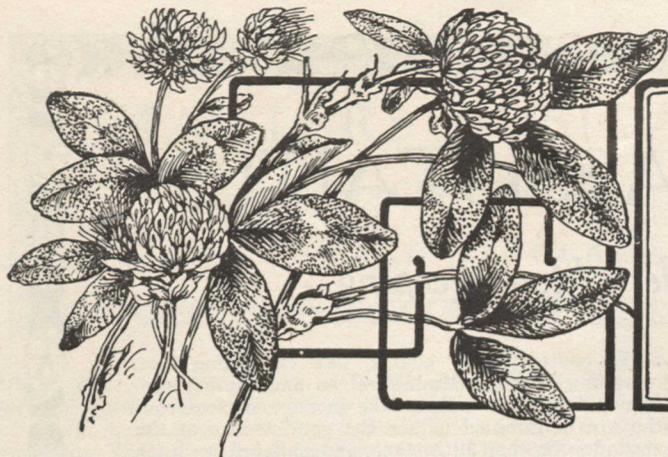
Over-decorated china also floods the markets of the world to-day and helps to vulgarize the dinner tables of the “nouveaux-riches.” Dishes heavily splashed with gold and bright colors or made in fantastic shapes, are so fatiguing to the trained eye that to see them once is enough. No person of taste would willingly dine twice where such an infliction must be endured. In the same category are the gorgeous lace and embroidered effects, sensational lighting arrangements, and extravagant floral exhibitions which are out of all proportion to the really important features of the dinner table.

There is inevitably an impression of vulgarity where excess is committed in any direction. The merely rich are constantly surprised at the unostentatious manner in which the families of the higher aristocracy live. At ducal tables one does not find the latest thing in knives, forks, or spoons, for the excellent reason that the heirlooms in old silver and cutlery, handed down from generations of ancestors, are naturally preferred to the freakish inventions of the modern silversmith.

The finicky and fussy details of a suburban dinner table, indicating much thought and labor on the part of the mistress of the mansion, are entirely absent from the stately board of which a dignified and conservative butler and his assistants have exclusive charge. In these fine old houses, family traditions are held in greater respect than the fluctuations of fashion. Anything approaching a millinery or fancy fair effect in the dining room would be rejected with horror. The ancestral portraits on the walls seem to frown upon the least suggestion of innovation or triviality.

It is not easy in an ordinary household, dependant upon a narrow income, to emulate the severe grandeur of the dining room with a venerable history, but it is at least quite possible to shun the other extreme, to avoid the acquisition of articles which too plainly announce themselves as being of to-day or yesterday.

An occasional visit to an antique shop, along with the study of the older periods of artistic production in silverware, china and glass will suffice to correct any tendency to be carried away by the showy but usually false standards that prevail in the commercial world to-day.



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

About Our Competition

Dear Girls and Boys:

We are going to extend the time for receiving letters about your pets, and about deeds of kindness done to animals, until December 1st, so that you may be able to settle down better after the summer holidays. Don't forget the rules of the competition:

- A prize of \$3.00 for the best letter.
- A prize of \$2.00 for the second best.
- Write on one side of the paper only.
- Write as well as you can.
- Spell as well as you can.

Letters must be certified by parent or teacher as the unaided work of the competitor.

Children up to thirteen years of age may compete.

The competition closes on December 1st, 1910. Address all letters to

"Cousin Clover,"

Canadian Home Journal,
59-61 John Street,
Toronto.

We publish a splendid letter from Josephine Steward on our page this month, and should like to publish many more like it from our Juniors.

"COUSIN CLOVER."

A Letter from Sellwood

HERE is a nice letter from a young friend whose "pets" are evidently well cared for. The letter is accompanied by this certificate:

Cousin Clover,

This letter was written by my thirteen-year-old daughter unaided by anyone. We take the JOURNAL in our home and are very much interested in all the pages, and hope it will be very successful.

MRS. JAKE STEWARD.

Sellwood, Aug. 16th, 1910.

Dear Cousin Clover,

We take the Canadian Home Journal in our home and I enjoy reading the Juniors' page very much. I think it adds very much to the magazine. I live in a town called Smithville about thirty-five miles east of Hamilton, but now am spending my summer holidays camping out at Sellwood, thirty-two miles from Sudbury. I go to High School in Smithville and just at the close of last term passed into the second form. Living in a town, we cannot have as many pets as those in the country, but we have a few. We have a dog named Bobby. He belongs to my little three-year-old brother, but is a pet of the whole family. He is a year old and we have lots of fun with him. Of course, we did not bring him to Sellwood with us, but my uncle, who lives on a farm, kept him. When that law was passed about muzzling dogs my father wanted to shoot him, but we could not bear to have our pet shot. He is having a fine time on the farm and when we go back I expect he will be much grown. Bobby is the only pet we have in Smithville, but here where we are camping there are many toads and one came in the tent and hopped about. I petted him and he soon grew quite tame. We named him Jack. It was great fun to watch him catch flies. But one day Jack did not come around to the floor of the tent and so I looked behind a box, to find Jack dead. Someone had shoved the box back against him and killed him. I was very sorry for the loss of my pet and I buried him down behind a stump. Soon after that a chipmunk began running around the tent. One day when I was alone in the tent he came in and ran around my chair. If I moved he ran outside, but when I was quiet he came back in. Now he has got braver and will run around when we are moving and yesterday he came close to me for some prune pits I put there on the ground. Since then he has been real tame. He is very pretty with black stripes running up his back. Yesterday I was in the tent sewing when I heard some birds outside making a great clatter. I went out and some robins were flying around in great distress. In a minute I saw the cause of their trouble. Some bad boys were

robbing their nests. I was sorry to say that I could do nothing, for they were French boys and could not talk a word of English and I could not speak a word of French. They were naughty impudent boys, but, not being able to talk to them, I could not do anything. The poor little mother was heart-broken and gave forth some piercing screams. It was hard for her to see her babies taken right under her eyes and she powerless to help them. There are not many birds up north here—just a few robins, some night hawks, and some loons. The loons are a very funny bird. Well, I think I have told you all about my pets, so I must close. Wishing your Junior page success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Josephine E. Steward,
Smithville, Ont.

Thank you for your well written and well expressed letter, it is just the kind we want; as you



WHEN PHYLLIS "DRESSED UP"

will see, the time for sending in these letters has been extended to December 1st, to give everybody a better chance. What a pity you could not save the poor little robins from those French boys! But I am glad your nice dog was not shot. Poor fellow, I expect if you asked him he would prefer to remain alive even with a muzzle. Let's hope he will soon be able to do without it. I hope you will write again for our page.

C. C.

Ghosts of Indians

Indian-footed move the mists
From the corner of the lake,
Silent, sinuous, and bent;
And their trailing feathers shake,
Tremble to forgotten leapings;
While with lingerings and creepings
Down they lean again to slake
The dead thirst of parching mouths,
Lean their pale mouths in the lake.

Indian-footed move the mists
That were hiding in the pine,
Out upon the oval lake,
In a bent and ghostly line.
Lean and drink for better sleeping

Then they turn again and—creeping,
Gliding like the fur and fins—
Disappear through woods and water
On a thousand moccasins.
—Witter Bynner in Harper's Magazine.

A Shell from the Slumber Sea

Do you see where the sunset points
To the shore of the Slumber Sea;
There's a little pink shell lying there,
A shell that's for you and me;
So hold it, my sweet, to your ear,
And list its soft melody,
And then when you've heard its soft sleep-song, my dear,
Lay your sunny head down by me.

Such wonderful dreams it brings,
Of downs where the fairies dance,
Of pearly pathways and blossom-rings,
Where the silver moonbeams glance,
Of gossamer cobwebs strung
With diamond drops of dew,
Of tinkling chimes by the Wee Folk rung
From the bells of lilac and blue.

The blow-away clocks count the hours,
As they do in the fields below,
And their fluff floats away like pale silver flow'rs,
But they're always fast or slow;
The right time you never can tell;
But what does it matter, my dear,
While you hear the song of that wondrous shell
Close to your small pink ear?

Hold it close 'gainst your yellow hair,
Let it rest by your dimpled cheek,
And dream thro' the night hours fair
Of waves in some mist-blue creek,
Of poppies all crumpled gold,
Soft-stirr'd by the amber bee;
Ah! sleep while your hands like sweet rose leaves
fold
O'er the shell from the Slumber Sea.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Dressing Up"

"Dressing up!" What fun it is for children large and small. You borrow Cousin Susie's hat and grandma's Paisley shawl, you take poor Auntie Sadie's skirt of silk with swish and shine, and feel yourself the grandest thing north of the border line. And sometimes Auntie Sadie says, "I thought I heard the bell. Here's a fine lady come to call. I hope you're well?" And sometimes when you tear the skirt and the hat falls off your head, and Bouncer chews the Paisley shawl, why, then you're sent to bed!

When you have "dressed up" to your entire content, in the very best clothes which the "grown-ups" will lend you, the nicest thing to do is to call on a small friend and have "cambric tea."

Song of the Wind

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

Reproduced from "Heart Songs" by permission of the publisher, G. N. Morang



WIND, you come singing, singing,
Gaily about the eaves,
I think you are bringing,
bringing,
The secret of the leaves;
Secrets you learned in May-
time,
Down in the wood so cool,
Learned in the night-time and
day-time,
By bank and brook and pool
O wind, you go shrilling,
shrilling,
Over the chimneys high,
While the clouds are softly
spilling

Rain in the gardens dry.
'Tis autumn, the wild new-comer,
Has taught you how to sing,
But the voice of the sweet dead summer
Through it all seems to ring.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S ASSISTANTS

Some of the Mechanical Aids in Modern Housekeeping

INVENTION has been called the offspring of necessity. Certainly, it seems, in reviewing the history of the many inventions which have smoothed the human pathway, the need for them has ever been near the source of their development. For the last half century, women have been deploring the scarcity of domestic help. Some of us can remember the time when a "girl" received four or five dollars a month and did the washing. Now, the housewife, in any of our Canadian cities, considers herself fortunate if she can secure the most inexperienced maid for two dollars a week—and, of course, the washing is not included in such an assistant's work. We may as well admit that the girl of Canadian birth is extremely reluctant to enter the field of domestic service. She prefers the factory or the shop nearly every time. She may be foolish in doing so, but that is another matter for discussion. In the country, the condition is not much better, and the cry of the modern household goes up for "merely Mary Ann."

The scarcity of domestic help, however, appears to have set many to work inventing appliances which will make the work lighter for the woman who is obliged to go without help—either because she cannot secure competent assistance or cannot afford to hire it. To look at some of these modern inventions and consider their working will convince the most sceptical that there is something "in" the aids of the day's work. There is a certain stubborn type of woman who has a curious conviction that there is a virtue in working beyond the point of exhaustion and that it is quite commendable to stand during a whole afternoon to accomplish an ironing, that it is sinful laziness to use a machine for the purpose of saving feminine nerves and strength. They consider it industry and fortitude to "keep at it until they are ready to drop," and when they finally do "drop," some more sensible woman comes along and reaps the reward of their unremitting toil. Now, it is a waste of time to talk to the stubborn woman. She is convinced that "the old ways are good enough for her" and advice or "demonstration" of any order would be wasted. Consequently, it is to the wide-awake, open-minded housewife that we must appeal—the woman who does not wish to shirk any part of the day's toil, but who is willing to observe the practical economy of achieving the maximum result by the minimum effort.

There is no question that the great ordeal of the week used to be wash day. It meant a smell of suds, a chilliness pervading the house and "scraps" for dinner. Everyone was glad when wash day was over and the clothes were out on the lines. A sigh of relief went up on Monday afternoon, and the housewife regarded her shrivelled fingers with the wish that Monday was like Christmas and would come but once a year. Now, it is questioned openly whether it be wisdom to choose Monday for laundry operations. Leaving that question aside, we come to the modern operation of the washing machine—which naturally followed the advent of the wringer. By the simple turning of the handles of this most valuable "assistant," the old, tiresome work of rubbing is almost entirely obliterated—and, what is more important, the work is much more efficiently done than by manual labor.

The back-breaking process of bending over the tubs, which laid the foundation of much suffering and led to complaint of "cricks" in the back, is done away with, when the clothes are placed in the cleansing care of the machine which operates so surely and so swiftly.

"But it must tear the clothes," someone will object.

Not nearly so much as the old method, since one "rub" by the machine drives out more dirt than half-a-dozen efforts by human fingers. There is a great saving of time by resorting to the modern machine, since the washing is completed in a third of the time taken by old-time ways, and there are hours now to be given to other and less laborious tasks. The machine presents no complicated arrangement which may not be understood by even the children of the household, and the muscular energy involved in its use is of a moderate character, and no strain whatever on a housekeeper of ordinary health and strength.

THE vacuum cleaner has progressed with such strides in popular favor that it will soon be difficult to find a home without one. Its latest use is for the cleaning of churches and the various "Ladies' Aids" throughout the country are not slow to appreciate the advantages of this method of "getting rid of the dust." The way in which many of our churches have been kept is a disgrace to the congregations, who seem to have forgotten that it was John Wesley, or some equally wise theologian, who declared that cleanliness is next to godliness. There is much truth in the saying that God helped to build the churches, but Satan helps to take care of them. Fresh air seems to be the last requirement which the average sexton takes into consideration, while church carpets and cushions are left to accumulate dust and to become a happy hunting-ground for germs of all descriptions. The ordinary cleaning simply meant that the dust was temporarily disturbed, to settle somewhere else in the edifice. The vacuum cleaner does what the best broom, aided by tea-leaves has not yet accomplished—it "removes" the dust and actually cleans the apartment to which it is applied.

Its general use in the household, to simplify the labor of sweeping day, is only a matter of time, and to see it in operation is to realize what a deal of effort has been wasted in the past in the housekeeper's war against dust.

The question has been asked whether the vacuum cleaner is not "hard" on furniture and carpets. The testimony of expert

users is quite to the contrary. Of course, like everything else, there is a "way" of doing it, which leads to clean and shining success, and a way of not doing it, which results in more or less confusion. Those who are determined to see the good works of the vacuum cleaner need devote very little time and patience to learn the ways and means of this marvel-working machine.

The hygienic aspect should always be considered carefully. The old-fashioned sweeping had much to do with the weak lungs which afflicted the woman who indulged in it every day. There was an old school building which was looked after by a widow and her three daughters in one of our small Ontario towns. A venerable physician, speaking not long ago of these three girls remarked: "Every one of them died of tuberculosis—and it is my firm belief that it was the constant sweeping of all those wooden floors with the accumulated dirt from hundreds of small feet which sent them to an early grave."

It is not necessary to be on the watch continually for the deadly germ and to be dreading its ravages; but every common-sense precaution should be taken, in guarding against disease. For generations we have suffered from epidemics which might have been avoided by a little ordinary care and precaution. In our housekeeping, we wish to have the maximum of cleanliness with the minimum of dust-raising. Towards this ideal, the vacuum cleaner has contributed materially, and will continue to bring about that dustless era which writers about the city of the future are so fond of describing.

In some communities several housewives unite in buying a cleaner and "go shares" in both its expense and its use. This is an excellent idea when the buyers are all well acquainted and are willing to make mutual concessions, as to time and convenience. But most women prefer to possess their own cleaning apparatus, and, as time goes on, each housewife will desire her exclusive cleaner, as, in former days, she demanded her own broom or "carpet sweeper." At the annual convention of the Women's Institute there is usually a "demonstration" of the vacuum cleaner which proves to the most skeptical the value of the machine.

THE saving of steps in the kitchen has become a study with those who are interested in the economy of domestic labor, and, in this respect, the kitchen cabinet has gone farther towards reducing toil of this nature than any other invention. The old-time cupboard with its multitude of receptacles was at best a clumsy arrangement, with cumbersome drawers and a lack of smaller receptacles for the less common spices.

The kitchen cabinet brings together all the essentials of cooking and supplies the housewife with a multitude of ready-marked small receptacles for "sugar and spice and everything nice." Then there is the bake-board at hand and the rolling-pin of latest design and style. There is no running from cupboard to shelves, no wondering "where in the world I can have put that baking powder tin" or "what *can* have become of the ginger?" Just as the secretary fulfils all the writer's mechanical needs, in providing pens, paper, pencils, sealing-wax, and the multifarious demands of the modern scribe, so the kitchen cabinet plays the part of a culinary secretary and furnishes the receptacle from which comes forth a "poem," in the form of a pie or a batch of biscuits. From the ornamental standpoint, also, the kitchen cabinet is eminently to be desired, in comparison with former conditions. It is usually constructed on simple and graceful lines, making a pleasing article of furniture.

SOME years ago a novel was written which pictured an ideal city, clean and convenient, and without the curse of slums or poverty. "Looking Backward" was considered an absurd dream, at the time it was written, but many of its prophecies have come true. Among the latter is the extensive use of electricity as a labor-saver in the home. As a New York writer says:

Several years ago scientists noted that electricity was the only form of energy which could be instantly changed into heat with practically no loss. This led to the development of the electric cooking devices which are so common to-day. As electricity is the one form of power which can be carried to any old place with little loss and applied in motors small enough for a watch charm or capable of six thousand horse power, so it is the most flexible form of heat. It can be instantly made to warm a plate, or the same pressure of a finger will let loose energy enough to boil a quart of diamonds or to melt a block of solid concrete.

The cost of electric cooking with a rate of six cents a kilowatt hour will not be over that of a good hard coal range and it is vastly more convenient than any kind of coal fire, where coal has to be carried, ashes removed and fires kindled. In one family of two the entire cooking and baking was done by electricity at a cost of \$3.12 a month. Another family of three cooked with electric heat at a monthly cost of \$4.32. The electric flat-irons can be operated for less than five cents an hour; a pot of coffee costs one cent to brew over the invisible fires; ten slices of bread can be toasted on the dining room table for one cent; the chafing dish can be run for four cents an hour; the tea kettle will boil an hour for five cents; the disk stove will keep sizzling hot for one hour for six cents; for three cents the corn popper will work one hour; the heating pad will remain warm for two hours for a single copper; seven cents will broil a large steak; the baby's milk can be warmed half a dozen times for a cent, and so on down a long list.

MATTERS MUSICAL

A Sketch of the Hambourgs

By DONALD SINCLAIR

OF course, you have heard of the Hamburg family if you take any interest in music. Mark Hamburg is a name very familiar to a host of people who never have the price to hear him perform when he takes a long jump from New York for a flying Canadian tour. The brothers of the famous Mark—Jan, the violinist, and Boris, the 'cellist—are almost equally celebrated, but not known so well to Canadians, for the concert managers have not booked them in Canada.

Down in Toronto musical people are discussing the Hambourgs just now, for lately the family of Hamburg has moved to Toronto. No, none of the members have contemplated a plunge into trade. They are evincing an active interest in the musical life of the city. Professor Michael Hamburg, father of Mark, Jan and Boris, and Mr. Jan Hamburg have opened a musical studio—piano or violin lessons six dollars an hour.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Jan Hamburg to me the other day. "People are wondering why we came to this country. Really, there's no mystery in the matter." He smiled. "Why does anyone come to Canada?—opportunity. We wish to have a share in the growing and wonderfully promising aesthetic life of the Dominion. Yes, we have studied this Canada."

And he instanced as proof that his brother, Mark, had played in over forty Canadian towns on his last tour; ever for the land-hungry in the mushroom hamlets of the prairie.

"He was feeling the pulse of the country, that's all. Mark reported well of Canada; he advised us to come and locate in Toronto, which, in his opinion, was fast becoming the leading musical centre in America. We also considered that my younger brother and sisters would have a much better chance here than in London. They were crazy to come—and Canada is the place for young life. isn't it?"

The Hambourgs are living in a large apartment house. Just at present, Mrs. Hamburg, and her two daughters, charming girls of nineteen and eighteen years—Miss Luba and Miss Mania—are busy forming impressions of the Dominion and trying to discover what's what here.

"Is it home life or society that Canadian women go in for—oh, how are the suffragettes in Canada?" said Miss Mania to me the other day in delightful impetuosity.

Clement Hamburg, aged ten, is an interesting youngster. He looks like Mark, plays the piano, also chess, wants to be a detective—against his father's wishes; but is quite optimistic these days at a public school, where he is being instructed in the ideals of Canadian citizenship.

You would expect the father of three world-great musicians to be a man out of the ordinary. So is Professor Michael Hamburg. The suggestion of old world distinction impresses you immediately when you glance at the tall old gentleman—the long silken waves of his hair falling down to the shoulders.

Professor Hamburg was born at Yaroslav, Russia, in 1855. Early he showed marked aptitude for intellectual pursuits. He loved music; political handicaps restrain the free, full expression of the Muscovite soul in most of the arts but that of song. The two Rubinsteins, Tchaikovsky were some of the

masters who guided his youthful talents. For years he occupied chairs in the first conservatories of Europe—his most brilliant pupil being his son Mark, whom in 1890, a prodigy of nine years he brought to London. Mark made a fortune and a great name. His two younger brothers, Jan and Boris, followed close in his footsteps.

Jan Hamburg, now of Toronto, is a versatile and charming young man—not yet thirty. He speaks four languages, knows the literatures of England, France, Russia, and Germany—not as well as his violin, however. Ysaye, head of the French school of violin playing, recognizes in him its foremost exponent.

Altogether, the advent of the Hambourgs is of considerable significance to music lovers in this country. Will other European masters follow their example and migrate to Canada? The "average" father and his "promising" daughter confronted with the post-graduate problem would welcome the invasion.



MR. MARK HAMBURG AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra concerts promise as much of a feast in harmony and solo attractions as they have given in former seasons. The ever-welcome Madame Gadski is to appear at the opening concert. This local organization has done such excellent work already that the highest results are anticipated.

AN event of considerable interest to Canadian music-lovers took place recently, when Miss Jean Nesbitt, a gifted pupil of Teschetzky, and a native of Toronto, made her first London appearance in a pianoforte recital at Bechstein Hall. Miss Nesbitt, if she fulfils the promise displayed in her performance, will undoubtedly find herself in the illustrious company of great pianists, including Paderewski, Hamburg, Sabrilowitsch and Essipoff, already launched from the school of the famous Vienna master. She is possessed of an adequate technique which has all the brilliance which is the hall mark of pupils of Teschetzky, with little of the hardness which they sometimes display.

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NAME.....

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Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Remember a word spoken plainly
May blight every effort and plan,
Which a kind word would help in attaining;
Then say a kind word when you can."

APPRECIATION.

WE were having a telephone talk. "I enjoyed your page so much this month," she said.

"Thank you; I am glad you liked it," I responded. "Do you know," she said, "I believe if I had been given any encouragement when I was young I could have been a writer? But no one ever helped my efforts by a word of praise, so I gave up trying."

I laughed so long and so merrily that she caught the infection over the wire, and joined in my mirth, asking: "What are you laughing at, what have I said to amuse you so much?"

"Just the idea of it," I rejoined, "to think of you wanting to be encouraged! Why, my dear, I would never have written a line for publication had I waited for my friends to assure me by a word that I wrote anything worth reading."

"You surely cannot mean that. Your pen is so facile, they must have recognized you had talent."

"Well, I always enjoyed wielding the pen, but no one belonging to me can ever claim credit for assisting me, if ever I acquire any renown along literary lines, for any compliments that came my way from my own family were solicited, and you know that kind do not carry much weight."

"But surely your husband is proud of your achievements, I know mine would be."

Again the merry laugh rang out as I answered, "I do not think he even reads my page, and I am sure the boys would consider it extremely dry stuff."

"It seems that 'a prophet hath honor, save in his own country' is true in most cases," she said.

And it is. We take it for granted that our friends know we appreciate their work, and seldom speak the helpful word that would cheer and lighten their labor, and help them to aspire to higher ideals. We are so prone to criticize instead of praise, to throw a damper on their soaring ambitions, that it would almost seem as though we felt it necessary to act as a "wet blanket," lest the elation they feel over their success should disturb their equilibrium. Thus they miss the assistance we could render by a kindly word of encouragement or sympathy.

I once stood looking at the quiet features of a woman in her last sleep, and her husband in broken voice said, "She was always a good wife to me." I wondered if he ever told her so. In my scrap-album I have pasted a clipping which reads: "Praise your wife man, for Heaven's sake praise your wife. Do not wait until her ears are dulled in death before you say, 'She has been a good wife to me.' Many a woman will be buried in a rosewood casket, whose heart was starved for a kind word."

In another album I find these words spoken by a man: "If I could only *once* hear her say that I pleased her," and that one sentence revealed a world of longing for a simple word of commendation. Many a kind-hearted man, whose best efforts to please and provide for, have been met with discontent and upbraiding, will leave a wife whose after years will be filled with remorse as she reflects upon her impatient words and exasperating manner. And many a true loving wife plods on through the weary years, ever at her post of duty, managing the home, training the family, and ever longing with an un-speakable desire for one tender word, a caress, kind sympathy, which she never receives. No wonder life becomes bitter and monotonous! No oil of gladness poured in occasionally to keep the wheels of life running smoothly. The trivial faults are given prominence, and a system of "nagging" is adopted, too often unnoticed by the persons themselves, but very apparent to others.

"We have been married twenty years," a woman wrote, "and *never* once has my husband shown one word of sympathy to me, or to the children." That sounds almost incredible, but there are natures so cold, so sternly repellent, that we do not doubt her assertion. He was a pillar in the church, too, but there was no beauty in his cast-iron religion. Alas, and alas, that such things are true! We are too scant with our praise, too slow to show our appreciation, but ever ready to pounce on a fault, too hasty and sharp with our tongues.

"We have kindly words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

IT is the little attentions which furnish the spice of life, the quiet side-speeches breathing of love and thoughtfulness for each other that bind our hearts together, not the public demonstrations of

affection we often witness, the "my dear" at the beginning of a sentence, not only between husband and wife, but among society friends, and which oft-times carries such bitter irony in its wake. It would seem to be used to swathe the cutting sarcasm that is meant to hurt, the prefix intended to accentuate the wound. For instance, "My dear, can you not spare time to superintend the meals somewhat, these vegetables are utterly tasteless?" or "My dear, you are stunningly gowned, but mauve is your color, and so suitable for your age." (Her age, forsooth! Herein lies the sting!)

I know a man—he did not die young, either, but 'lives and moves, and has his being' to-day, who always pats his wife's hand after a little "evening," and tells her how nicely she had everything arranged, and how good the refreshments tasted. He is quite opposite to one I heard described by a lecturer. "I was having dinner at a farmhouse, and such a good meal it was. The little woman had excelled herself, and when she asked her husband after his third helping of pudding, 'John, is the dessert good?' he drawled out, 'Oh yes; it's all right.' I felt like hitting him a crack over the ear. 'Why couldn't he have said 'It couldn't be better.'"

Some men are ashamed to be heard complimenting their wives; others are afraid it will spoil them should they bestow praise too often; and there are others who are too awkward to offer congratulation. There are women, too, who accept everything as a matter of course; men do not need praise; but, bless you, they do. What are men, anyway, but boys grown up, great babies indeed, and they like being petted and mothered? Just here let me tell the women who fail to practice this little art, that they are making a grave mistake, for men like appreciation and kind words as well as they, and a judicious application of praise secures many a favor. But, there now! Don't give away the secret. Of course there are exceptions, men who exist only for themselves, upon whom praise and blame fall alike, just as there are women whose hearts have grown callous under years of silence and indifference.

"GOOD night, father," said a young girl of fourteen, as she waited for her good night kiss. "You have been very wilful and disobedient to-day, I do not want to kiss you to-night."

The girl turned away, her heart embittered by the stern reproof, and rejection of the usual caress. "I will never kiss him good night again," she muttered, and she never did. He had failed to appreciate the fact that she was no longer a child to be corrected according to his idea, for the minor faults of the day, and so lost the token of affection which had never been omitted, even on her naughtiest days. He failed to realize that she had passed the stage of existence where he could nag at and check her for petty offences; he could not understand that there comes a time when childish punishments will not avail, but rather sour and harden the spirit of the child. Had he been a wise parent he would have known that his customary kiss would have softened her and brought repentance; he would have known that the heart of a woman beat in the child's body, that he no longer could hold her in control by fear of his displeasure; that he must trust to the early years of training to bring forth the fruits of his "line upon line, precept upon precept" teaching, and that the *must* do this or that has to be substituted by "don't you think you had better do the other?"

He made a mistake, as do many others. As the years rolled by, it must have hurt him, as the truth was forced home to him that he had not appreciated this filial act, which may have been largely a natural impulse beginning in babyhood, but ripening in meaning and devotion as she grew older. But he had spurned her approach, had lost this priceless token of love. He was too proud to ask for it, the steel had entered his own heart, and he accepted the shaft, and bore the results of his rash speech in silence, just as many another father or mother has done, when in a moment of intense anguish or passion, they have driven from home the son or daughter by "Never cross my threshold again," or "I disown you forever, you are none of mine."

Have you a girl or boy in their teens, this impressionable age when they feel that they know everything, when they are merging into young manhood or womanhood; when they resent being corrected, when their thoughts, their ambitions, and physical nature are all undergoing a change from childhood's dream to the more mature years of discretion? Look well to your tongue, to your temper, to your demands upon their obedience to your every whim, for they are thinking out problems for themselves now, and many a naturally sweet-tempered child has been transformed into a morose and sullen

disposition by being watched and questioned, and called to account for very trifling faults. Better temper your judgment with a sane levity than lose the kiss of your boy or girl, a boon that ought to be precious to any parent.

IF we bigger and older folk desire and enjoy being appreciated, how much more the children, for they feel the hurt of being overlooked in very tender years. "Mamma, do you love me any more?" said little Bessie, as her mother hugged and crooned over the tiny baby brother. The dear little ones, many a heartache it has given me to see the two-year-old toddler quite forgotten in the joy of the new baby, the deposed little monarch deserted, and the usurper receiving all the homage. "I don't like papa, I don't like mamma, I don't like that baby," my little sister wailed. So, instead of foolishly teasing the little ones by telling them that no one loves them now, just keep a margin of worship for the ruler who has been ousted from his throne.

There is nothing sadder in all the world than the wistful, yearning eyes of an unloved child. A little girl was visiting her friend. She saw the mother approach and after adjusting her daughter's hair-ribbons drew her close and kissed her, then turned to her and did likewise. She asked if she was kissed like that every day, and being told that it happened many times a day, she said that her mother had not kissed her since she could remember.

Oh, mother, is this you? Do you give your children the chance to tell such a thing? Have you a starved little human being in your home, enduring childish troubles without the aid of mother's manifestations of love? May God help the little hungry being who was given to you for your mother love and protection, and may the same all-wise Father enable you to lay the little head upon your breast, and speak words of tenderness, and do it *now*. The traps for young feet are many, and as in the Vision of Mirzale, they may drop out of sight, and be lost, and through the long years you may stretch empty arms into the darkness of remorse.

Coffee-Cakes and Cupid

NO American mother would ever admit that she set out with intent and purpose to marry her daughter off well. Mothers high and low vum and avow that Cupid must take his course.

But that only shows what subtle psychologists mothers are. They have a strange way of knowing just how far General Cupid has progressed in his campaign against the valvular citadel. When he is in his last trenches and ready to charge, they make their daughters move their forces from the uptown restaurant to the home; from the after-theatre supper to the home luncheon.

It makes no difference how honest a mother may be, she knows many tricks in the trade of love. She knows that whoever was responsible for the old adage that the nearest way to a man's heart was through his stomach had first-hand information. But she has gone a step further than the proverb-maker, for she has added that it must be done at home, and not at a restaurant. She knows that her daughter never looks more entrancing than when pouring a cup of tea; she knows that a hotel dinner with thirty-five minute waits between courses never melt's a lover's heart so quickly as peanut-butter spread on salt crackers by a young girl in the privacy of her own residence. Thus it is that the mother manoeuvres to have her daughter pass the coffee-cakes in a quiet hour in the home. The young man looks ahead and sees her going through that delightful operation at a breakfast table of his own in a time to come. The circuit between his heart and his stomach is complete.

The glare and glitter of a restaurant where it takes three boys to open the door does not affect the young man's heart nearly as much as a *tete-a-tete* over a table laid for two in a girl's own home. A waiter with a number on his coat can't compare to Hulda with a smile on her face.

Of course the young man never thinks of it; it never enters the girl's mind. The mother merely suggests to the daughter that she have the young man to lunch some day; and, presto! Cupid has twanged his bowstring. Truly, mothers move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

HOME DECORATION

By JESSIE E. RORKE

IN home decoration more than in any other art or craft mere thoughtless imitation is to be avoided. There is a quality of life and force in all original work that escapes an imitation, strive as we may; but in decorative art we not only contend with this lack of "verve" in our direct imitation of our friends' successes, but we may also fall into serious blunders in their application. Differences of color, of lighting, of size, of form in room or furniture, must decide the adaptability of the decoration which we admire, and what seems beautiful in another's surroundings we may find quite unfitted for our own.

To recognize the beautiful, to be instantly aware of incongruities, to be able in thought to picture clearly an effect as yet unseen, is the gift of an artist—it may also be the gift of the observant. All beauty of nature, or of art, consists of three things—beauty of outline, beauty of color, beauty of light and shadow; and to the thoughtful observer these are apparent at every glance. I do not mean by this that everything which is beautiful must possess these three: one, even two of them, may be absent—witness the beauty of geometric design or of flat color—but there must be no offence in any of these. For instance, the pencilled outline may be beautiful while it lacks color or shadow; it cannot be so if light and shade be portrayed incorrectly or if the color be unsuitable.

To watch for these three manifestations of beauty, to carefully analyse all that seems pleasing, to test the value of all decoration according to these truths, is to grow gradually to an involuntary recognition of them, to possess a subconsciousness of the beautiful, a perfection of taste which bars out what is unfit, regardless of example or fashion.

THE use of conventional design in china decorating makes efficient and pleasing results quite possible to the amateur if she is willing to work with patient care and precision. The three designs shown on this page are suitable for the odd plates for which we find so many uses, and are not too difficult to be attempted by the home worker. Before beginning have everything at hand that you will need to use, and the brushes and receptacles for oil and turpentine perfectly clean. The room should be as free from dust as possible, and if the dress you are wearing is not of cotton, linen, or silk material, it is well to cover it with a large apron to prevent the tiny bits of fuzz that continually come from woollen goods from settling on your work.

Clean the china with clear water but no soap and wipe with a cloth that is free from lint. Then brush with turpentine and allow it to dry. If you can trust yourself to draw with perfect accuracy you will have more pleasure in your work if the design is put on free hand, but if not it is wise to use the tracing paper. If this has been done, clean the china wherever it is soiled by the paper, and re-touch the lines with the pencil where they are indistinct.

Grind the colors carefully on the ground glass when rubbing with the tinting oil so that the mixture is perfectly smooth. If it seems at all gritty add a couple of drops of Dresden thick oil and grind again. Have your pad of silk and absorbent cotton made, the cotton for wiping the brush at hand, and brushes, palette, oil and turpentine placed conveniently so that no time may be lost when you begin to apply the color.

If the design selected is the first shown on this page it may be effectively treated with green-gold and yellow-gold. Color the blossoms and stems with yellow-gold, and the spaces between and the outer and inner bands with green-gold.

Use black in the broken band between the flower stems. As there is no outline it is necessary to keep the bands very smooth and even. If the plate must be sent out for firing, dry in the stove oven and allow it to become quite cool before wrapping in soft paper or cotton wadding.

To prepare for the second firing tint the plate a delicate green, using one part of brown-green to one part of Albert yellow. Pad with a quick regular touch till the color is perfectly smooth and even. Wipe the design free from any of the color that may have been carried into it by the pad, with a brush that has been dipped into turpentine and partially dried. Apply both green and yellow gold again, also the black if it is not even in color, and fire. This firing should complete the plate. Burnish the gold and rub the tint with very fine sandpaper.

Ivory, blue and gold will make an attractive color scheme for the second plate. Tint the whole plate with ivory and fire before drawing the design. An ordinary drawing pencil may be used after the tinting has been put on and is much less awkward than the Ceramic pencil. Use unfluxed gold for the curving lines, the broken band, and to outline the wide band in the centre. It is well to use a No. 2 liner as a wide line is desirable. Paint the inner band and the space between the design and the edge of the plate with turquoise blue. After the firing try with the burnishing brush and apply the gold again if necessary.

The curving lines of the trumpet flower bring to our minds at once the orange-red of its blossoms and deep vivid green of the leaves against the setting of dull red bricks. These colors are entirely pleasing as we find them and might be used in a naturalistic design where the colors could be softened and blended into one another without any striking contrast. In a conventional design less contrasting colors would be more suitable, several tones of brown working in very prettily. Tint the plate with hair brown, laying on thinly and padding until most of the color has been removed and an even delicate pinkish brown is obtained. After firing draw in the design and paint the band with hair brown of a darker shade than the tinting. Use one part of blood red to ten of hair brown for the flowers and make them a medium tone between the band and the tinting. Use hair brown for the bands and stems, making them quite dark and shading the short calyx from this into the coloring of the flower. Fire a second time and outline the whole design with unfluxed gold. The firing which follows should complete the plate.

Never be satisfied with less than your best work. If after the tinting has dried it becomes spotted in any way do not attempt to patch it. It will only end in disappointment, and though it may seem trying to clear off all that has been done and begin again, it will be most satisfactory.

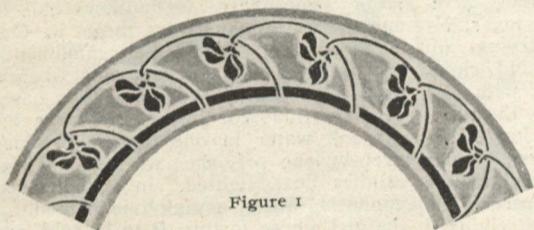


Figure 1

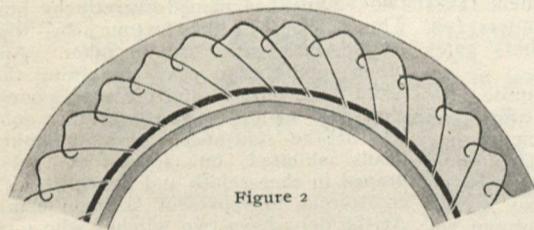


Figure 2

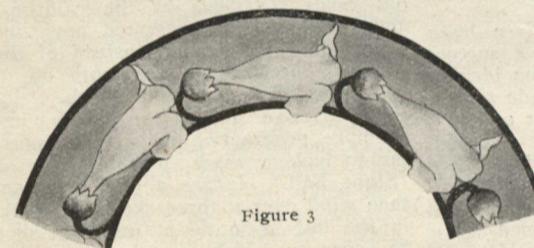


Figure 3



Carving Sets

An almost everyday necessity in the household is a Carving Set. The illustration shows a set that is remarkable for its beauty, finish and wearing qualities. It is the "Avon" pattern in the famous

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HE name Hallow E'en has a double suggestiveness. It gives to the youthful mind anticipation of all manner of autumnal pranks and frolic, while it recalls to the grown-up folk the night of be-lanterned pumpkins and ghostly forms which went gliding about, alarming a whole neighborhood, and showing false faces which were a terror to all timid citizens. The celebration of the Eve of All Saints, as it is observed in this country, is hardly suggestive of church or a sacred anniversary. The first of November—All Saints' Day—is itself a "holy day" of special significance, commemorating, as the poet, Lowell, has taught us—

"The unknown good who rest
In God's still memory, folded deep."
But Hallow E'en is a roystering, boisterous time, with traditions which come from the Old Land—from Scotland itself—and is kept with more or less disregard for law and order.

In Canadian cities, where there are universities, Hallow E'en used to be regarded with dread by peaceable and industrious tradesmen, since those irrepressible young students invariably amused themselves by carrying off gates, pulling down fences and signs, and otherwise making free with the property of others. However, the times have improved and it is no longer regarded as tolerable that even young men who are taking an "arts" course shall seriously disturb the peace. We are, in fact, becoming more civilized and see to it that our merriment takes the form of simple and harmless fun, with no damage to the neighbors' gates or feelings.

Hallow E'en parties are quite the fashion in these days and afford an excellent opportunity for picturesque and original entertainment. They come at a very happy moment—just between summer sports and Christmas games and can be made a typical autumn enjoyment.

A party of this nature, given by a Canadian hostess, was such a success that we shall try to give some idea of the way in which it was made attractive. It was made a "brown and yellow" party in color scheme. Autumn leaves of brown and amber shades had been collected, and were scattered so carelessly and naturally on curtains and portieres that it almost seemed as if there were a woodland scene. Vases of big, fluffy chrysanthemums, with their yellow richness, and candles with gold-colored shades added to the general effect of the harvest tints of the year. The entertainment consisted in telling ghost stories, and the guests had been warned beforehand of the kind of entertainment expected from them. Each told a story, in keeping with the occasion, and marvellous and awesome were the tales revealed of the doings and sayings of "spooks." There was a splendid fire blazing away in a brick fireplace, in order to keep the assembled friends from becoming too "a-scared" by the chronicles of the spirit world.

There were two prizes offered—one to the girl who told the best story contributed by a feminine guest—and one to the man who summoned the most effective spirit. The girl's prize was a pretty and quaint silver owl, the man's an owl scarf pin. The stories proved so enthralling that it was time for supper before they were concluded. Supper proved a most satisfactory scene of autumn refreshment, served beneath amber-shaded lights. Fruit was its most attractive feature and a pyramid of grapes, apples and oranges was daintily bestrewn with bright-colored leaves. Sandwiches, cut as hearts and triangles, with a filling of nut salad were an appetizing item, followed by ices in the mould of a witch's tall hat. Then there were cakes—such melting caramel and chocolate "creations"—and even, the coffee and ginger ale carried out the color scheme of brown. There

JOYS OF HALLOW E'EN

One of the Merry Nights of the Year

was a dainty Hallow E'en favor at each plate with an appropriate verse inscribed, and a witch of the most gaunt type bedecking each name card. The favors consisted of airy trifles such as a paper of needles elaborately wrapped, a stick of chocolate, a box of hairpins, etc.

But the crowning feature of the entertainment was the entrance of an elderly witch in the conventional seeress' garb, who, leaning on her staff and fixing her keen, dark eyes on the assembled guests, offered "to tell your future, kind ladies and gentlemen—all for a penny." Wonderful and weird were the stories told by the witch, who proved to be very well acquainted with the history of her various "customers," who went home at midnight, thoroughly mystified as to the occult ways of the witch. It was voted by all a most successful Hallow E'en entertainment.

A SUGGESTION which is made by a "minister's social helper," in the columns of a United States magazine, may be of service to Canadians as well.

Of course you will want the Hallow E'en "atmosphere," as authors call it, and there are many ways to get it. One is to plan a "Witches' Encampment," having, say, half a dozen tents wherein are tried the various Hallow E'en tricks of divination; for instance, a large tub of pink water in one tent is presided over by one of the witches. Three candles float, lighted, in candlesticks upon the water, a pink one named for the girl whose fortune is to be told, and two white ones named secretly by her. The witch tells the fortune by the course each white candle takes. Another witch has a cake containing the usual ring, thimble and piece of money. You will want a row of grinning goblins at the entrance, with pumpkin heads mounted on seven-foot poles draped in cheesecloth and provided with crosspieces to represent skeleton arms. At the door have two witches who give out cards, "Redeem at the caldron," and these may be presented any time during the evening, but instead of the witches' "brew" they are more up to date, and offer you fruit punch.

To arrange for a seemingly impromptu programme it is very amusing to have a witch preside over a "Stunt Ball." Inflate a punching bag, then wind over it three skeins of wool; in the last skein tie at intervals slips of paper on which you have written "stunts," as a boy ties scraps of newspaper on twine for the tail of his kite. The ball will arouse the curiosity of the guests. After the guests are assembled the witch announces: "This is the ball of fate or stunts." It is unwound quickly and the first "stunt" is that the president of your society shall act as Stunt-Master for the evening. Second, the president's wife will wind the yarn with care, so that her mother can use it for knitting a scarf for an Alaskan Indian. Third, all of the company please rise and join in singing the first stanza of "Home, Sweet Home." Fourth, "Our own artist on the spot." Miss B. will now make a sketch. Fifth, Miss A will show her skill by adorning a hat with the national colors—red, white and blue. Sixth, Mr. W, please sing us a song, like a good fellow! Seventh, Miss V will show her benevolence by giving that young bachelor, Mr. A, a lesson in darning socks. Eighth, Miss W will kindly favor us with a violin solo. Ninth, Miss C, please give an illustration of your favorite method of getting rid of agents. Tenth, Mr. J W will be kind enough to draw his "castle in the air." Eleventh, a whistling solo from Mr. B, the wonderful Bullfinch, is now in order. Or strictly Hallow E'en tricks may be called for, like blowing out candles blindfolded, biting an apple suspended by a string, etc.

"A Shadowy Wise Man" is a novelty. He should be enveloped in white and remain out of sight until the conductor of this part of the programme has

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—When you buy biscuits
buy Christie's—because
they are the best—

Grocers, like doctors, differ. But all reputable grocers believe that Christie Biscuits are the best baked. Some grocers,—a very few, but still some—ignore their knowledge of Christie superiority and sell inferior biscuits, calling them "Just as good as Christie's".

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Our big factory—the biggest, cleanest, and most modern in all Canada—is always open to visitors. Thousands of particular women have carried the story of *Christie Cleanliness and Quality* all over the continent. If you want the best biscuits insist on *Christie Biscuits* and ignore the "Just as good brand".

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BISCUITS

made his introductory speech telling of the marvelous wisdom which is about to be imparted. The conductor should be a good talker, capable of making original remarks for the amusement of the audience. After the introduction of the Wise Man silently and solemnly appears and takes his seat. The conductor then asks for volunteers to come forward and throw their shadows so as to strike the head of the Wise Man. As each applicant throws the shadow the Wise Man hands to the conductor one of the written slips, which is read by the conductor in a very pompous and impressive manner. He should frequently call the attention of the audience to the great value of the marvelous pearls of wisdom which are given out by the Shadowy Wise Man. This portion of the programme can be made a very amusing feature in the hands of the right person. The Shadowy Wise Man is provided with many slips of paper on which are written suitable "words of wisdom," of which the following are fair samples:

If you wish to do good acts go around cold mornings and get up for people, or go around among undecided people and make up their minds.

If you place your hand on a hot stove, by mistake or otherwise, it would be well to remove it at your earliest convenience, as this is one way in which to prevent unpleasant consequences.

If you have an excellent cook and are paying her nothing it would be wise to double her wages.

If a gentleman rides horseback with a lady he should always ride on the right side. According to some authorities the right side is the left. According to others the other is right. If the

holds a broom and drives three black cats. The nuts are in little tin dishes. The place-cards are tiny pumpkin heads placed on witches made of paper. Around the side of the cloth are pinned witches and black cats and bats cut from black paper.

A very pretty Hallow E'en table was entirely pumpkin in its idea of arrangement and decoration. There was a tiny paper pumpkin at each place, and the painting of a fat yellow pumpkin adorned each name-card. The candles and their diminutive shades were also of this rich and comforting shade, and a huge pumpkin, hollowed out and then filled with fruit was in the centre of the table, with tiny yellow streamers of ribbon extending to each name-card. The ever-popular pumpkin pie was, of course, a feature of the supper, to say nothing of some pumpkin tarts, just flecked with whipped cream. The ices were served in orange-tinted cases and were colored the same deep yellow that prevailed in the decorations.

There is one hostess who insists that the prettiest Hallow E'en table she ever set was in a color scheme of crimson and gold, with pale yellow candles with crimson shades, and a floral centre of dark red and lemon-colored chrysanthemums. There were witches, of course—sprightly dark red ones instead of the usual brown ladies riding on broomsticks—and they disported themselves on the name cards in a highly diabolical fashion. There were small favors enclosed in walnut shells—a bit of verse written on creamy paper, a single delicious bonbon, a tiny thimble, or a scrap of ribbon. Then the refreshments were the usual sandwiches, with filling of beet salad or of anchovy-

grown up have pleasant memories of the roast chestnut parties and sniff the evening air on the thirty-first of October with a kind of reminiscent joy. There is a most satisfying flavor about a well-roasted chestnut which appeals to the palate of the schoolboy with complete success.

The old-fashioned game of "bobbing for apples" is always productive of fun and prolonged merriment. Get a good, large tub, fill it with water and place therein a few rosy apples. Then set the young guests to work endeavoring to catch the coveted fruit in their teeth. Sometimes prizes are offered for this, or a five-cent piece is inserted in each apple in order to incite the young competitors to greater effort. This game is naturally more popular among boys than among girls, as the latter have an innate reluctance to risk soiling a frock and giving the hair a ducking.

EVEN with the children, the "ghost" element may be introduced. But, where there are very young guests, it is not desirable to make this either hideous or terrifying. The pumpkin, hollowed out and carved rudely to imitate a face, is always a popular feature, when lighted by a candle. This object presents a spectacle both grotesque and uncanny which always impresses the youthful beholder. A woman whose three small ones were anxious for a "real Hallow E'en party" transformed the back yard (it was not a city back yard) into a place of mystery and enchantment. There was a whole row of lighted pumpkins on the back fence and a bonfire blazed in the centre of the yard. Seated near the blaze was a swarthy Indian Chief (Uncle Ted in disguise) who narrated to the boys a series of J. Fenimore Cooper stories, concluding with a war dance, which proved an exhilarating but decidedly exhausting performance. Then there was such feasting as only hungry boys can enjoy—apples and nuts and peanut taffy, to say nothing of coffee, prepared over the fire in a gypsy fashion, which would give a flavor to any beverage.

A GOOD game, says *The Minister's Social Helper*, is pulling the cabbages. At a party where this had been kept closed all evening. In it were rows of "cabbages" made of green paper, and "pumpkins" made of yellow paper. Both "cabbages" and "pumpkins" were very small specimens. There were about seventy-five of each in the room, and they were made to represent the autumn garden as much as possible, with the aid of vines, old weeds, etc.

Ten young men and ten girls were asked to take part in this game. They were stationed at the farther end of the room from the "Cabbage Patch," the young men in the front row. Five of the young men were to gather pumpkins, and five cabbages. Only one pumpkin or cabbage was to be pulled at a time; it was to be brought to the partner, and the trip made for another, and so on until there were no more to be had. The young man who brought his lady the greatest number of cabbages and the one who gathered the greatest number of pumpkins each received a prize. They started at a signal, and as but one of the "fruits" could be brought at a trip the fun was fast and furious.

Hallow E'en has many sentimental traditions, one of these being that the man of whom a girl dreams on that night will become her husband. Another is that if a maiden earnestly believes in the possibility of the revelation and gazes long and searchingly into her mirror in the late hours of Hallow E'en, she will see a faint reflection of the man who is to be her "fate." Several of the Hallow E'en games have turned upon these sentimental superstitions, such as the throwing of apple parings over the shoulder in the fond belief that in the act of alighting they will form the initials of the future spouse.

But, whatever be the traditions of the Eve of All Saints, whether ghosts walk, or witches ride, or lovers whisper through the twilight, it is a night to be celebrated and remembered—to be kept with song and laughter and story until the "very witching time of night" is near and the month is nigh November. Then away go ghosts, sweethearts and witches and the pleasant old god, Morpheus, resumes his sway over the tired-out revellers.

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It took but a few short minutes with the "AUTOMATIC" to convince her that brooms and sweepers are a farce—a delusion and a snare—that they merely stir up the dust to settle again on every article in the house—besides really forcing the FINE DUST down INTO the fiber of the carpet, there to remain and become alive with all kinds of vermin. Thus she learned that her home was neither CLEAN nor SANITARY.

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On my way down from the moon last night
My broom-stick broke, and gave me a fright
I looked and looked for another, but failed
So I had to stay home, and wept and wailed,
While witches and ghosts, in wandrous guise
Muttered their spells in Paradise!

gentleman is left-handed this will, of course, make a difference. Should he be ambidextrous it will be indifferent.

It will be quite in keeping with the uncanniness of the evening to have the "Sandwitches" suddenly appear and march solemnly around the room, to the deafening music of serving trays lustily beaten with the knuckles. They are dressed in white with yellow kerchiefs and black and yellow witches' caps two feet tall, made of paper. These witches solemnly file out and presently reappear with nut sandwiches, Waldorf salad and little English cakes: for Hallow E'en, besides being "Nut-crack Night," was also the time when good people would "bake brade and dele it for all crysten soules," and even yet, they say, in some parts it is called "Cake Night," because the housewife bakes a cake for every one of her family.

THE tables for Hallow E'en parties are among the considerations which contribute to the picturesque success of the occasion. In one scheme suggested, yellow and green are the predominating colors. A glass caldron filled with evergreen is in the centre, and arranged about it is a circle of ferns. On the sticks which support the swinging caldron perches a tiny owl, while larger ones guard each side. Grapefruit shells hold the candy and nuts. Paper horseshoes for good luck are strewn around the table. For place-cards ghosts made from the glass goblets and dressed in tissue paper are used.

Another scheme of decoration suggests: A Jack-o'-Lantern of wire and tissue paper is hung from the chandelier and tied with a bow of red ribbon. On it are paper bats and black cats. Strings of baby ribbon, on which are little mice, hang from it. The central figure is a pumpkin head on which a witch rides on a white goose. She

flavored paste, ices of strawberry tint, or ruddy jelly, with yellow-tinted whipped cream, and candies of pink and yellow hues. A red Hallow E'en is, to say the least of it, a cheerful affair.

TO the small person, Hallow E'en is a celebration of special delight, for pranks which might be frowned upon at any other season are smiled upon for the last six hours of the month of October. To give the children a thoroughly happy and seasonable evening, have a taffy pull, with roast chestnuts and popcorn and toasted marshmallows—and trust to good digestion to preserve them from nightmares and kindred evils. The taffy pull is an institution which never goes entirely out of fashion, and, although it may result in stickiness and a few smears, it is something which no good home can do without.

Fudge is a sweetmeat which has had a prominent place at juvenile Hallow E'en parties and here are two recipes for its manufacture. Take four cups of brown sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one-and-one-half cups of milk, five tablespoons of cocoa and one-half a pound of walnuts. Boil the sugar and milk ten minutes. Add the butter and cocoa. Cook ten minutes longer. Add nuts and stir well. Pour into buttered tins.

A second recipe gives two cups of sugar, two squares of chocolate, two teaspoons of butter, one-half cup of milk and two-thirds teaspoon of vanilla. Boil until it hardens in ice water. Stir for a few minutes and turn into buttered pans. Therefore, if you are tired of the taffy pull, try a fudge party for the small persons, and see whether its sweetness appeals to them.

Nuts should never be forgotten in the Hallow E'en refreshments, and these may range from the plebian peanut and the chestnut of sunny Italy to the chubby walnut. Most of us who are

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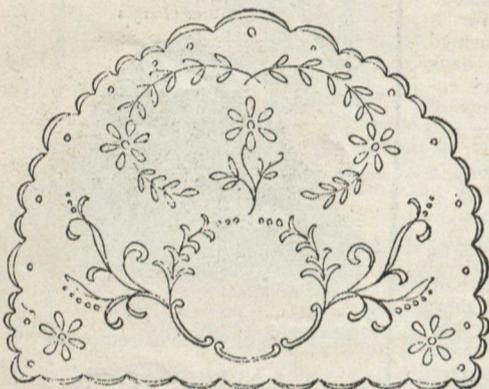
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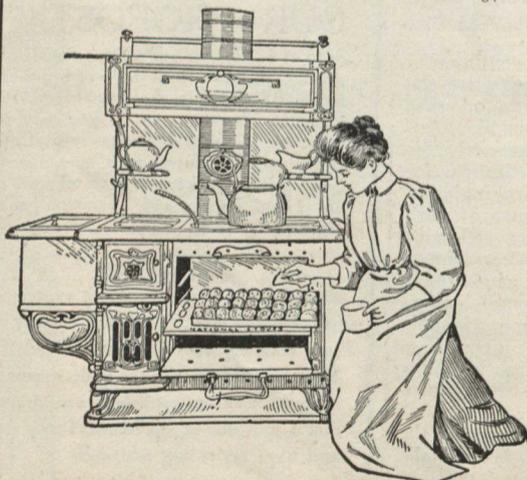
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The Dressing Table

A WOMAN who went to a fashionable hairdressing establishment for a shampoo caused amazement, because she wore not even an atom of false hair, not even a rat.

After endless persuasion to indulge in more modern coiffures the hairdresser said: "You're a brave woman to defy fashion in this way. It isn't as though you had a lot of hair."

"If I had plenty of hair I might venture to tamper with it," was the reply. "Because my supply is limited and my scalp is not in especially good condition, I am running no risks from overheating just to be in the latest style."

Few women have the courage to wear only the locks that nature gives them. If they do not object to an unmodern looking head they can't stand the struggle to get a becoming hat.

This being so it is important to overcome any bad effects there may be by extra care.

Rats should be as light as possible and the best quality you can afford. Dyed cheap hair does not wash well, fades quickly, and while great sanitary precautions are taken there is greater risks of germs.

Wash the rat at least once a week. This can be done in soap and water or in gasoline. Let it dry well and give a thorough airing before using again.

If your hair is brittle, your scalp delicate and the hair shedding, wear a rat and other false hair when you are dressed, but do not wear it around the house.

Adopt a simple and becoming coiffure for home use, and in the privacy of your room let the hair hang in plaits or better yet, free. Give it a sunning and airing for half an hour once a day. This aerating is quickly done by drawing the hair to its full length on each side of head and lifting it up again and again with the fingers.

Massage and treatment is important when false hair is worn if the scalp is to be kept in good condition. This is best done professionally, as there will be the use of electricity and vibrator as well as skilled tonic rubbing. When a regular course is taken, a treatment once a week, terms are reduced in most establishments.

At least make a point of massaging the scalp each time the false hair is removed, if only for a minute.

If there seems to be an unusual amount of dandruff, at the points that most of the false hair lies, find out the reason. The bought pieces may need cleaning or the bands that hold them may be too heavy so prove overheating; or, less probably, there may be something injurious in the dye.

A MONG some hints recently given for the equipping of a dressing room this advice may be of service to our girl readers:

When at boarding school girls are apt to acquire the bag habit, more from hasty attempts at neatness than from any real fondness for these attractive receptacles, but the habit remains with them usually, and even when grown to womanhood the sex finds new uses for bags and new ideas in the making of them.

In the outfit one young girl is getting ready to take on her first term at boarding school this fall is a dressing room set which will stand many trips to the laundry and will look as fresh at the end of the semester as when it was laid carefully and tenderly in her school trunk. This is a set of Oriental bags, one large bag for laundry—there are two of them just alike so that one can be washed while the other is in use—a smaller one for soiled handkerchiefs and one of a different shape to hold the neckwear that is to be freshened for another wearing.

The largest bag is made of four pieces of Chinese cotton, the design being a white ground with the figure of a Chinese woman in the centre. She wears richly colored garments and looks like a Japanese print. The four lengths of cotton form the two sides of the bag, two for the front and two for the back. They are fastened together with heavy white cotton in a fancy stitch, herringbone or feather stitch, and a three-inch frill is left at the top,

where a piece of tape is inserted crosswise to hold a narrow strip of wood which has holes in the end through which to run a pair of white cotton window loops to hang the bag up by.

An opening is left in the front section of the bag, between the two pieces of cotton cloth and just below the cross-piece of wood, so that there is a place to slip in soiled clothing.

For the soiled handkerchief bag two strips of cotton, two towels they are, are sewed lengthwise together with a fancy stitch and the ends are hemmed down over an embroidery hoop which has first been wrapped with embroidery beading. The top of the bag gathers over the hoops, and where the round handle emerges from the fulness a bit of the embroidery beading is used to tie a pretty knot and to keep the printed cotton from slipping. The sides of the bag are not sewed up all the way. It is more convenient to leave them open for at least three inches.

The neckwear bag is the simplest of all. It is, in fact, a miniature laundry bag, one strip of the cotton towelling sufficing for the length and width. The frill at the top is narrower in proportion to the length of the bag, and a slim bit of wood perhaps four inches in length is slipped into the casing made by two rows of fancy stitching.

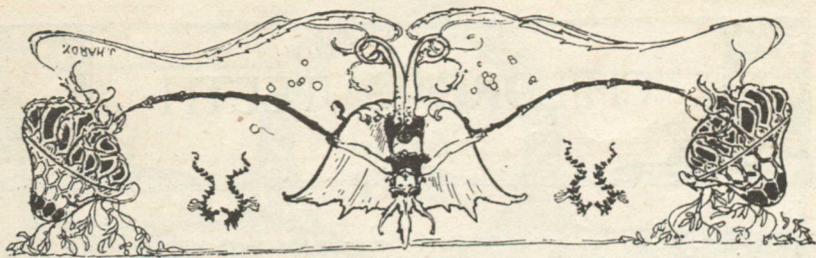
There are some wonderful bits of old brocade and striped silk which can be bought now at bargain prices and made into charming little bags for holding ribbons, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. These are invaluable to the girl who must live in small quarters and who cannot take all the time necessary to keep her belongings laid out in neat rows and piles in her dresser and chiffonier drawers. The prettiest of these bags are trimmed with narrow old gilt or silver galloon.

WHEN the winter season opens, happy indeed is she who is able to start with her complexion at its best, her mind free to occupy itself with the means of keeping it in that enviable condition when threatened by the coming winter blasts and dirt-laden air of the city. Most women are confronted with the grim necessity of repairing the damages wrought by the summer's unwise indulgence in pure country sunshine and mountain and ocean breezes. She who has not entirely disregarded the ounce of precaution receives her reward in the comparative ease with which her skin is restored to its normal condition, but the happy, care-free girl who has thrown herself whole-heartedly into the joys of life in the open, while glorying in the renewed strength, happiness, and sense of well-being resulting from her indulgence, realizes, when she looks upon her face with thoughts of the future instead of the moment, that the inevitable price must be paid, worth while though it may have been.

Some skins will endure more than others, but all are fallible. It is not necessary to swathe oneself in veils or parasol. That would destroy the pleasure, and benefit as well, of life out-of-doors, but it is comparatively simple to soothe and comfort the skin with cold creams at night, to protect it with cream and powder when a day of extreme and trying exposure is expected, and to use a little restraint in exposure when it is possible. Taken in moderate degrees, fresh air and sunshine are good for a complexion, and certainly the good health resulting from them is the best foundation for a clear skin.

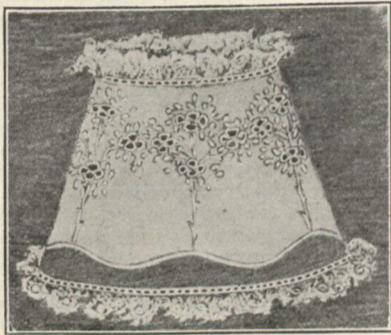
Tan, freckles, and roughness are usually the result of a summer's outing, and she who expects to see these marks of summer days disappear under a few applications of cold cream and lemon juice will be sadly disappointed. Time, patience, and the strongest agents are all needed. Lemon juice is the mildest remedy. It should be rubbed on at night and allowed to stay until morning. Afterwards cold cream should be rubbed on. Stronger than this is a combination of white vaseline and powdered pumice. A soft cloth should be dipped first in the vaseline and then in the pumice.

This treatment is not suited for very delicate skins, however.



CONCERNING CANDLES

WHEN the use of kerosene and lamps became general, the candle looked as if it were to be snuffed out completely. Yet the whirligig of Time, which brought in gas and electric light, has restored the candle to fashionable favor. Tradition is a strong force, in spite of modern changes, and humanity had become so accustomed to the shape and style of the candle that it was unwilling to renounce it alto-



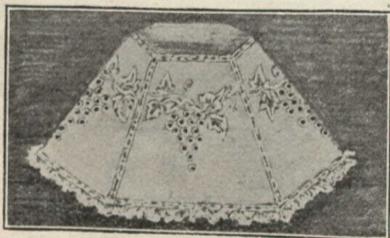
WITH COLORED BORDER

gether. Hence we find the electric candles blossoming in various forms and we find the wax candle, itself, at almost every fashionable gathering. It has even taken its place among the titles of modern fiction and those who want entertainment should spend an hour with "The House of a Thousand Candles," while those in search of a serious story with a moral might devote themselves to "Candles in the Wind."

The old-fashioned candlesticks have all "come in again" and fortunate is the woman who possesses such, as heirlooms. Snuffers and a tray, to complete the candle outfit, are now seen in many a fashionable bedroom. Many have retained a fondness for the candle and have kept it somewhere on the premises, in spite of the changing fashions in illumination. Queen Victoria is said to have been very fond of its gentle glow and to have had in one drawing room of Windsor Castle as many as seven thousand candles for making it a scene of brilliance.

So, it is no wonder that we find the hostess of to-day studying the effect of candles, with a view to their softening and beautifying effect. The candle shade becomes a matter of prime importance, and here we are confronted with such a variety that one hardly knows which to choose. The most fashionable for the moment are those of perforated brass. Some of the designs, especially those of grapes or cherries, are extremely attractive.

The embroidered shade is also to be desired, and some lingerie shades are



EYELET DESIGN OF GRAPES

more practical than they at first appear, as the linen cover comes off and launders. Wire frames come already made for any shape desired, and range from twenty to forty cents apiece. White silkolene is cut in bias strips about half an inch wide, and wound around the wire, covering it completely, before the silk covering is put on. Fasten one end of the strip around a joint in the frame and, holding it slantwise, wind tightly, folding one edge in to hold the raw edges. After the frame is completely covered, cut out the silk cover, which should be made of pink, red, light green, or yellow China silk. Sew up the two ends, making as small a seam as possible, and bringing it over a rib, turn in the top and bottom and over-

hand neatly with sewing silk of the same color.

The lingerie cover is made of fine handkerchief linen, embroidered in eyelet and French embroidery. The eyelet work is especially effective, as the colored silk shows through the open parts, making a charming color scheme.

One shade is a bow-knot and flower design, with dots worked in French embroidery. The frill on upper and lower edges is of the silk pleated to form a ruffle three-eighths of an inch wide, and is tacked on lightly, as it must come off when the cover is laundered.

Before cutting out the linen, the stamping and embroidering must be done; then cut out, press thoroughly with a hot iron on the wrong side, sew up the two ends, and after making sure of its fitting perfectly, overhand to the silk at top and bottom. The seam should not be too firmly sewed, as it is wiser to rip it and lay the linen open when washing and ironing. The bow-knot, ribbon, dots, and leaves are all in French embroidery, worked with mercerized cotton, number 40. The flowers are worked in eyelet, with solid centres, using the same cotton.

One has a newer design, worked in French embroidery, with a colored linen border around the lower edge, the same shade as the silk lining. The edges are

finished with a fine seam beading, a frill of narrow French Valenciennes lace. The stamping and embroidery must all be done, and the beading and lace put on, before it is sewn up, making a seam easy to rip. The colored linen at the bottom is put on over the white and the white cut away before the embroidery is done.

Another design is again the French embroidery and cut-work with a colored linen border and beading and lace, the leaves and stems solid, the flowers in cut-work.

A pretty shade is in a grape design, the grapes of eyelet work, the leaves a long and short stitch, with the stems and tendrils in close design. Each section of the linen cover is cut out separately, after the embroidery is done, and joined with a narrow lace insertion about an eighth of an inch wide. The insertion is on the upper and lower edges, the lower being finished with a narrow lace frill.

The charm of these shades lies in their daintiness, so care must be taken that the silk lining is made of a good quality of silk and the right shade, the lace, beading, and linen all of the finest. As the quantity required is very little for a complete shade, the expenditure is small, and care in every detail will be found worth while, when one sees the satisfactory result.

The prices of the perforated designs will be found in the list of embroidery patterns at the front of this issue. The quantity of linen required for each shade is about 12 x 6 inches.

The Steeple Toque

WITH the new hat styles has appeared what is known as the steeple toque. An English authority, "Nano," thus describes it:

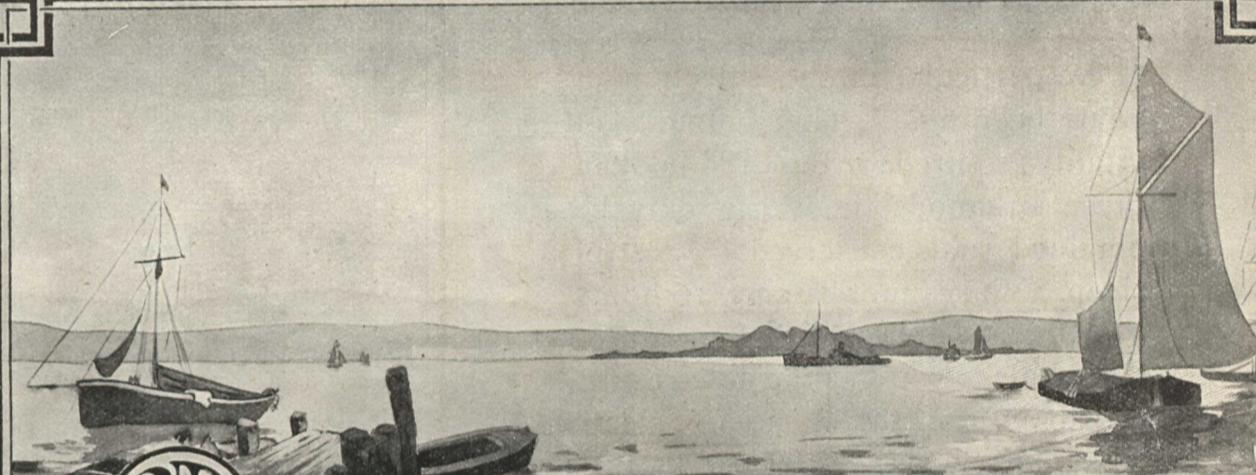
"What extremes, by the by, the bell

toque, which started in such modest proportions and such regard for its wearer's looks, is reaching. Instead of the bell toque it can soon be called the steeple. It is growing higher and higher, and the size of the ribbon bows, which is its sole decoration, keeps pace with its elevation. By the complexity and arrangement of this ribbon trimming is the origin and consequently the price of the erection known. Just at first the broad plainly looped bow had a cachet of elegance and fashion; but its imitation was easy, and it was soon abroad in its thousands. Now all sorts of complications in gathers and quillings and loops and ends have taken its place—the result being that if your funds permit you to go to an artist for your hat, you have something unique for your money.

The skill of the expert milliner is never so clearly shown as in the manipulation of ribbon into bows. Let me, in this respect, give the home hat trimmer a hint I received from a lady whose skill on her own and her friends' headgear eventually led her into a most remunerative business.

She advises amateurs to experiment with the loops and their arrangement on strips of muslin before touching the ribbon. A new untouched look is the hallmark of the bow. Another drawback of the amateur milliner is that she never gives sufficient attention to the wiring of the loops—the whole art here is to disguise any stiffening; the amateur always makes it perceptible.

These are some of the niceties that tell a tale of expert millinery. Mention of them reminds me of a story I lately heard about the buying of a hat. It was a "latest creation," and was being shown to an American customer by a famous milliner. The lady thought the price excessive, and said, "Why, there is nothing on it but that small bunch of flowers." "Yes, madame," was the reply. "but I arranged that bunch of flowers."





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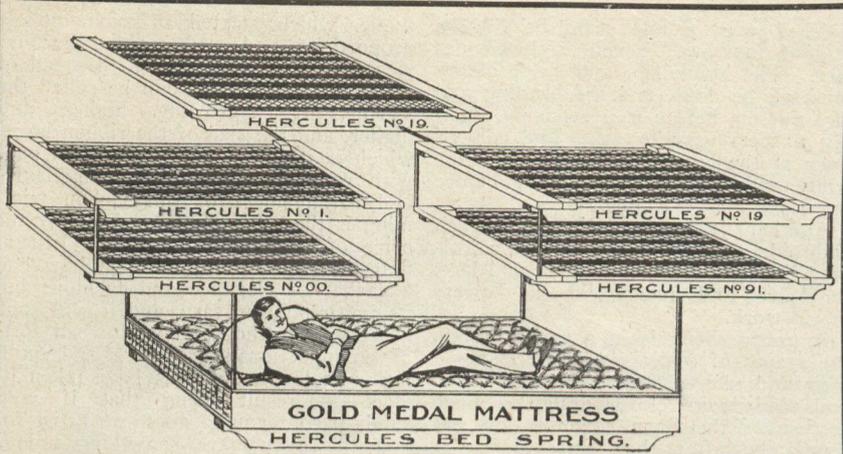
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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG



CHILDREN'S TEETH

Of course, we do not know all about the ancients and their arts. They may have had a much wider acquaintance with electricity than we suppose, and may even have driven their motor cars on the broad summits of the walls of Babylon. However, we decline to believe that they were as well acquainted as this age, with the art and science of dentistry. The last half of the nineteenth century saw a great advance in this study, and we now survey with horror the uncouth instruments which operated on the aching molars of our forefathers.

In last January's issue of *The Literary Digest*, there is an excellent article dealing as follows with "The Child's First Visit."

When the little patient is presented to the dentist for the first time, our efforts should be divided between the entertainment of the child and the clear and decided instruction of the parent with most of the following facts:

That no one has greater need of perfect teeth than the child.

That the mouth is the vestibule of human life, and whatever enters goes to build up the bodily and mental strength—which depends on perfect digestion and assimilation.

That decayed and missing teeth cause a child to pollute and bolt its food, thereby poisoning the system, and by insufficient mastication giving the child bad breath, pallor, indigestion, and even going so far as to invite tuberculosis.

That defective teeth are the chief cause of nervous diseases in school children (in Brooklyn out of 600 children examined in the schools only nineteen did not need dental attention).

That the parents should be notified by card, monthly or so, as each patient requires, to present the child for examination and prophylaxis.

That to have the physical stamina to go through this world one must have vigor and health in childhood. This is impossible where defective teeth are present.

That poor teeth means poor health.

That the alimentary tract comes in for its share of bacteria from the oral cavity, and thereby invites disease to the child.

That abscessed teeth cause eye and ear trouble—often appendicitis.

That parents should forego speaking of pain and dental operations before the eager, listening ear of the child or children at home.

That the reasons for saving the deciduous teeth are:

1. To prevent pain.
2. To permit of proper mastication.
3. To preserve the arch for the permanent teeth.

And, finally, don't be afraid to tell them all these facts. It is your duty.

It is within recent years only, that we have come to realize the value of taking care of the first teeth—which used to be considered as nothing but the proper material for destroying germs to work upon.

Miss Marianna Wheeler, who is ex-Superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York, says, regarding the first teeth:

"From the time that the first lower tooth appears, up to the first year, the mouth should be well rinsed or sprayed with a solution of boric acid or boiled water twice a day; more often than this is not necessary, as at this age the child secretes enough saliva to carry off any residue of milk left in the mouth after feeding. The best time for using a mouth wash is night and morning, for this reason; after the evening meal the child is put to bed and presumably sleeps the rest of the night; while unconscious with sleep the saliva does not gather as freely in the mouth. As soon as the first molars are well through, meat and food of a more solid character are usually given—food which requires chewing and grinding. This hard chewing will often force particles of food firmly between the teeth, and it should be removed; if the meat contains much fat the fat will harden between the teeth or near the gum, which makes it necessary, as soon as solid food is given, to use a tooth-brush. Small soft brushes with but one row of bristles are made for very young children; with these small brushes the teeth should be carefully gone over inside and outside,

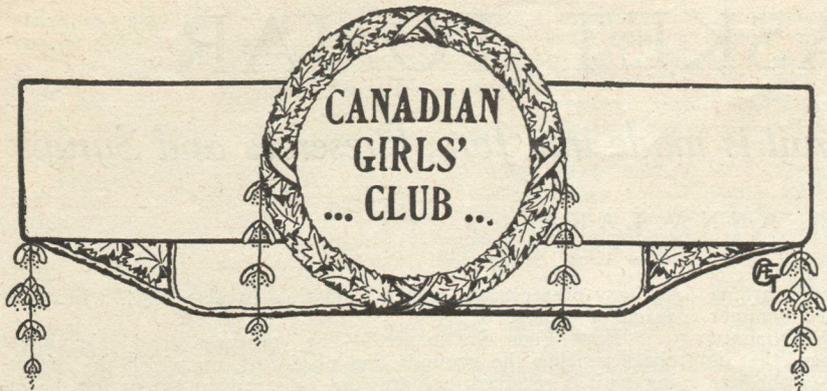
between the teeth and over the grinding surface. After brushing, by means of a small syringe tepid water should be forced between the teeth and the mouth thoroughly rinsed. Brushes with two rows of bristles are made for children a little older.

"On the teeth of delicate children and those whose teeth are neglected there is frequently found a rough, greenish deposit close to the gum; this deposit has a rough surface which catches and holds tiny particles of food, especially those of a pastry nature, such as cracker, bread, cereal, etc. These decay, filling the mouth with bacteria; the gums are infected and soon become tender and bleed easily; ulcers will form inside the mouth, sometimes extending to the lips and the area surrounding them, especially the corners of the mouth. As soon as this greenish deposit is noticed it should be removed by the use of a little powdered pumice and glycerine; take a toothpick and wind tightly around it a tiny bit of absorbent cotton, then a gentle rubbing and time will accomplish its removal; during this process, however, take care to irritate the gums as little as possible. After the deposit is removed it is felt to use the chloride-of-potash mouth wash for a while; this and the daily care of the teeth as suggested will, in all probability, prevent another like deposit from forming. Careful rinsing of the mouth is almost as important as the use of the brush. The addition of some good antiseptic mouth wash is desirable for rinsing purposes.

"The nerve pulp of the temporary set of teeth is not nearly so sensitive as that of the permanent set, consequently decay may become well advanced without being discovered or causing the child the slightest pain. This fact makes it desirable to examine the child's mouth occasionally, otherwise large cavities might form before any defect is discovered. Children who are very anaemic, who are rachitic, afflicted with any constitutional disease, or those whose heredity shows a predisposition to unsound teeth, need especially to have their teeth examined often; they also require the best care to preserve them. It is a common fallacy that indigestion and stomach trouble are the cause of early decay in the teeth of children. This is not so; in fact, quite the opposite is true. When the teeth from lack of care become incapable of performing their work properly and the food is allowed to go into the stomach totally unfit for that organ to receive it, it is then that the stomach rebels, and indigestion comes. As good digestion depends almost entirely upon perfect mastication, all food should be chewed and chewed over and over again until it is ground so fine and so thoroughly mixed with the saliva that a certain portion of it is dissolved and partly digested before it goes into the stomach.

Our Overheated Houses

HUMIDITY, or rather the absence of it, plays an important part in the house heating problem, and you will always find, in any house in which the temperature is kept at a high degree, that the atmosphere has a decidedly parching and oppressive effect, and that no water is being evaporated either on the heating stove or in the furnace, as the case may be. The heating apparatus practically dries out all the humidity in the air, while it should contain from sixty to seventy per cent., and unless some means for replacing it is provided, an extremely high temperature seems necessary for warmth, while, in fact, a more moderate temperature of humid air would not only be more warming but also much more comfortable and healthful. The average furnace waterpan, however, is much too small for requirements, but if there is one in your furnace, do not neglect it. A new form of waterpan recently introduced with much success is circular in shape, and surrounds the furnace immediately inside the casing or jacket. As it holds several gallons of water and its shape guarantees that all the heated air is uniformly humidized, the whole house can be kept at a moderate and equable temperature.



SUCCESS RECIPE

Dear Secretary,—You ask my recipe for getting subscriptions to the JOURNAL. I scarcely think I am qualified for an instructor, but this is the best I know:

- 1 cup of enthusiasm brimming over.
- 1 full measure of stick-at-iveness.
- 4 pounds knowledge of magazine, contents, history, aims.
- 1 cup cheerfulness.
- 1 ounce of ginger.
- 1 pinch of humor.
- Tact to season.

Mix well and serve hot. A little experience will enable one to obtain best results. Don't be discouraged if first attempt does not prove you a post graduate cook.

N EARLY every girl has some spare time after work, afternoons when all the duties around the house have been completed, and nearly every girl wants money for dozens of extra things. Some want pretty clothes, some want books, some pictures and china, and furniture for their rooms; each one has the special things she longs for. How to make the spare time pay for these things, that was the problem. And that is the problem that the Canadian Girls' Club has solved for hundreds of girls, for this work does not have to be done at any definite time or during any certain hours.

Every girl has a large circle of friends and neighbors. We will pay to her for getting their subscriptions the amount that it would cost us to secure them otherwise. The price to the subscriber is just the same. Many of our friends are helping us just because they like the Journal and think their friends will enjoy it.

Over all Canada we want a great organization of girls, each with her circle of subscribers. No village is so small that some friend of the Journal should not interest her neighbors in this woman's magazine of our own country. Will you not write to the secretary and let her tell you all about the work and the opportunity it offers?

Each one of this organization will earn commissions and a monthly salary according to her opportunities for work, and the things she buys with the money earned in this way will be doubly satisfactory to her. Subscriptions come surprisingly easy, our newest member writes.

"Dear Secretary,

"It affords me much pleasure to send in these eleven new subscriptions. I have worked only part of two days."

I am not going to tell you here what she received for those two days' work, but I feel sure that it is more than any girl reader of the Journal is earning, more than most of their big brothers, and many of their fathers are earning.

So many girls have determined to get the Harrison Fisher pictures offered in September that we have decided to continue the offer. A girl who has won both of the pictures says:

"Dear Secretary,

"Harrison Fisher pictures came. They are perfectly splendid, the most attractive of all my pictures. Aren't you going to let us earn others like them? The commissions on these first eight subscriptions bought a frame for "The Fudge Party." The commissions on these I am sending you now shall pay for one for "The Study Hour," and the salary is going to buy a bracelet I have been wanting a long time."

"Dear Secretary,

"Back to work again. Please send me another September number. Mine came while I was away,

and was mislaid. The Journal helped me to have a very fine vacation, much better than I could possibly have had otherwise; now it has to help out on a winter suit, and some new furs if possible. So you may know that I am not idling if you do not hear from me."

September was an attractive number, wasn't it? All that the editors claimed in advance of more still.

Sometimes one wonders if she is not prejudiced since she is working so much with the magazine, but letters from girls of the club, from subscribers and many prominent persons all are proof that the September number has given great satisfaction. Quoting from a few of them: "I am delighted with the JOURNAL, and think it the most interesting magazine that comes to our house." "I have had so much pleasure from the September number myself that I very much hope that you can start these subscriptions with that number. I should like to see it in every home in Canada." "I have just finished reading the September JOURNAL and must write you my pleasure in it, it has been interesting and helpful all through."

Perhaps it is the business side that appeals to me in a large measure, for it will help the girls of the Club to get subscriptions. I just know that each one of you can get dozens of them. There isn't another home magazine in Canada that compares with the JOURNAL, and only \$1.00 a year; shouldn't it take the place of any magazine of its kind with every Canadian woman that you tell about it. Thousands of them are just waiting for you if you only knew it. And every woman should have such a magazine. "No time to read" is just an admission of incompetence. How does any man rise in his work? By finding out all he can about it. Are the women to be less progressive? Housekeeping, making the home attractive, cooking, are or will be the missions of the large majority of women. Are they going to neglect the opportunity of learning about that. The widening of her interests and knowledge are part of her duty. How many thousands of lives might be saved if every woman knew the primary rules for home nursing given in the September number. If every member of the club will just sit down and list all the people she must tell about the JOURNAL she will realize how much she has to do in a very short time.

The Was Right

"A NYWAY," snapped Mrs. Naggsby, who was getting the short end of the argument, "my judgment is better than yours."

"I'm sure it is, my dear," replied Naggsby, calmly. "Our choice of life companions supplies all the proof you need to back up that assertion."

"And Don't Forget Clark's Pork and Beans"

says the prudent housewife when concluding her morning interview with the grocer.

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FROM BASKET TO JAR

Interesting Account of how Fruit is made into Jam, Preserves and Syrups

By ANNA LAKE

THE sun-kissed ripeness of harvest abundance, the aroma of luscious fruits, and the fragrance of distilled summer are all fused in the first September days in the Niagara peninsula. The early tang of autumn in the country, that is surely "God's own," wafts a sharpness and clearness through the atmosphere, while everything partakes of a new fascination. The miracle of spring is lost sight of in autumn's fulfilment of promise. Emotional delight in color and intoxicating perfumes, takes on a more material appreciation by indulgence in the luscious ripeness.

"HEART OF NATURE'S ABUNDANCE."—Some primitive element is aroused and takes possession of the conventional town person. The prosaic car on the radial that is carrying one into the very heart of nature's abundance, becomes a thanksgiving chariot. Modern mural harvest decorations get mixed with realities, in the mind that is simply rioting in excess of delight over it all.

Only the very commonplace tones of the conductor in calling out stations brings one back to the present. By no illusion of the mind's eye could his natty blue suit and brass buttons be merged into the flowing lines the fresco chariot followers are usually arrayed in.



A "far away" glance that comes from much inward thought, reveals a nondescript collection of passengers, possibly more interested in the practical aspect of conditions than joining in any unconventional display of enthusiasm.

"HARVEST PROBLEMS."—However, this jarring return to the world, at intervals acts like a weight to reason, and as miles after miles are passed a saner feeling becomes uppermost, and the detached attitude of luxurious enjoyment in the scene, and the early exultation, give way to an intimate and more homely appreciation. Domestic duties and the daily labor, which so much abundance entails, in the caring for are to be noted on every side, and the more practical problem of gathering in obtrudes itself.

The pungent sharpness of new wood in basket and crate penetrates the air and suggests thoughts of the modern method in conveyance. Though not so picturesque as great heaps of mellow colors this is infinitely more desirable from the consumer's standpoint. The practical thought that heeds the consumer's viewpoint also lingers over the ultimate disposal of such harvest bounties.

Possibly the housekeeping instincts, which every woman possesses to a certain degree, may be aroused to think of all the kitchens given over to preserving operations, or again it may be due to the intention of visiting the fruit and jam factories of Mr. E. D. Smith, at Winona.

"THE BIG PRESERVING PLACE."—One was scarcely so benighted as not to know something about the place and what it stood for, and was prepared to meet with unusual and sanitary conditions. But to find it surrounded by orchards and vineyards, and the towering mountain behind, with no prevailing evidence of the usual factory's presence, was to suggest the thought that possibly one might find some underlying principles in the building up of such a business beyond the even vital one of pure food standards.

To appreciate and understand fully the value of purity in foodstuffs and to have a conscientious desire to adhere to a standard of excellence indicates that a man is concerned to do business in a spirit beyond that aroused through the mere competition of trade. Such a man may go even farther in building a business, and consider his place in the community, his obligation to his employes, and the moral responsibility that attaches to his word and name. Such depressing thoughts do not usually come to one when on merely critical inspection intent. But the affinity between the location and source of supply, the beautiful countryside, and the principle involved, inspire thoughts beyond the mercenary ones of business.

"LOCATION AND SUPPLY."—The location also suggests a choiceness of quality in selection, which is later found to be justified. The cheery greeting of drivers arriving with their loads of fruit, all hand-picked and carefully arranged in spotless baskets, does not partake of a buying and selling proceeding. Incidentally one notes they receive several cents more than the market price, which accounts for the choiceness of quality and good humor.

A sweeping glance that attempts to take in the scene of buildings and surroundings includes much foliage on tree and shrub, mellow tones of brick and stone, and a picturesque adjustment of architecture that has evidently been the outcome of requirement, not an attempt to aggressively dominate the landscape.

Quaint stone buildings, some of the pioneer homes have been left on the original foundations, with interiors devoted to various uses. Their presence hints of a respect and appreciation that a newcomer could scarcely feel.

One is not surprised later to hear that Mr. Smith was born on a mountain farm overlooking the neighborhood.

A large stone house almost buried beneath great locusts and ancient pear trees, at the foot of the mountain, is discovered to have been his late home for twenty-four years. This was only vacated a short time ago, when a very handsome one was erected on the beautiful grounds adjoining the business buildings. A very large office building is in course of erection, and will no doubt be finished according to the good taste which has so far been displayed.

"RESULTS AND HOW ARRIVED AT."—A man looks at results and commends them, but a woman wants to know how they have been arrived at, if they pertain to home needs. Thinking people who consider the pure food question and how it affects the community, recognize the fact that even home preparation may be frequently lacking in a certain choiceness, and a manufactured product contain little of desired quality.

A carelessness in home preparation or the use of inferior qualities may be attended with as disastrous results as products manufactured with no regard to pure food standards. Only a thorough understanding of what constitutes pure food, and the

sanitary preservation makes it possible to place such within the reach of others.

"PURE FOOD STANDARDS."—The neatness and cleanliness characterizing the grounds and platforms, on which the incoming fruit is received, prepares one to a certain extent for the interiors, but scarcely for the reality.

This made it possible to follow the fruit from the time of entry, through all the various stages of handling, until, in airtight receptacles it was placed in crates for shipping. Never once was it necessary to gather one's skirt in a protecting way, or to abstain from minute inspection of methods on account of mussiness. The best tailor-made came through the ordeal without spot or injury, and of how many kitchens could one say the same during preserving time? The choiceness of the fruit caused little accumulations to occur from the careful sorting and the washings, peelings and stemmings, were rapidly carried away by machinery. The standard of cleanliness enforced, was found to extend to even white caps. These completely covered the heads of the women and girls employed. Large aprons enveloped them, and the men wore special suits.

"INTELLIGENT AND COMPETENT LABOR."—Every fruit requires different handling and attention, consequently the very important factor of help—intelligent and competent—has to be considered. During strawberry season, one was informed, the process of hulling called for the services of many which later were not required for the fruits, such as plums. To overcome this difficulty, a large building had been erected at some distance and at certain periods was used as a boarding house for the additional women required. Ordinarily the majority of employes belong to families and are domiciled in comfortable cottages. It was an interesting sight to watch them at noon time. In groups and with gay chatter they made off to the cottages for lunch. Attractive homes overrun with vines and flowers, situated along the roadway, are occupied by the various managers and superintendent.

"ECONOMIC UTILIZATION OF RESOURCES."—One is reminded of old country institutions in looking this over. The economic utilization of resources seems to have been the inspiration rather than a grasping of business possibilities. The development and experience that have come with the years have evidently tended toward a worthier desire to build something that would be more than the substantial evidence of business success.

Such thoughts do not come upon one suddenly; they are the result of a day's observation, and now they drift in to interrupt the more practical trend that should be concerned with operation.

Such a sign as this: "Notices to Employes—I expect the active assistance of every employe in maintaining strict cleanliness in every particular in the factory. No carelessness in this respect will be tolerated. All articles put up are for human food, and I aim to furnish it pure, clean and wholesome. To do so I must have your co-operation and assistance.—E. D. SMITH," when frequently happened on impresses the visitor as it must the worker. With not only a sense of personal responsibility, but is a constant reminder that no carelessness will be tolerated.

"CLEANLY AND SANITARY OPERATIONS."—The prepared fruit is weighed and quickly taken to the preserving room by men, where the expert in charge weighs the sugar in "pound for pound" proportion, and places in large copper kettles. Down one side of the room, which is now all white cement and will later be more completely finished by white tiling, are steam pipes coiled to hold these great kettles and fitted with all necessary adjuncts for the increasing or moderating of the heat. A man stands at attention beside each kettle with a long wooden paddle to stir with, and ascertain the consistency. Small cars in charge of men are rolled back and forth, conveying the kettles with fruit and sugar to the heat, or those of the required boiling richness to an adjoining room, where the bottling is done. This is accomplished with great dispatch and deftness, by women who use large copper mugs of a size corresponding to the vessel for filling. Other women clap on a flat cover and immediately pass it on to a young man seated at a machine which fits into the long table.



"AN AIRTIGHT COVERING."—A shallow cavity, adjusted to the size of the can, holds it in place, while a descending piece of machinery clamps the tin cover down in an airtight overlapping finish. As no preservatives are used in the formula of preparation, it is most essential that this part of the process be carefully attended to. After a thorough wiping off, the cans are taken to the storage tables for cooling and an additional cover. This is provided for the consumer, who may not use the contents immediately after opening. The cutting through of the airtight cover leaves the jam exposed to the air. The outer cover then provides sanitary protection. Even this small item illustrates what a careful supervision is maintained, and also how materially the disposal of the products differs from that of the careful housekeeper. She places her preserves and jam on the shelves of a press until required, a more far-reaching problem must be considered in this business. It is not sufficient to put up absolutely pure jam of a home-made excellence. It must be conveyed to the consumer at any distance in an attractive condition. Rough handling during the passage and atmospheric changes must all be considered in making use of material for conveyancing. Thus it was that one found out the reason for the thin gold lacquer on the inside of the tins. This effectually prevents any discoloration that might result from the action of the fruit on the tin.

"THOSE IN GOOD HEALTH EMPLOYED."—One carefully noted the excellent physical condition of all the employes. In the preparation of pure foods it is absolutely essential that only those in perfect health should be employed, so the scrutiny was very searching throughout every department. It was a great privilege to be allowed to visit the place, but one was under no obligations to be other than critically observant.

The enthusiasm that apparently runs away with one at



times is solely due to the appreciation of finding conditions in accord with one's idea of what constitutes pure food standards.

"VARIETY OF PRODUCTS."—Fruit syrups, jellies and grape juice were as carefully prepared, only the methods differed. The appetizing spiciness of the homely catchup or "ketchup," was being concocted on a scale never conceived of by kitchen presiders.

Crimson tomatoes, round and flawless, after being washed and allowed to drain, were cooked, and by machinery forced through something resembling a sieve. The skins and seeds were retained, but the pulp passed through a feeding pipe to great copper kettles, where the other ingredients were added and the boiling accomplished.

The same cleanly despatch in the bottling was noted, only in this case glass figured, and the cork-fitted tin tops were also clamped down by machinery.

"IN COMPANY WITH THE FOUNDER."—It was doubly interesting to go over the place in company with the man who founded and has brought it to such a state of perfection. To listen while he spoke of the early methods, which had only the domestic example to follow, even to the sealing by the old-time resin. Of how experience had sometimes been dearly bought, and what led up to the actual beginning of the business. To preserve from waste what was left over from shippings of fruit, for Mr. Smith was in the fruit and nursery business before the venture. This was the economic utilization which seems to have been characteristic of him throughout his career.

"CONDITIONS SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO."—Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, when weak sight compelled him to give up a professional career, the mountain farm did not offer any attractive possibility, as viewed from the worldly standpoint of those days. The trained ability and broadened outlook of the scholar soon took cognizance of the small profits accruing from the prevailing methods of produce disposed. Persistent study and careful reasoning of every aspect of the problem and the confidence inspired by an essay in the nursery field which proved successful, encouraged him to enter the fruit business.

"IN THE MIDST OF THE FRUIT LANDS."—By being located in the midst of the fruit lands, possessing a certain knowledge of the country and possibilities, he was enabled to pay more for the quality he wanted than could be obtained elsewhere. Doing away with the commission man's profits in disposal, he located shipping stations and sold to the consumer direct. Soon, however, in filling cans, a few crates or buckets would be left over, and with the feeling aroused over his venture, there was practically little return for the odd crates when sent to the commission house.

"HOW THE PRESERVING CAME ABOUT."—So the preserving was undertaken in a small way, and although his nurseries are accounted to have the most home-grown stock of any in the country and his fruit business has grown enormously, the preserving one has now become a foremost Canadian development. Throughout his career Mr. Smith seems to have always applied his energies to the problems confronting him and to have been clearly observant and fully aware of the value of economic principles. As an illustration one might refer to a small mountain stream, which by diverting, fills a reservoir-like expanse, wherein ice forms. All the cold storage required is supplied from this source. An additional boiler in the engine room heats the water supply by the steam exhaust, which is allowed to pass through. Thus the usual waste of steam is utilized to heat the water, which takes its place. During the cold weather this is also sufficient to supply heat to the factories.

"THE IMPROVEMENT OF QUALITY BY PROPER NUTRITION."—Nature's laws and the perpetration and improvement of quality through proper nourishment has been the life study of this man in building up his nursery business and fruit farms. It seems peculiarly fitting that such experience and appreciation of responsibility should now be applied to the problem so essential to our health. Only a man imbued with the highest sense of what constitutes true value and economy would so conscientiously apply such principles to the conducting of his business. Ordinary business acumen would find great temptation in the midst of such abundance to overlook the purity standards in the opportunity for gain.

"NO WASTE OF FRUIT OR LACK OF FACTORIES."—During the day Mr. Smith referred to a statement in the daily press regarding the waste of fruit in the district and the lack of factories to take care of it. He took exception to it, as one interested, and said that the fruit going to waste was fruit unfit for jam factories. Only hand-picked and choice qualities were used, and what onlookers could see on the ground had fallen through various defects. A severe storm might dislodge quantities, but those would be immediately gathered. As for factories, there were enough at present to take care of all the fruit obtainable, and the output was sufficient to supply the demand.

Some people might be inclined to say, "Why all this to do about jam. It only represents a very small portion of food consumption?" That may be, but it is as essential to health and well-being that the smallest portion should be as pure in quality and rich in nutriment as the greatest portion of the daily diet. The principle involved is the same, only applied in a lesser degree.



A Paradise for Pomona

ONTARIO has her fertile and fruitful garden territories, where the vine and the orchard flourish. It is a province that may well be called a fruitful stretch, when we consider the peaches of Niagara, the tomatoes of Kent, and the apples of the hardier north. But if we seek the land of the apple, that part of the Dominion where Pomona might well make her home, we must turn to the East and consider the Annapolis Valley and the pleasant orchards of Nova Scotia. The apple may have been associated with original sin and our subsequent misery; but none of the race of mankind seems to have borne any grudge against the apple. It is associated, on the contrary, with domestic joy and comfort. On a winter evening, when the curtains are drawn and the fire is blazing merrily on the hearth, what more cheering than a piled-up plate of apples and one of your favorite old books to read?

We hear so much about the golden West these days—and truly wonderful are its resources and inspiring is the contemplation of its future—that we are in some danger of forgetting the stalwart provinces on the Atlantic and the part they have played and will play in the progress of the country.

From the commercial standpoint one may say that the apple is the asset of Annapolis. Mr. Ralph S. Eaton, one of the most

enthusiastic pomologists in Canada, gave a most interesting summing up of the apple situation in Nova Scotia at the beginning of this year, in which he showed that the average export of the last five years has been over twenty times that of the same period twenty-five years ago. So many of our readers are interested in apple culture that we may reproduce part of Mr. Eaton's report:

"Greater confidence than ever is felt in the market. In spite of the increased production the good paying figure of \$2 to \$2.25 average has been well maintained. Greater confidence is felt in ability to control enemies. The coming and going of little scares about San Jose Scale and Brown Tail Moth—which pests are now being regarded by many as blessings in disguise—are inducing a steadiness of faith that man is to have dominion over these enemies and he better settle down to real business in enlarging his output. Orchardists are now fully persuaded that commercial fertilizers and cover crops warrant extension without regard for hay land and stock, and as their crops have increased they recognize their ability to handle the greater quantities with as much ease as the smaller and with infinitely greater satisfaction.



"This pertains when even such crops as 3,000 to 4,000 barrels are harvested and the inspiration and ambition and confidence increase in greater ratio than the business. Men are beginning to recognize that fruit growing can be extended as successfully as other lines of industry, and, as they separate the profits of the orchard from their other crops they realize the greater superiority of the apple trees as money makers. Four years have passed since the writer submitted publicly a tabulated statement showing the net profits of some dozen full-grown, well cared for orchards to be about 16 per cent. annually on a valuation of \$1,000 per acre. Though the two succeeding years were, perhaps, the worst in our history, yet that statement has since been verified and strengthened by actual experience and endorsed by a special committee of the Fruit Growers' Association appointed to examine it. Ten years ago a \$20,000 orchard was considered so only on paper. Four years ago a \$50,000 orchard, no matter what its area, was thought impossible. This year some young orchards getting nicely under way, hardly commencing their business career, will pay, if markets respond as expected, better than bank interest on \$60,000. Ten years hence a \$100,000 proposition with an output of over 10,000 barrels of apples is likely to be a reality."

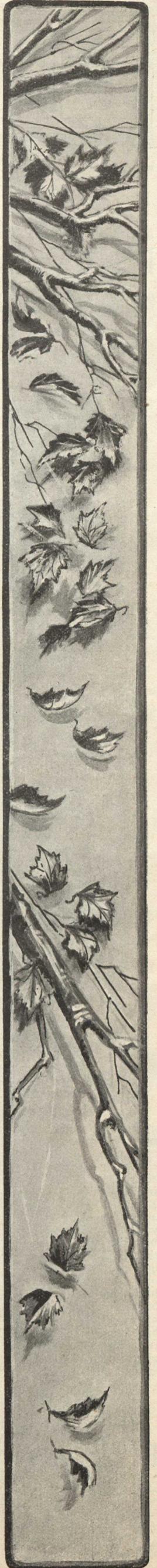
Now, is not that an encouraging prospect? We have so many questions from would-be immigrants as to what is a good investment in Canada. Would it not be well for some of our intending settlers to take the orchards of Nova Scotia, as well as those of British Columbia into consideration? We do not mean to suggest for a moment that the West is not a radiant country; but the East is also "a-callin'" and it would be worth while for some of our cousins in the British Isles to listen. The immigrant, who would prosper as proprietor of a fruit farm, should have both capital and experience before venturing in that capacity into a new country.

Mr. Eaton refers encouragingly to the increasing export from Nova Scotia, remarking, in connection with this fact: "Again, in favor of this increased ratio, of export from Nova Scotia is the fact that more trees have been planted during the last ten to fifteen years than in any period of our history and these are just coming into bearing. A still larger ratio of planting is expected in the old way of 40 permanent trees to the acre and the system of intensive planting is yearly becoming more popular. The writer has demonstrated that 'fillers' can be transplanted with not more than one or two years' check and no longer need the beginner in orcharding worry over the purchase or the clearing up and the fencing and cultivation of twenty acres of land in order to plant 1,000 apple trees. These can be easily planted on two to four acres if desired and the encumbersome larger areas to contain them permanently may be considered later when time and means are smaller factors. With early-bearing varieties as fillers applied to this system the ambition of any orchardist to harvest 1,000 or 2,000 barrels may be realized in eight to ten years from the start instead of a lifetime as heretofore discouragingly considered."

Mr. Eaton is a prophet of good and golden things. He "figures" the production of apples in Nova Scotia for 1925-30 to be three million barrels.

"With the above prospects in view," says Mr. Eaton, "is it not most natural that fruit-growers should desire a competent station in their midst for reliable experimentation and illustration. It is believed that this is about to be established. The practical work of this station as relates to our business has been publicly discussed from time to time. It seems an opportune moment to emphasize another phase of work and influence which should emanate from this institution, which is becoming almost as practical as the practical which should go hand in hand with it. Though we live in a new country we have learned to give thought to our conditions of living beyond the mere money getting. The appearance of the interior and surroundings of our homes have received some attention. Have the exterior surroundings had sufficient. In general we claim to have a beautiful country. Nature truly has done much in her hills, valleys, streams and meadows, but the individual homes of our land need much as a rule to prevent them being positive disfigurements to the surface of our land. And yet the owner of a country home has just the opportunities to utilize nature's production in trees, shrubs, flowers and sward to making our country really beautiful. It will certainly be recognized that with abundant area of profitless land the farmer has too often made the mistake of getting unsightly buildings and all his money-making fields, appliances, etc., close to the road and left no place for developing those features that could make country homes so attractive.

"Never in the history of the Western continent has as much interest been taken in landscape gardening as within the last ten years as shown by the public parks and suburban residences of the cities. Never has landscape art been such a study or the nursery man been so taxed to supply material for beautifying home surroundings. To the credit of the executive of the Fruit Growers' Association be it placed that in selecting a situation for this station the business of which is to illustrate, not only matters pertaining to fruit, but those bearing an arboriculture, floriculture, landscape gardening and forestry, a property has been selected that in addition to meeting the practical requirements will naturally and conspicuously lend itself to embellishment with all that will stimulate and inspire the visitors of the future with the taste and ambition to improve their own home surroundings."



JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.

A Pretty Simple Frock

FRENCH serge is an exceedingly fashionable material this season for simple dresses. This one is made of the material in one of the new rose shades, and is braided with sou-tache.

The plain blouse can be made as illustrated or with either a round or high neck. The skirt is cut in seven

exceptionally graceful and becoming manner and suits the skirt to a nicety. In this instance plain lace is arranged above the draped portion, but the model allows the use of full chiffon or other thin material in its stead. Liberty satin with lace, and yoke of crystal beaded net are the materials used for the making of this gown.

For the medium size the waist will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 21 or 24, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of all-over lace, and one yard of beaded net. For the skirt will be needed $10\frac{3}{4}$ yards 21 or 24, 8 yards 36, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard of all-over lace.

The waist pattern 6700 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust, the skirt pattern 6763 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The little Flower girl's dress is one of the daintiest and prettiest possible. In this case it is made of silk mulle with trimming of lace, but a simpler frock can be made for simpler occasions for the model is appropriate for all pretty muslins and indeed for all childish materials. The skirt is straight and tucked. The short sleeves are shaped at their lower edges and trimmed in a distinctly novel way.

For a girl of 10 years of age the dress will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27, 4 yards 36, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 18 yards of insertion, 12 yards of edging and 2 yards of wide lace.

The pattern 6685 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Simple Designs Effective

STRIPED voiles, says A. T. Ashmore, are made up in most effective gowns for afternoon entertainments and are also used for dinner and theatre gowns. The black satin stripe with a pale rose or mauve chiffon or voile is attractive in coloring, and, if not too wide a stripe, is invariably becoming. These striped materials are made up over plain color, preferably white, and are charmingly light and cool in appearance. Then for those who like the striped effects there are the soft finish taffeta silks in black satin and white. A popular model for a smart gown is of this design, the skirt made with the material drawn across the front and laid in thin pleats at the left quite high on the skirt; the back is one double box pleat, gives an exaggerated high waist effect that is softened and modified by four rhinestone buttons that hold down the pleat to the normal waist line. The front of the waist crosses to one side and has revers of the silk over which are revers of the finest hand embroidered batiste bordered with narrow black satin. Yoke and collar are of the batiste; the sleeves fit close to the arm and are so long that they wrinkle like long gloves and are finished at the wrist by a twist of bright cerise satin. There is also a belt of the same satin that does not cross the pleat at the back and is finished at the left side with a stiff loop that stands up against the waist. It is a real picture gown and looks well with a three corner hat of fine black crin with plumes.

Satin, so it is said, is going out of fashion on account of its too great popularity, but let no woman who has invested in it be disconsolate, for never were there so many attractive satin gowns as there are this season. At the same time every effort is being made to introduce silks of all kinds. Changeable effects in queer ribbed silks, in moire, are among the very latest novelties, while the most fascinating of summer gowns are of the various kinds of silk and there is every indication that silk gowns are to be most fashionable next winter for the theatre and restaurant. The old fashioned colors and the pastel shades are in demand for the picture

gowns, that are truly copied from the old prints, but picture gowns are not to be rashly recommended, and, in fact, not one woman in a hundred can afford to dress in picturesque fashion.

Fashionable Gown of Silk

SILK promises to be much worn this season for indoor gowns and both plain and figured silks are to have great vogue. These models illustrate messaline and figured taffeta. The gown to the left is made of messaline with trimming of applique, the tucked portion of the blouse and the under sleeves being made of chiffon in matching color. There is a little trimming of beads on the blouse that gives a touch of brilliancy and is exceedingly smart. The tunic takes most becoming lines, and is arranged over a straight pleated skirt that is joined to a foundation. The short over sleeves are cut in one with the plain portions of the blouse, consequently the gown is very easy to make while it gives the smartest possible effect. Cashmere, voile and other similar materials are quite as appropriate for the design as silk.

For the medium size the blouse will require one yard of material 32 or 44 inches wide for the plain portions, two yards 24 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide for the tucked portions and under sleeves. The skirt will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide. To trim the gown will be required $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of wide banding, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of narrow banding.

The waist pattern 6724 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 6710 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measure.

The taffeta gown is trimmed with light weight velvet, and velvet com-

bined with other materials is to be much worn throughout the season. There is a yoke of lace that is prettily shaped and the tucked under the sleeves are distinctly novel. The skirt is 11 gored, and can be made in round length or with a train or shorter as liked. Sashes are exceedingly smart just now, but by no means necessary, and any girdle or belt could be substituted. The waist is a very simple but effective one with sleeves that are cut in one with the side portions. The joining of the side portions to front and back is made under the tucks.

For the medium size the waist will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24, 4 yards 27, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard of all-over lace. For the skirt will be needed $9\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24 or 27, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, and for trimming the gown three yards 21 inches wide.

The waist pattern 6757 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 6639 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist measure.

Handwork on a Blouse

A GOOD looking blouse design of heavy linen cut on semi-tailored lines has the front laid in inch box plaits over the surface, each plait separated less than an inch.

The edges are finished with a shallow buttonholed scallop, with back of it a line of hemstitching. The sleeves are finished with three similar plaits run lengthwise.

A simple blouse of handkerchief linen has no other stitching than hemstitched turnback cuffs and collar, and two hemstitched frills of the material. These are attractively arranged to have the upper one run from shoulder to bust on right side, where the blouse buttons to the left, and is finished with the second frill running from left to right from bust to waist.

Handsome Visiting Costume

VISITING costumes consisting of gowns worn with scarfs are exceedingly fashionable for the early season. This one combines very soft thin Persian silk with plain satin. The trimming portions of the waist are made of beaded net, and the little yoke is of tucked chiffon. The Persian silk is of the new sort that gives a changeable effect, and the satin mat-



Blouse Pattern No. 6769
Skirt Pattern No. 6770

gones, and can be made with the yoke or with the gores extended to the belt as liked.

For the 16 year size the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. The skirt will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24 or 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide for serge or other material without up or down, but if there is figure or nap there will be required, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 24 or 27, 4 yards 36, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6769, and the skirt pattern 6770 are both cut in sizes for Misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age. The braiding design No. 444 gives the garniture for the waist. The design 491 gives the band for the skirt, and 528 the bands for belt and sleeves.

For Bride and Flower Girl

BRIDAL costumes are always of interest and this one is both graceful and simple. The skirt is one of the newest of the draped kind, and can be made with a box-pleat or gathered back. It allows a sufficiently long train for the bride's use, but it can be cut shorter and become adapted to other occasions. The waist is draped in an



Waist Pattern No. 6700
Skirt Pattern No. 6763

Pattern No. 6685

ches the prevailing color. Altogether the gown is chic and fashionable. If liked the net sleeves can be long, or, if a still more dressy effect is wanted, the yoke can be omitted and the skirt made long, when the gown becomes adapted to dinner use. In such a case the under sleeves can be omitted or used as liked. The skirt consists of

Dotted or figured fabrics veiled with chiffon are much worn by older women. There are some uncertain predictions that the short waistline will come in again.

Fine cloths in dull blue and rose tints are in demand for dressy afternoon frocks.

Narrow ostrich bands edge many of the new wraps and add an extremely smart touch.

Beautiful coats are being made of cretonne, and this fabric may be said to have at last "arrived."

Variations of the Dutch collar will probably remain fashionable as long as the warm weather lasts.

The correct and suitable shoe for a black satin tailor-made is the black suede or undressed kid.

There is a noticeable tendency to get away from the kimono sleeve and to substitute puffed sleeves.

For shirtwaists, special sets of cuff links and studs of coral, silver, pearl or other stones are now worn.

Shoulder wraps of soft satin, chiffon and net are legion and there is no question as to their increasing vogue.

The Chantecler craze tremendously increased the amount of bird trimming

blouse or simple house dress. Similar pleatings, turned back and caught with a few invisible stitches, are the finish to sleeves which reach just below or above the elbow, as one's fancy dictates.

We are again seeing a good deal of cut steel in ornaments, shaped on the lines of those which were worn in the eighteenth century. There are pendants, slides, buttons, buckles and bag and eye-glass mounts, and charming slides to wear on velvet throatlets, which add such charm to a collarless or low, round necked toilette.

Narrow bands of fur, like those which have trimmed so many summer chiffons, will be seen on the winter models—on street frocks of velveteen and serge and on dressy gowns of satin, chiffon, moire and chiffon velvet.

Garniture of Crystals

TO the individual who has a mind incapable of enjoying a beautiful effect without trying to discover the means that have been employed to produce it, says a New York authority,

by the woman who is blessed with a brilliant color. The one who has lost the bloom of youth must add a touch of some warmer hue, and for this a satin belt of any preferred tint is effective. The gown which is most popular has a girdle that would be a good model as to form. It is drawn up a little higher on the left side than at other points and is fastened there by one of the pretty choux that finish so many of the newer girdles.

A Smart Afternoon Gown

AFTERNOON gowns that are made in Princesse style and to give a guimpe effect are among the very latest shown. This one is prettily braided with soutache and is exceedingly smart, while it involves little labor and little expense. The material is cashmere and the yoke and under sleeves of all-over lace. If preferred the under sleeves can be made in three-quarter length and full, and if the high neck is not liked yoke and collar can be omitted. There are a variety of materials appropriate for such a design and silk and wool fabrics are to have equal vogue this season.

For the medium size the gown will require 11½ yards 24 or 27, 7½ yards 36, or 6¼ yards 44 inches wide with one yard of all-over lace.

The pattern of the gown 6782 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The embroidery pattern for the panel No. 540 includes the entire length and the embroidery design 528 includes three yards of banding.

Trifles of Muslin

A ROUND pincushion of cross-barred muslin for the summer home is made with small bars and a wreath of pink flowers and green leaves embroidered in the centre of the top. The cover is outlined with shallow scallops in white mercerized cotton.

Just above the scallop is a row of oblong double eyelets worked in white. The under portion of cover has no embroidery. It is cut a trifle larger than the top, so that the scallop stands a little below as a second edge.

The cushion is laced with pink ribbon. Eyelets and scallops may be done in a tone of the embroidery.

Dutch caps for babies are also made



Tunic Pattern No. 6764
Skirt Pattern No. 6696

five gores upper portion and circular flounce.

For the medium size the waist will require two yards of material 27, or one yard 44 inches wide, with two yards of fancy net 18 inches wide and ¾ of a yard of tucked chiffon, one yard of velvet for trimming and girdle. For the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 4 yards of material 24 or 27, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, and for the flounce 2¾ yards 27, or 1½ yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern 6764 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6696 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Modes and Fabrics

Fringe is in great favor for dress trimming.

Practically everything is frilled in neckwear.

The bag of black patent leather is again seen.

Black satins are in highest favor for tailor-mades.

Feather trimmings are the chief characteristic of new fall hats.

New silk poplins promise to be among the favorites of fashion.

Dinner gowns of brown mousseline de soie or tulle are fashionable.

Patent or enamel leather is the pet material for belts.

What they are losing in width new hats make up in additional height.

There is a generally revived fondness for all sorts of old-time ruffles.

Eyelet embroidery plays a large part in ornamentation of fashionable gowns.

in millinery, and it has by no means subsided.

Scotch plaid effects are exceedingly handsome in new silk blouses. These are especially effective for girls going to college.

Oriental-looking fabrics still have first place in neckwear, and it is not likely that the "Persian" craze will wane before late in the autumn.

Bags of broche, suspended by long twisted cords of silk are modish. In some instances these cords are so long that the bag hangs below the knee.

The most alluring ribbons, wired along one or both edges, so as to be easily made up into loops or bows, for hats or coiffures, are shown in the shops. The wire edged ribbon is a thoroughly practical help in quick millinery.

Ribbons for coiffures are Persian patterned with a woven design in gold or silver, associated with narrow black or white satin stripes. Others are of changeable taffeta or moire, and still others are in brilliant pompadour patterns.

Narrow pleatings of tulle make a most attractive finish to the collarless

the present modes in woman's dress are likely to be somewhat fatiguing. Gowns built of layers of different fabrics are often completely mystifying at first glance, and it is only after studying them from various points of view that it is possible to give a guess as to what they are really made of. The latest embroideries, too, are extremely complicated, and are made all the more so by appearing unveiled and under different kinds of transparencies, all in the same gown.

It is to be feared that this state of affairs may lead to the decline of the art of conversation, for it may often require great strength of mind to refrain from gazing in speechless wonder at the gown a woman is wearing instead of talking to her. Under such conditions the wearer of a frock is free from complexities.

Many such simple models there are, and crystal beads, sometimes with the addition of silver embroideries, are often chosen as a decoration for them. Nothing is more exquisitely delicate than white mousseline de soie with a garniture of crystal and silver, and the combination can be successfully worn



Waist Pattern No. 6724
Skirt Pattern No. 6710

Waist Pattern No. 6757
Skirt Pattern No. 6639



Pattern No. 6782

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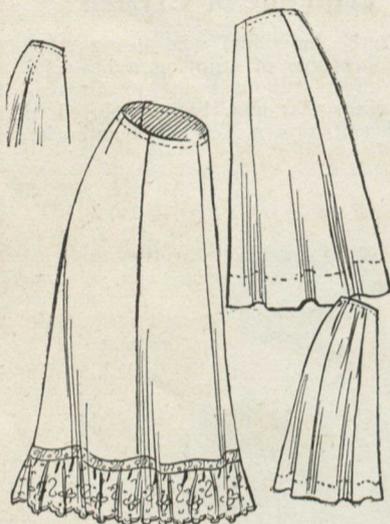
of this muslin. The front is turned back for three inches, and the edge finished with buttonholed scallop in white mercerized cotton. The crown is gathered to stand out at back in peasant fashion.

There is no trimming, but small rosettes of pink satin ribbon at lower front corners and soft mull ties hemstitched across ends.

Bias corset covers of barred muslin reaching to waist, and edged at top with a row of German Val. lace and two rows of insertion, are dainty and popular.

Under Petticoat

CAREFULLY made and smoothly fitting under-garments are absolutely necessary for correct dress. This petticoat is shapely and comfortable and can be finished with an under



Pattern No. 6761

facing or a belt at the upper edge. The lower edge can be hemmed or finished with a frill, while the back width can either be laid in inverted plaits, or cut off and finished in habit style, so that it fulfils the requirements of all figures. Cambric makes this one, but all materials that are used for petticoats are appropriate, and a great many women like cross barred muslin and cotton crepe. The petticoat is made in five gores, if the habit back is desired, the back gores are cut off on indicated lines. When inverted plaits are desired the plaits are laid flat and stitched.

For the medium size will be required 3½ yards material 24 or 27, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, with 3 yards of embroidery for the frill.

The pattern 6761 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch waist measure.

Morning Jacket with Peplum

SUCH a simple morning jacket as this one is always in demand. It is pretty and becoming as well as comfortable. It can be worn with a skirt to match or an odd one as may be liked. The sleeves can be made as



Pattern No. 6474

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. Cashmere with bands of Persian or flowered ribbon would make an extremely attractive jacket. Madras with embroidery would be pretty, and many women prefer washable materials to any others, whatever the season. The separate peplum does away with the fullness over the hips, and the round collar is always satisfactory for morning wear.

The jacket is made with fronts and back. The back is plain, but the fronts 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, 3½ yards 32 or 2½ 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.

Infant's Set

A SET which includes the essential garments of an infant's layette is always in demand. Here is one that provides dress, petticoat and kimono. The dress is a dainty one with a square yoke and can be made either from plain material or from flouncing. The petticoat is novel and practical in one. At the front the body and skirt portions make one piece, but



Pattern No. 6758

at the back, the skirt is separate and joined to the body. The kimono is one of the new ones, cut in one piece with the sleeves. It is very pretty and very practical, while absolutely simple.

The dress is made in one piece gathered and joined to the yoke and the sleeves are gathered at the wrists and finished with bands. The petticoat can be finished at the lower edge with a hem or scallops, for it is straight and consequently can be treated in different ways. The full back is a special feature and the plain front means comfort for the little wearer. The kimono necessitates the fewest possible seams, and really requires a very few minutes for its making.

To make the dress will be required 3¾ yards of material 24 or 27, or 2½ yards 36 with 4¼ yards of insertion. For the petticoat will be needed 3 yards 24 or 27 or 1¾ yards 35 inches wide. The long kimono will require 3½ yards 24 or 27, or 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, with one yard of either width for the bands. The short kimono will require 1 yard 24 or 27, or ¾ of a yard 36 inches wide.

The pattern 6758 is cut one size only.

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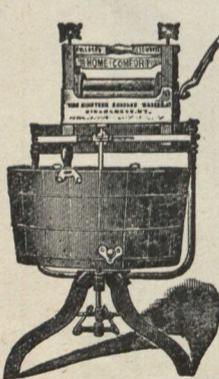
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to be covered. Make a satin lining of precisely the same size of the book and overcast upon its edges the turned-in sides of the brocade. Ribbon pockets, one-third the width of the covers are then sewn against the lining side, a silver or gold cording finishes the edges

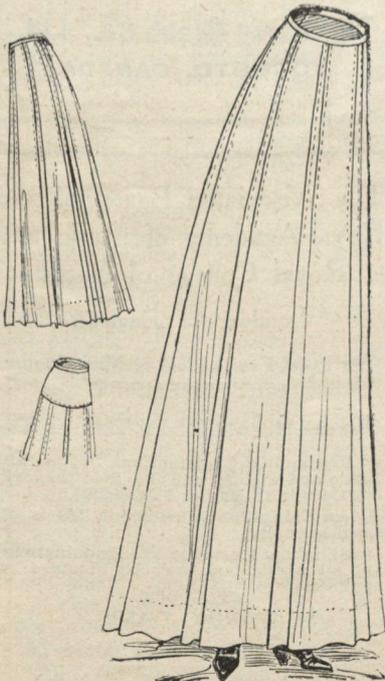


Pattern No. 6759

and ribbon ties matching the grounding of the brocade are attached to the sides. If the cover is of plain corded silk it should bear an embroidered monogram. Candlesticks of from three to five inches high to be placed beside the plate of each guest are among the novelties in table decorations. Some of these individual taper holders are of polished brass with slender curiously twisted spirals set into substantially weighted standards. Others are of dull copper bearing a quaintly chased pattern and a third sort of bronze finished composition, carved to represent owls, cobras or Easter lilies.

Child's Single Breasted Coat

THE coat that is made with a panel effect is a novelty of the season. This one shows that feature, and is altogether smart, while quite simple and childish in effect. It will be found appropriate for all seasonable materials. Venetian Blue broadcloth makes this one and is finished with stitching, but rough finished mixtures are in vogue, and velvet and velveteen will be worn throughout the cold weather. The plain back is altogether becoming to childish figures, and the panel effect is as pretty as it is new. The coat is made with fronts, side-fronts, back and side-backs. The fronts and the back are extended to be over-



Pattern No. 6766

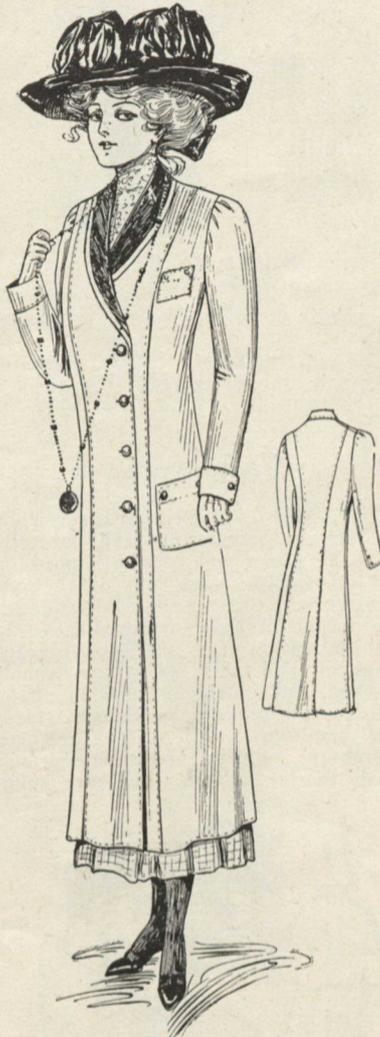
lapped at the under-arms, while the side portions are cut off to produce the panel effect. The collar and fronts are faced and rolled over to form the lapels. The sleeves are made in regulation style with upper and under portions and are finished with cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the six year size is 2 3/4 yards 24 or 27 1 3/4 yards 44 or 1 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6759 is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6, and 8 years of age.

Nine-Gored Skirt

THE skirt that is laid in plaits at the seams is a pretty and graceful one greatly in vogue. This model can be made just as illustrated, or can be cut off and joined to a perfectly plain yoke, as liked. Treated in this latter way it is especially well adapted to remodeling. The plaits are stitched flat well below the hips, so doing away with all bulk at the upper part, and are pressed to take straight lines below. The skirt consists of nine gores. There are two plaits laid at the back edge of each gore, and there are inverted



Pattern No. 6776

plaits at the back. When the yoke is used the skirt is cut off on the indicated line and seamed to its lower edge. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 11 1/4 yards 24 or 27, 6 3/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide when material has figure or nap, 8 1/2 yards 24 or 27, 6 3/4 yards 36 or 5 1/2 yards 44 inches when material has neither figure nor nap. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 4 yards, 2 yards when plaited. The pattern 6766 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Child's Dress

THE simple little dress that is closed for its entire length at the back, is a practical one that every mother likes. This model allows a choice of plaited or gathered skirt, high or square neck, long or short sleeves. It can be made of sturdy material and become an everyday morning frock, or it can be made from dainty material, as suggested in the small view, and become entirely different in effect. Cotton poplins and piques will be much worn throughout the season, and are very pretty for the plain dress, while for the dress with the gathered skirt, challis, cashmere, albatross and all similar materials are appropriate, as well as the washable ones that a great many

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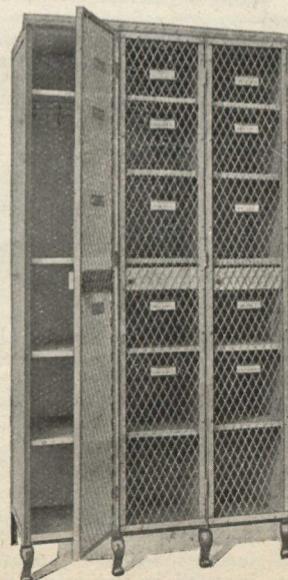
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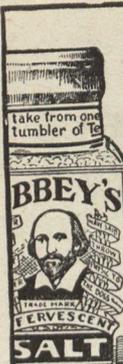
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mothers use throughout the entire year. The dress is made with the long waisted body portion and the skirt. The skirt is straight, and the body portion consists of front and backs. The long sleeves are gathered into bands. The short sleeves are designed to be finished with trimming that matches the yoke portion applied over the square neck.

For the 4 year size will be required $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard 27 inches wide to trim as shown in the small view.

The pattern 6762 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, and 6 years of age.

A Dainty Negligee

HERE is a negligee that is dainty and becoming and attractive at the same time that it is comfortable. It is made of dotted Swiss muslin and is trimmed simply with beading threaded with ribbon. It is open all the way down the front and it can be slipped on and off with perfect ease yet it gives the effect of a gown and it is quite appropriate for the home breakfast table. Any pretty lawn or batiste, flowered muslin or material of the sort will be found appropriate, the thin Japanese silks are much used for the purpose, and, if a very picturesque effect were wanted, one of the silks woven in real Oriental design could be utilized. Beading threaded with ribbon makes a satisfactory and practical finish but



Pattern No. 6395

more elaborate banding could be substituted if preferred. The skirt can be made either in walking or round length and is cut in four gores while it and the simple blouse are joined by means of a belt. There is just fulness enough in the front portion of the blouse to mean soft and becoming folds while that perfect simplicity which means easy laundering is maintained.

For the medium size will be required $8\frac{7}{8}$ yards of material 24, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32 or $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of beading.

The pattern is 6395, sizes 34 to 44 inches bust.

Girl's Coat

THE coat that is made with the shoulder cape is one that is always becoming to the younger girls, and which will be greatly worn this season. This model can be treated in that way or made without the cape as liked. It is loose and it takes long becoming lines. It is simple and consequently it is easy to make. It is suitable for all cloaking materials.

The coat consists of fronts and back. Pockets are inserted in the fronts and the high rolled-over collar is joined to

the neck edge. The sleeves are made with upper and under portions stitched to simulate cuffs. The cape is circular, with seams over the shoulders which allow moderate fulness at the lower edge.

For the 10 year size will be required 5 yards of material 27 inches wide,



Pattern No. 6762

$3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6768 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, and 12 years of age.

Work Apron

THE apron that is simply made while at the same time really protects the gown and can be slipped on and off easily and readily is the one quite certain to be well liked, and this one fulfils all these requirements. In the illustration it is made of checked gingham and the edges are simply stitched, but butcher's linen is adaptable for the purpose, being both sturdy and handsome, while there are plain chambrays, percales and simple printed wash fabrics, all of which are suited



Pattern No. 6768

to aprons of the sort. The patch pockets mean convenience and comfort and the straps that are crossed and buttoned into place at the shoulders are very easily and readily adjusted.

The apron is made with the front and the backs, the backs being extended to form the straps. The patch pockets



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are arranged over the front on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4½ yards 27 or 3¾ yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern 6015 is cut in sizes for a 34, 38 and 42 inch bust measure.

Some Modish Gowns

SOUTACHE braiding on voile is not an absolutely new style, but the braiding on voile that is fashionable at this time is quite different from last year's fashion. It is extremely smart to have a voile gown or rose pink made over a chiffon or much finer voile lining or deep skirt, and on that skirt there is a wide band of soutache braiding put on in a curious zig-zag pattern. The overskirt is trimmed with two full shirred bands and between the two is a silver ribbon tied in a knot at the left side. This trimming is about six inches above the hem and does not cut the line of the figure.

The combining of two colors or two materials, or both, is very smart, and, strange to say, is now most cleverly

and a most popular fashion for the veiled gowns has a narrow band of embroidery cutting the two fronts. Pearl, crystal, jet or silver beads are used for this embroidery, or some effective passementerie, the latter much less expensive; or a fold of satin or velvet ribbon is also effective.

One of the daintiest afternoon gowns is of palest mauve silk voile, made with coat to match. Skirt, waist and coat are accordion pleated, and skirt and coat alike are finished only with a wide hemstitching. This gown, made by an artist in the dressmaking profession, is so carefully and perfectly cut that the pleats merely give straight lines and make the wearer slender. The only trimming is the transparent lace yoke and collar, and perhaps a bow of real Valenciennes lace, or revers and cuffs of the finest lingerie trimmed with narrow Valenciennes. These simple gowns, with the touch of real lace and hand work, have an immense amount of style and originality, and are in delightful contrast with the too exaggerated and over-elaborate fashions that challenge attention by their eccentricity, and are gaining in favor every day. They are far from cheap, for as yet they require to be made by the best of work people, but it will not be long before the knowledge of how to attain the simple lines that are so becoming will be acquired, and the women of good taste are already loud in their praise of such fashions.

Walking Costumes

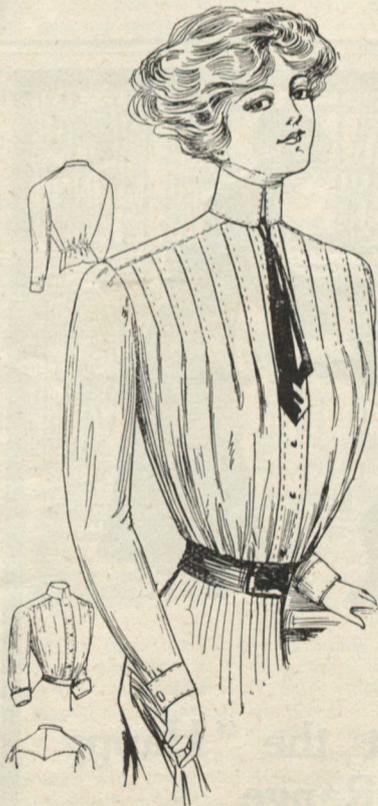
OCTOBER and November are the months par excellence for walking costumes, says the Smart Set, and while nothing is more satisfying than a successful gown of this sort, I think nothing is more apt to be mediocre. There is no surer test of individuality and smartness. A more elaborate costume gives one unlimited opportunities, while a severe tailor suit relies for its success upon its creator for the lines, and its wearer for the carriage. More than this, one does not ask—depending for individuality upon the accessories. But a smart walking dress, simple, yet *chic*—show me a



Pattern No. 6015

designed so that there is no sharp line to make the figure shorter. A most charming gown is of the cashmere pattern voile, with the lower part of the skirt either of light weight black cloth or of a heavier black voile. The pattern of the skirt is extremely simple in loose, narrow accordion pleats; the fullness is gathered into the waist band, while the black at the lower half of the skirt is less full. The waist matches the skirt, with the lower part of the cashmere pattern and the upper of black, with white or cream lace net yoke and collar. On the side of the waist and skirt is a row of buttons with loops of braid, giving the effect of the gown fastening at the side. This breaks the too-round appearance of the straight band of black. The sleeves and upper part of the waist are cut in one piece, as fashion now dictates, and while the style is a difficult one to copy it is so generally becoming that it is certain to remain popular for some time.

Veiled gowns are not new, but none the less they are extremely fashionable, and the fashion is so practical that it is dear to the heart of the great majority of womankind. An evening gown that has been worn so often that it is both shabby and too well known to be smart can be entirely renovated and made to look like new if it is draped or veiled with chiffon or marquise or some one of the transparent materials. A charming gown of white crepe de chine and yellow lace that had lost its freshness and color, as well, was entirely transformed by being veiled in yellow chiffon, entirely veiled, the overdress finished merely with a wide hemstitching. The new skirts cross in front



Pattern No. 6774

house that can turn out a half a dozen of these and I'll warrant its success is assured. There is no single gown—or type of gown in one's wardrobe that receives the wear a walking gown does—and if it proves becoming and achieves its mission, one is amply repaid for all the thought and care expended upon it. The American woman is at her best in a well fitting simple gown of this type, and without a doubt she knows it. No matter what novelty the season brings forth, one sees a certain number of blue serge—they are an institution, a sign of spring and fall—I have never known a season without them, and I doubt if there are many wardrobes that do not contain at least one blue serge costume. There are no end of newer fabrics and colors—popular for the moment—but there is a certain unobtrusive note of good style about a smart blue serge that has endeared it to women of taste.

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All shoe dealers and druggists sell the Scholl "FOOT-EAZERS." \$2.00 per pair or direct by mail prepaid, on receipt of price. If not satisfied after 10 days trial, money refunded THE SCHOLL MFG. CO. 472 E. King St., W., Toronto.

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PARISIAN HAIR CO., 84 Bay St. Toronto.

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Aunt Salina

In thousands of homes wash day is looked upon as one of ordinary pleasant occupation since the advent of the New Century Washer.

☐ Start your washing at 8 o'clock in the morning and you are through before 10, with the clothes on the line, the kitchen cleaned up and the assurance that every particle of dirt or stain has been removed from the clothes without the slightest injury to the fabric, if you use a

New Century Washer

☐ Just ask the woman who has one. This machine is not classed with ordinary Washers. They are Better Machines, Better Made on a Better Principle, and do Better Work in Better Time.

☐ The NEW CENTURY is well made and the smallest details in its construction are given the closest attention. The wood in the tubs is the best Louisiana swamp cypress, ribbed like a washboard, tongued, grooved and reinforced inside by a rust-proof steel ring to prevent warping and leaking. All metal parts in contact with water are galvanized by a secret process—will not rust or stain the clothes. All parts are made by automatic machinery, are absolutely interchangeable, and can thus be readily replaced in case of accident.

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GUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.



IN THE SHOPS

AS September advances, the shops begin to glow with an autumn brilliance and richness which gladden the eyes and rejoice the heart. What they do to the purse is not a matter for idle conjecture.

The house-furnishing department is always a scene of animation and interest in the autumn, as so many of us are thinking of having the hall done over or a few rooms "just freshened up a bit" in preparation for the winter days when we want the four walls of home to shelter as bright and cosy a scene as cheery furnishings can present.

The rugs are much in demand and their increased use bids fair to drive the old-fashioned carpet entirely out of existence. The English tapestry rugs are serviceable and entirely reasonable, with coloring in fawn, brown, red and green which affords an attractive prospect to the would-be purchaser. The oriental rugs are, of course, the most coveted floor coverings of all, but the woman who would invest in these must make sure that her other details of furnishing will be in accord with the soft richness of the eastern rug, or a clashing is bound to result. The most beautiful of all, are the silky Persian rugs, whose delicate and subtly-blended coloring appeals to the fastidious taste and arouses a desire for a room so "berugged," with furniture to match.

THE wall-paper, also, is an allure-ment at this season, and never were there more attractive or appropriate designs than those shown in the year 1910. The Crowns nearly all have a sunshiny undertint which makes for brightness, while the greens show a range, from Nile to a rich, dark, forest tint, which is cool and refreshing. The soft blues of the pastel order appear to hold popular favor and are extremely attractive in a dainty bedroom.

The landscape borders are still in fashion and have an artistic effect which is extremely "taking." A nursery was recently papered in Dutch style, and the delft blue and orange made a charming background, while the wind-mill frieze provided endless entertainment for the fortunate youngsters.

AT Eaton's the autumn suits hold first place in feminine interest.

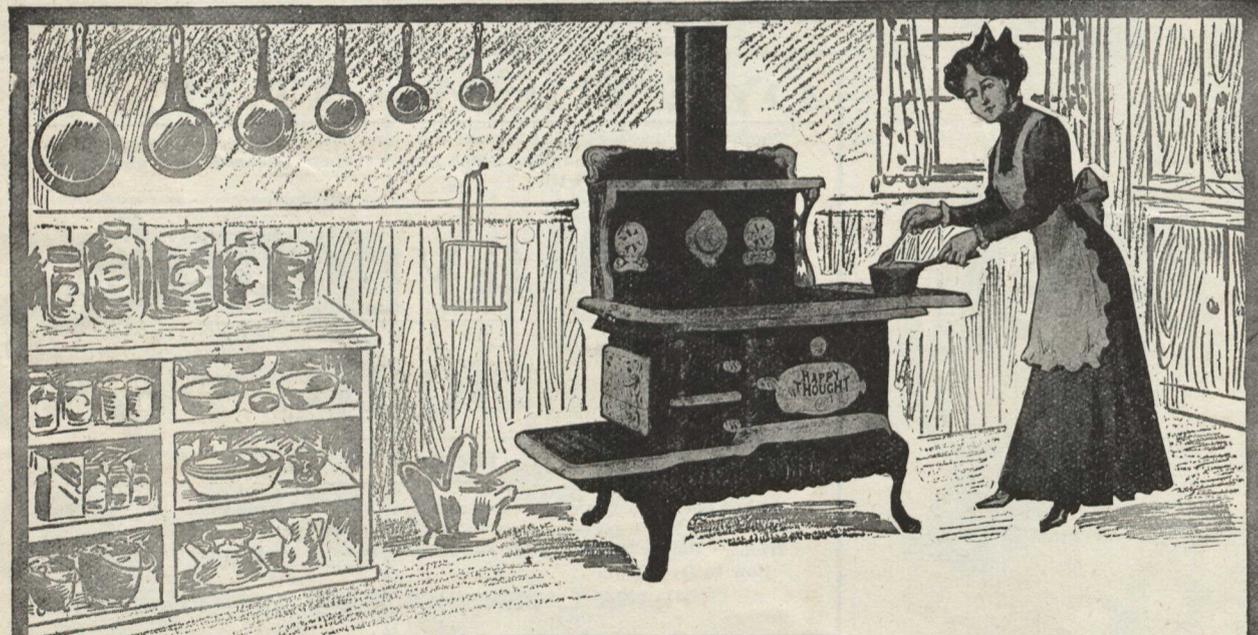
For school wear for girls, nothing could be more desirable than the all-wool serge, in brown, green, navy or black. A special lot of such costumes at the low figure of \$12.75 shows a coat cut in the popular three-button, single-breasted style, and the skirt exploiting the desirable straight line effect by means of a stitched band confining the series of pleats at the foot.

There are some exquisite waists of Dresden silk, in fancy stripes and shot effects. The Parisian blouses, indeed, arouse the greatest admiration in the feminine heart. The fancy blouse has been enlivened this season by a greater strength of color and a tendency towards heavier embroidering and odd metallic effects in the nets and bandings used by way of ornamentation. The veiling of silk, net and lace, with chiffon and other transparent fabrics, continues in vogue, and Paisley, Dresden and Persian are still expressions to conjure with, their bright tints reaching a climax in a unique peacock feather design, which appears in both silk and crepe. The seamless shoulder and the two-piece sleeve—which consists of one sleeve capped by another to the elbow—are prominent features.

The white waist is now worn almost as much in winter as in summer and, although it is prophesied each season that the white waist is to disappear, that article of wearing apparel is sure to be retained as a favorite for everyday use. The tailored variety in Irish linen is very satisfactory and is neat.

At Eaton's also, can be procured the new V-shaped stiff collar. This collar, of course, is a trifle low and is worn with a ribbon tie of some description. As the weather is becoming chilly, however, the high collars and stocks will be more in taste. The jabots are with us still, but will not be worn as long as they were last season.

☐ If this issue pleases you, pass a copy to your neighbor that she may become a member of The Canadian Home Journal family.



You Should Know the Facts About the "Happy Thought" Before Buying a Range

OVEN VENTILATION AND GOOD COOKING.

Few women understand the important part fresh air plays in healthful cooking. In the latest model Happy Thought Range we have provided for it by a patented ventilating device. The oven door of the Happy Thought contains a register damper through which the air is admitted and heated as it enters. By this means the oven is kept perfectly fresh; all steam and odors being drawn off through a tube in the oven and finally to the smoke pipe.

FOLLOWING COOK BOOK DIRECTIONS

is a comparatively easy matter if you have a properly constructed range. The reason why so many

stoves are poor cookers is largely due to the firebox not being large enough for the oven. Sounds simple, doesn't it? Yet on it rests the results—the success or failure—of your culinary efforts. In the construction of the Happy Thought Range certainty replaces doubt by providing a firebox which has been scientifically proportioned to the size of the oven. Result: the firebox is not overtaxed and there is always sufficient heat to ensure good cooking.

ALWAYS READY FOR SERVICE.

Very few Ranges there are that will bake, fry and boil equally well at same time. You can, however, with the Happy Thought. A patented damper in the Happy Thought Range—an ingenious device—that

brings fire under all the cooking holes on top. No matter whether your Range be running with direct draft or with heat turned around the oven, each top cooking hole is ready for heavy service.

THE TEST OF A STOVE.

What is most required in a Range by every careful housekeeper is great baking heat in the oven with small fuel consumption. This requirement is provided for in the Happy Thought Range by Pyramidal Oven Plates. This is an exclusive feature of the Happy Thought that makes it far more valuable than an ordinary range. Yet it is only one of the several important and exclusive advantages that have made the Happy Thought the standby of thousands of Canadian housewives.

Other exclusive features of Happy Thought Ranges are told in an interesting little book, which will be sent free for the asking.

WM. BUCK STOVE CO., Limited - - BRANTFORD

TORONTO AGENT:—R. BIGLEY, 96 AND 98 QUEEN ST. EAST

THE HOUSEHOLD EXCHANGE

OUR request for hints on domestic affairs has elicited a variety of replies. From Mrs. J. W. Groves of Manotick comes a letter with suggestions which ought to prove helpful. A novel idea for flowers for the table, says the correspondent, is to remove the bottles from the old-fashioned silver cruet, replace with water glasses and fill with flowers. Also tie a glass at either side, at top of handle and fill, either with small vines or flowers. This makes a pretty centre decoration for the table.

For a banana salad, peel and cut lengthwise, then through the centre as many bananas as required. Place each piece on a lettuce leaf, spread with salad dressing and strew with chopped walnuts. This is very nice with cold meat or makes a pleasing relish for tea alone.

Although the canning season is about over, we give Mrs. Grove's recipes, as these may be kept for another season. To can peaches or pears, she directs as follows: Halve, and remove the stone of peach, dropping fruit into ice-cold water as you work. Measure when all is ready, and allow a pound of sugar to a gallon of fruit. Put the halved peaches, dripping wet, a layer at a time, into a preserving kettle. Strew sugar over them, then another layer, filling the kettle in this order. Cover the kettle and set at the side of the range, where it will heat slowly. Stir up twice from the bottom with a wooden paddle. Cook fifteen minutes and fill the jars.

To can blackberries or raspberries, fill gems with fruit, make a good syrup by using one cup of sugar to two of water. When well boiled, fill cans to overflowing, seal tight and place in a tub. Surround them with boiling water up to rings. Cover all over with a thick cloth and let remain until cold. Then tighten tops and put away in a cool, dry place. In this way, you retain the flavor of the fruit and also have your fruit whole and quite presentable.

The final instructions are for the making of white cake. Take one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, sifted several times, three eggs, a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil sugar and water until it threads, separate eggs and beat whites till quite stiff. When syrup is ready, pour gradually into beaten whites, stirring constantly. Add yolks and beat for twenty-five minutes. Then fold in flour and bake forty minutes in a moderately warm oven. It is improved very much by standing a few days before using. It will keep for two weeks and is considered by some quite equal to angel cake.

FROM Mary E. Butchart, 563 Bloor Street west, Toronto, comes an item which will doubtless interest many.

Perhaps the mother of the new baby has had the same trouble I have had with the little baby sponge splitting and dropping to pieces. As soon as I find them breaking, I make a cover to fit them loosely, of a soft, old handkerchief or cheesecloth neatly stitched. This does not interfere with their softness and saves the price of many a new sponge.

AS to the matter of buying in large quantities, the following remarks may prove suggestive:

"Is it cheaper for the housewife to buy foodstuffs in large quantities?"

Marion Harland, writing for the September number of the *Pictorial Review*, claims that it is not. The American housewife who buys her flour by the barrel, sugar by the half-barrel, soap and starch by the box and canned vegetables by the case thinks she is very clever, but the husband who pays her bills—if what Marion Harland says is true—must sympathize with the poor Vicar of Wakefield, whose wife, besides being so skilled that "for pickling, preserving and cookery none could excel her, prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping," though the vicar never could see that he "grew richer through all her contrivances."

Perhaps if the housewife herself han-

dled these generous supplies they would bring wealth in their train, but the presiding genius of the kitchen has to be taken into consideration.

"Celtic Mary digs ruthlessly into the tub of butter, when recipes call for it, and never thinks of saving the bits that are left from the table. Swedish Marie spills half a cup of flour between the storeroom and the mixing table and sweeps it into the dustpan. There's plenty more in the barrel! Colored Molly carries to her sister half a pound of sugar, a cake of soap, a dozen potatoes and 'trimmings' every time she takes her walks abroad."

Thus the advantages of wholesale buying vanish.

The attention of American housekeepers is called to the fact that French housekeepers, said to be the best economists and the best cooks in the world, buy in limited quantities each morning. At night there is nothing left over and nothing wasted.

A SUBSCRIBER asks what is meant by "Peaches Melba." Fortunately we have just come across a recipe for this elaborate delicacy:

The dessert known as peaches Melba seems pre-eminently suited to festive occasions, yet none is more easily prepared at home, and if one has home-made canned fruit on hand and can buy the vanilla cream required at a good confectioner's, it may even serve as an emergency dessert. The preserved or canned peaches can be flavored with a little vanilla and the juice from a jar of home-made raspberry preserves may be used for the coating. Like all desserts, this will be a success only with the best of ingredients.

Home-made preserves of the ideal variety only should be used, and only the very best of ice cream. Cheap factory cream will cause failure, as it does in most concoctions of the sort.

There are several ways, so-called, of preparing this dessert, but they differ decidedly from the original as invented by Escoffier to please the great singer, who had manifested a fancy for one of his combinations of peach, vanilla and raspberry. According to the original recipe, the peaches are poached in a vanilla flavored syrup, then placed upon a base of vanilla ice cream and coated with raspberry syrup, or what Escoffier calls a "raspberry puree." The imitations generally contain peaches and vanilla ice cream, but they omit the raspberry puree, and various ingredients are added, such as cherries, pineapple, sherry and even spongecake. Though these concoctions may be good in themselves, the name of the Escoffier confection, which is considered a real culinary inspiration, cannot properly be given to them.

One of these imitations is made by removing the stones from peaches and filling the cavity with ice cream. These are placed on rounds of spongecake and each is topped with a candied cherry. For variety the peaches and cake may be coated with preserved pineapple juice, or the cavities of the peaches may be half-filled with diced fresh pineapple and preserved cherries chopped in coarse chunks. Sometimes the cake is moistened with orange juice and the peaches, filled with vanilla cream, are placed upon it and decorated with cherries.

THE discomfort of callous spots on the soles of the feet is particularly marked in summer. Nor need it be endured with the best possible grace, as many women seem to imagine. The trouble lies in treating a callous like a corn and seeking to cut it out. This almost invariably results in increased torment. Instead try the pumice stone cure. Soak the feet at night in hot water in which a lump of washing soda has been dissolved. After this softening rub the callous with pumice until most of it disappears. For more severe cases try tying up the feet with absorbent cotton dipped in crude oil. The next morning pumice can be used with better effect.

Healthy Happy Children

As everyday food for growing children, good bread and butter is much more wholesome than meat. It is lighter in the stomach, more easy to digest and furnishes every element of health and strength necessary for the growing child, provided the flour is rich in that fine quality of high grade gluten which distinguishes Ogilvie's



Royal Household Flour.

It is this rich nourishing element which makes children grow fat and happy when given plenty of bread made from this finest of all flours. Children thrive on it. It puts flesh on their bones and brings the rosy flush of health to their cheeks.

This is not so with bread made from inferior flours. It falls very far short of being whole food and fails to build up strong, vigorous growth. For the children's sake buy the best flour—Ogilvie's Royal Household. It counts for health and happiness. Best and most nutritious for pastry as well as for bread.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," with 125 pages of recipes that have been tried and tested, will be sent free if you will send us your address and mention the name of your dealer.



The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal.

37



The Plants Show You Why

Why do your plants soon wither and die in the house in winter?
BECAUSE the house lacks moisture—

BECAUSE the kind of Furnace you have is giving off a dry, unnatural, parching heat. The average Furnace does this because in warming the air it dries out the natural humidity of the atmosphere and fails to replace it. Instead of the 70% average humidity of the outside air—your present furnace heated air probably contains less than 30% of moisture.

The Remedy is in the Circle Waterpan OF THE "Good Cheer" Furnace



This encircles the Furnace—it is big—commodious—sensible—it holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average Furnace—it is placed just at the proper position to catch the incoming air—to give it extra moisture before it gets to the heating surface, and thus the air supplied to the rooms is almost as humid as the outside atmosphere.

The "Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace saves Doctors' bills as well as coal bills.

For full particulars of the splendid Furnace write

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is due to the absolute mechanical and scientific perfection of its gold pen—the product of 50 years' experience—in conjunction with its feed, which is made on Nature's Laws, and component parts which fit absolutely.

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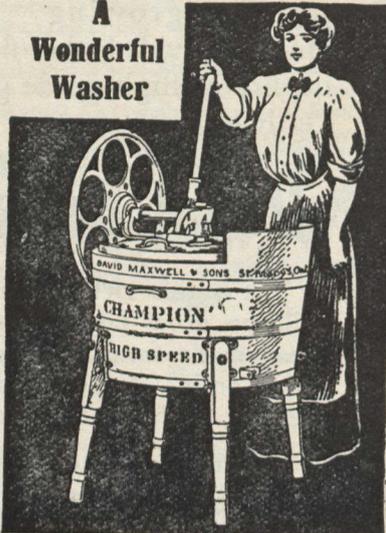
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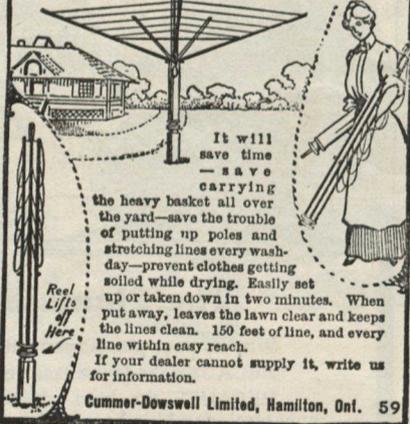
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A new idea in washing Machines. "Favorite" Churn means easy churning. 8 sizes.

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THE MONITOR ROTARY LAWN CLOTHES DRYER



It will save time—save carrying the heavy basket all over the yard—save the trouble of putting up poles and stretching lines every wash-day—prevent clothes getting soiled while drying. Easily set up or taken down in two minutes. When put away, leaves the lawn clear and keeps the lines clean. 150 feet of line, and every line within easy reach. If your dealer cannot supply it, write us for information.

Cummer-Dowswell Limited, Hamilton, Ont. 59



JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

Continued from page 11

He stepped on to land and lifted her out. She hesitated for a moment and felt for her purse.

"You must let me recompense you," she said coldly, "for the time you have lost in coming to my assistance."

He looked down at her, and again she had an uncomfortable sense that notwithstanding his rude clothes and country dialect, this man was no ordinary villager. He said nothing, however, until she produced her purse, and held out a little tentatively two half-crowns.

"You are very kind," he said. "I will take one if you will allow me. That is quite sufficient. You see the Hall behind the trees there. You cannot miss your way, I think, and if you will take my advice you will not wander about in the marshes here except at high tide. The sea comes in to the most unexpected places, and very quickly, too, sometimes. Good-morning!"

"Good-morning, and thank you very much," she answered, and turned away toward the road.

* * * * *

Cecil de la Borne was standing at the end of the drive when she appeared, a telescope in his hand. He came hastily down the road to meet her, a very slim and elegant figure in his well-cut flannel clothes, smoothly brushed hair, and irreproachable tie.

"My dear Miss Jeanne," he exclaimed, "I have only just heard that you were out! Do you generally get up in the middle of the night?"

She smiled a little half-heartedly. It was curious that she found herself contrasting for a moment this very elegant young man with her roughly dressed companion of a few minutes ago.

"To meet with an adventure such as I have had," she answered, "I would never go to bed at all. I have been nearly drowned, and rescued by a most marvellous person. He brought me back to safety in a flat-bottomed punt, and I am quite sure from the way he stared at them that he had never seen open-work stockings before."

"Are you in earnest?" Cecil asked doubtfully.

"Absolutely," she answered. "I was walking there among the marshes, and I suddenly found myself surrounded by the sea. The tide had come up behind me without my noticing. A most mysterious person came to my rescue. He wore the clothes of a fisherman, and he accepted half a crown, but I have my doubts about him even now. He said that his name was Mr. Andrew."

Cecil opened the gate and they walked up toward the house. A slight frown had appeared upon his forehead.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"I know who he is," he answered. "He is a queer sort of fellow, lives all alone, and is a bit cranky, they say. Come in and have some breakfast. I don't suppose that any one else will be down for ages."

She shook her head. "I will send my woman down for some coffee," she answered. "I am going upstairs to change. I am just a little wet, and I must try and find some thicker shoes."

Cecil sighed. "One sees so little of you," he murmured, "and I was looking forward for a *tete a tete* breakfast."

She shook her head as she left him in the hall.

"I couldn't think of it," she declared. "I'll appear with the others later on. Please find out all you can about Mr. Andrew, and tell me."

Cecil turned away, and his face grew darker as he crossed the hall.

"If Andrew interferes this time," he muttered, "there will be trouble."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

THE Princess appeared for luncheon and declared herself to be in a remarkably good humour.

"My dear Cecil," she said, helping herself to an "ortolan in aspic," "I like your climate and I like your *chef*. I had my window open for at least ten minutes, and the sea air has given me

quite an appetite. I have serious thoughts of embracing the simple life."

"You could scarcely," Cecil de la Borne answered, "come to a better place for your first essay. I will guarantee that life is sufficiently simple here for any one. I have no neighbours, no society to offer you, no detractions of any sort. Still, I warned you before you came."

"Don't be absurd," the Princess declared. "You have the sea almost at your front door, and I adore the sea. If you have a nice large boat I should like to go for a sail."

Cecil looked at her with upraised eyebrows.

"If you are serious," he said, "no doubt we can find the boat."

"I am absolutely serious," the Princess declared. "I feel that this is exactly what my system required. I should like to sit in a comfortable cushioned seat and sail somewhere. If possible, I should like you men to catch things from the side of the boat."

"You will get sunburnt," Lord Ronald remarked drily, "perhaps even freckled."

"Adorable!" the Princess declared. "A touch of sunburn would be quite becoming. It is such an excellent foundation to build a complexion upon. Jeanne is quite enchanted with the place. She's had adventures already, and been rescued from drowning by a marvellous person, who wore his trousers tucked into his boots and found fault with her shoes and stockings. She has promised to show me the place after luncheon, and I am going to stand there myself and see if anything happens."

"You will get your feet very wet," Cecil declared.

"And sand inside your shoes," Forrest remarked.

"These," the Princess declared, "are trifles compared with the delightful sensation of experiencing a real adventure. In any case we must sail one afternoon, Cecil. I insist upon it. We will not play bridge until after dinner. My luck last night was abominable. Oh, you needn't look at me like that," she added to Cecil. "I know I won, but that was an accident. I had bad cards all the time, and I only won because you others had worse. Please ring the bell, Mr. Host, and see about the boat."

"Really," Cecil remarked, as he called the butler and gave him some instructions, "I had no idea that I was going to entertain such enterprising guests."

"Oh, there are lots of things I mean to do!" the Princess declared. "I am seriously thinking of going shrimping. I suppose there are shrimps here, and I should love to tuck up my skirts and carry a big net, like somebody's picture."

"Perhaps," Cecil suggested, "you would like to try the golf links. I believe there are some quite decent ones not far away."

The Princess shook her head.

"No!" she answered. "Golf is too civilized a game. We will go out in a fishing boat with plenty of cushions, and we will try to catch fish. I know that Jeanne will love it, and that you others will hate it. Between the two of you it should be amusing."

"Very well," Cecil declared, with an air of resignation, "whatever happens will be upon your own shoulders. There is a boat in the village which we can have. I will have it brought up to our own quay in an hour's time. If the worst comes to the worst, and we are bored to death, we can play bridge on the way."

"There will be no cards upon the boat," the Princess declared decidedly.

Cecil shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said. "Whatever happens, don't blame me."

* * * * *

The Princess had her way and behaved like a schoolgirl. She sat in the most comfortable place, surrounded with a multitude of cushions, with her tiny Japanese spaniel in her arms, and a box of French bonbons by her side. Jeanne stood in the bows, bareheaded and happy. Lord Ronald, who was feeling a little sea-sick, sat at her feet.

(To be continued)

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CANADIAN WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB

THE Canadian Women's Press Club, which is now such a flourishing organization, owes much to the excellent "start" which it received in the city of Winnipeg. It was for several years efficiently "officered" in that city and is indebted greatly to Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Walker for its early progress. Mrs. Walker has been elected to the office of honorary president and, on being requested to give a sketch of her work and career, sent such an interesting account to these columns, that it is herewith reproduced, just as it came from the vivacious writer. There are a buoyancy and brightness about the Winnipeg club which are well exemplified in the spirit of Mrs. Walker's communication.

MY maiden name was Harriet Anderson, and I was born in New York City on February 13th, 1865, my mother dying eighteen days after my birth. My father never remarried and when I was about seven years old I went to live with him alone—I had previously been in the care of my grandmother—and together we chummed for many years as I was an only child. My father had a taste for the stage and had been quite successful as an amateur actor and singer of comic songs. Therefore, quite



MRS. C. P. WALKER

naturally, he began developing in me any talent he thought I possessed in the line of theatricals. So, at the early age of five I made my debut as an elocutionist (!) at one of my father's Odd Fellows' Lodge concerts. I remember that the late Tony Pastor, so long the king of the variety stage both as a singer of serio-comic opera songs and as a manager, was present on that auspicious occasion, as he was a member of the lodge giving the entertainment. My selection was "Little Jim." I had previously stipulated that I should receive a bouquet as a reward for reciting, consequently when a handsome bunch of flowers, all done up in one of those stiff paper cones edged with lace paper then in style, was presented me I was more pleased with having received what I had insisted upon than astonished at the gift. I had an encore—or at least I concluded it was an encore and stepped forward upon my own initiative and to my father's surprise recited this classical verse:

"Stir the pudding, Peggy,
And give those cakes a turn!
Be quick! Be quick! you lazy girl
Or one or two will burn!"

After that concert I appeared frequently at entertainments running the gamut of recitations then popular. No, I will take that back, for I never memorized or recited "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," which was the "piece de resistance" with all elocutionists of that day.

When I was thirteen I entered an elocution contest at the famous Chick-

ering Hall, New York City. There were twenty contestants in all, and the majority of them were grown men and women. The selections were confined to pathetic and dramatic and mine was "Spartacus to the Gladiators." The first prize—fifty dollars in gold—was awarded me and now that I look back upon the event I believe the audience gave it me as a reward for my unadulterated nerve in tackling that particular address, for certainly I could not have deserved it for any other reason.

Shortly after this prize-winning episode a friend of my father's, George Herbert, a theatrical stage manager, called to see us one day and said that A. M. Palmer, Manager of the Union Square Theatre Stock Company was about to produce "The Lost Children," (somewhat similar to "The Two Orphans,") a play by A. R. Cazaraun, and he needed a young girl about my age to play one of the children. Mr. Herbert suggested that Papa take me up to Mr. Palmer and try for the part. Papa and I went up to see Mr. Palmer, but when that gentleman heard that I had had no experience on the stage he dismissed me with the remark that he was looking for an actress and not an elocutionist. My dad was not to be put off with that, however, as his paternal pride was strong, so he asked Mr. Palmer to give me a hearing. Mr. Palmer called in his stage manager, Charles Parselle and told him to have Mr. Cazaraun hear me recite. They took me to the stage and, in the empty theatre with just those two for an audience, I proceeded to spout my favorite "Spartacus." As there was a happy blending of comic and dramatic in the part I was trying for, Mr. Parselle asked me if I knew anything humorous, and I gave him "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question." When I had finished Mr. Cazaraun bade me stay on the stage. He disappeared in the front of the theatre and speedily returned with Mr. Palmer himself, and I was told to repeat my little pieces. At the conclusion of the second hearing I was immediately engaged by Mr. Palmer for the part of "Stephen Fournier" in "The Lost Children" at a salary of \$25 a week. I made my debut about four weeks later and in the cast were Charles R. Thorne, one of the greatest leading men ever known to the American stage; Linda Dietz, a very beautiful and gifted English actress; Ida Vernon, a handsome woman who is still before the public. I last saw her with Mrs. Fiske; J. H. Stoddard without doubt one of the finest character actors the English-speaking stage ever has had, and who will long be remembered for his superb portrayal of "Lachlan Campbell" in "The Bonnie Brier Bush"; W. J. Lemoine, another player whose name has gone down in theatrical history, and a dozen more members of that famous stock company.

"The Lost Children" only ran four weeks, but I was re-engaged to play child parts, and the following season appeared as "Brisquet," the office boy in "French Flats," one of the first of the amusing French farces to be presented in America. In that company were those mentioned above, also Sara Cowell, who afterwards became Mrs. Lemoine and who is to-day one of the best readers and exponents of Browning before the public; Sara Jewett, a very pretty and decidedly able emotional actress, George Holland; Joseph B. Polk; Maude Harrison; Ellie Wilton; Walden Ramsey, a handsome and gifted young juvenile man; Harry Courtaine, a most brilliant actor and a wonderful linguist. "The French Flats" ran for three solid months, and in the following summer when the company made its annual visit to Chicago, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia was presented in those cities.

I remained with the Union Square Company for two years, when I had reached that awkward age and height where I was too big for little people and too little for big people, so I retired and continued my studies.

Continued on page 47

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MONTREAL. 21



Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM,
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



South Essex Annual Meeting

THE third annual district meeting of South Essex Women's Institute was held in Kingsville, June 8th, and was held as convention also.

Mrs. Hubert Wigle, District President, opened the meeting at 10.30 a.m. by giving an address of welcome to the visitors.

Mrs. Colin Campbell of Windsor then addressed the meeting, after which reports from the secretaries of each branch was given and the names of the representatives from each branch which were as follows:

Leamington — Mrs. Hilborn, Mrs. Batchelor, Mrs. Fox and Miss Noble. Essex—Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Blight, Mrs. Snider, Miss Wigle. Cottam—Mrs. W. H. Neville, Mrs. J. Ewing, Mrs. Smith, Miss Phillips. Amherstburg—Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Bertrand, Miss Ong, Miss Mickle. Harrow—Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Forsythe, Mrs. Arner. Kingsville—Mrs. Rinelda Wigle, Mrs. Wm. Holdaway, Mrs. Walter Scratch, Mrs. John Miner, Mrs. John Beterson, Mrs. Wm. Cascadden. The reports were very satisfactory and all the branches are in splendid working order. The expenses of winter delegates was then brought up and after quite a lengthy discussion it was moved by Mrs. Fox, seconded by Miss Wigle, that the delegates take the matter up in their respective branches and decide later on.

Mrs. Campbell then introduced a labor-saving mop called the "Oil of Gladness Mop." After the slips for the Question Drawer were passed it was moved that we adjourn for dinner. At twelve o'clock the District President ushered the ladies into the Council Chamber where three large tables were very handsomely decorated with flowers and laden with all the good things of the season. Speeches and toasts from the officers came next after which an hour was given for the members of the different branches to get acquainted with each other. At 1.30 the President called the members to order and the meeting opened by singing the "Maple Leaf."

The President then read her report, which was very gratifying, as were her expenses, which were very small, being only \$2.50 for the year's work. She also spoke of the help and kindness displayed to her by each branch she had visited. Miss E. E. Adams of Leamington spoke in regards to the winter meetings and gave a very clear account of the expenses and other things in connection with those meetings. The Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Sweetman, then gave a report of finances for the year, which was very favorably received. Mrs. Hilborn of Leamington took the round table talk on Institute work, as follows:

Appointing of district officers, the most important work of Institutes. After the subject was discussed Miss Campbell spoke on the subject, "Shall we grade the officers from year to year?" discussed by Mrs. Wigle, Mrs. Sweetman and Mrs. Hilborn.

"Cannot there be some system by which we can all either have or not have lunch at the branch meetings?" After a lengthy discussion it was decided that each branch make their own rules as regards lunch.

Should not each branch prepare one paper each on the white slave traffic? It was moved by Mrs. Hilborn, seconded by Mrs. Holdaway, that each branch devote one meeting a year to this subject. Would it not be well to induce one girl at least from our district to attend the O. A. C.? Age and expense was then discussed and it is to be hoped that South Essex is represented by at least one young lady in the coming year. Cannot a branch be organized on Pelee Island? Mrs. C. B. Quick was anxious to have one started there. As it was thought to be very advisable it was left in the hands of the district officers. Mrs. Forsythe of Harrow and

Mrs. Terry of Amherstburg had the Question Drawer and it was very interesting and several good recipes were given. A recipe of the fruit salad served for lunch was requested and given.

Mrs. Terry gave the invitation for the next annual district meeting to be held in Amherstburg, which was accepted with thanks. Mrs. Geo. Dawson then gave a solo, after which the meeting closed by singing God Save the King.

The district voted Kingsville branch thanks for their splendid entertainment. Over one hundred and fifty ladies were present and all had a very enjoyable time.

Names of district officers for year ending May, 1911.

President—Mrs. W. H. Sweetman, Elford.

Vice-President—Mrs. R. Dorsey, Amherstburg.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mrs. Wm. Holdaway, Kingsville.

Story of Laura Secord

UNDOUBTEDLY Laura Secord is the greatest of Canadian heroines. She performed one of the most heroic feats in the annals of history. This was sufficient to make her famous,

James Secord helped to carry the dying general from the battlefield. In the final assault he himself was wounded, and in the dusk of the evening was found and rescued by his wife, who had gone in search of him. In June of the following year the Americans had for the first time gained possession of the Niagara Peninsula. The British had outposts at Jordan, Beaver Dams, and other points, and the Americans were advancing against them. While entertaining a number of American officers in their home at Queenston, the Secords heard of the enemies' plan to seize the post at Beaver Dams the next day. The husband, still suffering from his wounds, was unable to make the attempt necessary to warn the troops at this point. His plucky little wife, therefore, started off in the middle of the night on her dreadful journey. It was thirteen miles by road, but the road was unsafe because of the American sentries and outposts. She must needs tramp through the bush, wade the streams or creep across fallen trees on hands and knees. She must needs also avoid the Indians, who, though working with the British, were not likely to respect a white woman whom they found wandering in such fashion. However, the frail and delicate woman accomplished her nineteen-mile journey and tottered into camp in time to enable the garrison to pre-



"POMMEHURST," BRIGHTON, ONTARIO

Photograph by Mrs. H. T. Sripture

but the romance which colors the history of herself and her husband adds much to the glamor which has always been associated with her and her name. Further, the deed which she was called upon to perform was the kind which appeals to Canadian men and women. A nineteen-mile tramp by moonlight through an untracked forest and over unbridged streams comprises a journey, the strain of which every Canadian can understand and appreciate.

Laura Ingersoll was the daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, a United Empire Loyalist, who came from Massachusetts to Ontario about 1795. He was the founder of the town which goes by that name. His daughter Laura was about twenty years of age when the family came to Canada. Shortly afterwards she married James Secord, of St. David's, who was afterwards a successful merchant in Queenston.

James Secord was a young man who had also shared in the suffering of the U. E. Loyalists. His mother was one of a party of five women and thirty-one children who had arrived at Fort Niagara in 1776 destitute and starving.

In October, 1812, the American troops crossed the frontier, but were defeated at Queenston Heights by General Brock.

pare itself for the attack and to win a tremendous victory.

Such an example of womanly heroism ranks among the noblest teachings to any people.

Laura Secord Memorial

THE following are the names of the Institutes which have subscribed to the Laura Secord Memorial Hall, the amounts opposite the names:

New Dundee	\$2.00
Horning's Mills	2.00
Kinsale	2.00
Shetland	1.00
Kintore	1.00
North Brant, St. George	5.00
Cedar Creek	1.00
Bardsville, Muskoka	2.00
Aspdin	1.00
Bobcaygeon	1.00
South Cayuga	1.00
Norval	2.00
Williamsford	1.00
Palermo	5.00
Humberstone	1.30
Courtland	2.50
Canboro	2.00
Sebmigville	3.00

Fisherville	1.10
Canfield	1.00
Freelton	3.00
Kingsville	1.00
Newmarket	1.38
Winger	2.00
South Macauley	1.00
Gilbert's Mills	2.00
Bowmanville	4.00
Sandusk	1.00
James' Mills Branch, South Simcoe	1.20
Mindemoga	2.00
Ripley	5.00
Grimsby	1.50
Lambton and Islington	2.00
Comber	4.00
Welland	10.00
Kilsyth	1.41
Mount Forest	1.00
Solina	3.10
Selkirk	1.00
Onondago	14.00
Acton	5.00
Beachbury	1.25
Temple Hill	3.00
Millbank	1.20
Lyons	1.25
Meaford	2.50
Wellesley	2.00
Sanford	12.00
Victoria Square	30.00

Miss Edna Lowrey states that they have collected to date \$1,625. Other Institutes should take part in this memorial work, which is really of national importance, as Laura Secord was a heroine of whose deeds all Canadians may well be proud. As the story of her heroism is not too well known, even by the women of our Dominion, we give it once again, in the hope that it may encourage further contributors.

Home-Making

FROM the Hillview Institute, Nipissing District, Ontario, we have an excellent paper by Mrs. Walter Hooker on the above subject. From it we quote the following paragraphs, which should prove of interest to our Institute circle:

What tender associations are linked with the word "Home!" It is one of the sweetest words in the English language. Nothing but death can break its spell. It is not, or should not, be a mere dwelling-place, but a divine institution. The first home was in Eden; the last will be in Heaven. The highest aim and duty of our lives should be to make our homes pleasant, comfortable, and attractive, comfort being, perhaps, the most important. But every ambitious woman aspires to have the home pleasant, and attractive as well, though to accomplish this result requires endless patience and forbearance. It is not so much wealth or learning or town or country, or station as it is the love and temper that constitute the atmosphere of a real home. Some one has said that it is the woman's mission to make sunlight in the home. Though the principal part may depend on the mother, yet in order that the home life shall be sincere, attractive, refined and uplifting, she needs the co-operation of the energies of all the other members of the household. See to it, is the advice of one woman writer, on this subject, that the home is always bright and cheerful, especially at meal time, and yourself and the children always neat and tidy. Do not make the mistake of thinking that it does not matter how you look in the morning when at your work. Lots of women go very untidily dressed though they have plenty of nice clothes. Rather endeavor to be always dressed neatly, encouraging others by your example, to be tidy and skilful. Sometimes, the tendency is to fix our homes up, altogether too much with the idea of what the world will say about them or to outdo some one else. Hence, the ailments from which so many girls and women suffer, resulting from too close application to fine needle work and embroidery. It is all right to have a

pretty home; in fact, it is a duty to have it so.

"Furnish your home in pretty sensible colors that will stand the light and sun without fading," is the advice of another. So you can leave the blinds up and can let in the sunlight and air. Men and children especially love sunlight and air.

Sunshine is one of our best friends in many ways, and no home can be attractive which is darkened up for fear of fading the furniture or letting a fly in. Flowers help to make a home attractive and they are cheap and within the reach of all. Almost every one loves flowers—and how much more beautiful the windows brightened with lovely blossoms and green foliage, than dark and cheerless, no matter how elegant and costly the curtains and fixings may be. Home may be made so pleasant and attractive that the inmates will not wish to go anywhere else for entertainment, though to accomplish this result oftentimes demands that the mother especially shall be a model of patience, purity and strength. Make good literature one of its leading features and endeavor to have all read and discuss the various current topics of the day. It is advisable to have our minds as broad and liberal as possible. Then we shall be better fitted to fill any position in which we may be placed in life. One may endeavor to look tidy at all times and be as refined and lady-like in print as in silks. Always greet company without embarrassment though one holds a scrubbing brush in hand and sleeves are rolled to the shoulder.

Moreover, it will take a great deal of piano playing to make up for an ill-cooked dinner, at least in the estimation of the men of the house. It is better to be competent to darn a stocking neatly than to injure one's eyesight doing fine fancy work. You would be surprised at the number who when asked what constitutes an ideal home would reply a handsome building and costly furnishings. But this is a mistake. It is the spirit not the outward appearance. "What more can one want with these elements," says one. You could make an acceptable home in a pioneer log hut or brick cottage without these.

Our Duty as Neighbors

FROM Mrs. A. E. Jennings comes an article with the above title, but the name of the Institute for which the paper was written has either not been given or has been mislaid. The paper has so many good points, that we give our readers the benefit:

This looks like an easy subject, and one that might be handled without much study; but when you get your pencil ready, you find your thoughts are not convictions, and your ideas are vague and not easily defined. There are books written on our duty to our home, our duty to our church, our country, the poor, the rich, the heathen, almost everything and everybody, but our neighbors. Why they are just the people who live next door to us, or in the same block, or on the same street, or in the same neighborhood gathered together without any thought of others who might be there, or any definite knowledge of them. Have we any duty towards such. If we lived in a large city we might hesitate about making any answer, as we have heard city people say: "We have lived beside these people for months and have not even learned their name." But we must be practical and consider our neighbors as we know them in the rural districts.

Have I then a duty to perform toward the people who may happen to come into the vacant houses on either side of me or near my home? And when does that duty begin? If we were out on the Western Prairie we would say your duty begins when you erect your little shack away there alone. Your duty to your neighbor begins by making the very best of yourself in your own life and home.

"What kind of neighbors have you?" is the anxious question that every mother asks when her boy or girl is starting their new home. A good neighborhood, Christian people, kind hearts, wise counsellors; and she says, "I guess they will not be lonely long."

But we are a busy people and home duties occupy our time and strength, and beside we are no good at mothering strangers. But, fortunately for this problem, we are not all alike. Neither are those who come to us; and if our attitude towards others is kindly and we desire to help, the opportunity will come. Our first duty will be to set them a good example—pure living, a

well-appointed home life, attractive home pleasures.

Good citizenship, obedience to the country's laws and rules, Christian citizenship, attendance at the place of worship, support of the Gospel, encouraging all moral reform. Our next duty might be as far as we are able to make it possible for our neighbors to join us in all these.

Then—Our social duty to our neighbors! It is impossible and even undesirable usually, that we should be in touch with all the daily incidents in our neighbor's home; but it cannot be considered as gossip to learn if any are sick or lonely or in trouble and we find time to help or cheer them. We can help sometimes by telling some good thing we have found to ease our work or improve our cooking or brighten our homes, or entertain our friends. We need not fear that scattering the good things makes them common and spoils their use. An exchange but heightens their pleasure; and, when they fail, some one is sure to be ready with its successor.

Church relationships often necessarily interrupt the exchange of social gatherings as neighbors, but should not prevent us from occasionally including them in our larger social life. In this way prejudice is broken down, kindness rewarded, and new friendships formed that broaden and enrich the straitened life of many retiring ones. The ideal neighbor guards her neighbor's reputation and honor, and happiness as she does her own. She repeats no breath of evil, she listens to no tale of slander, she construes no evil into an action she does not understand.

The ideal neighbor considers her neighbor's right and privileges and wishes, bears with a little inconvenience, exercises a little patience, even gives up a little of her rights to keep peace and good will.

The Harm of Worry

IN the modern world, there must be a great deal of fret and worry, if we may judge from the reams of advice against this, which we receive from all quarters. One of the latest contributions, coming from Mrs. John W. Mark of Oakwood, a member of the Linden Valley Branch of the Women's Institute, is worthy of quotation

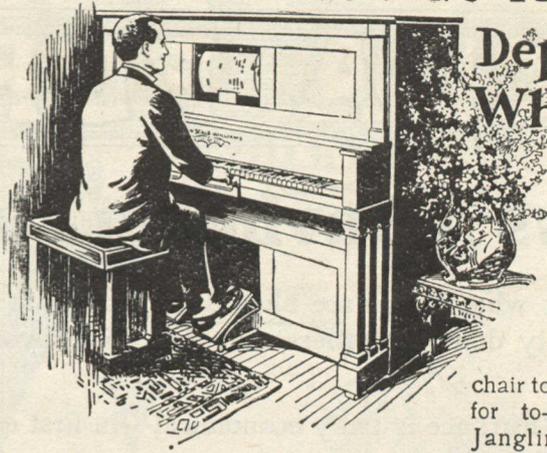
Man is mortal, created by God and placed in this beautiful world surrounded by the glories of nature, where the roses bloom among the thorns. Then why should we blight those lives by indulging in worry, which will never accomplish anything for us? Worry is a morbid exercise of mind and nerve, resulting always in excessive strain, loss of energy, and exhaustion of vitality, without any healthful reaction, leaving the one who indulges in it, or who has come under bondage to it, wearied without work, irritable without warrant, and most unreasonably depressed. Worry is worse than work. We may worry all day long and have nothing to show for it; whereas, if we work but a few hours, we are sure to accomplish something. Worry is often one of the results of overwork, sometimes of ill-regulated work, but oftener of an ill-regulated and discontented mind. What an age of hurry-scurry, we live in! The day is not long enough for all the occupations we try to crowd into it. Consequently, our minds are in a state of mental turmoil.

When there is only one woman in the house, it would almost stagger her to sit down and think that there are just one thousand and ninety-five meals to prepare in a year, besides extra lunches and other household duties. But, on the other hand, when we consider that they only come one at a time, and remembering God's promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be," then why worry? Don't cross the bridge till you come to it.

But then we may ask: How are we to stop worrying? We find ourselves exclaiming, "Oh, dear!" Let us, say "Praise the Lord!" instead and endeavor to cultivate a cheerful memory. To do this we must first believe that we have a right to do so. There are many people who have cultivated the habit of an unpleasant memory and it is this habit that is blighting a multitude of lives in this beautiful world where peace should reign supreme. Some have a habit of letting some annoyance attach itself to an event or day instead of casting their annoyance out of sight and mind as quickly as possible. Some have no friends because their conversation is full of doleful memories; others

Continued on page 42

The Work You do Tomorrow Depends on What You do Tonight



After a wearing, grinding day, you need more than food and an easy chair to make you ready for to-morrow's work. Jangling nerves and whirling thoughts must

be soothed and pacified. Restful sleep would do it—"if I could only sleep".

Softly stealing o'er our senses, Music smoothes away the trials of the day—brings the brain back to its normal rhythm—soothes, and quiets, and rests.

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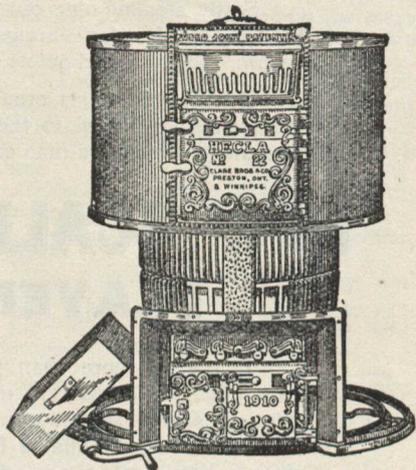
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“Hecla” Furnace is truly economical—in first cost and operation.

“Hecla” Furnace has a steel ribbed Firepot. By adapting the principle of Fused Joints to the firepot, we fuse Steel Ribs on the outer surface of the “Hecla” firepot, thus getting three times the radiating surface of any other firepot of the same size. The radiating surface of the firepot is the most efficient part of the furnace because it is in closest contact with the fire. And the greater the radiating surface, the greater the amount of air that can be heated by a given amount of fuel.

By a careful, accurate three years test, these Steel Ribbed



Firepots made an actual saving in fuel of 13½%. And remember, that the air from the “Hecla” is never hot.

The perfect radiation of heat brings warm air—fresh and invigorating—into the house, because “Hecla” firepot never becomes red hot. And a firepot that never becomes red hot won't burn out.

We make the firepot in two pieces which prevents cracking. This Steel Ribbed Firepot is only one of many improvements perfected by the old reliable firm who have 59 years heating experience to guide them.

Send us a rough diagram of your house—and we will plan the heating arrangements, giving you the cost of installing the right “Hecla” Furnace to heat your home right. We make no charge for this service.

Write us right now.

102

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.

Autumn Songs

Autumn

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.

Sing a song of autumn woods,
Crimson clad and gold;
All the summer's tenderness
Woven into glorious dress,
Fairer than of old.

Sing a song of autumn fields,
Rich with hoards of grain.
Who'd exchange their precious having
For spring's greenness, summer's waving?
Who'd be young again?

Sing a song of autumn hearts,
Love's sweet sacrament!
All life's frowning bastions taken,
Faith still burning, soul unshaken,
Stored with ripe content.



September

BY VIRGINIA LEWIS.

There's a haze that hides the meadows
and the rivers from the hills;
There's a wealth of royal purple where
the cricket chirps and trills;
There is gold in rich abundance—come
and gather while ye may;
Come and breathe the breath of summer
—gain a lifetime in a day.

There are lilies red and glowing in the
marshland lying low,
There are tiny asters all astir where
soft the breezes blow;
Come and gather, come and gather, of
the blossoms, red and white;
Learn the lore of field and meadow by
the summer's lingering light.

For the sumac bush is all aflame, the
maple catches fire;
From twig to twig the color runs as
high the flames aspire.
Come and breathe the breath of summer—
there's a whisper in the trees
That she's going, going. Who would
lose such days as these?

—Outing Magazine.



Indian Summer

BY HELENA COLEMAN.

Of all Earth's varied, lovely moods,
The loveliest is when she broods
Among her dreaming solitudes
On Indian Summer days;
When on the hill the aster pales,
And Summer's stress of passion fails,
And Autumn looks through misty veils
Along her leafy ways.

How deep the tenderness that yearns
Within the silent wood that turns
From green to gold, and slowly burns
As by some inward fire!
How dear the sense that all things wild
Have been at last by love beguiled
To join one chorus, reconciled
In satisfied desire!

The changing hillside, wrapped in
dreams,
With softest opalescent gleams,
Like some ethereal vision seems,
Outlined against the sky;
The fields that gave the harvest gold—
Afar before our eyes unrolled
In purple distance, fold on fold—
Lovely and tranquil lie.

We linger by the crimson vine,
Steeped to the heart with fragrant wine,
And where the rowan-berries shine,
And gentians lift their blue;
We stay to hear the wind that grieves
Among the oak's crisp, russet leaves,
And watch the moving light, that weaves
Quaint patterns, peering through.

The fires that in the maples glow,
The rapture that the beeches know,
The smoke-wraiths drifting to and fro,
Each season more endears;
Vague longings in the heart arise,
A dimming mist comes to the eyes
That is not sadness, though it lies
Close to the place of tears.

We share the ecstasy profound
That broods in everything around,
And by the wilderness are crowned—
Its silent worship know.
O when our Indian Summer days
Divide the parting of the ways,
May we, too, linger here in praise
Awhile before we go!

33

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
59-61 John Street - TORONTO

SOME STITCHERY

ON this page will be found an illustration of special needlework, showing the various stitches in common use. The samples given of stitches show the simpler forms which a writer in the *Grand Magazine* thus refers to as satin stitch, outline stitch, French knots, buttonhole stitch, chain stitch, and loop stitch.

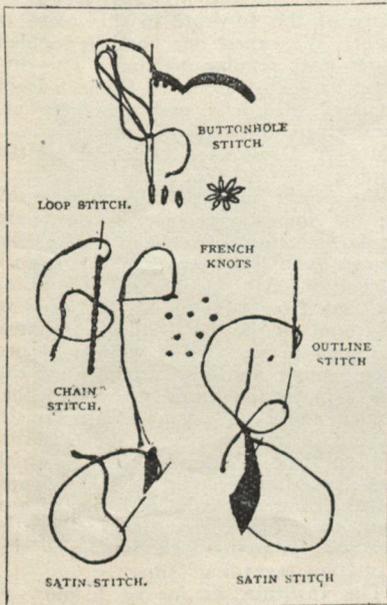
Buttonhole Stitch.—A specimen of this is shown in the illustration. For open fillings of leaves, flowers, and all kinds of spaces this stitch is most serviceable.

Chain Stitch is made by taking a stitch downwards, and before the needle is drawn out of the fabric the silk is brought round towards the worker, and under the point of the needle.

Loop Stitch is commenced like chain stitch, then instead of continuing with a second stitch the thread is taken through to the back over the loop formed, and thus securing it.

HANDKERCHIEF making is fascinating work, and any girl who sews neatly may easily provide herself with a supply which will be a matter of pride to herself and of envy to her less industrious associates.

French or Irish linen of the finest quality should be used for any handkerchiefs destined to carry elaborate em-



Ribbon work, properly speaking, does not consist of articles formed of ribbon or trimmed with it. It means the following of patterns and designs, usually flowers, but with any variety permissible, by means of the cutting and sewing of white or colored ribbons and the application of these to a fabric.

The chief beauty of ribbon work is in its color and its fineness. It is a worthy rival to embroidery when well and artistically done, and can give with ease an appearance of nature that with embroidery would mean unusually skilled and laborious toil. The work is not, however, especially easy, as it needs the artist's eye and the craftsman's needle, but it is well worth the attention of any woman who loves pretty things.

The method of working can best be illustrated by a concrete example. Suppose that it is desired to adorn the flounce of a lingerie dress with a tracery of forget-me-nots. For this you will need a bolt each of light blue and green baby ribbon and blue, green and yellow embroidery silk. First draw your pattern in pencil on the goods, indicating roughly the direction of the stems and the position of the blossoms.

Do the stem and leaves first, twisting the ribbon into very narrow tubing, for the stem, sewing it firmly to the fabric with green thread and then forming each leaf of about one-sixteenth of an inch of the green ribbon, puffed slightly and fastened with a stitch at each end. Each petal of the flower is cut the same size as the leaf, since it is puffed higher, and is fastened by two or three stitches more to the dress goods. In the center of each blossom place a yellow French knot for the pistils; the petals, of course, are stitched in blue.

This is one way of procedure; the other, better adapted for heavier goods, is not to cut the ribbon, but to run it under the material, using it as if it were a thick embroidery silk, worked with an over-and-over stitch effect wherever visible above the fabric. This is the method used with large flowers, such as roses and pansies. Sometimes the leaves are worked in this method, the stems in heavy twilled embroidery silk, and the flowers are simply quilled and puffed ribbon about an inch and a half wide. This is very striking in borders to lampshades and screens.

The color is really the all-important thing. On a white-trained evening dress, what more gorgeously beautiful than mauve orchids or little orange-yellow chrysanthemums?

broideries, and the greatest care should be exercised in the cutting of the squares. To draw a thread in the four directions is the only safe way, as otherwise the delicate material is apt to twist and become unmanageable.

When Armenian or any other very fine lace edging is used the handkerchief need not be hemstitched, although infinite care must be devoted to the hand hemming, as irregularly set stitches spoil the entire effect of the work.

Exceedingly narrow hemstitched borders are more than ever popular, and nearly always handkerchiefs so treated have corners embroidered delicately with wreaths, clusters or semi-detached butterfly and flower designs. Sometimes only one corner is decorated with a rather large and elaborate spray pattern, or a medallion will enclose a small initial. Only when there is no other decoration should a monogram be employed.

Fancy lace stitches are blended with the embroidery patterns, as in the case of the lily pads, which show petals of fine netting, and the butterflies, with transparent wings.

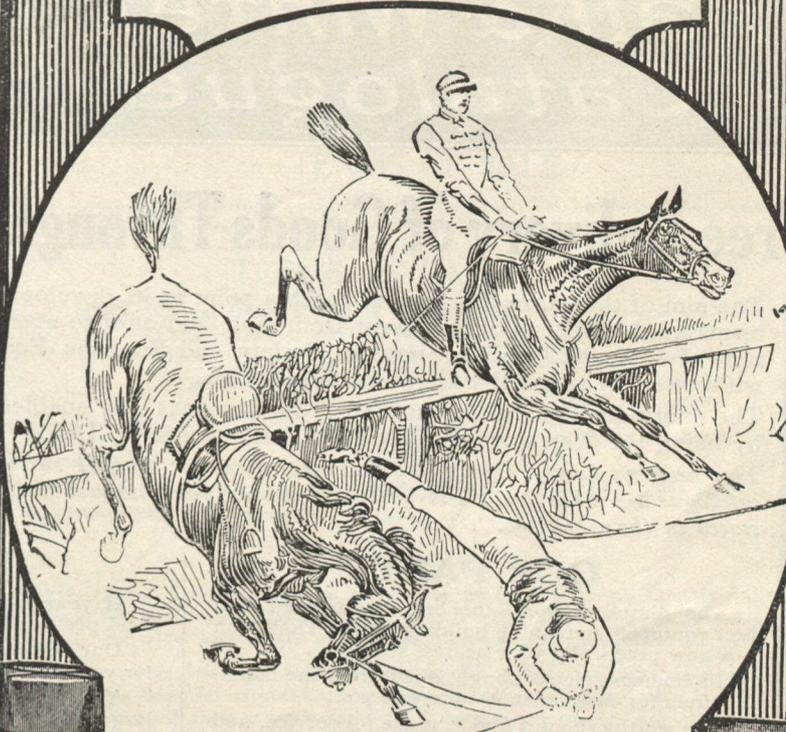
THE ribbon work, of which we spoke in our September issue, has brought several inquiries, and for the benefit of those who wish to know more, we quote the following:

In mid-Victorian times every girl did ribbon work. Ribbon reticules, be-ribboned shawls, ribbon-trimmed sunshades were seen everywhere. But the pretty art went out with the crinoline and has just come to light again.

THE amount of "stitchery" now lavished on pillows of all sorts and styles is surprising. Therefore, the following advice may be of interest:

Such atrocities are perpetrated in the way of embroidered pillows that it is well to go slowly in selecting the materials and designs and above all the colors, for our taste is more or less vitiated in this direction by the constant display of frightful combination of colors to which our eyes become accustomed. One may place no dependence whatever in Dame Fashion either, because many of the designs and combinations of color which become fashionable for embroidered pillows are wholly unbecoming and will ruin all claims to harmonious furnishing which any room may possess. One must take into consideration not only the single pillow which one is making but the others with which it is to be used as well, and also the general coloring of the room. Of course, when class or school colors are being used there is more latitude of color combination permissible than when only the coloring is being considered for its beauty alone, but even with these arbitrary colors to deal with one may if one will take the trouble make an artistic success of what would otherwise be an unbearable jumble of inharmonious colors and designs. You will find if you investigate the matter that the designing of a pillow is not too unimportant a matter for great decorators to take into their consideration, and that many artists of merit have bent their minds to the humble task of designing embroideries for such purposes.

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Sprains, Rheumatism, Curbs, Splints when formed in Sprung Sinews, Capped Hocks, Overreaches, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds, Broken Knees, Sore Throat, Sore Shoulder, Sore Udders of Cows not in Milk, For Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs, For Foot Rot in Sheep, Sprains in Dogs, Cramp in Birds.

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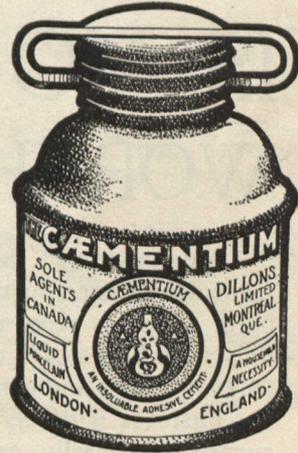


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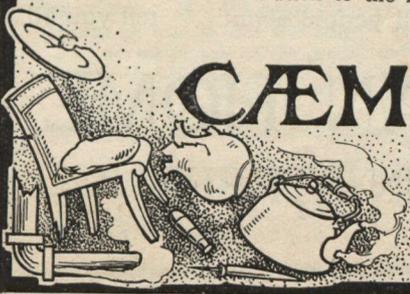
Mend the broken one. You can do it with Caementium. It is a mineral paste—not a fish glue.

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It is just as satisfactory for mending kitchen utensils; for it also withstands fire—actually becomes a part of the mended article.

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YOUR PART

If your name is not already on our mailing list send post-card at once for catalogue.

Our new free delivery system makes it profitable for you to order your entire needs from this store.

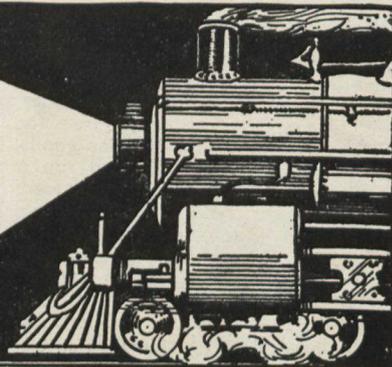
You can order any single article at any price, large or small, and we will send it cheerfully and promptly; but we suggest that you try to make each order as large as possible.

Follow carefully the instructions printed in the Catalogue.

N. B.—To get our New Fall and Winter Catalogue promptly send Post Card addressed to Dept. No. 33

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Have you a few hours each week that you wish to turn into money? Will you join the hundreds who are helping us? In every town we need someone to collect renewals and to tell people about

the *greater* Canadian Home Journal. If you cannot work will you tell some acquaintance and help us in that way.

Larger, better, more attractive than ever before, and a magazine of our own country, Canadian Home Journal needs but slight effort to introduce it into the homes of thousands of Canadian women. A splendid commission and a monthly salary are paid. It may be just what you want, send a post card to-day and let us tell you all about our *spare time* plan.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
59-61 JOHN STREET - TORONTO



Women's Institutes

Continued from page 9

are without companionship because some difference of opinion, as slight, or some other cause for offence arises and they can bear that friend no longer.

If, through long years of toil and trials, we have allowed our memories to become fruitful reminders of cheerless things, we may at least ask ourselves if we are willing that this should be so. Which do we find ourselves most prone to notice and to remember—the roses, or the thorns?

They grow on the same bush in your garden and in mine. Let us resolutely refuse to entertain those trifling annoyances that knock for admittance to memory and let us robe every great trial or sorrow with a garment of light or give it at least one white flower and store up pleasant memories as rapidly as possible that we may endeavor to live more earnest, thoughtful lives, that our good deeds may shine out and be as stepping stones instead of stumbling blocks to those around about us. Sow good seed, aim onward and upward. Step out and let God's sunshine turn your darkness into light.

From Bancroft

THE first regular meeting of the Women's Institute, Bancroft, North Hastings, was held in the town hall during last July. There were nineteen ladies present, and to judge by the friendly discussions on questions asked and so willingly answered, the future of the Institute in this place is bright. We expect our number doubled at our next regular meeting. The different modes of doing up rhubarb were discussed, also jelly, and some new recipes given for rhubarb marmalade.

Mrs. A. Davy acted as pianist for the evening.

We expect two special papers bearing on domestic science at our next regular meeting, one from Miss Ella Spargo, who has been domestic science teacher in Albert College, Belleville; also one from Mrs. J. L. McLean, an old pupil of Ladies' College, Ottawa. We hope to see all the women of our town, young and old, attend that can and help in the noblest work that women could be engaged in, namely, helping their own sex in the bettering and uplifting of the home life, which alas, too often becomes a sort of perpetual drudgery to the majority of women; owing in a great measure to the lack of sympathy and intelligent information regarding same.

The Institute, as far as I know, is the only Society formed to "group" all the needs for those who spend their entire lives there, also prepares the young women, fitting them for good and intelligent home makers.

This organization is the only one that binds together, in one common cause, all classes and creeds, all conditions of society, high and low, rich and poor, country, city and town, young and old, and makes them one mighty unit for one grand and noble aim. And why? Because each have the same common interest, the home. But the society bids more. It aims, as far as possible, to help to make the home an ideal home, be it ever so humble. Also to help their sisters everywhere to live the "ideal" life, which comes only from sharing each other's burdens.

From Monthly Reports

The new institute at Vankleek Hill in Prescott County has had two meetings since organization, and these have been conducted in a very businesslike manner. Practical subjects have been discussed and music has given variety to the meetings.

In Adolphustown there is an old historic cemetery which has long been neglected and the members of the institute have undertaken to make this a beauty spot. With this object in view the members have given a most successful concert to raise funds for this purpose, and in addition, have been successful in securing the practical sympathy of the Township Council in the matter.

In Petrolea in West Lambton we have a most progressive branch; the

members all show enthusiasm and success seems to be following their efforts.

The August meeting took the form of a picnic, and members from one or two branches from the riding were present. In addition to other speakers, Mr. Todd, the district representative of the Department of Agriculture, gave a demonstration in the slipping and potting of various kinds of plants.

Another of the institutes in West Lambton has discovered that it is a help to bring an institute before the public through exhibits by members at the fall fair.

In West Victoria the women of the branches have realized the importance of a clean school house and cleanly surroundings, and to this end have decided to press the matter upon the trustees of the school in their section. This matter of the cleanliness of the school building is one which is neglected much too often.

We have meetings for the young girls and the housekeepers of the present day, but a "Grandmothers' day!" We had not thought of that, but one of the branches in Dufferin did, and what an interesting time they had—quiet tales about the old-time ways of doing things, the spinning, cooking in the oven in front of the fireplace, enjoying the rest of the evening in the pretty glow of the taper. Then, as a contrast, a talk on the present-day inventions to help the housewife in her daily tasks. Every age has its own advantages, and while the grandmothers of to-day may look with a little envious interest upon advantages which their

such human dish-washers as are available in this degenerate age.

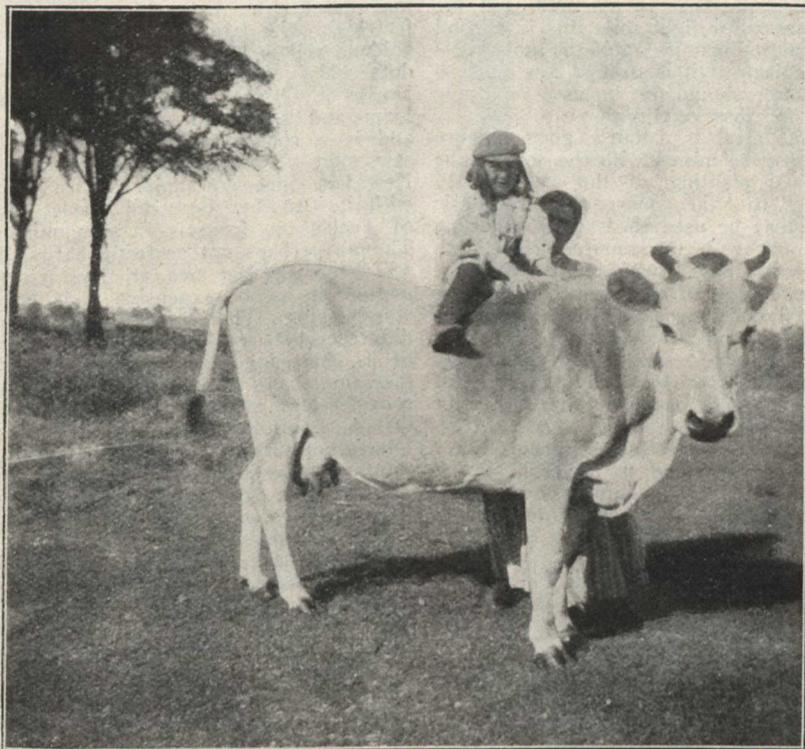
The three stages in the dish-washing process are, first, thorough scraping and piling loosely in large wooden baskets (not done by the machine but by a woman in the ordinary manner). This, therefore, is not where the labor is saved, but in the second step, which consists in immersion in a piping hot solution of soap and sal soda.

But the immersion is done by the basketful, and thus cuts down some three or four dozen separate motions to one. The basket, which is open all around to allow the soap solution to penetrate, is attached to a hook in the machinery, which then dips it up and down and moves it about energetically several times.

A sweep of the hand of the muscular young man who presides over this "iron maiden," transfers the basket or soapy dishes to a second hook, which dips it into clean boiling water kept constantly renewed. The rushing motion kept up both in the soapy solution and the rinsing water by the machinery drives the liquid strongly through the basket, and the latter filled with absolutely clean dishes, is, in a few seconds, lifted on to a side table.

What about the wiping? There is none—simply piling, as the dishes are immediately dried by their own heat. True, the girl who removes them from the basket and piles them keeps a towel beside her to fleck off any drops remaining by chance, but these are infrequent.

The gain by the machinery consists



A ROUGH RIDER IN KELOWNA, B.C.

Photograph by Miss J. Cook

children and grandchildren have in housekeeping methods, yet with all they have a peculiar pleasure in dreaming of the "old times."

One can hardly help sympathizing with the store delivering boys, who are kept busy late at night, especially on Saturday, and with the thought of remedying this to some degree, the members of the Orangeville Institute have decided that they will do all their ordering from the store before six o'clock. We would commend this to other Institutes.

The Dish-Washing Machine

ALTHOUGH the dish-washing machine has not yet been introduced into the bosom of the family it is working successfully in restaurants, and nothing more interesting as a "sight" for a housekeeper could be thought of. Lately one of the staff of Woman at Work and at Play, of *The Globe* happened to find herself in the vicinity of a dish-washing machine, and immediately begged leave to pay it a visit.

One imagines a lot of intricate and delicate devices taking the place of a pair of human hands, and of the human capacity to rub and scrape. But nothing is simpler than the dish-washing machine in principle, and if anyone has misgivings about the absolute cleanliness of the dishes that have been through it they may be assured that the mechanical dish-washer can win easily against a large proportion of

in eliminating wiping altogether, and doing the washing by the basketful instead of by the single dish.

But alas, this twentieth century marvel rouses hope in the housewife only to dash it to the ground again. The chief difficulty perhaps appears in the necessity of having on hand a large quantity of strong, hot soap solution three times a day. Even were a hand machine prepared, which would drive the water through the basket with sufficient force, the thrifty housewife would probably demur at the wholesale sacrifice of soap. Secondly, that dish-washing machine would be such a luxury that the woman who needed it most would be the one who would never be able to buy it.

The two hours solid dish-washing after dinner, however, is a dark background against which the virtues of a possible dish-washing machine stand out in truly brilliant tints.

Worth Knowing

If a broom wears away in the front, as garden brooms are apt to do, take out the handle and cut it to fit so that the other side of the broom gets the wear. It will wear down evenly then.

If you want haricot beans, peas, or lentils for soup and have forgotten to put them to soak overnight, boil them for an hour with a small piece of soda, when they will be quite soft.

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A selected list of instruments, modern in design, perfect in appearance and finish; more than this, every one has been carefully examined and where necessary thoroughly reconstructed so that we can guarantee them the same as though they were absolutely new.

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Organs over \$50.00, \$10.00 cash and \$4.00 per month.
Pianos under \$250.00, \$10.00 cash and \$6.00 per month.
Pianos over \$250.00, \$15.00 cash and \$7.00 per month.
A discount of 10 per cent. for cash.

We ship anywhere in Canada on approval and agree to pay the return freight if not satisfactory.

In ordering, please send your second and third choices, in case the first should be sold before your order is received.

ORGANS

- Bell**—Small 5-octave organ, in walnut case, by the Bell Organ Co., Guelph. Case has small rail top with mirror. Has 8 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble and 1 set in the bass, octave coupler and 2 knee swells. Sale price..... **\$36**
- Bell**—A very handsome 5-octave organ by the Bell Co., Guelph, in walnut case with beautiful extended top containing mirror and music rack. Has 10 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble and 1 set in bass, octave coupler, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale price..... **\$45**
- Berlin**—6-octave piano case organ, by the Berlin Organ Co., Berlin, Ont., in walnut case of simple design. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. Sale price..... **\$69**
- Dominion**—A very handsome chapel organ by the Dominion Co., in solid walnut case with finished back. Has 17 stops, 4 sets of reeds in the treble, 3 sets in addition to sub-bass in the bass. Has lamp stands, automatic folding mouseproof pedal cover. Sale price..... **\$77**
- Thomas**—6-octave piano case organ, by the Thomas Organ Co., Woodstock, in handsome walnut case with full length music desk and marquetry panels, mirror rail top and lamp stands. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale price..... **\$79**
- Karn**—6-octave piano case organ, by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in walnut case with engraved panels and mirror rail top. Has 12 stops, 3 sets of reeds in treble and 2 in bass, octave couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale price..... **\$81**
- Dominion**—A very handsome piano case organ, by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville. Has 6 octaves, walnut case with carved panels and mirror rail top, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale price..... **\$83**
- Sherlock-Manning**—6-octave walnut piano case organ, by the Sherlock-Manning Co., London, finished with plain polished panels like a piano. Has 13 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals. Used less than a year. Sale price..... **\$87**

PIANOS

- Mendelssohn**—A handsome small upright piano, by the Mendelssohn Co., in rich mahogany case, with full length panels, trichord overstrung scale, 3 pedals, etc. This piano is rich and sweet in tone and stylish, though plain in appearance. Has been used less than a year. Manufacturers' price, \$2.75. Sale price **\$198**
- Evans**—A 71-3-octave upright piano, by Evans Bros., Ingersoll, in rich dark walnut case, Boston fall board, full length music desk, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. Has been very little used and is just like new. Manufacturers' price, \$3.75. Sale price **\$228**
- Williams**—A handsome cabinet grand upright piano, by the R. S. Williams Co., in richly figured walnut case, with carved panels, Boston fall board, double-repeating action, ivory and ebony keys. Manufacturers' price, \$4.50. Sale price **\$235**
- Mendelssohn**—A 71-3-octave upright piano, by the Mendelssohn Piano Co., in case of simple design in rich mahogany. Has full length plain polished panels and music desk, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Cannot be told from new. Manufacturers' price, \$340. Sale price..... **\$243**
- McMillan**—Cabinet-grand upright piano of our own make, in rich mahogany case of Florentine design, full length plain polished panels and music desk, Boston fall board, full iron frame with bushed tuning pins, 3 pedals and dulciphone or practice stop. A splendid piano. A regular \$375 style. Sale price **\$255**
- Nordheimer**—A 71-3-octave piano, by the Nordheimer Co., Toronto, in mahogany case with plain polished panels, Boston fall board, double-repeating action, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Has a good tone. Sale price.... **\$267**
- Gourlay**—A cabinet-grand upright piano of our own make in rich mahogany case, full length plain polished panels, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Has been used about 15 months, but in tone, action and appearance, is just like new. Sale price..... **\$305**
- Gourlay**—A 71-3-octave piano of our own make of elegant, Classic Grecian design of case in rich mahogany. This piano contains the new Grand scale that we use in any of our largest and most expensive instruments. The style is that of the most expensive piano on our regular list. The piano is in every respect as good as new. Sale price..... **\$328**

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The offer of 12 Pattern
Coupons appears for
the last time on page 48

BULBS

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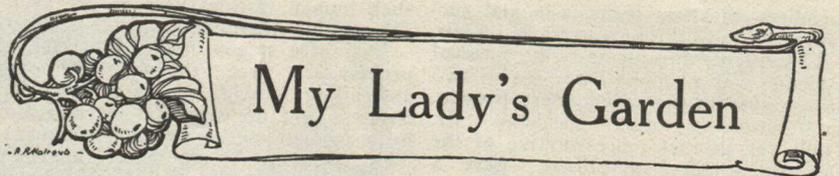
There is no season of the year when flowers are enjoyed more than in the Spring. Bulbs planted this Fall will flower almost as soon as the snow is gone. Planted in pots they can be flowered in the house during the winter.

Send to-day for our beautiful bulb catalogue, printed in colors. It gives a list of special offers.

Mention this paper and it will be sent free.

Dupuy & Ferguson

38 Jacques Cartier Square
MONTREAL, P. Q.



My Lady's Garden

THINGS TO DO NOW.—If you want to have flowers in the early spring remember that the bulbous ones have to be planted in the autumn and some of them, to do their best, must go in at once.

Here are a few hints on the subject.

Plant bulbs only when the soil is in a nice friable (i.e. crumbles in your hand when you squeeze it) state, and never when the soil is wet and sticky.

DEPTH TO PLANT.—Novices often plant too deeply and many bulbs are spoilt in this way (crocuses especially).

A good general rule to follow is to cover the bulb with soil once and a half, to twice its own depth, measuring the bulb from base to shoulder—thus a daffodil bulb measuring two inches (from base to shoulder) should be covered with from three to four inches of soil.

MANURE FOR BULBS.—No stable manure should come in contact with the bulb or decay will be apt to be the result. Use thoroughly well decayed horse manure such as that from a spent hot bed, or cow manure, and dig it in 15 to 18 inches deep if the bulbs are large so as not to come in contact with the bulbs, if the bulbs are small have 2 or 3 inches of soil between the base of the bulb and the manure. For light soils this is a good plan as the manure holds the moisture—particularly if it is from a cow stable—the latter should not be used on heavy soils for that very reason.

Bone meal is a fairly good manure and may be mixed with the soil, at the time of planting, at the rate of 1½ ounces to the square yard, or Basic Slag may be used the same way, using 7½ ounces to the square yard. With either of these, Sulphate of Potash at the rate of ¾ of an ounce to the square yard should be sprinkled on the surface of the ground after planting.

A little sharp sand (such as you get at the lake shore) placed at the base of each bulb and sprinkled round and over it, as you cover it up, is almost an essential in heavy soils (as it helps water to get away) and is beneficial in all cases, and a fair amount as well should be worked into the soil throughout, if it is of a clayey nature.

BULB NOTES—LILIES.—Every one should have some of the lovely White Madonna Lily (*L. candidum*). See a good clump of them in bloom by moonlight on a warm June night, when the air is full of their fragrance, and you will feel like doing homage to their virginal purity and beauty. Unfortunately it is difficult nowadays to procure bulbs entirely free from the "Lily disease"; so be sure and dust flour of Sulphur thoroughly into the bulbs before planting. They like a rich well drained soil, (preferable of sand) in a sheltered spot, but not too shady. Do not delay in getting them in. August is really the best time for planting them as then they are quite dormant. A little later, they start growth again and the leaves that come then remain all winter and until the spring starts a more vigorous growth to take their places. Place pure sharp sand for the bulb to rest on and pour it round the bulb as you fill up the hole so that the sand protects the bulb from the soil to a great extent—this applies to all lilies.

The soil immediately surrounding the bulbs should not contain manure and do not put any very near unless thoroughly decomposed. Once you are the lucky possessor of a thriving colony of them do not disturb them on any account as they rebel against it. If your friends insist on having some from you, resign yourself to your fate but only to the extent of buying a supply for them, and leave your own in peace. There is no other lily that requires such early planting. In fact it is almost impossible to get the bulbs of other kinds early, as they are not dormant enough to lift until fairly cold weather comes.

Canadian gardeners confine themselves almost exclusively to the Japanese Lilies, such as the Auratum and Speciosum varieties. While these are undoubtedly the most beautiful type, they require a certain amount of care and coddling and for the herbaceous border do not seem so suitable as hardier

varieties like the old fashioned Liliun crocum (a good clump of which is by no means to be despised) and *L. tigrinum* (Tiger Lily). The Umbellatum (*syn davaricum*) group are also very hardy and showy. *L. umbellatum* incomparable is probably the best and is a good rich scarlet orange with large cup shaped (i.e. upright standing) flowers, about two feet high. *L. elegans* and its varieties are much the same; only, being smaller in every way, they are not as effective. Two of our own wild lilies are very fine border plants—*L. superbum* (the Turk's cap) and *L. canadense*, the former with petals that curve back strongly, the latter with graceful pendant flowers, both are scarlet orange in color—they can be bought at any seedsman's quite cheaply. The White Martagon Lily (*L. martagon album*) and the Scarlet Martagon (*L. chalcedonicum*) are two gems and quite hardy—the scarlet one being almost the color of sealing wax. Both carry large heads of small flowers with strong revolute petals like those of the Turk's cap. The common Martagon though not a bright color is still well worth having, those I have seen being a sort of art shade of soft dull Amethyst. *L. hansonii* called the "Yellow Martagon" is a magnificent lily, from three to four feet high, with large umbels of waxlike golden yellow flowers with crimson dots. Mr. Macoun reports that it is hardy at Ottawa. It likes a sandy loam and somewhat shady situation, and is a robust easily grown lily. I saw some very fine specimens of it at Kew last June and quite fell in love with it. Another beautiful scarlet lily of Turk's cap form is *L. pomponium*. Though perhaps not perfectly hardy, it will generally last two or three years and as it is not expensive it is well worth trying. There is very little if any difference between its flowers and those of *L. chalcedonicum*. Still another of the same shape and vivid coloring, only considerably smaller, is the graceful little *L. tenuifolium* from Siberia. So far, I have not succeeded in getting this lily thoroughly established. It seems to die out in a few years time although it is a native of Siberia and therefore should be reliably hardy with us—perhaps it is a lack of something in the soil which weakens it. If anyone has succeeded in naturalizing it thoroughly I wish they would give this column the benefit of their experience. Of quite a different type is *L. brownii*, which is also reported from Ottawa as being hardy. It is a handsome lily, has large trumpet like flowers, pure white inside, and reddish brown outside, it is a stem rooting lily and requires deep planting in a somewhat shady spot, and it likes a peat soil.

The crocus is a bulb (or properly speaking a corm) that should be planted early—September is the best time. Get only the mammoth or giant flowering varieties and do not plant them too deeply—one inch of soil over them is quite enough. Plant *Scilla Sibirica* (the *S. squill*) by the hundred, or the thousand if you can afford it, and you will not regret when spring arrives. The bulbs are very reasonable in price and the blue of the scilla is one of the purest in the whole realm of flowers. You can make a beautiful border by planting them thickly close to the edge of a bed. They are most accommodating as regards treatment. I cover mine about four inches deep or more, then annuals, such as Candytuft or Sweet Alyssum can be sown amongst them, to keep up a succession of bloom, without interfering with the bulbs.

There is a white form of *S. sibirica* which is a very pretty little thing, identical with the type in every other respect, but it is more expensive and not so effective as the blue.

Scilla Nutans is quite a different kind of flower and is the "Wild Hyacinth" or "Bluebell" of the English woods in spring. The growth is very similar, only much larger, to the Roman Hyacinth which the florists force in such large quantities in the winter for cut flowers and which is not hardy enough to be grown out of doors. But *Scilla Nutans* and its varieties have proved perfectly hardy for the last four winters in Toronto and so have the very similar type, *Scilla Campanulata* (*syn hispanica*) and its varieties, and they are all well worth growing, being much

more graceful, carrying more spikes of flowers, and proving much hardier than the ordinary Hyacinth, which always deteriorates after the first year, though it certainly comes in more brilliant shades of crimson and pink. However, the colors of these Scillas are by no means to be despised. There is a beautiful rose, a pale pink, and several lovely shades of mauve and blue and the whites are especially fine and very lovely. In England these Scillas are used freely—planted in clumps here and there, in the herbaceous border with charming effect. The bulbs are quite large and require deep planting—say six inches. A great advantage about them is that they will do very well in shady spots (if given good soil) as well as in the open border. The English Nurseryman catalogue the named varieties which are greatly to be preferred to the types—I am afraid our Canadian seedsmen do not list them, they are slow to carry a stock of anything they are not certain to sell but if they were only enterprising enough to grow them themselves they could soon teach the people their value and beauty.

Snowdrops, if planted very close together, soon become naturalized and will in time produce good clumps—isolated blossoms are so small that they do not amount to anything but a well established clump of them about a foot in diameter makes a showy mass of white before anything else is in bloom. The double ones last longer than the single, but plant both and have a clump of each, using the ordinary double one (*Galanthus Nivalis* fl.pl.) and the variety catalogued as *G. elwesii* (the Giant Snowdrop) in preference to the ordinary single one—it is twice the size. A hundred to a clump, planted half an inch apart, will give immediate results that will be pleasing. If put in a warm sunny position they will begin to bloom early in March. Another pretty thing is the *Puschkinia libanotica*, or Lebanon squill. It is quite reasonable in price, perfectly hardy and blooms very early. The flower is so pale a blue that it is almost white, but being veined with a deeper blue gives it the appearance of being blue throughout. Do not forget the "Muscari or Grape Hyacinths" (called sometimes Starch Plants). The variety catalogued as *Muscari azureum* and its larger form—*M. A. rostratum*—is the first to bloom—its spikes of flowers if the lovely soft shade known as "Cambridge blue" begin to push their way upwards as soon as spring makes her delightful presence known as if they could not bear to lose one of the precious moments. They are over before the later varieties appear on the scene, but the one catalogued as "Heavenly Blue" makes up for its more tardy appearance by its superior lasting qualities, the size of its spike and its rich blue color. It is the queen of Grape Hyacinths and a mass of them (of say 50 bulbs) is very effective and will quite astonish those who only know the old fashioned varieties. There is a little white one known as "Pearls of Spain"—*M. botryoides album*—which is pretty, and *M. B. candidum*, white tinged rose, and *M. B. pallidum* a lovely soft lavender, are both charming but are between \$1.25 and \$1.75 a dozen, so are too expensive for ordinary mortals as one would need at least 25 of each to make a good clump.

The *Chionodoxas* are another very attractive family with blue flowers and the common name "Glory of the Snows" is not exactly misapplied, for they hasten to play their part in honor of spring's coming if they are not always present when winter says goodbye. The best known and most commonly grown variety is *C. luciliae*, but I prefer *C. sardenses*, a deep gentian blue, and *C. gigantea* (syn *C. grandiflora*) with very large flowers of lavender blue. The little *Bulbocodium vernum* gives variety in color amongst the very early things, being a bright rose purple or magenta. It is about six inches high easily grown and quite hardy. The Spring Snowflake (*Leucojum vernum*) is not as much grown as it deserves to be as it is very early, of very graceful growth—having pendant flowers like of a Snowdrop only larger—and much longer stems (six to eight inches long) making it quite useful for cutting, added to its other virtues. It has a delicate fragrance.

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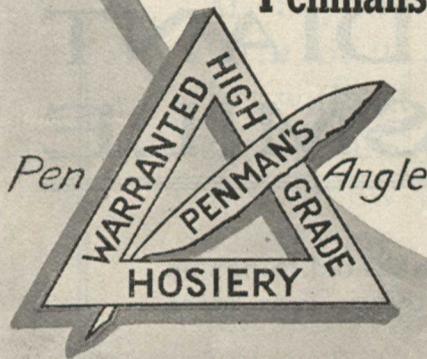
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A Bit of Attic Philosophy

Continued from page 12

This was not so easy. And for the third part, each was to name and describe his favorite heroine, giving a brief account of the incidents connected with her. Finally, the slips were signed, and handed in for examination.

While they were being examined there was a vocal Dickens' duet—"What are the Wild Waves Saying?" adapted from "Dombey and Son." This was rendered by two of the Philosophers, Herman Smith taking the part of "Paul", and Helen Blair that of "Florence."

After some delay, the winner was announced—none other than the young minister aforementioned. The prize was a copy of a "Tale of Two Cities."

After this there were games in which all who wished joined, while others looked on. There were Dickens charades and Dickens tableaux, and other games with all of which in some curious way Dickens was connected. And presently a curtain was drawn back in one corner revealing a Dickens Booth.

"Come and buy a souvenir of Dickens." "Your choice for ten cents." "None allowed to leave without a souvenir." So said the placards above. There were some really artistic book-marks, with a quotation and a pen-and-ink sketch of Dickens himself: Dickens book covers made in silk or linen; Dickens calendars, and Dickens paper-weights, and many other Dickens things.

At half-past ten supper was announced. This was to be served downstairs in the Robinson dining-room. "The fee for supper is ten cents, and there are ten items on the menu," explained Harvey.

At the foot of the attic stairs stood a girl philosopher with a little money-basket and a pile of daintily printed cards. There was nothing to do but pay the price, evidently!

The menu cards were headed: "A Dickens supper—"Piping Hot."

The first dish was Baked Potatoes. ("There was a boy by the extraordinary name of Mealy Potatoes.") Under Pickles came the inscription: "Try the cucumbers, Betsey Prig." Under Coffee: "Half-a-pint of ready-made coffee." Every dish had a quotation to match.

When supper was over, and before anyone had risen to leave, Harvey Lewis once more rose in his place at the end of the table to give a final word. After having thanked everyone for being present, he said that it had first been thought best by the members of the club to keep the object of the evening's entertainment secret, but they had now decided differently. Then briefly he mentioned what already all knew. The story of Herb Wilcox's accident, and stated that the club had taken this way of raising enough money to buy a wheelchair. If those present had really given the money, the Philosophers themselves had given the supper, their time, and their talents. "And I am sure you will admit that it was a fair exchange, and therefore, no robbery," he concluded.

After the applause had subsided, he added: "There is now nothing more this evening save the going home. As your invitations hinted, there will be a small exit fee. This will be collected in the vestibule. Kindly go out slowly—one at a time, please."

"Almost as bad as going in to have one's fortune told," said one. But it was really quite simple after all. For Harvey merely asked: "How many of Dickens' books have you read?" One hurriedly counted up—then paid one cent for each of those one hadn't! Some few escaped free. The most had ten or twelve cents to pay.

When the weary Philosophers counted up their gains shortly after midnight, they joyfully discovered that the evening had netted them twenty-five dollars and seventy-eight cents. "More than enough to buy a splendid chair," said Rosalind, "one of the kind that Herb can go about in by himself."

And so it did. But how the Philosophers presented it to him, and how Herb, though always a cripple, still managed to finish his college course and afterwards became a successful lawyer, these are other stories and would take long in the telling.

But Herb always insisted that all his after success was due to the loving help and encouragement given him at a trying time in his life, "by a bunch of Attic Philosophers, whose philosophy happened to be a little deeper and a little more practical than the philosophy in books."



La Tristesse

Continued from page 13

"There is a kind priest at Terminaison," said Maxine, hot and fierce, his blue eyes on her grey ones that were no longer cold.

"Felice laughed still. It seemed as if she could not stop laughing for very happiness, but her beautiful creamy cheeks showed no blush. 'As you like,' she answered; 'we will go to the cure if it pleases you. But if you go, I go also. I am as faithful as La Tristesse.'

"Come, then," said Maxime. And that was all. They forgot the people who were watching them, awed and silent before this strange divine thing shown forth in their midst. Maxime never even looked back at his little cabin, and Felice never looked from his face. They moved away down the road together, hand in hand, into the great golden sunset, and Sorrow following them, leaping and frisking. That was absolutely all, and it was over in five minutes. But think of the wonder of it,—a flower of Greece in her golden days, a vision of Italy, a dream of ancient France, there suddenly showing forth for all men to see.

"They went unmolested down the lonely road. Once Felice shook her slim arms above her head as if in a very ecstasy of joy. Once Sorrow jumped up to lick her hand.

"Yes, they went, and were hidden in the golden mist of the sunset, and were gone. Nor did I ever hear of them or see them again,—Maxime, with his blue eyes, his gentle hands, his long lazy body, his rags and tatters; Sorrow, black and faithful as her namesake; Felice, beautiful as the ever-youthful Artemis. Nor can it be said that I saw them go. For I was down on my face, crying so that the tears made little grey runnels in the dust in the road,—crying for the loss of the most beautiful thing I had ever known."



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Women's Press Club

Continued from page 37

It was just then that my father discovered through my piano teacher that I possessed a soprano voice which appeared to justify cultivation, so he put me under Max Maretzek, the famous operatic impresario, to study for opera. While Mr. Maretzek was one of the finest musical directors imaginable and a clever composer, he was scarcely the right person to take an untrained voice and bring it out properly. He gave me exercises, but devoted his time chiefly to coaching me in various prima donna roles in such light operas as "The Chimes of Normandy," "Patience," "The Mascotte," "Olivette" and others of that type popular then. An operatic manager heard me sing one day at Maretzek's and promptly engaged me, so I made my debut in comic opera as "Fiametta" in "The Mascot" in the company in which Signor Tagliapietra, then a very famous baritone, was the star. By the way, he was the husband of Teresa Carreno, one of the world's greatest pianists. I was only seventeen at the time of my comic opera debut. The next season I was promoted to leading roles and for several seasons appeared in comic opera exclusively.

My first appearance in musical comedy was as the star of "The Bunch of Keys," when I played the role of the hoyden, "Teddy." In this and other similar plays I appeared for several seasons, touring both the United States and Canada.

In New York I had the pleasure of playing "Lady Angela" in "Patience," at the old Standard Theatre in a cast which included J. H. Ryley, James Barton, Fred. Frear, Marie Jansen and Helen Lowell. The latter lady is now a well-known character actress. She created the role of "Miss Hazy" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and is now scoring heavily as "Lizzie Roberts" with Cyril Scott in "The Lottery Man," one of New York's big hits last season. I also played "Talmea" with Henry Dixey during a portion of his long run in "Adonis" at the Bijou Theatre, New York; and later appeared in opposite roles to Lillian Russell at the Boston Museum.

Hard work, the wear and tear of travelling and singing through colds wore on my voice and it became unreliable, so I decided to quit the stage. During my comic opera days I had frequently written verses for the comedians of my company for their topical songs, and this ability stood me in good stead when my voice failed, for I did song and sketch writing. M. Witmark & Sons, music publishers of New York City, engaged me to Americanize their English comic and topical songs, and published a number of songs which I wrote with Maurice Levy, now the well known band-master and composer, and others.

From song-writing I drifted into newspaper work and for twelve years or more have been press agent for the Winnipeg Theatre, and the Walker Theatre, Winnipeg, owned by my husband, Mr. C. P. Walker, having complete charge of all the advance press work, also writing dramatic and musical criticisms. I have also for ten years contributed "The Matinee Girl" letter to the Winnipeg "Town Topic," a paper devoted to Society and Music and the Drama.

I have literary ambitions—that is, like most people who are or have been connected with the stage, I have the play-writing bee in my bonnet—but whether I will ever have the stick-to-it-iveness and the ability to carry these ambitions to a successful conclusion remains to be seen.

My career is by no means a record-breaker in the way of actual accomplishment or fame. Indeed, the greatest honor that has come to me in it is the office of Honorary President of the Canadian Women's Press Club; and this honor, as you can realize, has been conferred by my sisters of the pen, more through their good feeling for my work as Corresponding Secretary during the four years they saw fit to keep me in that office, than for my literary achievements.

Editor's Note.

All contributions for this department should be addressed to Mrs. Fairbairn, 18 King Street west, Toronto, or to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

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COUPON

Please find enclosed one dollar for one year's subscription to Canadian Home Journal, for which I am to receive, in addition to one year's subscription to the magazine, 12 pattern coupons free.

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Varied Items

THE following method of cleaning a clock is simple and inexpensive: take a bit of ordinary cotton-wool about the size of an egg, pour about a teaspoonful of oil on the wool, and, after placing it inside the clock, wait three or four days. If the clock is in working order so much the better. Your clock will, if going, strike, as of old, and at the end of the specified time, if the wool is examined, it will be found black with dust. The explanation is that the fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, leaving the clock quite clean.

Put beef into a basin while hot, then another basin end on beef with a weight in it to press. Then melt one ounce of gelatine in a pint of hot water, add one dessertspoonful of browning, and when nearly solid rinse a cake tin in cold water, and let the gelatine run round it. Then put in the beef, and pour the remainder of the gelatine over, letting it run round the sides. When cold, it is very nice for supper with a salad, and is quite easy to do.

Mix a little vinegar and the same quantity of paraffin oil together. Damp a cloth with this, and rub your furniture, then polish with a soft duster. This not only gives a good polish, but removes all dirt as well.

Dissolve a small piece of common soda in vinegar, and mix it with black-lead. You will in this way get a brilliant and lasting polish, especially for firebars, and it does not burn off easily.

Bronze ornaments are easily cleaned by means of paste made of chicory and water. Spread the paste over the bronze, and rub it well over the surface with a stiff brush, and leave it to dry on. Then rinse it off with running water, and dry the article in the sunshine.

Should a hot dish have been placed on a highly polished table so that a white mark is the result, a little salad oil and salt should be procured without delay. These must be spread over the place and left for an hour or two, after which the stain should have disappeared. Raw salad or linseed oil, besides, rubbed into the grain of the wood gives it an appearance of age.

Making the Bed

A LOOSE, sagging, unevenly made bed will make any bedroom look slovenly and unattractive, regardless of beautiful furniture which may adorn it.

To secure the neat and restful look so important in the general appearance of the bedroom, the first thing needed is a well made bed.

The matter of properly making a bed seems in some homes to be a lost art, and yet it is not at all difficult to acquire.

In the morning the clothes should be removed from the bed one article at a time, taking care that the ends do not drag on the floor, and placed on two chairs near a sunny open window for airing.

The pillows should be placed where they will be in a direct draught of air, but in summer time out of the sun's direct rays, as this will prevent the sun drawing out the oil from the feathers, which oft-times causes an unpleasant odor when the pillows are used directly afterward.

The mattress should be turned over two or three times a week, from top to bottom, letting it rest on the foot of the bed to air.

After the mattress is sufficiently aired, put it in position, cover it with a sheet, leaving sufficient of the sheet to tuck in at the head. Be very particular to have it perfectly straight; it should be tucked in on the sides well under the mattress and the corners turned squarely.

Put on the top sheet in the same general way as the bottom sheet, but

with the hem wrong side up, in order that the right side may be uppermost when the sheet is turned down over the blankets.

Allow the upper end of the sheet to come to the edge of the mattress, leaving sufficient to tuck in at the bottom, just as the under sheet was tucked in at the top.

At the bottom fold it back under itself about six inches along the edge of the mattress.

The blankets, like the sheets, should be pulled tightly before being tucked in, the good appearance of the bed depending very largely upon its tautness.

Place the upper edge of the spread on line with the edge of the mattress and tuck it carefully and evenly under the mattress at the bottom, fold the corners as square, and as much like an envelope as possible, allowing the sides to hang.

Shake the pillows, pushing the feathers towards the centre; press them on a table with the forearms until they are perfectly flat and push the corners well into the corners of the pillow case and then place as straight as possible on the bed.

The Ideal Bedroom

THE ideal bedroom is one that is arranged only for sleeping and resting hours, with connecting bath and dressing room, and a separate room for working and leisure moments.

A bedroom used exclusively as a sleeping room should be treated in a very simple style.

The woodwork may be painted white or some pale shade. Muslin curtains have the advantage of being easily laundered and presenting a continual appearance of freshness. To prevent the accumulation of dust it is better to leave the floor uncarpeted, and lay small mats beside the bed, bureau and doorway.

The new washable cotton rugs, made in the old rag style, but in more artistic coloring, are excellent for the bedroom.

Iron or brass bedsteads are the best and cleanest for all bedrooms, yet elaborate bedsteads of handsome wood are liked by many.

Many people prefer single beds, therefore two pretty iron ones are often to be found in a room, instead of a large one.

A large supply of bed linen should always be in every house. Three pairs of sheets and three pillow cases should be allowed for every single bed; however, five pairs of sheets may be made to supply three beds.

Three or four blankets and a coverlet should be allowed for every bed in winter, and if very cold a spare one or two should be kept aired and handy.

In buying sheets allow plenty of width and length; seventy-two inches for single beds, ninety inches for double beds and from two to three and a half yards in length before hemming.

It is only by having the proper kind and enough of bed linen that a bed can be made to look well made, neat and restful.

Bits of Advise

IT is a great mistake to buy very cheap chintzes for chair covers; they are dear in the end, for they soon crush and soil, and do not clean well. It is far better to pay a little more a yard.

If you have a carpet in fairly good condition, but faded, the best thing to do with it is to have it dyed. It will look like new again.

When you are boiling rice, take care not to throw away the water. Strain it into a bowl and you will find it makes a most excellent starch. The starch can be used either hot or cold. Two or three drops of turpentine are an improvement.



CULINARY CONCEITS

E. G. BARNES

Three Good Soup Recipes

FISH CHOWDERS.—Take six slices of pickled pork, and fry in a good sized dinner pot, turning the slices until they are brown on both sides. Take out the slices, leaving the drippings in the pot. Take seven pounds of preferred fish and cut into two-inch pieces. Place in pot on drippings as many pieces of fish as will cover the bottom of the pot. Sprinkle over the fish three handfuls of onions, peeled and cut into thin slices. Salt and pepper to taste. Lay on the six slices of pork and the rest of the fish, cover with three more handfuls of onion, then pour on enough water to cover it. Cover the pot and place it on the fire. Let boil slowly thirty minutes, or until the onions are done. Then pour in one quart of cider, and one tumblerful of port wine, at the same time adding two pounds of sea biscuit which has been soaked for a few minutes in water. Stir the whole with a long spoon, then boil steadily for five minutes, when the chowder is ready for the table. Do not boil potatoes in the chowder. If you want potatoes, boil them in a separate pot and serve in a separate dish.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.—Take the roots and tops of one-half head of celery, wash and boil with a small onion in one pint of water for twenty minutes. Put through a sieve. To this liquor add one quart of milk, a dash of cayenne pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Bring to a boil and thicken with a tablespoonful of corn starch. Beat one-half cup of cream till stiff, and turn soup on it.

CREAM OF CARROT SOUP.—Wash and scrub three medium sized carrots, slice them thinly. Place in a saucepan with one cup of water, one tablespoonful of butter, one slice of onion, and a small bay leaf. Cover closely and let simmer until tender. Rub through a strainer, reserving the water in which the carrots were cooked. Add the strained carrots and the hot water together. Return it to the fire. When thick, add one cup of hot water; put one and one-half tablespoonful of butter into a small pan. When hot, add the same amount of flour and stir until smooth. Add this to the carrot mixture, stirring constantly until thickened. Add to this one tablespoonful of salt, one cup of hot milk, and one-half cup of cream. Milk may be used entirely, but the soup is made richer by the addition of the cream.

Rice Variations

RICE BALLS.—To one pint of hot boiled rice add a large cupful of finely minced chicken, a well beaten egg, salt, and pepper to taste, and sufficient cream sauce to moisten it slightly. Mix together and set aside until cold. Form into small balls, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry in deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper and serve at once.

RICE AND CHEESE BALLS.—Add half a cupful of hard grated cheese to a pint of boiled rice, season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Add a well beaten egg and moisten with cream sauce. Form into small balls, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry in deep fat.

RICE WAFFLES.—Soften a cup of boiled rice with the yolks of three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Alternately add two cupfuls of milk and one and one-half of flour, into which a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed, and lastly add the beaten whites. The waffles are baked quickly over a good fire in an iron thoroughly heated. Dust with powdered sugar and serve at once with maple sugar or with jelly.

RICE WITH MUTTON.—Line a buttered baking dish with a wall of rice an inch in thickness. Fill the center with cold roast or boiled mutton, chopped small, and freed from bone and gristle. Sea-

son to taste. Add a little onion juice and moisten with gravy. Cover with a layer of rice and bake, covered, in a moderate oven for half an hour. Then remove to the cover, spread lightly with melted butter and let stay in the oven until delicately browned. Serve hot with a tomato sauce. Chicken or veal may be used instead of the mutton.

Tried Recipes

SMALL POTATOES.—Here is a hint which may be of some use when potatoes are small and a bother to peel. Take some very salty water and boil the potatoes in the skins until cooked. Remove the skin and shake round while hot in butter until well coated and bake in a dish in the oven until nicely browned. This is much preferable than to waste the small spuds.

CANTERBURY PUDDING.—Melt two ounces of butter in a basin, then stir into it gradually two well-beaten eggs, adding two ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, and a little grated lemon-rind; at the last moment stir a pinch of baking powder. Butter some cups, half-fill them with the mixture, put into a well-heated oven immediately, and bake twenty minutes. The baking powder should cause them to rise. Serve on a dish with wine sauce or lemon syrup poured round.

BANANA PIE.—Make a custard from the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, and a half-teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat well and add one coffee cup of milk. Bake in one crust and when done slice two bananas thin over the top. Cover with the beaten whites of two eggs, and serve fresh.

A QUICKLY PREPARED SUPPER DISH.—Melt in the oven a quarter of a pound of cheese, a small piece of butter, with a tablespoonful of milk, and pepper to taste. While the cheese is melting, toast two slices of bread and poach two eggs. Butter the toast; when in a thick cream, pour the melted cheese over it and place an egg on each slice. Serve very hot.

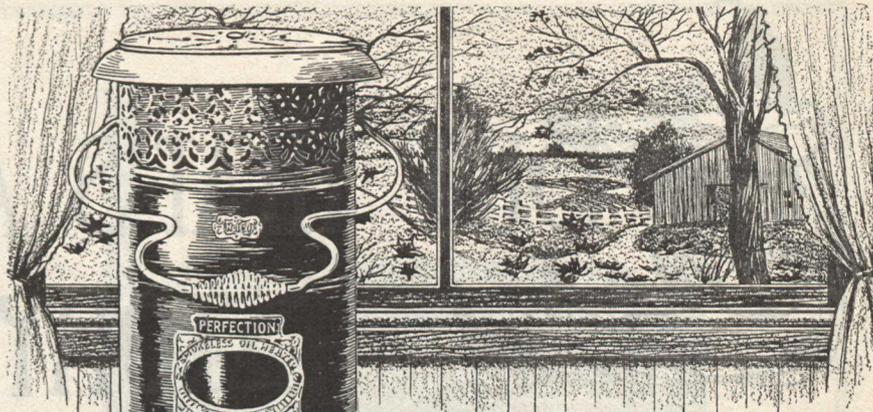
LADY MARGARET PUDDING.—Eight ounces of flour, four ounces of lard, four ounces of castor sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, four drops of lemon essence. Rub lard and flour together, add baking powder, mix with egg and lemon essence. If not stiff enough, add a little milk. Grease a basin, put a layer of jam at the bottom, fill with mixture. Steam for two hours.

SIX-CUP PUDDING.—One breakfast-cupful each of flour, suet, breadcrumbs, currants, castor sugar, and milk, two ounces of candied peel, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little nutmeg. Chop the suet finely, mix with the other dry ingredients, stir the soda into the milk, and beat the whole mixture thoroughly. Pour into a well-buttered mould, cover with buttered paper, and steam three hours.

BEEF SALAD.—This is quite elaborate and very good. Chop the cooked beets a little and arrange on lettuce or watercress, if you have it. Cover with half a cup of stoned olives cut into good-sized pieces, and put a spoonful of stiff mayonnaise on each portion; sprinkle all with either capers or chopped hard-boiled egg.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Chop any cold cooked macaroni, and to two cupfuls of this add half a cup of finely minced boiled ham; wet with stiff white sauce and make into croquettes; bread and fry as usual; serve with a white sauce highly flavored with cheese or with tomato sauce.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Desserts are really the most difficult left-overs to use up, but even those can be dealt with satisfactorily with a little care. When one has stale cake it can be made into pineapple pudding. Butter a baking-dish and line it with stale cake; take a large cup of preserved pineapple and put it in with more cake, in layers, with cake on top; pour over this a cup of cold water; cover with a plate and bake slowly for two hours; serve with sauce.



The Country Home in Early Fall

The quickly obtainable heat that the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater gives is nowhere more gratifying than in the home

in the country after an overnight drop in the mercury. There is no need to start a furnace or stove, as very likely the next day will be warm.

Thousands of housekeepers know what to do. They just get out their Perfection Oil Heater, strike a match, and in a few minutes they have raised the temperature of the dining room or living room to just the degree of warmth they desire.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely Smokeless and Odorless

This heater has an **automatic locking flame-spreader**, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for reworking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in japan or nickel, strong and durable, well made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Queen City Oil Company, Ltd.
or the Imperial Oil Company, Limited

Just think, for One Dollar, you can secure Twelve Patterns FREE, and The Canadian Home Journal for One Year. Read offer on page 48.



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



The Secret.

A CERTAIN family is convinced that its eight-year-old hopeful is destined to become a great scientist. He has already begun to see the connection between cause and effect.

Not long ago this youngster was looking at a drop of water through a microscope. Here, there, and everywhere were darting animalculae.

"Now I know," announced the child to the family, "what sings when the kettle boils. It's those little bugs."

* * *

No Punishment.

SHE was about ten years old, and apparently very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign which, being interpreted, read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother had led her to the operating-chair and smoothed back her tousled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in her eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now, Edith, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist again."

* * *

According.

MISTRESS (to prospective servant): "And what wages have you been getting?"

Servant: "Well, you see, ma'am, wages vary according to what you do."

Mistress: "You mean that the more you do, the more wages you would expect?"

Servant: "Oh, no, ma'am. That's what you might think, ma'am, but my brother is a student of political economy and he says it's just the other way: the more you do, the less you get."

* * *

walking up to the ticket-taker he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said: "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."

* * *

The Whereabouts.

IT is taking some time for the flood of stories anent the discovery of the North Pole to sweep past. Along comes this belated one from old Kentucky:

The owner of a plantation said to a favorite darcy:

"Mose, they've discovered the North Pole."

"Deed!" exclaimed the old negro. "Where at?"

* * *

Euphemistic.

THE negro on occasion displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best whitewasher in town?" enquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'n'd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well tell him to come down and whitewash my chicken house to-morrow."

"Ah don't believe, sah, Ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a pow'ful good whitewasher, sah, but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah; mighty queer."—*Human Life.*

* * *

His Preference.

Wheat has a beard.
Grapes have skin.

—*Life.*

* * *

Same as Most of Them.

THE office boy was wearing for the first time his new long trousers, and he was really feeling politely inclined to everybody. So, when a fair artist called to inquire about some sketches, he rose and, with a fine bow, said:

"The editor is much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets that he is unable to use them."

"Did he really say that?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, not exactly. I'm very sorry,

ma'am, but what he really said was, 'Take 'em away, Joe; they make me sick.'"

* * *

Saskatoon.

By CY WARMAN.

There's a town that's coming strong,
Saskatoon,
And it's coming right along—
Coming soon;
There, the summer winds are low,
Where the summer roses blow;
You can stand and see it grow—
Saskatoon.

In a valley, O, so fair,
Saskatoon,
(See the railways will be there,
Very soon);
Sunny skies and fields of gold,
Land you'd like to have and hold,
Place to have your fortune told,
Saskatoon.

Pearl, then, of a Promised Land,
Saskatoon,
Shimmering, chinook-wind-formed,
Saskatoon,
Fairest land from sea to sea,
Land of opportunity,
"One best bet," take that from me,
Saskatoon.

—*Canada Monthly.*

* * *

An Awkward Situation.

A TRAINED ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra.

The widely-advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen.—Hi ham very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our hengagement until the management henges a new horchestra leader.

"The one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is head, and my bird takes it for a hegg."—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

* * *

The Consoler.

A N exchange recounts the following conversation between a minister and a man whose wife was buried that day.

"My brother," said the preacher, "I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one,

who has been your companion and partner in life, I will console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved husband replied by asking as he gazed into the minister's face:

"What's her name?"

* * *

A Simple Request.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a boy again, just for to-night.
Give me a go at the food that they fry,
Let me make bold with a green apple pie,

Then let me sink to my innocent rest,
Free from all care as to what I digest;
Confident, even in moments of pain,
That mustard or ginger will soothe me again.

Fain would I seek with a juvenile zest
The cupboard instead of the medicine chest;

And drink from the spring where the germs roam at will,
Instead of from crystal, drafts foaming or still.

Give me not wealth nor the badge of the proud,
Nor a place on the platform, high over the crowd.

But give me, oh, give me my old appetite—

Make me a boy again just for to-night!
—*Washington Star.*

* * *

Trouble.

"DO you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

An Obliging Maid.

"IS Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster, as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

"She is that," responded Celia Leahy, three weeks over from Ireland, and a most willing handmaiden. "Will yez step in, sorr?"

"I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she is not engaged," said the neighbor.

Celia flung wide the door and waved him in.

"If she has wan, he's neglectin' her shameful," she said, in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks to-morrow since I came here, and he's not put his foot over the t'reshold in all that toime! Sure, 'tis your chanst."—*The Youth's Companion.*

* * *

She Knew the Dressmaker.

MR. and Mrs. Eebeesee were about to start for the matinee.

A comely young woman came out of her apartment on the second floor and preceded them down the stairway.

"If you are going out, Miss Brytiez," they suggested, "you'd better take an umbrella. It looks like rain."

"O, I'm only going to the dressmaker's," she said.

"But isn't it possible to get wet even when going to the dressmaker's?"

"Yes, indeed; I expect to get soaked."—*Chicago Record Herald.*

YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH

When you are tempted to buy "bargain" underwear—three fourths cotton—for your children, think of your anxiety when this mistaken economy results in a severe cold, perhaps pneumonia.

JAEGER'S Pure Wool Underwear

is the best protection against our variable weather conditions. It is the truest economy to secure it, for it will save you many a doctor's bill.

Be sure it is **JAEGER**



DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woollen System Co., Limited,

231 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
316 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal.
Steele Block, Portage Ave. Winnipeg.

They're all right to fetch and to carry,
For that's what they're made for, I think;

But daddies have no place to snuggle—
Their arms are not fashioned quite right—

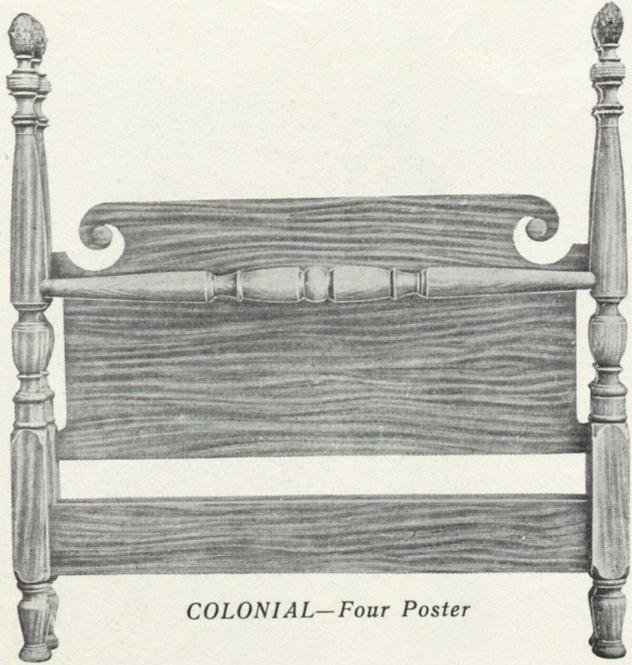
The Sand Man won't come at their bidding;

Wee kiddies wants mudders at night.
—Hubert McBean Johnston, in *Canada Monthly.*

* * *

Wasn't That Slick?

THE usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then



COLONIAL—Four Poster



COLONIAL—Four Poster

ANOTHER REASON WHY OUR WOOD BEDS ARE MORE POPULAR THAN EVER

THE NEW ENGLAND DECORATOR SAYS:—A Boudoir or Bed Chamber should harmonize in its decorations and furnishings. This is practically impossible, where anything but a bed which is made to harmonize with the rest of the furniture is used.

Where a room is furnished, and decorated after a certain style, or Period, it is essential that the bed should also do its duty in carrying out that period, and present itself as a cosy and comfortable furnishing, rather than the appearance so characteristic of the brass bed. NOTE THE ABOVE.

How often do we see rooms beautifully decorated, and furnished, then completely spoiled in appearance by our intruder the Brass Bed! It is therefore pleasing to note



LOUIS XVI

that the oldest piece of furniture, the piece of furniture with a history, and at one time the envy of our master designers, is again increasing in popularity.

THE BETTER MAKE CANADIAN QUALITY BEDS represent the best there is in Furniture. Each bed is an old reproduction reproduced carefully, under our own supervision, after the period it represents, and harmonizes perfectly with the rest of its respective suite. It is perfect, and costs you no more than a sham, or an imperfection, and you are guaranteed by our shop-mark illustrated below, the best to be had of everything that goes into the production of that particular piece of furniture.

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE YOUR ENQUIRIES

Toronto Furniture Manufacturing Company

LIMITED

TORONTO

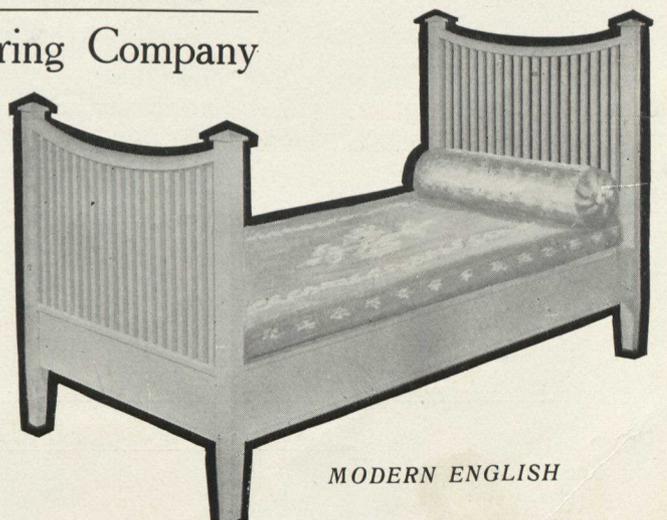
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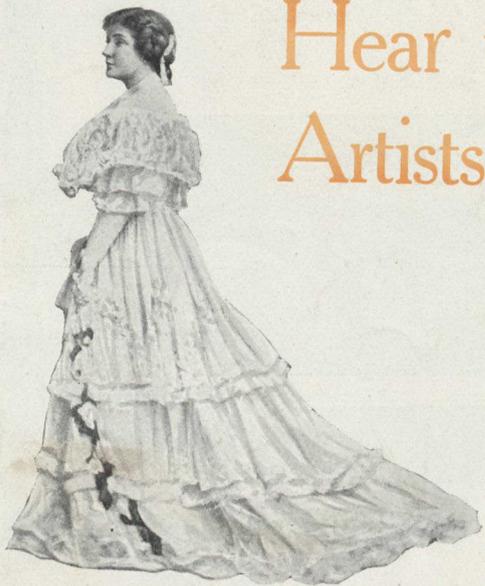
NAPOLEON



This is the "Shop Mark" you will find somewhere on every piece of our Furniture.



MODERN ENGLISH



MELBA AS VIOLETTA

Hear the Greatest Artists in your home



Plays all kinds of Music exactly as rendered by World's Famous Artists



"Crown Prince" Model, Pollock Phonola

THE DAY of talking machines, *with the horn in plain sight*, is drawing to a close. The Phonola is replacing them.

☐ People of artistic taste naturally object to the unsightly horn. They find their ideal of a musical instrument in the beautiful Phonola.

☐ If you have never heard the Phonola alongside an unsightly horn machine you would scarcely believe there could be such a difference. The clear, round, full tone of the Phonola is an agreeable surprise to those accustomed to the brassy and megaphone-like sound of the ordinary talking machine

☐ The tone of the Phonola is natural, true to life. It reproduces the voice in all its beauty. So natural is it that you forget the Phonola and think of the artist only.

☐ The violin, the cornet, the banjo, the xylophone, the human voice—all receive a natural, lifelike and artistic reproduction on the Phonola.

☐ The reproduction of a record depends entirely on the machine. The superior quality of the tone of discs when played on the Phonola is because the Phonola construction is a marked improvement over ordinary talking machines.

☐ The combination of our Cabinet, Reproducer, Tone Arm and Motor makes a sound-reproducing instrument that we believe can never be equalled.

☐ The motor is quiet, smooth-running and powerful. A "finder" enables you to operate it at uniform speed.

☐ With the adjustable tone arm you can change the tone of the record when desired. You can play loudly or softly at will by simply opening or closing the cabinet doors.

☐ Wouldn't a Phonola look fine in your music or drawing room? Just think of the enjoyment it will provide for your family during the long winter evenings. It will bring the world's most famous bands, orchestras and vocalists into your own home.

☐ You can have the Phonola in oak or mahogany, finished to match any room or furniture.

☐ It comes complete with Turntable, Tone Arm, Combination Sound Box for zigzag or vertical cut records, Used Needle Receiver, Record Albums, Drawers for accessories and all moving parts concealed in a beautiful cabinet.

☐ You pay no more for the Phonola than for the best visible-horn machines. Try them side by side and make your own choice.

☐ Send a post card request for our descriptive booklet and the name of the nearest music dealer who sells the Phonola. Send the card by next mail.

POLLOCK MFG. CO.

Limited

BERLIN

CANADA

THREE MODELS IN MAHOGANY OR OAK

\$65

\$100

\$160

PHONOLAS, BEING MADE IN CANADA, CAN BE SOLD AT A SMALLER COST THAN FOREIGN MADE MACHINES ON WHICH DUTY MUST BE PAID.