

# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Vol. 16 No. 4

August 1919 Toronto

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# The Canadian Home Journal

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Volume Sixteen

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Number Four

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## LET'S ALL LAUGH TOGETHER

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By MARY HEATON VORSE

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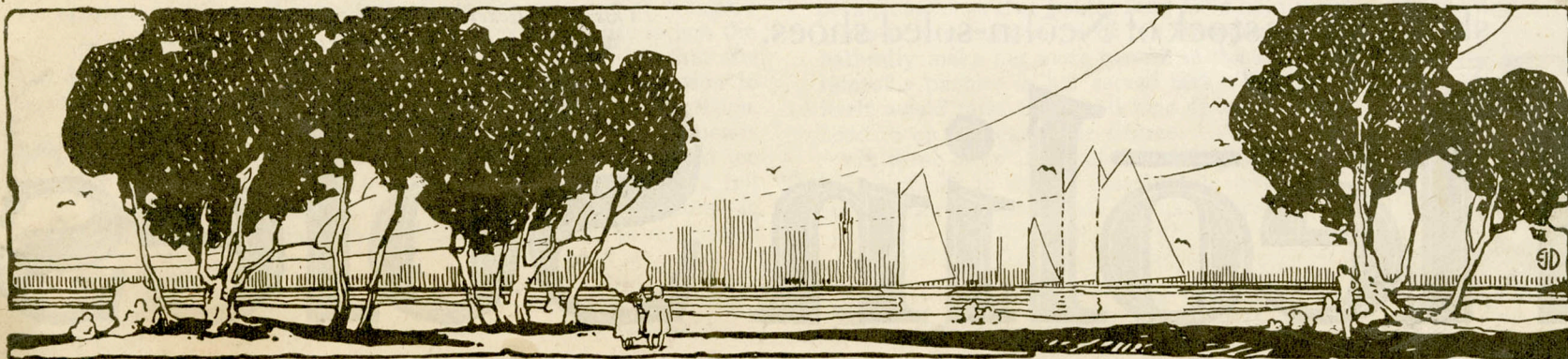
Mr. and Mrs. Preston, Aunt Maria, dear long-suffering Irish Seraphy, and Piker, the dog irresistible, complete this interesting family, so real and human that they live on every street in your town and mine.

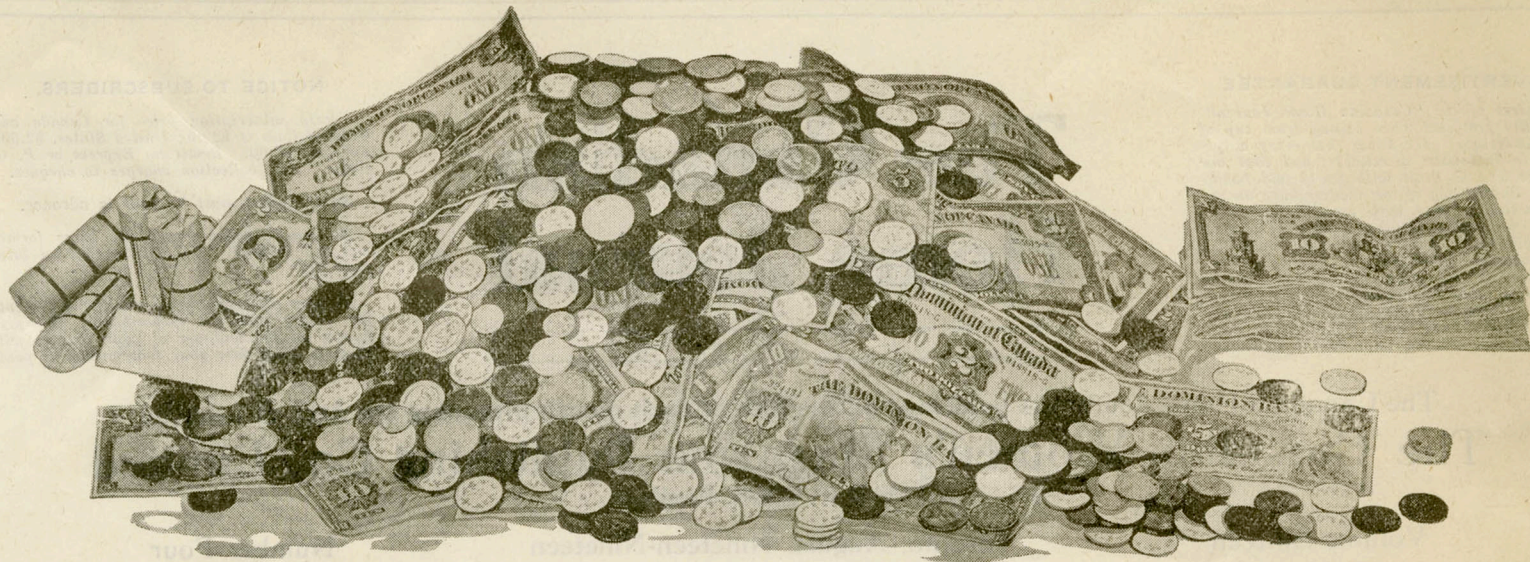
Don't miss a word of "The Prestons" if you want to laugh your cares away. It begins in the September number.

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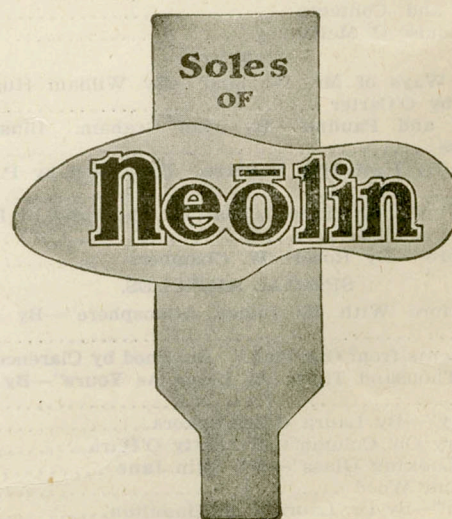
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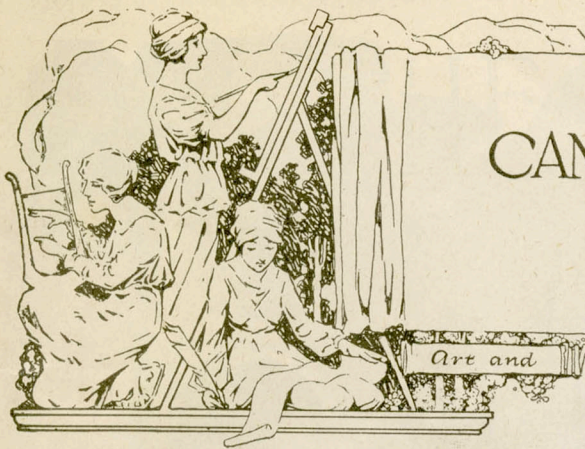
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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL EDITORIAL



By Louise C. McKinney.

## Where are Canadian Women Going--Back to Their Homes or Continue in Business Life?

Woman's work and woman's sphere have always furnished a favorite topic of conversation. Her activities and resourcefulness during the war exploded many of the old theories and gained for her many of the privileges which for years she had claimed to be her right. Now that the war is over the public mind is seized with a new dread, and the subject for popular comment is whether woman will be willing to relinquish her newfound liberty and wider sphere of activity and resume her place as home-maker in the same old way, or will she continue to claim her present place in the industrial world and thus constitute one more of the already numerous after-the-war problems.

This, it is argued, would be a double tragedy, because she would turn her back upon home life and would at the same time keep out of employment vast numbers of men who would otherwise be needed in the various positions now occupied by women.

I have unbounded confidence in the women of Canada and in the future of Canada and also in the modern woman movement, and therefore have not the slightest doubt that present conditions are merely a phase of the question that will eventually work out for good and not for evil.

Speaking of lessons learned from the war, there is one lesson that has become quite commonplace—it has been stated so frequently and accepted so unquestioningly. It is this—that the real strength of our men in Europe was their wonderful "morale," which was due not only to the high moral purpose for which they were fighting, but also to the morale of the people at home; indeed, it was this spirit at home that made possible the spirit of our men in France.

Another lesson that has not been given quite so much prominence, but is nevertheless quite as true, is this: The signing of peace terms and the forming of a League of Nations will be effective in maintaining peace only in so far as there is developed within the various nations involved those ideals that make for peace. Following this thought a little further, we are ready to admit that such a task can be undertaken by no machinery of government unless that government has back of it a people of strong moral purpose, and such a people can be produced by no other means than through the homes of the nation.

Then, what is the message that comes clear and strong to the women of Canada to-day—a message that transcends in importance any other that may press its claims upon us? It is simply this—if Canada is to maintain her place among the nations of the world—a place purchased by the splendid sacrifice of her noble sons and the equally splendid courage of their heroic mothers—she must continue to foster the institution that gave birth to her greatness—the Christian home; and her women can perform no higher form of national service than this.

But how are we going to reconcile this with woman's present ideas regarding her work? For answer, let us pause and ask another question. What, after all, is the purpose of woman's life? The purpose of woman's life is just the same as the purpose of man's life—that she may make the best possible contribution to the generation in which she is living. Then, why all the striving and unrest? The answer to this is two-fold. First, we have failed too often to recognize this purpose and have felt we were here to seek our own pleasure—in other words, that it was ours to be ministered



LOUISE C. MCKINNEY  
Canada's First Woman Member of Parliament.

unto and not to minister, or to get out of the world as much as possible in the line of comfort and give in return as little as possible in the line of service.

The second cause of unrest is one that probably accounts in great measure for the first, and, whether the individual woman was conscious of it or not, was and is at the bottom of all her struggles for wider liberty. This is the desire for recognition as an individual; and no person can possibly develop his best or contribute his best unless such recognition is given. Now that such recognition is given, we must admit that every woman has a right to choose the way in which she can best make her contribution to society, nor do we believe that we are running any risk by so doing, for the average woman will continue to feel that her contribution can best be made through the medium of the home, not because woman is so intensely patriotic that she deliberately makes this choice, but because, in the very nature of things, it is so, and the average woman instinctively loves home life. So my message is intended not so much to persuade women to enter homes as, having done so, to recognize the dignity and importance of that which they have undertaken, and to remember that any task is noble which in any way tends to improve home conditions or minister to the comfort of those included in the home circle.

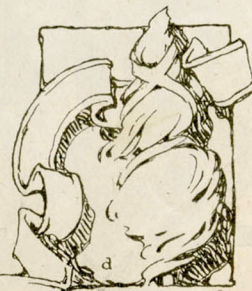
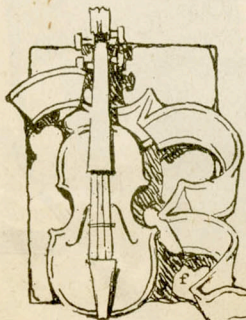
In support of my statement that the average woman will choose home rather than business life, I may cite the opinion of a prominent business man who, in giving reasons why girls in certain positions were not so satisfactory as men, said the underlying cause, as he saw it, was the fact that there was a lack of permanency in the thought of the women since few, if any of them, intended to make this particular work their life occupation. While this is not the case in all lines of industry, yet it was particularly true in the occupation under discussion, and probably explains more of our difficulties than we are ready to admit.

But this is aside from the question, and we return to a point raised at the beginning as to whether woman will resume the task of home-making in the same old way, and we unhesitatingly say that we believe and sincerely hope that she will not, for while the essentials of home and home life must ever remain the same, yet every influence that broadens and dignifies the life of woman will at the same time broaden and dignify our ideas and ideals regarding the home and will give us added power to carry into operation the ideas we have acquired. And it is truly wonderful how our conception of woman as an individual and of home-making as a dignified and worth-while occupation will enter into every department of life and revolutionize our whole method of thinking.

Incidentally, we might note that when this higher conception of woman and home grips our people, there will automatically disappear from our thinking the idea that woman must marry "to be supported," and with it will go many of the false and pernicious ideas that for too long have held sway; while the new sense of the importance of her lifework will naturally make her more careful in the selection of a partner in her sacred task. This in itself would raise the moral tone of our manhood to an immeasurable degree.

In these days of complex social conditions it is difficult to adjust ourselves to circumstances, for the home has so many rivals in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)





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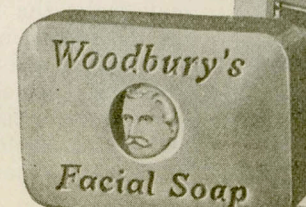
You must take care continually of the new skin that is forming every day. A special treatment for a coarsened skin is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet wrapped around each cake of soap.

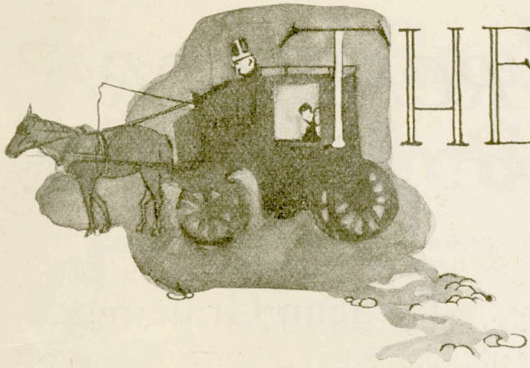
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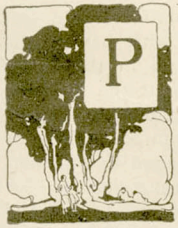




# THE WINNING WAYS of MR WAYLAND

By William Hugo Pabke

Illustrated by  
O' CARTER



**P**ERHAPS it was that the broad stone steps were in shadow; perhaps the house, as seen in the dim light between distant street lamps, was more attractive than its neighbors; perhaps—But this is all mere conjecture. The fact remains that Billy Wayland chose this particular house to be honored by his genial presence. The circumstance that he was unacquainted with the inmates might have deterred another with less assurance than was Billy's birthright. This element of the unknown only increased his pleasant anticipation of a formal evening call.

It was with perfect self-possession that he mounted the steps and examined the severely plain door by the light of a wax vesta. The lack of a name-plate disconcerted him for a moment. He had relied on one to acquaint him with the name of the recipient of his visit.

"It's deucedly inconvenient not knowing for whom to ask," he muttered. "In fact, it borders on the unconventional."

He stood with puckered brow for an instant, then smiled appreciatively as a simple expedient flashed into his mind. He touched the bell and waited with impatience for the test of his inspiration. The door opened quietly; he was confronted by a gray-haired butler, who stood with slightly inclined head, awaiting his question.

"Is M-M-Mi-Mi-Miss," began Billy, stopping with a deprecating shrug, as though deploring the inability to speak fluently. He glanced at the man's face; but, except for a certain look of respectful attention, it was expressionless.

Billy returned to the attack. "Is M-M-Mi-Mi-Miss," he stammered, wondering how long the suspense was to last, when the servant came to his aid.

"Miss Marvin?" he suggested, still coolly respectful.

"Yes, Miss Marvin," said Billy gratefully. "The letter M is hard for a stammerer. Is Miss Marvin at home?"

The butler bowed gravely and extended his salver.

The Rubicon crossed, Billy, found himself in a long drawing-room furnished with an austere simplicity that fulfilled the promise of the plain front door. He paced nervously up and down its entire length, realizing that he had drawn heavily on his stock of assurance, and that it was rapidly becoming depleted.

**T**OWARD the end of a solitary dinner that evening, Billy had promised himself that he would call on some one. True, he was a stranger in Montreal, with not one acquaintance whom he could recall. Nevertheless, he argued that there must be innumerable agreeable girls who would gladly welcome him was it not for the dictates of convention. In a dozen other cities, his presence was not only tolerated, but eagerly sought by many girls distinctly nice. When he argued thus, it had seemed perfectly feasible to act as his own sponsor, and to rely on his goodly connections in distant Vancouver, to whom he might casually refer should the occasion demand. But theory and practice in this case were widely divergent.

A sudden panic seized him; he started to flee ignominiously. He had almost gained the refuge of the hall when he heard a door open at the other end of the drawing-room. Turning quickly, he saw a girl, with laughing eyes and demurely serious expression standing before him.

"Miss Marvyn," exclaimed Billy, "how can I apologize sufficiently for this call without an invitation?"

As he pronounced the name, a look of blank surprise came over the girl's face. She started slightly, cast a scrutinizing glance in his direction, then, as though satisfied, smiled a bright welcome. Billy was too engrossed to heed the mischievous twinkle in her roguish eyes.

"It has been such an age since you were in Vancouver," he continued, "that I greatly fear that you had entirely forgotten me." The subtle expression of pain in his voice was almost convincing.



*He touched the bell and waited with impatience for the test of his inspiration.*

A disconcerting variety of emotions played over the girl's face.

"No," she said quizzically, "I couldn't consistently be said to have forgotten you."

Billy's face brightened. It was pleasant to be remembered. Then, he checked his train of thought. How could he be remembered if they had never met? He was puzzled to the point of inattention.

**I**T has been a long—a very long time since my last Vancouver visit," she was saying. "And you—have you forgotten?"

"I—forget—how could I?" Billy was beginning to believe himself, a serious sign with Billy. "Am I changed much?" she urged, looking up at him, seemingly anxious for his answer.

Billy regarded her critically. "After mature deliberation, I must admit that no change is apparent," he said judicially. "It would have been a great pity had there been one, because any change would, of necessity, have had to be one for the—"

"Sit down," interrupted his hostess hastily.

"Thank you, I will. But wasn't that 'sit down' a trifle abrupt? You weren't angry; were you?"

"No, not angry; but you were on the point of becoming fatuous, and I abhor fatuity."

"I shall make it a point to remember all your aversions in future."

"That is an admission that you have forgotten them in the past," she teased. "Now confess, there's not one thing that you remember about me."

"Of course there is; why, there are lots of things."

"Such as?" she inquired sweetly, a deep dimple appearing in either cheek.

"Such as an abhorrence of fatuity, for example."

"Wonderful memory! What else?" she insisted.

"There's one thing about you that prevents my thinking quickly; it's very disconcerting."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Dimples," announced Billy, with the satisfied air of one making a great discovery.

**T**HE dimples flashed from sight so suddenly, so completely, that their absolute non-existence left him breathless.

"And that is the way you respect my aversions," said the girl with a deeply injured air.

"Was that fatuous?" he exclaimed, leaning forward eagerly.

The dimples returned, shyly at first, then with ever-increasing assurance.

"You see," he continued, "we will have to define the word. It won't be fair for you, the minute I voice my appreciation of any of your many charms, spiritual or physical, to point the finger of scorn and cry 'fatuous.' What may I talk about?"

"Talk about anything that interests you," she said.

"The present, for instance?"

"The present is interesting," she admitted, the irrepressible spirit of mischief lighting will-o'-the-wisps in her eyes.

"Of course it is; it means you."

"I point the finger of scorn," she cried.

"Why should you? You gave me leave."

"To what?"

"To talk about whatever interests me."

"And you took advantage of it."

"Not at all; I merely accepted the suggestion. There is nothing that interests me more deeply than your—your ador—your charm—your blank self."

"What do you mean by 'your blank self'?" she asked.

"Well, you see, I was searching for an adjective, and having found one, didn't dare to use it, so I substituted. May I use it now?"

"Ye-es," doubtfully, "if it is a nice one."

"Your adorable self," said Billy, quaking inwardly.

"It was a nice one," she conceded.

Billy's relief was enormous. He gasped as after an immersion in cold water.

"But is it true?" she asked plaintively.

"Is what true?"

"That which you said."

"What which that I said?" floundered Billy.

"About myself—the adjective, you know."

"The adorable part, you mean? Do you doubt it? Why Miss Marvin—" He paused bewildered, realizing that they were at cross purposes. She was evidently amusing herself, while he felt an overpowering desire to speak earnestly. She seemed so unconscious of her wondrous beauty, and of its effects. It was not fair, decided Billy. Here he was, in a state of infatuation, and he wanted to think clearly.

**B**Y the way," he said abruptly, "do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Are you just making conversation, or do you really want to know?" she asked, her lips and chin attempting severity, while her eyes danced

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)

# The PROFESSOR and PAULINE

By Jean Graham

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD S. ROSS

## A Summer Vacation Story



THE face of Professor William Territt, as he looked from the old-fashioned casement towards the garden, wore an expression that was three-quarters alarm and the rest disgust. Yet there was nothing especially horrible in the sight that met his gaze in the garden that was all a-tangle with such flowers as our grandmothers used to cultivate. In fact, the slender young form in white, the laughing, girlish features upturned to a small yellow kitten held an arm's length above the joyous face were not sights to appall the ordinary man. They seemed quite in harmony with the brilliant confusion of Mrs. Martin's garden, the cloudless summer sky and the lazy ripples of the sea washing against the rocks.

However, Professor William Territt was no ordinary man, and he groaned in spirit as he heard the giggles that unmistakably meant gush and a girl. He held the chair of Teutonic Philology and some other things in a university, the president of which would have fainted at the mere suggestion of co-education. Professor Territt had been brought up by a maiden aunt, his father's sister, who had told him that his mother was a poor, frivolous creature, and that he would do well to avoid the fluttering sex. The warning was hardly needed, for the worthy William seemed born with a horror of woman, who beguiled our remotest ancestor into disastrous fruit speculation. At the university, the future Fessor acquired a stoop, a scholarship and spectacles, and, after three years in Germany, came back to the repose of the aforementioned Chair. He had discovered this retreat on the Nova Scotian coast, where, during the summer months, he had worked industriously at his great book, occasionally running across to Boston, to consult authorities. Mrs. Martin was the widow of an English miller, and she fairly exuded respectability. The quaint old gray house was kept marvellously clean, the food was plain and well-cooked, and Professor Territt had found the holidays of the last two years a season conducive to peace of body and scholarly toil.

BUT even as he mused on what this young presence in the garden might mean, a metallic sound in the hall below reminded him that, after a morning spent among grubby Saxon roots, more material nourishment is not unworthy a professor's attention. Half-past twelve was Mrs. Martin's dinner hour, and even her learned summer boarder found that she could be frosty, if the entrance of the roast were delayed. So, Professor Territt, who was prone to tardiness the rest of the year, bestirred himself at Mrs. Martin's summons and arrived in the dining-room just five minutes after the bell had rung. With a green wall paper strewn with violets for background, Pauline Raymond's fair young head and white waist looked refreshingly simple and cool. Mrs. Martin briefly introduced the professor, who bowed with a mixture of nervousness and defiance. He was secretly furious that a young person, who probably knew nothing whatever about such a rudimentary affair as Grimm's Law of Consonantal Transition, should make him unpleasantly conscious of the frayed condition of his cuffs and the extreme lustre of his coat seams.

The chatter which the professor had dreaded failed to come, and he was surprised to see Miss Raymond calmly eating her steak and potatoes

without the slightest attempt at polite conversation. This was an additional grievance in his irrational reflections. If a woman were young and wore a pretty gown, it was her duty to talk like a fool, and not sit there, eating with a healthy appetite and looking demurely amused between mouthfuls. What was it Byron had said? "In order to remain in love with a woman, one must never see her eat." But Miss Raymond ate very gracefully, not in any bovine fashion. Really, he had no idea that the disappearance of sordid steak and prosaic potatoes could be made such a becoming operation. Confound the girl! She had looked up, found him staring at her, and had dropped her eyes to the tablecloth, while her mouth went all a-quiver with an emotion which Professor Territt refused to define. After berry tart, such as Mrs. Martin alone could make, had followed the meat and potatoes, Miss Raymond withdrew, having worked the miracle of silence during the entire repast.

MRS. MARTIN, whose dinner theme was the apple crop, its past and its possibilities, seemed in distress when Professor Territt said: "I thought I was to be your only lodger this summer." "There, now, sir!" said his rosy-cheeked landlady, who regarded him as "a person who paid regular, but was not just wise," "I know you like to have the place to yourself during the summer for your writing and all that. But when Miss Ray-

garments with a strange, soft rustle should ask him to walk through the village with her in the evening or take her out in the boat in the afternoon. But she went her way without the slightest regard to his movements, and he became faintly suspicious that she looked upon him as a fossil, a grandfather or something equally aged and incombustible. One afternoon she established herself under a maple tree, just where he could see her from his window if he chose to look up from his manuscript. What useless work women occupied themselves with! She was holding a small square of white material, and skeins of pink silk were lying in her lap. Was it possible that an adult human being derived any pleasure from embroidering impossible flowers on unoffending linen? Now she was actually drawing threads from that square of white material and placing them between her lips. They were pretty lips, that had a slight droop at the corners, and the sunlight was playing strange tricks with her hair, whenever it had a chance to glint between the broad leaves.

THE Professor suddenly found his room entirely too warm, not to say stuffy. It was impossible for a man to do his best work in the third week of July. He would go into the garden and see if Nature would subdue this unrest which was altogether unfitting him for grubbing among lingual roots. So he went blindly in search of Nature and found Miss Pauline Raymond, who looked demurely up from her absorbing skeins and linen as the Professor approached. "It is very warm," he said hesitatingly.

"Yes—but July is not a winter month."

"No," he hastened to reply, wondering why she so often looked as if she were going to laugh. "I wish," he continued, with a sudden boldness, "that you would tell me what you are going to do with that."

"It is for a centrepiece," she replied, the latent laughter gathering again beneath the long lashes. "You see there are three clusters of wild roses, then a border, then a fringe. I like the embroidery better than the lace, even if it is old-fashioned." Her tone had so much of kindly explanation that his contempt for such waste of time and material grew feeble. "I suppose you are working hard at something very profound. Mrs. Martin thinks you are a wonderfully clever man." If there was a word which the Professor hated, it was "clever," but he did not flinch at this repetition of his landlady's opinion, and only murmured:

"It's very good of her."

"You are writing a book, aren't you?" asked Miss Raymond—and the ingenuous awe in her eyes appealed wistfully to the Professor, who was, by this time, seated on the grass, watching the deft drawing of those interminable threads.

"Er—yes. I don't suppose you are particularly interested in philology."

"I know that it has something to do with languages. We had it in the senior year at Miss Bridge's Academy. But I took rhetoric, instead. The books looked easier. I wish you'd read some of your book to me."

"Oh, you wouldn't care for it."

"I'M not so stupid as you think," she said, with a protesting glance that made the Professor hurriedly assure her that his last chapter was in a very confused condition. But, of course, if she would really like to hear it... Then he disappeared, actually running upstairs in his eagerness to impart instruction to such a docile creature. In the meantime, Miss Raymond looked after him with a heavy sigh. "If he would only get his hair cut. His eyes are rather nice when he's interested."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



"I'm not so stupid as you think," she said.

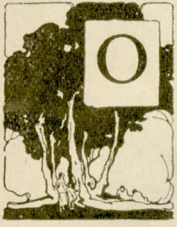
mond's aunt, who used to live in the big house on the other side of Hazel Hill, wrote from Halifax and wanted me to have her niece here for three weeks, what was I to do? But I don't think she'll be in the way, sir, for she had typhoid fever last spring, and she's just come here for a rest."

For three long days the Professor waited in deadly fear lest this young woman who wore white



# Historic Backgrounds of Brantford

By Katherine Hale  
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

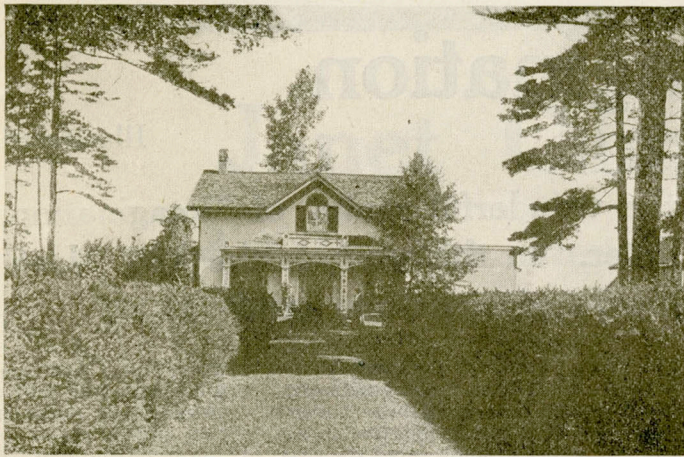


ON a June day that was like hot midsummer we stood on the banks of the Grand River at Tutela Heights. To be exact we stood quite near the kitchen stoop of a little white-washed house where lived Alexander Graham Bell during the summer of 1874, and for some time preceding that fateful August when the telephone was actually invented.

The house itself is quaint and cool and neat. A long high hedge makes a sort of green tunnel to the front verandah, and within, to the right, you are shown a dreary "Refreshment Room" flanked by models of certain unaccepted designs offered by various sculptors to the Committee of Selection for the Bell Memorial.

One escapes that characterless room, that might be tingling with interest because of the associations it holds, and also on account of the experimental material of the days when the great invention was coming to birth, which either the City of Brantford or the Bell family have allowed to become scattered. Therefore one involuntarily escapes to the beautiful river bank that is here so high that it suggests possible landslides and from which, across ravine-like hollows and the meadow land of the bright and winding river, there gleams in the distance what looks like a fairy town.

I LOVE this vision of Brantford from Tutela Heights. It is an actual vision—a moment of great beauty immortalized; a something seen at its best that is fadeless; a glimpse which time cannot wither nor custom stale, for the municipality has very wisely secured as a public park forever the



A little whitewashed house where lived Alexander Graham Bell when the telephone was actually invented.

quiet grape arbor and look down on the river.

BEHIND his father's garden, across a little orchard, and so to the brow of the ravine-like bank he used to wander, with one of the greatest visions that ever inspired youth tormenting his mind night and day, so that fulfilment, hopeless as fulfilment must often have seemed, was the only relief to the insistent clamor of his brain which kept reiterating the hope and the conviction of the transference of the human voice through space, by means of what was then quaintly termed "electric speech."

Dr. Bell's own words when he addressed his fellow citizens of Brantford at the unveiling of the Memorial in his honor in 1917 really tells the whole story:

"I came to Brantford in 1870 to die, having been given six months to



"Man awake to his new-found power to transmit sound through space." The Bell Memorial, by Walter Allward.

had been invented in Brantford the year before.

"Too little has been said in the States about Brantford," he commented, and then told of the experiments that were carried on in 1876 over the first long distance lines between Brantford and Paris and Brantford and Tutela Heights, emphasizing that in Brantford had the first message been sent over a real line, the previous ones having been parlor or laboratory experiments.

Further down the river, to the song of eight miles or so, there is another historic house where a little later a genius of quite a different order made her "dream place." Here is "Chiefswood" where, on the ancient reserve of the Six Nations Indians, the Head Chief, Pauline Johnson's father, established his house.

THIS Brotherhood of what was originally known as the Five Nations is bound up with the early history of Canada. It was founded by Hiawatha four centuries ago in Jacques Cartier's time. When the early French explorers and missionaries came the name Iroquois cropped up. But Pauline Johnson's grandfather—who was a firm ally of the British, both in French-British and Colonial feuds—was known as "The Mohawk Warbler."

Did ever poet possess a more fortunate parentage? A Mohawk Warbler for a grandfather, a full-blooded Mohawk Chief for a father and an English lady (one of the Howells of whom the American descendant, W.D., is best known) for her mother—how could she help singing!

And then her environment! The environment of Romance in which children are always most at home. The mother with her gentle traditions, and all that hint of rich young savagery about her; the Indians of her father's tribe still in their native dress; the basket weaving,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



The monument erected to the memory of Chief Brant, from whom Brantford gets its name.

thirteen acres of what was the Bell estate or homestead, and so from this undisturbed vantage there will always be that panorama of river-meadow stretching between the eye and the roofs and spires of the Telephone City, lying to the south.

Almost invariably rivers mean romance, as lakes mean commerce, and oceans mean discoveries. The Isis, the Thames, the St. Lawrence; intrigues, loves, bitter fighting and mystery. Of the Grand River perambulating its gentle course from the blue hills near Georgian Bay to Lake Erie, a very pleasant history might be written, containing some dramatic passages too, for it has been loved by centuries of Indians, and generations of settlers and decades of artists. But never in its joyous course through the loveliest lands of Ontario does it pass a more mysterious bend, a richer spot, than just here at the turning of these heights, where forty-five years ago a pale boy, still in his twenties, used to haunt a certain

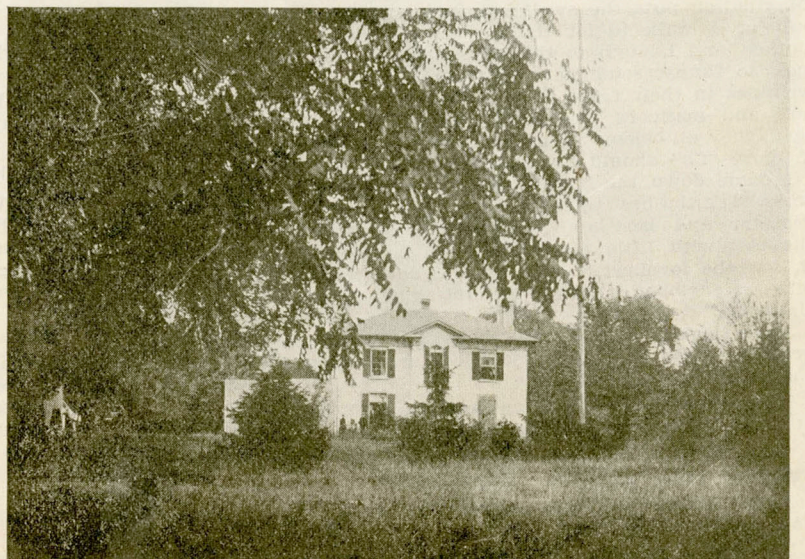
live. I am glad that I survived to witness the unveiling of this memorial. As I look back in time, I recall the Brantford of those days, the Grand River, my dream-place on Tutela Heights, where the vision came to my eyes. I never thought I would see such a memorial as that erected to myself here, and to the invention itself. I cannot claim to be the inventor of the modern telephone. That is the product of many minds. I



In the graveyard of this old Mohawk church are buried Chief Brant and Onwanonsyshon, Pauline Johnson's father.

but initiated the transmission of sound. It was initiated here. So much has been said about it being invented in Boston. The telephone was invented here."

HERE he told the story of the entries in his father's notebook relating to the discovery and continued, "It goes to show that on that day (July 26th, 1874), the telephone had been invented and described to my father. The Brantford telephone was made in Boston. It acquired a physical existence there, but it was that telephone which



"Chiefswood," where the Indian poet-princess, Pauline Johnson, lived when a child.



## 'Magination

By KATHERINE NAVARRE

Illustrated by P. C. SHEPPARD

Away from the sordid everyday world is the wonderful realm of "Imagination," so easily entered in childhood, and so difficult to find later. In this story is the key. Use it, and revel once again in its joys, as you read

'MAGINATION is my very good friend, but sometimes, like Rosie's beau, it plays me false. Rosie's our maid and she knows a heap, and what's better, she'll tell you as much as she knows. But that's not the way with most grown-ups. They seem to think that a child hasn't any mind 'cept to talk about dolls and learn prayers and a b c's. But I think dolls are very foolish, of course a b c's and prayers are necessary, that's what I'm always told.

But 'Magination stays with you when you're all alone, and that's what I am often. It all comes of belonging to one of the first families and living in a plebeian neighborhood (that's what my aunt calls it) and I asked Rosie what it meant but she wasn't very sure, she thought perhaps it might be some kind of heathen. But that's where my aunt makes a mistake 'cause the children all around our place go to Church and Sunday School. But it's no use telling her, she'd just look at you until you felt like a small piece of pie looks when you're hungry. She's one of those people that "slays with her eyes." That's in one of Rosie's books and she read it to me one day when Mother and my aunt were out, that's the only time I hear 'bout real books, 'cause Mother doesn't 'pprove of Rosie's and I don't 'pprove of ours. 'Magine reading "Little Mary" who's always playing with dolls and doing the things you're told you should do and I hate, when there's books like Rosie's "Oh for a Kiss!!!" Rosie said it thrilled her, and I guess that's how I felt, it was just like dreaming that you're eating lots of cream candy. "Spurned" made me very sad, but Rosie says it's an education, and "Cordelia's Nightmare" sent shivers up and down your back, but Rosie says it proves how real life is.

THIS afternoon Mother's giving a Tea and I'm to answer the door. I like that 'cause then I can pay attention to all the dresses and hats that come in and tell Rosie 'bout the latest styles. And when I'm sent up in the dark for punishment, 'Magination puts the swellest on me and takes me out for a walk to let the owners see their own clothes, and I laugh to think of their faces. They look so funny, some have eyes like Jane's kitten, wrinkles in their faces like Uncle Frank's English bull and manners like Rosie's father's pigs, but then, they all belong to the first families. I wonder if those "f's" should be capital letters.

I came down the back stairs to show Rosie my dress. It's the first time I have worn it,—white embroidery and lace and blue ribbon run through the belt with little pink rose buds hanging from it, it's the loveliest I ever had. And I've a new blue hair ribbon that's nice and stiff and sticks right up.

Rosie looked at me and shook her head, "My gracious, Miss Kit, but 'ppearances are deceiving," she said.

I asked her what she meant and she said kind of helpless, "You look like an angel."

"And, Rosie, you mean I'm not one, eh? Well, I'm glad 'cause angels are stupid things."

Rosie looked 's if she wasn't very sure, but I had to leave her then.

The table looks lovely. Mother and my aunt are standing in the drawing room trying to look as if they didn't expect anything to happen and I'm standing behind the halltree, peeking out at

the glass in the door. I'm not supposed to be peeking, but to wait until I hear the doorbell ring, then walk quietly over and open it. I hope I won't forget and run as soon as I hear footsteps on the verandah, but I'm so excited to know what the first dress will be like that comes.

WELL, they're all here with their faces as funny as ever. Three are quite mysterious, they were the first to come and now they're going, and their faces look like my aunt's, one day when she found me playing with a little colored girl. I heard one say something 'bout a scandal, almost in a whisper, and one raised her eyebrows, then another looked over her shoulder to see if anyone was listening. I knew from the way they looked that they didn't want me to hear so I pretended to be looking for their rubbers. I wonder what a scandal is, perhaps Rosie'd know. I wish these people would hurry up and go, then I could ask her.

Mrs. Brondell is saying goodbye, soon she'll be going. I started to count the buttons on her dress, but I only got up to twenty-seven and that wasn't half when she moved. I wonder if they're sewn on well.

She looked around to see if anybody else was going and when she found there was no one, she forgot her pomposity long enough to speak to me, which was very unfortunate.

"Are your buttons well sewn on, Mrs. Brondell?" I asked her—out of kindness.

"My dear child, such a question! I never worry over my buttons. My dressmaker sees to that."

"Well, I was just thinking if those buttons ever let go, there'd be an awful spill."

Very suddenly she was just like the snowman we make in winter, only she was a woman. She put her head up in the air and walked up stairs, 'least she thought she was walking, but she was waddling, 'cause she's very fat. Now, of course, I meant she'd lose all her buttons, but I guess she didn't understand me.

I ASKED Rosie what was a scandal and I was in luck. She was reading all about it in a book called "A Scandal Behind Closed Doors."

"It's a bad mix-up, Miss Kit, but it makes a fine story."

"Is it exciting like a detective story?" I asked.

But Rosie said it wasn't like a detective story, but sometimes a detective had to be in it.

This morning a letter came from my Uncle Frank, who owns the English bull and a wife. They're all coming to-morrow afternoon. I've never seen the wife, but Uncle Frank sent a picture of himself and the dog, and I think I'll like both.

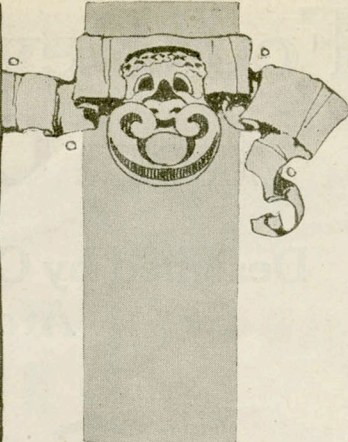
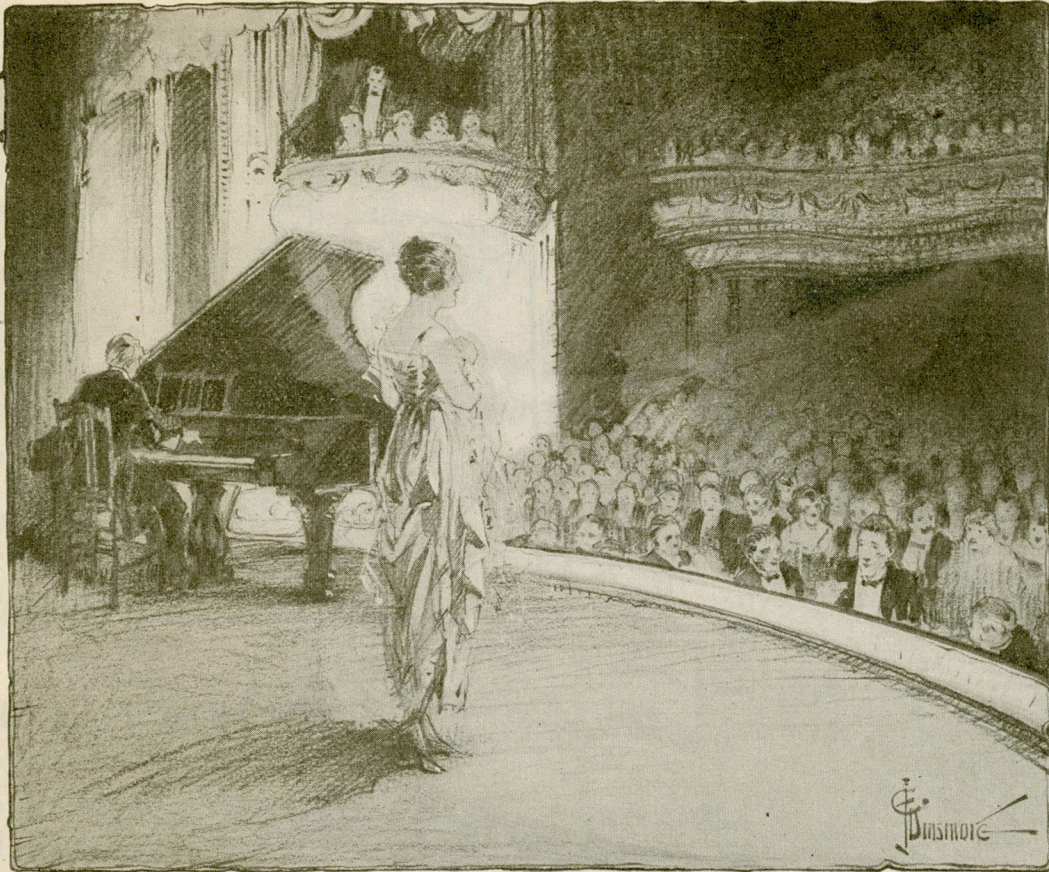
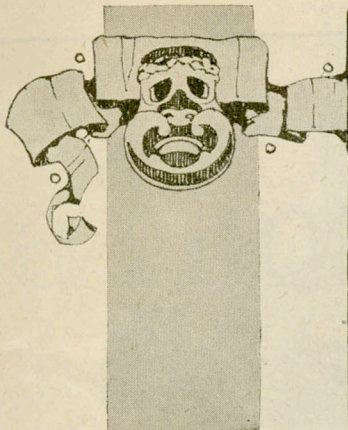
I'm up in the dark now, punished, as usual. I pretend I don't like it 'cause if they knew I had a good time up here with 'Magination, I'd be "strafed" some other way. That's a German word and so it's not nice to use, but I'm supposed to be punished for something and I haven't been bad to-day. I really haven't. Anybody else would have gone to see the monkey and hear the music. All the other children were there, but 'ccount of belonging to one of the first families, running out on the street with common children and following a hurdy-gurdy and monkey 'round is plebeian. That's what my aunt thinks, but I don't. I think it's

wonderful. But then how could people, who like afternoon teas with funny faces that say stupid things, how could they 'ppreciate how wonderful real things are.

IT was all so sunshiny this morning and the birds in our peach-tree were singing and so was I inside. This was out in the backyard, and gen'rally the back gate is locked. I was sitting in my little red chair and looking all about, when 'Magination came and all 'round me there were lovely flowers, pink roses and little blue forget-me-nots and red g'raniums. They nodded their heads and were talking, but only in whispers, so I couldn't hear what they said, but some looked tired and thirsty, and all at once a little fountain started to sprinkle them until they smiled. Then suddenly they threw back their heads and looked towards the gate, and then I heard the music. Now gen'rally the alley is on the other side of the gate, but when I touched it, it opened, and I was in an 'nchanted land and fairies were waving to me to come on and so I went and found the music and the monkey. Then the fairies were all gone, and I was dancing with the children. They're not any kind of heathen! I know, and I don't care what Aunt 'Lizabeth says. I think, you know, 'Magination plays her false sometimes and makes her think she knows more than she does.

I WONDER how long it will take Mother and Aunt 'Lizabeth when they go to meet Uncle Frank and the dog and wife to-morrow! There are so many things I want to do. First I'm going to swing on the front gate, I cannot do it when Mother's at home 'cause she says it breaks the hinges or something, but I'll be very careful and not go too fast. It's almost 's exciting as riding in airplanes, I'm sure. Nobody else 'round our place has fences and gates in their front yards, and sometimes they're an awful nuisance, when I must sit down and sew doll clothes or look at silly picture books and can't play with the other children. So to-morrow I'll make the gate pay up for that. Then I want to make some faces at the kids who live on the other side of the alley; they run and tell their mother and she gets mad, I love it. I'll tease Solomon Heinz, he lives next door, but I'll have to be careful not to let my Grandmother see me do it or she might tell. Grandmother and Grandfather live in this neighborhood, too, so they'll be near my father, that's the only reason, and they live on the other side of us. And oh! best of all, I can play with the other children and p'raps Minerva Johnson will be with us. She's the colored child that my aunt freezes up when she sees. She has such a beautiful name and wonderful manners, fit for a queen, and she's very interesting to talk to. Her eyes are big and black and sometimes very sad. She has a heart that can ache and a mind like mine and she loves to play with other children, too. She's all white inside like me, it's only her skin that's brown. Rosie told me and my father and mother say so, too, that beauty's only skin deep and it's what you really are that counts. So why should we turn up our noses at brown skin when there's a heart that can ache inside?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



By  
Charlotte L. Beattie

Illustrated by  
E. J. Dinsmore

## Janet Cameron

was Scotch—and a good hater—but when the final hour for revenge came it was love, not pride, which triumphed.



**A**LIGHT tap at the door was followed immediately by Muriel Brent's golden head.

"May I come in, Janet?" and without waiting for permission the girl tripped gaily into the room.

Janet Cameron pushed a low chair forward for her butterfly friend and the new-comer curled herself comfortably in its soft cushions.

"Goodness, Janet!" she exclaimed, stretching luxuriously. "I've been just dying of curiosity ever since Minnie told me your old professor was here," she paused to pick up a cushion that had fallen to the floor. "I knew when Signor Dinnetti troubled himself to pay a call at this time of night, even though the call was to his favorite pupil—I just knew there was something important in the wind. I've kept my door open for the last half hour so I could tell the minute he left! I ran here just as soon as I heard you come to your room," and Muriel smiled naively.

**J**ANET glanced at her visitor half vexedly. Really this girl was altogether too inquisitive.

"It was a pity you didn't come down and ask the professor his business, Muriel," she said coldly.

"There, there, now, don't be crusty!" Muriel coaxed. "Tell me, that's a dear. You know you might as well first as last for you certainly will in the end. Won't you, Scotchy?"

Muriel jumped up and rubbed her curly head, much as an ingratiating kitten might, against her tall friend's shoulder.

"I suppose I might as well," Janet conceded, petulantly. "but really, Muriel, you don't seem to have the faintest idea of reserve."

"Reserve!" Muriel scoffed. "Reserve, indeed! I'm sure I don't need to have any. You possess quite enough for both. But do you know, I wouldn't call it reserve. I'd call it real Scotch dourness," and she pushed her friend down on the soft cushions while she, herself, perched on the arm of the chair.

"Now, fire away," she smiled, "you can't be very cross when I have you like this," and she threw her arms about her companion's neck.

"**C**CROSS or not, you usually get your own way, I notice," Janet answered resignedly. "So, if you must know everything, Signor Dinnetti has made arrangements for me to sing at the Academy to-morrow night. John Trench,—I don't suppose you know him," and she looked enquiringly at Muriel; the golden curls shook, "well, John Trench is really the whole Western Opera Company, and several other lesser companies beside. He is looking for a singer to fill Madame Marten's place."

Muriel jumped off the chair and twirled about the room.

"And you're going to get it? Oh, you lucky girl!" and she hugged Janet ecstatically.

"Now, Muriel, you're altogether too fast," Janet chided, "that is why I didn't want to tell you until everything was settled."

"Yes, and shut me out of all the fun." Muriel returned indignantly. "That's just like you! You are so economical," she mimicked.

"It's right down stingy, Janet Cameron, that's what it is, when you know how interested I am. I think people might share their joys as well as their sorrows," the girl continued, aggrievedly. "My friends are always telling me how sick they are, or how lonely, or how tired, but never a word do they say when they feel so good they could jump out of their skins."

"Maybe they never feel that way," Janet answered soberly.

"Then it's their own fault," Muriel answered.

"**W**HEN a woman has to plan for the future, and realizes that she gets out of life what she puts in it, no more and no less, she's not apt to have any desire to jump out of her skin."

"That's all nonsense," the yellow curls bobbed excitedly, "I could be just as serious as anybody and have just as many thinks and realizations as you or—or Nick Ryerson, either," the bright little face became rosier, "but I just won't. I think about the good things and I let the others slide, and sometimes I feel so good, something just bubbles up inside me and I want to sing and dance and scream. There, there don't look so scared," she said, reassuringly. "I'll remember the hour and the other boarders who might not understand. Instead, I'll just hug you," and she flung her arms about Janet's neck.

"Do look happy, you old Sobersides. Your're going to sing at the Reception. It's a Reception isn't it?" Janet nodded, "And you're going to wear your new crepe gown? You'll look lovely and unless that Mr. Trench or Wrench or whatever his name is, is worse than a—a—a hippopotamus, he'll be perfectly enraptured."

"Muriel, Muriel, do stop," Janet begged, as at each fresh thought Muriel hugged her more closely. "You'll strangle me and if I should fail, just think how badly you'll feel."

"Oh, but you can't fail. You just simply can't, Scotchy." Muriel cried, "Workers like you don't fail. Go to bed this minute and get all the rest

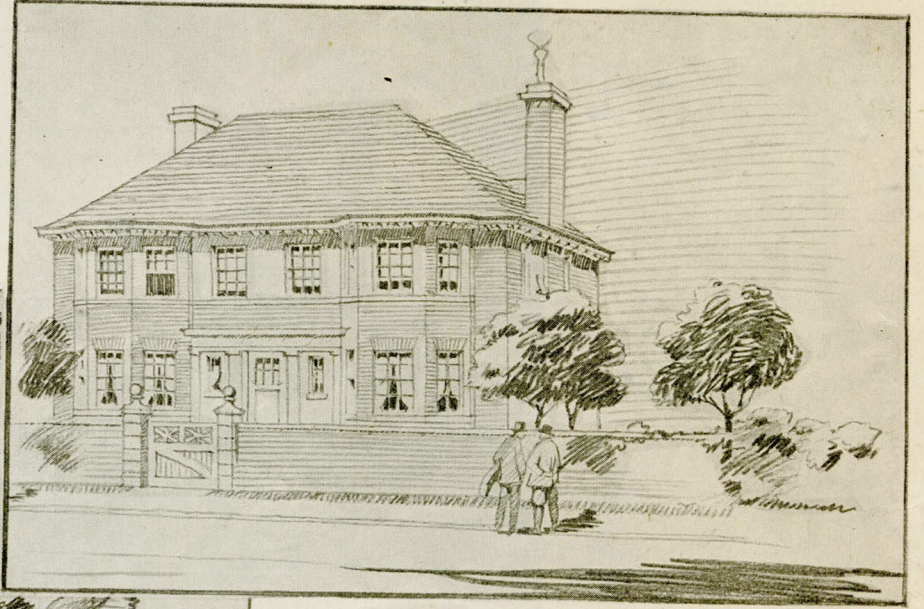
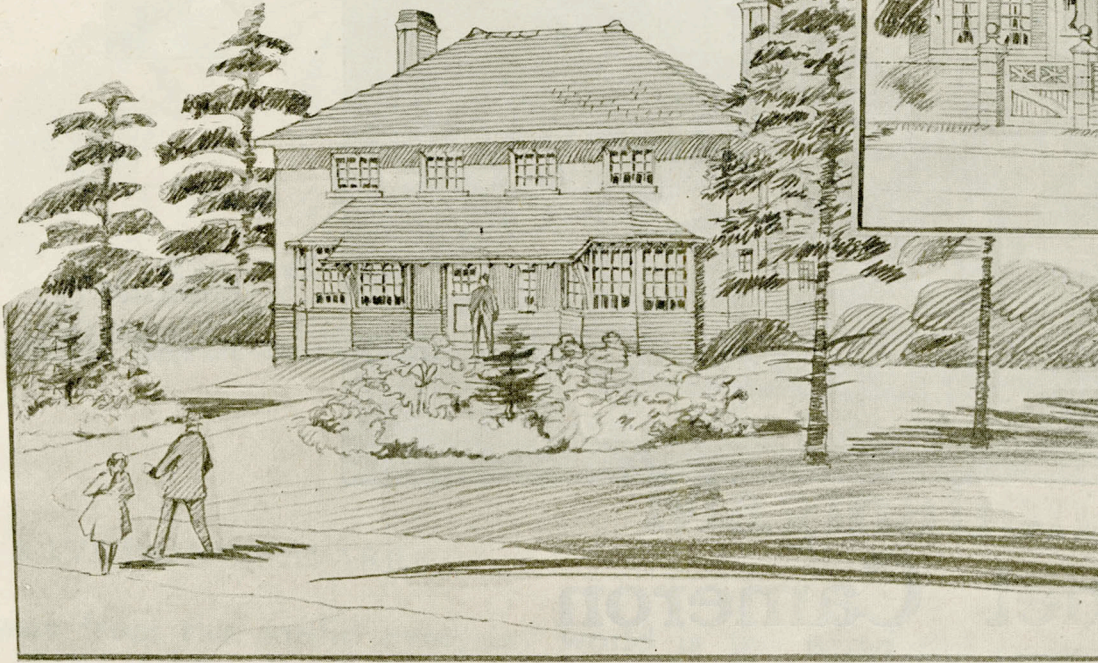
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



"No! you silly thing! I love my music and I always will. But I love somebody far better."

# Four Developments from One Plan

Designed by Clarence Thetford Architect



The Four Sketches Reproduced on this page demonstrate how one type of house may be varied by its exterior treatment

The plan and measurements are the same in each case, but note the difference in general appearance

THE artistic aspect of countryside architecture naturally appeals to the majority of readers far more directly than any discussion on financial matters would do, however appropriate and necessary others consider such questions of ways and means.

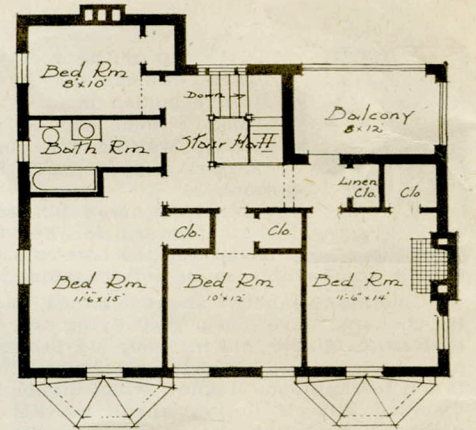
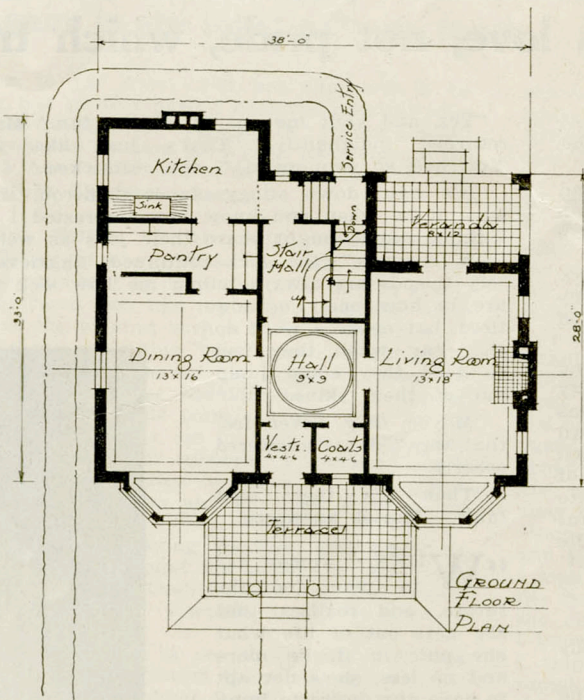
However, it is undoubtedly an erroneous impression that ugly, crude or tasteless buildings are necessarily cheaper, or that picturesque, convenient and architecturally well-proportioned buildings must relatively be more costly. There is such a thing, indeed, in building, fittingly described as "cheap and nasty," which in plain terms reads "dear at any price." Indifferent construction and poor materials may, without a doubt, be depended upon to incur perpetual expense in the upkeep which bad work renders unavoidable.

THERE is only one way of minimizing the ultimate cost of maintenance, and if this does mean a larger initial outlay, the advantage of a wise investment is thereby insured. This amounts to a sufficiently self-evident commonplace, which might perhaps demand an apology, but for the fact that people are continually endeavoring to obtain what they term "cheap building work," and with this end are induced to put their faith in the so-called "practical man," who, however efficient in many other ways, unblushingly gives the most conclusive evidence as to his entire inability to produce well-contrived, properly built and homely or tasteful houses.

THE main essentials consist of the charm of artistic fitness, by which alone a building can be harmonized with its site and surroundings, making it, as it were, part of the ground on which it stands, restful and unobtrusive, comfortable and suitable. These are the qualities which alone can

impart interest and give durable pleasure. Such qualities do not depend so much upon money expenditure as upon an application of thought and good taste.

Picturesqueness comes from simplicity of form, and belongs to good proportion, producing pleasant groupings, giving graceful sky lines, and casting telling shadows, so essential for contrast and color



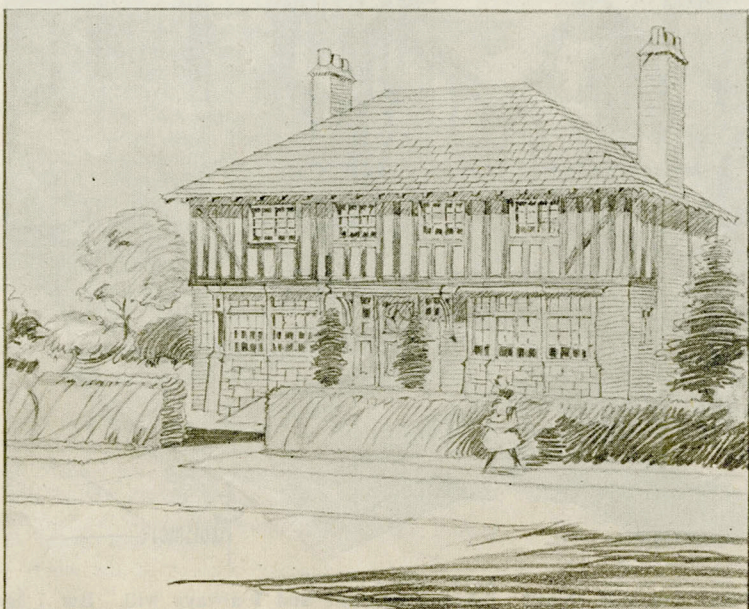
FIRST FLOOR PLAN SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"

The plans illustrated on this page show a house 28 x 38 feet, that is roomy, well lighted, and has a minimum of waste space.

Through a vestibule you enter a square hall, which measures 9 x 9 feet. A panelled dado 3 feet 6 inches high runs around the walls, and the ceiling has a small plaster cornice with a circular band of plaster ornament of floral design.

The dining-room, which is 13 x 16 feet, should be treated simply, depending upon the paper and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



# A Kitchen a Thousand Times as Large as Yours



**H**ISTORY abounds with the names of brave men and fair women who have won fame by praiseworthy deeds and been engaged in almost every imaginable activity, save the gentle culinary art. We read of famous battles, great generals, kings' courts, but no one thought to tell us the story of those who fed these

mighty armies, and important individuals. In fact one might be led to believe that our forebears dined as the Israelites of old, were it not for a few accidental references—such as that to Alfred the Great, remembered by his lack of skill, for are we not told that he burned his cakes.

This absence of data is peculiar when one considers that about one-third of the world's adult population has for centuries been engaged in the preparation and serving of food. Evidently they considered it either a dark secret, or an accomplishment quite unworthy of mention.

Are we growing more practical, or is the science of cookery coming into its own in these modern days? Certainly the study of Dietetics is receiving widespread attention and we are realizing that most of our ills and health can be traced directly to the food we eat. Just which will eventually be considered the more important—a good dietitian or a good doctor, —time will reveal, but it is safe to wager that the former will be much more popular, and doubtless a greater benefactor to mankind.

It is hardly fair to say that a chef is known by the number he feeds, but it is true that when an enormous hotel, drawing its patronage from all parts of the world, desires to attract the attention of thousands to its dining rooms, the first consideration is to secure a chef whose education and practical training are known to be par excellence. The next is to surround him with every facility to make for efficiency. Just as the manager of a large plant sits in his private office and directs subordinate managers in each branch of the work, so the chef of a large institution plans, directs and oversees the army of cooks and helpers who assist him.

**I**N the Commodore Hotel in New York, which is one of the newest and most efficiently organized on the continent, this is thoroughly exemplified. The chef, Leony Derouet, whose picture appears on this page, was secured to superintend the feeding of an average of ten thousand each day. The number varies greatly, but this skilled dietitian is able to cope with any situation. Quietly and systematically he provides for his customary number, and in addition receives orders for

By Ethel M. Porter

ILLUSTRATED WITH  
PHOTOGRAPHS

A Glimpse at its Management,  
Equipment and  
Operation



Monsieur  
Leony  
Derouet,  
Head Chef  
of the  
Commodore  
Kitchens.



A section of the enormous ovens.

banquets for several thousands, arranging menus and rates which may range to twenty-five dollars a plate. Isn't it amusing then to think how fussed some housewives can become when their husbands telephone that they are bringing a few guests home for dinner?

**M**ONSIEUR DEROUET keeps at least one day's supply on hand, amounting in money to over twelve thousand dollars, the cold storage rooms permitting of no waste of food either before or after it is cooked. It is a case of cold, colder and coldest as one passes from room to room in this department, and in the very innermost one does not tarry to observe many details beyond its immaculate cleanliness and order.

We wish every woman in Canada could hop into a huge aeroplane and take a trip to New York just to see these wonderful kitchens over which Monsieur Derouet presides. To visit a huge well-operated cuisine, where every detail is observed to improve either the food or its service, is an education in itself, and no one could come away without a realization of the dignity and importance of preparing nourishing, well cooked and temptingly served food. Large or small, it makes little difference—a great hotel is but your small kitchen magnified. Its methods of work ought to be your methods.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)



This is the way meats are broiled and dressed.

Where one proves the quality of the food prepared in these kitchens.

Game and fish temptingly arranged for serving.



# Tempting Jellied Dishes

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "ECONOMICAL COOKERY."

## Cold, Sparkling Jellies Cannot be Resisted in August

WHEN gelatine is used for stiffening purposes, it ought to be of the best quality. One thing the cook, or the housewife, should remember is that gelatine must not be boiled, but only heated sufficiently by the addition of hot water or other clear liquid. Gelatine added to milk makes it more digestible, the curds become much finer, and digestion is thereby facilitated. Gelatine is indispensable when one has bits of cold meat, fish, or the remains of joints to dispose of, for if these are made up with gelatine in pretty molds they make most acceptable and attractive luncheon or supper dishes.

The great secret in making jelly that looks bright is to take pains with the clearing of it. The saucepan used ought to have a clear or enamelled lining, and all utensils must be perfectly free from grease.

The temperature at which jelly is molded ought to be such that while still perfectly liquid it is not sensibly warm. If poured into the mold hot, it is apt to become cloudy, and there is likely to be difficulty in turning it out. A cream or custard mixture should be stirred occasionally until it is beginning to set, and then molded. If poured into the mold too liquid, the gelatine will be inclined to fall to the bottom, and form a clear top on the mold. When putting a jelly aside to cool, see that the mold stands perfectly even, in order that the jelly may stand straight when turned out. Jellies are improved by having custard, cream, or stewed fruit served with them. This should be served separately.

The best molds for jellies are those which are made of tin or of copper and tinned inside. It will be better if they can be kept for jellies only, and not used for greasy puddings. For jellies and cold puddings the molds are rinsed out with cold water.

To unmold a jelly or cream dip the mold into a bowl of hot water, hotter than the hand can comfortably bear, and dip the mold quickly into it. Then wipe the moisture off the mold with a cloth, and loosen the contents away from the sides with the tips of the fingers. Shake the jelly until it seems loose in the mold, place the dish on which it is to be served on the top, and reverse both together. Give another slight shake, and draw the mold slowly off. Jelly for chopping should be very clear and rather stiff. Turn it on to a sheet of wetted paper, and then with a sharp, clean knife, chop it quickly and as lightly as possible. This chopped jelly may either be put in a border round any cold dish, or it may be put into a forcing bag with tube and used as a garnish in various ways.

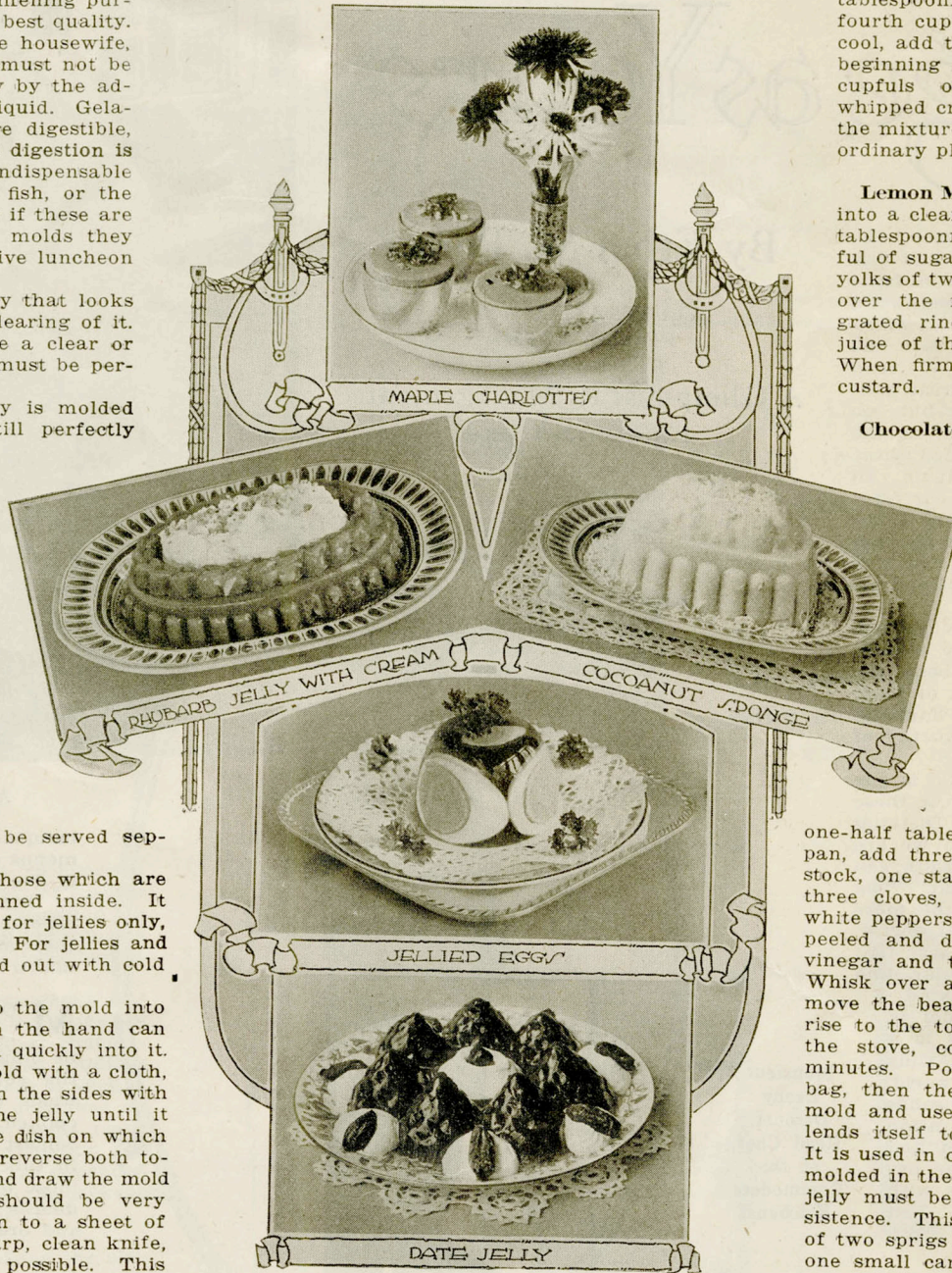
**Jellied Eggs.**—Pour a little liquid aspic jelly into wet individual molds and allow it to set. Decorate the bottom and the sides of the molds with thin slices of hard-cooked eggs. Set the slices of eggs down with a little aspic jelly. When firm, lay in thin slices of cooked meat or tongue, then pour over a little more aspic jelly and allow to firm, repeat until the molds are full. Turn out when set and decorate with sprigs of parsley.

**Cocoanut Sponge.**—Dissolve two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of hot water, strain into a bowl, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, three cupfuls of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, and one-half cupful of chopped cocoanut. Stir until beginning to firm, pour into a wet mold and when firm turn out. Sprinkle over with cocoanut and serve.

**Date Jelly.**—Wash one-half pound of dates, put them into a bowl, add one-half cupful of water, cover and steam until soft and tender. Remove the stones and place the dates in a wet mold. Put one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine into a clean saucepan, add one cupful of water, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of fruit juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and the strained juice of two oranges. Stir over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved, then strain over the dates. Turn out when firm and decorate with whipped and sweetened cream and a few stoned dates.

**Rhubarb Jelly With Cream.**—Put one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar into a saucepan, add one cupful of water and grated rind of one-half lemon, bring to boiling point, add three pounds of rhubarb washed and sliced, simmer gently for thirty minutes, then strain. Add six tablespoonfuls of gelatine, stir until dissolved, then add a few drops of red color, pour into a wet mold, turn out when set and fill the center with whipped and sweetened cream flavored with one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract.

**Maple Charlottes.**—Melt one cupful of grated maple sugar with one cupful of boiling water.



Dissolve two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatine in two cupfuls of milk and then bring to boiling point; add two yolks of eggs beaten with one-fourth cupful of granulated sugar, and stir until it begins to thicken; remove from the fire and add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, the dissolved maple sugar, one teaspoonful of orange extract and one-half cupful of chopped nut meats. Pour into small wet molds and set away to harden. Decorate with chopped nut meats and serve.

**Jellied Apples.**—Peel and core eight tart, firm apples, and put them into a saucepan with one cupful of sugar and sufficient water to cover. Cook slowly until the apples are tender, but have not lost their shape, then lift them out on to a serving dish. Measure the liquid, there should be one and one-half pints, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine mixed with the strained juice of one orange and dissolve over the fire. Remove from the fire and add a few drops of red color, and when cool pour over the apples. Serve very cold with custard or milk.

**Tomato Jelly Salad.**—Put six tablespoonfuls of gelatine into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of water, one can or one and one-half pounds of crushed fresh tomatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, three whole cloves, two whites of eggs and one blade of mace. Beat over the fire until boiling, remove the beater and allow to boil up, draw to one side and cover for five minutes. Strain through a wet jelly bag and color with a few drops of red color. Pour into a wet ring mold and when firm turn out on crisp lettuce leaves, fill the centre with chopped celery, mixed with French dressing and cover with mayonnaise dressing.

**Gelatine Pie.**—Line a pie plate with crust, rolled not too thin, prick in several places and bake in a hot oven. Allow to get thoroughly cold before putting in the filling. Then fill with the following mixture: Peel and cut one ripe banana into thin rings, add one-fourth cupful of strained lemon juice, one cupful of fruit juice, one tablespoonful of orange juice, one cupful of grated maple sugar and allow to stand for one and one-half hours. Dissolve two and one-half

tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one and one-fourth cupfuls of hot water, then allow to get cool, add the banana mixture, chill, and when beginning to firm, beat well and fold in two cupfuls of whipped evaporated milk or whipped cream. When thoroughly chilled pile the mixture on the baked crust and serve. Any ordinary plain paste may be used for the crust.

**Lemon Milk Jelly.**—Put two cupfuls of water into a clean saucepan, add two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatine, three-fourths cupful of sugar and dissolve; then add the beaten yolks of two eggs, two cupfuls of milk, and stir over the fire until almost boiling, add the grated rind of one lemon and the strained juice of the lemon. Strain into a wet mold. When firm turn out and serve with milk or custard.

**Chocolate Spanish Cream.**—Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of hot water. Melt one square of chocolate in two cupfuls of hot milk, then add the gelatine. Pour this mixture on to the beaten yolks of two eggs, add one-half cupful of sugar, return to the fire and stir until it begins to thicken. Remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and beat for ten minutes. Pour into a wet mold and turn out when firm. Serve with sugar and cream.

**Aspic Jelly.**—Put four and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine into a saucepan, add three and one-half cupfuls of water or stock, one stalk of celery, diced, two bay leaves, three cloves, one blade of mace, twelve whole white peppers, one teaspoonful of salt, one onion, peeled and diced, eight tablespoonfuls of good vinegar and the whites and shells of two eggs. Whisk over a gentle heat until boiling, then remove the beater, allow the thick white scum to rise to the top of the pan, draw to one side of the stove, cover and allow to stand for ten minutes. Pour boiling water through a jelly bag, then the jelly. Turn the jelly into a wet mold and use as required when set. Aspic jelly lends itself to a great variety of useful dishes. It is used in cold entrees where the materials are molded in the jelly, and this means that the aspic jelly must be beautifully clear and of firm consistence. This recipe is improved by the addition of two sprigs of parsley, one small turnip, diced, one small carrot, diced, and one inch of cinnamon stick.

**Pineapple Jelly.**—Peel and cut one pineapple into small pieces, put it into a saucepan with three cupfuls of water and simmer for half an hour. Strain into another saucepan, add another cupful of water, three and three-fourths tablespoonfuls of gelatine, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, grated rind and strained juice of one lemon and the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Keep hot for twenty minutes without boiling, then strain into small molds. When ready to serve, carefully disengage the jelly from the molds and serve on a glass dish with one cupful of grated pineapple.

**Jellied Chicken.**—Singe and draw one good chicken, put it into a saucepan of boiling water and cook slowly until very tender. Lift the chicken out and set aside to cool. Cut the meat in neat pieces. Put the skin and the bones into a saucepan with one quart of the liquor, one onion cut up, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of celery seeds and one-half teaspoonful of whole white peppers, simmer until reduced to two cupfuls, then add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine and strain. Arrange a layer of the chicken in a wet mold, then some thin slices of hard-cooked eggs, stoned olives and chopped parsley, then more of the chicken, and so on until the mold is nearly full, then fill the mold with the gelatine. Turn out when firm and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

**Jellied Relish.**—Chop eight stoned olives, add two diced stalks of celery, four small chopped gherkins, and one cupful of chopped nut meats. Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of hot water, add two cupfuls of vinegar and pour over the pickles and the nuts. Set in a cool place until firm, then cut in small neat squares.


**Peach Sherbet.**—Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one cupful of hot water, then add two cupfuls of sugar and allow the sugar to melt, then add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one teaspoonful of almond or orange extract. Cool and strain, then add one cupful of whipped cream and two cupfuls of fresh or canned peaches. Freeze and serve in sherbet glasses with wafers.



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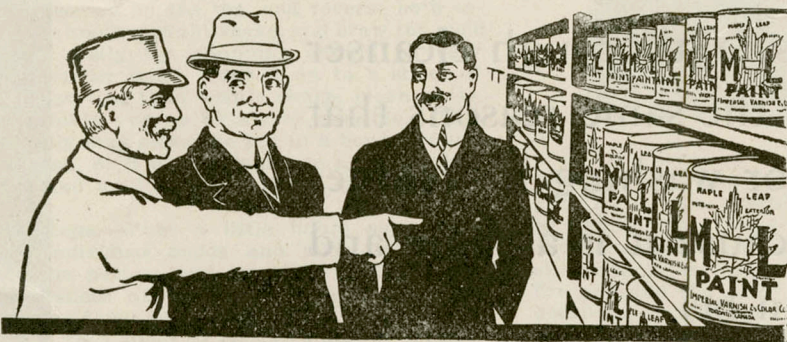
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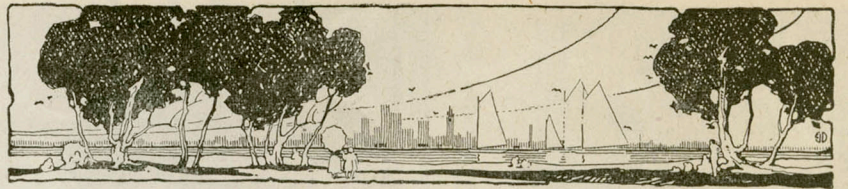
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## Spicy Goodies

Which Taste Ever So Fine With Meats  
Hot or Cold

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "CANDIES AND BON BONS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM."

**Spiced Blackberries.**—Put eight pounds of picked blackberries into a preserving kettle with three and one-half pounds of brown sugar and two cupfuls of good vinegar. Tie in a cheesecloth or muslin bag three teaspoonfuls each of whole cloves, powdered cinnamon, powdered allspice, nutmeg and ginger. Put the spices in with the berries, sugar and vinegar and allow to stand for four hours. Place the kettle over the fire, bring slowly to the boil and then simmer for fifteen minutes. Skim out the fruit with a skimmer, and spread on a platter while the juice is cooked down to one-half the original quantity. Pack the blackberries in glass or stone jars, pour over the syrup and seal. These are most delicious served with meat or game.

**Another Method.**—Tie twelve whole cloves, one small piece of ginger, one inch of cinnamon stick and one blade of mace in a muslin or cheesecloth bag, then put them into two and one-half cupfuls of vinegar in an enamelled saucepan and boil for one-half hour, keeping the lid on the pan. Pick and wash four and one-half pounds of blackberries, drain, and bring to the boil with three-fourths pound of lump sugar. Draw to the side of the stove, stir in two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of honey, and add the vinegar and the spices. Simmer for thirty minutes, taking special care not to break the fruit, then place the berries in a stone jar, and cover them to the depth of fully one inch with the liquor reduced to a thick, rich syrup. Place a few slices of horseradish on the top and seal. This pickle is excellent for serving with grilled meats.

**Spiced Gooseberries.**—Top and tail the gooseberries and wash them. Make a syrup, allowing three pints of sugar to one pint of vinegar. When the syrup is thick add the berries and boil until the berries are tender. Add more sugar if necessary. When nearly ready spice with cloves, ginger and cinnamon.

**Spiced Peaches.**—Peel large peaches. To ten pounds of peaches take five pounds of grated maple sugar. Put on the sugar with four cupfuls of water, add six cupfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of whole cloves and ginger, and a small piece of cinnamon stick. When it boils for twenty minutes, lay in the peaches, boil until tender and soft, remove the peaches with a skimmer, put in sterilized glass jars and continue cooking the syrup until thick, pour over the peaches and when cold seal and label. Before cooking, the peaches should be dropped in boiling water and the skins rubbed off.

**Another Method.**—Scald two cupfuls of vinegar with six cupfuls of sugar and one-half ounce each of allspice and cloves and two ounces broken cinnamon, then pour over seven pounds of unpeeled peaches. Allow to stand for twenty-four hours, drain off, and scald again, and pour over the fruit, then allow to stand for twenty-four hours. Boil all together until the peaches are tender, then put the peaches in jars. Boil the syrup until thick, then pour over the peaches and seal.

**Spiced Rhubarb.**—Wash some bunches of rhubarb, peel it, and cut it in inch pieces. Measure five quarts and cook until soft in a very little water, then add one cupful of chopped onions, two cupfuls of vinegar, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of grated maple sugar and one-half cupful of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful

each of powdered cloves, cinnamon and ground allspice, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg and ginger. Cook all together till thick, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Pour into jars and seal.

**Spiced Grapes.**—Use wild grapes if possible for this relish, and do not have them quite ripe. Wash them, put in a preserving kettle, with just enough water to keep them from burning. When tender, rub them through a sieve, discarding the skins and the seeds. To ten pounds of the pulp, add six pounds of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, three teaspoonfuls of powdered cloves, one teaspoonful of powdered allspice, one tablespoonful of powdered nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of powdered ginger and two and one-half quarts of vinegar. Cook until quite thick, then bottle and seal.

**Spiced Celery.**—Wash and chop eight bunches of celery. Peel and chop twenty ripe tomatoes, wipe and chop one red and one green pepper. Mix the celery, tomatoes, peppers, two cupfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one cupful each of brown and granulated sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of powdered cloves, ginger, mustard seeds, allspice and nutmeg, bring to boiling point and let them simmer for two hours. Fill into sterilized jars and seal.

**Spiced Currants.**—Put five pounds of stemmed currants into a preserving kettle, add eight cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, allspice, nutmeg and cloves, allow to boil, then simmer gently for one hour. Pour into glasses, seal and label.

**Spiced Raisins.**—Put into a preserving kettle three cupfuls of seeded raisins, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth cupful of water, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and cloves. Cook gently until the raisins are very soft and the liquid evaporated. Cool, roll in sugar and keep in air tight jars.

**Spiced Prunes.**—These are good served with sliced cold roast meat. Stone two and one-half cupfuls of cooked prunes, cut into small pieces, add one cupful of the prune liquid, grated rind of one orange, strained juice of the orange, three tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar, one-half teaspoonful of powdered cloves and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and simmer gently for thirty minutes. Seal in glasses.

**Spiced Quinces.**—Pare and core seven pounds of quinces. Put two cupfuls of vinegar and eight cupfuls of brown sugar on to boil. Mix one teaspoonful of powdered cloves, two teaspoonfuls each of powdered allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, and one-half teaspoonful of powdered mace and divide into four parts. Put each into a muslin bag, tie tightly, then place them in with the sugar and the vinegar. When the mixture is hot add the quinces; bring all to boiling point, remove from the fire and turn carefully into stone jars. Allow to stand in a cool place over night. Next morning drain all the liquor from the quinces into a preserving kettle; stand it over a moderate fire, and when boiling hot pour it back in the jar over the quinces. Next day drain and heat again as before; do this for nine consecutive days; the last time boil the liquor down until there is just sufficient to cover the fruit. Add the fruit to it; bring the whole to the boil, divide into jars and seal.



# May We Send You This Beautiful Picture Free



"SUMMERTIME"

## "SUMMERTIME"

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is prepared to send free to each of its readers an artist's proof (size 8" x 10"), full quadro colors, personally autographed by the painter.

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Edith Stevenson Wright is perhaps most famous for her portrait painting, the greater part of which has been done in the United States, although the painting we have chosen to reproduce was made while she lived in Canada. A long list of noted statesmen have posed for this talented young artist, whose work is equalled by none in the Middle States.

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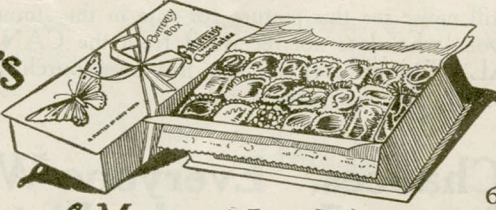
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## Attractive Ways of Serving Junket

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "THE THRIFT COOK BOOK."

**A**LTHOUGH most people are aware of the many charms of junket, not everyone knows the variety of ways in which it may be served. It is often regarded as belonging only to the very plainest type of household cookery, and is seldom met with except perfectly plain, and served with cream, or possibly stewed fruits. As a matter of fact, there are many dishes a great deal more expensive and elaborate than junket which are not nearly so pleasing, especially if it be varied in some of the numerous ways which are possible, and also, let it be added, when it is made with care, for simple as is the mode of its preparation, it is nevertheless, often carelessly served.

Indeed, it is probably this very simplicity which tempts the housewife to carelessness. Of course, junket does not, owing to its nature, lend itself to elaborate treatment; but at the same time, there are a great number of little ways of preparing it in conjunction with different flavorings, garnishes, and the accompaniments, which not only render it more attractive, but provide a whole series of dishes which are most useful, as they are so easily and quickly made.

Junket, too, has the merit of being one of the most wholesome of foods, and many persons who do not care for plain milk can take it with pleasure in this much more digestible form, especially if it be flavored in some of the ways mentioned below. For invalids it forms an ideal nourishment as the thickening of the milk by the rennet is exactly the same process as that which takes place on digestion, and it is consequently more easily assimilated than milk which has not been thus treated.

Junket may likewise be used for making ice cream, which it renders more wholesome and easier of digestion. Just follow the directions for making junket. Dissolve a junket tablet in water, add to three cupfuls of milk and one cupful of thick cream. Use a little more sugar and flavoring than you would for a pudding and when it begins to thicken into a soft, creamy jelly, freeze in the usual way. If desired one cupful of chopped fruit or chopped nuts may be added.

Another use for junket tablets is the making of curd. From this delicious cakes may be prepared, while little home made cream cheeses or curd cheese form a pleasant change and present no difficulties. In regard to the actual preparation of junket it is so simple as scarcely to require description but, at the same time, the one or two necessary directions must be carefully followed, or the result in junket will be far from attractive, possibly refusing to become firm or turning partially into whey, in which case the appearance of the dish is completely spoiled. The milk employed should be pure and sweet and fresh—boiled milk will not answer—it should be warmed to blood heat, not more than 100° F. It must not be allowed to become really hot, and should it do so it must be allowed to cool before adding the tablet which has been dissolved in one tablespoonful of cold water. Three teaspoonfuls of sugar is stirred into the milk, and the dissolved tablet is then added, also one teaspoonful of any flavoring desired, and the milk is at once poured into the serving dish or individual dishes such as sherbet glasses. It should be left undisturbed in a warm place till firm, then carefully removed to a refrigerator or cool place till wanted. If it is shaken it will break apart, causing the whey to form, and quite spoiling the junket.

Plain junket may be made without sugar and makes a light and nourishing food that can be retained by the most delicate stomach.

**Cocoa Junket.**—Scald two cupfuls of milk, cool slightly, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-eighth cupful of boiling water, a pinch of salt, and one-fourth cupful of cocoa: when thoroughly dissolved, add one junket tablet crushed and dissolved with one tablespoonful of cold water and one tablespoonful of fruit juice. Pour carefully into serving dish, keep in warm room until thick, then chill. Serve with cream or stewed fruit.

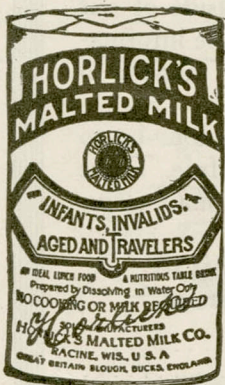
**Apple Junket.**—Make one junket tablet as usual. Peel and core three good apples, cook them with a little water until they are smooth and without lumps, then rub through a sieve, sweeten to taste, add the grated rind of one-half lemon and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat up the whites of two eggs until they are stiff, then gradually beat in two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the apple puree is cold, mix the two together, and beat until thoroughly blended. When the junket is quite firm spread the apple mixture over it and decorate with a few preserved cherries. If desired the junket may be colored with a few drops of red color.

**Junket With Jelly.**—Make some junket in the ordinary way, flavoring it with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extracts; pour it into individual glass dishes. When firm place one tablespoonful of jelly on each dish of junket. The jelly may be apple, currant, gooseberry, or any red jelly which may be convenient. On this pipe a star of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

**Caramel Junket.**—One quart of milk, six tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, one junket tablet and one tablespoonful of cold water. Put the sugar into a small saucepan, with just sufficient water to melt it, stir until the sugar is no longer visible, and cook (without stirring) until the syrup becomes a dark brown; then pour in a few tablespoonfuls of the milk, and allow it to cook until strongly flavored and sweetened by the caramel. Add this flavored milk to the remainder of the cold milk and the tablet dissolved in the cold water. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla extract, and serve in custard glasses.

**Pineapple Junket.**—Prepare the tablet as usual, flavoring it with one teaspoonful of lemon extract; heap on it some whipped cream, sweetened, and to which has been added some chopped pineapple. Garnish with a few slices of the pineapple and serve with pineapple sauce. To make the sauce, strain one-half cupful of the syrup from one can of pineapple into a saucepan, add to it one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of sugar or honey and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Boil for ten minutes, and skim if necessary, then add some pineapple cut into tiny dice, and color the sauce a pale pink with a few drops of red color.

**Almond Junket.**—Take one quart of milk and four ounces of almonds, blanch, dry and grind or finely chop the almonds, pounding them well. Put a very little of the milk into a small saucepan, adding to it the almonds. Simmer these together until the milk is strongly flavored with the almonds, and add while hot to the cold milk, which will be rendered sufficiently warm for the addition of the junket tablet. The almonds may, if desired, be removed by straining the hot milk through a piece of cheesecloth or muslin, or they may be left in, as preferred. In either case the flavor is much pleasanter than when almond extract is used. Pour into custard glasses, and when firm decorate with chopped almonds or glace fruits. Serve with sponge cake or lady fingers.



## Horlick's Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly 1/2 century Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain. The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water. *Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.* Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's And Get The Original

2519



### "Order Some More Quick Puddings, Mother"

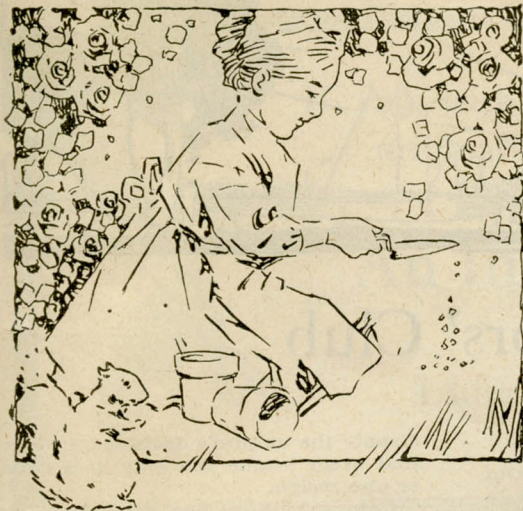
Johnny always keeps an eye on the supply of Quick Puddings so he can remind his mother when they're finished. He's not taking any chances of being "out of" these tasty desserts. Pure Gold Quick Puddings are the favorite dessert of a great many little ones, and grown folks too. No one can help liking them—they're so deliciously wholesome. And then they're so easily prepared they save mother many precious minutes.

Get a supply yourself. Tapioca, custard and chocolate, 15c. a package at all grocers.

**Pure Gold Desserts QUICK PUDDINGS**

Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Toronto





# THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted By  
Ethel Bain



**M**Y Dear HOME JOURNAL Children:  
The Poetry Contest has been a great success and it was indeed a pleasant surprise to find that we had so many poets in our club. There will be another chance for those who did not win the prize, so in the meantime, I suggest that they set to work on their next poem.

There is no fee to pay, Frances Hughes, and we are very glad to welcome you as a member. Won't you try some of the other contests?

Why not photograph the pig when she is looking at the camera, Gladys Betts? She is a fine looking creature, and your snapshot is good with only one mistake, that the head is in too deep shadow. Try again, won't you?

The thought in your poem is very good, Marian Perry, and I am sure that all our pets will follow us on, as you suggest.

That was excellent copying of the picture, Lincoln Thomas, but we would prefer that you send us a snapshot of your dog or perhaps a school chum. Shall look forward to seeing more of your work.

So sorry, Ivan Benson, that your story was too late for the contest it was intended for. Bandy must be a wonderful dog, and I'm so glad you found him again and that his foot is better after being caught in that hateful trap. What about a snapshot of Bandy for our camera contest?

Thank you, Roy Graham, for your nice letter. I am always glad to hear from the club members.

So pleased to hear that you like writing for the contests, Thelma Banks. Keep on trying, won't you?

You are very welcome, Jean Makins. Don't stop writing to us because you are sixteen. Your letter and verses were like the dancing wind fairies and delightfully refreshing.

Many thanks for your interesting letter, Evelyn Williams. Have sent your change of address notice to the right department, so expect you will receive your Journal as usual.

Your sincere friend,  
ETHEL BAIN

### PRIZE LIST FOR MAY CONTESTS.

1. Original Poetry. Awarded to Marguerite Murray Cooper, age 15, Box 209, Petrolia, Ont.
2. Plans for My Garden. Awarded to Reginald Campbell, age 13, 20 Oakvale Ave., Toronto, Ont.
3. Camera Contest. Awarded to Evelyn Williams, age 15, 310 Fairmount Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Lincoln S. Thomas, Isobel Roberts, Eva Taylor, Nita Jones, Roy W. Graham, Jean Makins, Maurice Knetchel.

### PRIZE POEM.

"Victory."—By Marguerite Murray Cooper, age 15, Box 209, Petrolia, Ont.

We have come to the great hour of Victory,  
And our hearts go forth in praise,  
At the downfall of baseness and trickery,  
And the defeat of cowards and knaves.

We are proud in this great hour of victory,  
To know we have fought a fair fight,  
To know in this great world's history,  
We have always upheld the right.

We know we have always been faithful,  
To our God, to our flag, and our king,  
And now, O Lord, make us grateful,  
For the joy which this victory brings.

But O, in this hour of rejoicing,  
When o'erpowered with the joy victory gives,  
Let us never forget those heroes,  
Who died that we might live.

### PRIZE LETTER.

"Plans for My Garden."—By Reginald Campbell, age 13, 20 Oakvale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

**G**LORIOUS spring is here and I find it the best time to work in my garden, for beautiful sunshine, soft spring rain and breezes are all doing their very best to hasten a plentiful harvest of fruit and flowers.

Last year, children, even the little ones, helped our beloved country in her hour of need. Some I know, had only a tiny plot in their backyard, but even so, were not the lettuce and radishes which they had grown the very best they had ever tasted?



Prize photograph, taken by Evelyn Williams, age 15, 310 Fairmount Ave., Ottawa.

This year I intend to cultivate a larger space of ground than I did during 1918. Already I have a good supply of seeds and am busy choosing others from numerous catalogues that show many brilliant illustrations, and contain many useful gardening hints.

I shall devote the largest portion of my garden to the production of staple articles of food, for although Canada is not faced by any immediate danger of food shortage, it would be very unwise to ignore the fact that Europe and also India have millions of people who are relying upon America for an enormous amount of food commodities.

I shall leave a little corner for flowers, for I think if flowers are grown close to the vegetables we visit our gardens more frequently, for flowers of any description are always attractive and when going to admire them, you can scarcely pass their humbler relatives by, without giving them a little attention, too.

Working in the open air, besides being healthy, is just like a game to me and already I am anticipating the summer holidays, when my garden will begin to reward me for all my care and time which I have expended upon it.

### LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

- Allen, Maynard, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Adams, Hazel, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Babin, Frances, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Benson, Ivan, Rothsay, Ont.  
Betts, Gladys, Chantlers P.O., Ont.

### CONTESTS FOR AUGUST.

1. Boys and girls up to 11 years of age. Not more than 300 words. Subject: The Squirrel.
2. Boys and girls from 12 to 16. Not more than 500 words. Essay on Canada's birds, butterflies and flowers.
3. Camera contest. Boys and girls up to 16 years of age. Any subject.

### RULES:

Name, age and address must be written on each contribution.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

Closing date, the 26th of August.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

- Brittain, Harold, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Brittain, Robert, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Campbell, Reginald, Toronto, Ont.  
Cleveland, Vivian, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Cooper, Marguerite M., Petrolia, Ont.  
Finlay, Joyce, South End P.O., Ont.  
Hawes, Millie, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Hawes, Ivy, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Jones, Edna, Brantford, Ont.  
Morton, Myrtle E., Yarmouth, N.S.  
Makins, Jean, Stratford, Ont.  
Mills, Louise, Blyth, Ont.  
Orr, Iris, Winnipeg, Man.  
Page, Reda, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Roberts, Isobel, Niagara Falls, Ont.  
Servant, Catherine, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Shaw, Marguerite M., Toronto, Ont.  
Surm, Beauma, Yarmouth, N.S.  
Thomas, Lincoln, Toronto, Ont.  
Williams, Evelyn, Ottawa, Ont.

### THE NIGHT HUNTERS.

By ETHEL BAIN.

**S**OFTLY the darkness fell over the sleepy earth. The stars began to twinkle in the deep blue sky whilst here and there a bird flew quickly homeward to its waiting mate, hurrying because of the fear in its heart that one of the nighthunters might suddenly swoop upon it from nowhere. The violet shadows deepened to black and soon all the birds that fly by day were fast asleep. The last goodnight had been called and the silence was unbroken save for the summer breeze rustling through the leaves.

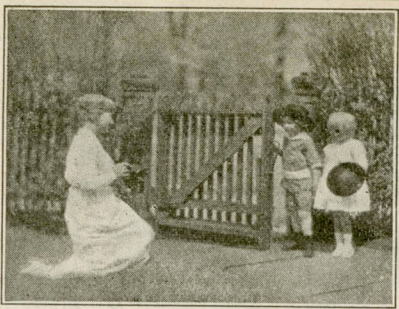
Across the waving meadow grass came a shadow. Two gold colored eyes glowed from the dark shape, but it made no noise. It was listening as it flew slowly along. Suddenly there was heard the tiniest squeak in the grass below. It was enough. The shape swooped swiftly downwards but almost before it had alighted, it was on the wing again with a little field mouse hanging limply from its feet and soon the hunter disappeared within the shadow of the trees.

For a while all was silent and now the moon shed abroad her silvery radiance and kissing the sleeping flowers danced upon the murmuring brook. Down the wind came a weird yet sweet sound, a kind of trembling whistling. Again and again it was repeated, then in the moonlight appeared, not one, but two dark swiftly moving shapes. The night watchmen were out in search of their supper and so silently did they fly, that the marauding rats who were so busy feasting on the farmer's crops had not time to squeak after the first rustle had betrayed their movements to the hovering birds of prey. Unless the victim was too large, they bolted their catch entire for their habit was to eject the bones, claws, hair and other indigestible parts of their victims, afterwards, which they did in form of matted pellets.

**O**VER the meadow the little hunters passed and soon they arrived at the barnyard. The keen eyes of the first Screech Owl noticed a shadowy form near the chicken coop. Like lightning, he winged after it, and before the first startled cry had arisen from the awakened chicks, the rat was firmly clutched in the owl's sharp claws and his neck broken by the vice-like grip of the strong hooked beak of the hunter, who was not more than ten inches long from the tip of his head to his tail. The chicks settled themselves to sleep again, whilst the two owls disposed of their prey, for Mrs. Owl had been busy, too—a smaller catch, perhaps—all the same, one less thief for their friend the farmer.

The Screech Owls lived in a hollow tree in the old orchard and so much had they repaid the farmer who had protected them, that he had given them the freedom of all the buildings, and woe betide the gunner who as much as threatened the night workers. Two seasons before, the farmer had learned of the little known, yet valuable work performed by these owls, but later he remembered this when rescuing a young Screech Owl from a boy who had robbed a nest in the wood. The young owl was taken home to the barn and given a dark corner, and soon he came to know the people that moved about, as friends. Food he found a-plenty, in the barn itself, for his instinct told him that the small furry creatures, known as mice were for him to catch and to eat.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



## Keep a Kodak Story of the Children

Pictures, preserving forever the childhood days, mean a world of comfort to mother's heart—yes, and to father's too.

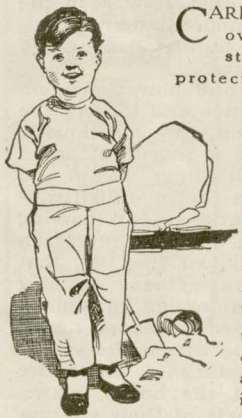
And just a few years afterward: "That's you, Polly, when you were—let me see. Oh yes, the film says it was August eight, nineteen nineteen, your fourth birthday. And Junior was five."

Every picture worth taking is worth at least a date, if not a title. It's all very simple with an Autographic Kodak, as simple as pressing the button. And Autographic film costs no more than the other kind.

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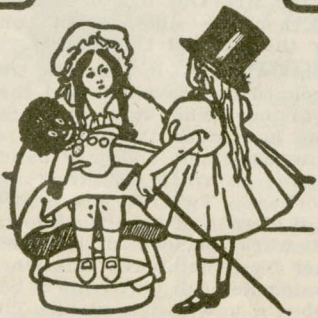
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**C**ARHARTT All-overs, made of sturdy galatea, protect clothes and stockings and save washing. They always look dressy and neat. Extra strength is secured by double stitching throughout, while the pearl buttons are tightly sewn on. Sold by all good shops in various sizes, reasonably priced.

## Carhartt's for Kiddies

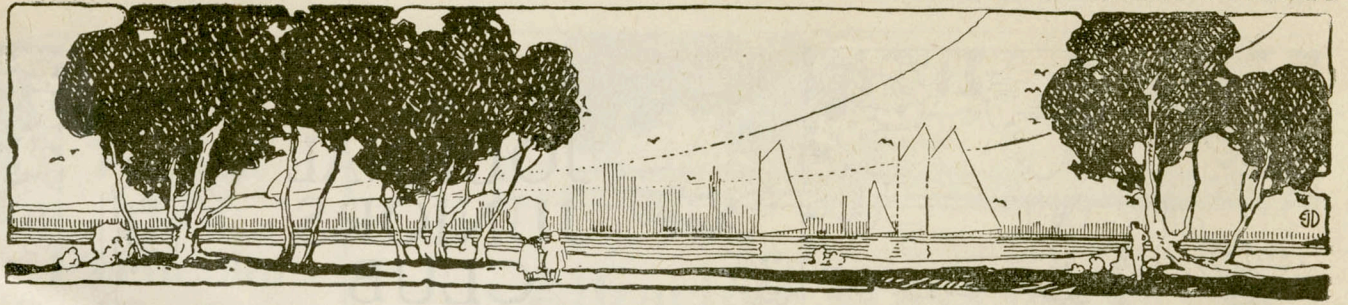
**EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE**



THE DOCTOR: "Ah, yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

**STEEDEMAN'S  
SOOTHING POWDERS  
Contain no Poison**

**EE EE**



## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

### LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

Burgess, Willie, Cannington, Ont.  
Cockburn, Mabel, Dundas, Ont.  
Dobbyn, Marguerite, Inwood, Ont.  
Gallagher, Edna, Westmount, Que.  
Gracie, Jean, North Bay, Ont.  
Hartley, Mabel, Wooler, Ont.  
Lyons, Gladys, Alliston, Ont.  
Macneill, Edith, Halifax, N.S.  
Pryce, Gwenyth, Brantford, Ont.  
Weed, Alice M., Alvinston, Ont.

### PRIZE LETTER.

"My Garden." By Gwenyth Pryce, age 10 years, 74 Grand St., Grandview, P.O., Brantford, Ont.

**T**HE school that I attend supplies us with vegetable seeds. Some of the children have their gardens at school, but mine is at home. I have seeds of the following: carrots, beets, turnips, beans, white beans, Dutch set onions, lettuce, red radish, icicle radish, parsnips, potatoes and daddy gave me some peas to plant. I have 3 rows of carrots, 2 rows of beets, 1 row of turnips, 1 row of beans, 1 row of white beans, 3 rows of Dutch set onions, 1 row of lettuce, 1 row of icicle radish, 1 row of red radish, 1 row of peas, 5 rows of Irish Cobbler potatoes and 1 row of Eureka potatoes. My parsnips are mixed with my lettuce and icicle radish. My garden is rather a crooked affair. It is 25 feet long and at one end it is 13 feet and at the other 15 feet wide.

I meant to have had a flower garden but I kept putting off getting the seeds, and putting it off until now I have not a single flower seed in. However another year I will not put it off. If I had a flower garden I would have had nasturtiums, asters, and maybe some sweet peas. In the fall we have a school fair of vegetables, flowers and other things at which I hope to win some prizes.

### PRIZE LETTER.

"My Favorite Summer Sport." By Roy W. Graham, age 14, Haysville, Ont.

**T**HERE are many summer games and pastimes, but baseball is my favorite with camping a close second. I remember my pre-High School days when we had a miniature baseball diamond at a country school and all intermissions were spent in playing. We took our old lopsided five-cent ball which, nine times out of ten, flew to pieces at the most exciting part of the game. No attention was paid to a regulation bat. We used anything, from a pump handle to a piece of iron piping. We had only one base, but it was quite sufficient when the pitcher had to do all the fielding, and even then the score ran into the hundreds.

Now we have more modern and efficient means. We have formed a club and have elected a president, secretary, manager and captain. The manager's and captain's duties are the most difficult for the manager must see that there are games to play with other teams and the captain must keep the "nine" in practice.

Base running, batting and throwing must be practised. A point which is often neglected is the proper use of signals. A winning team must have two sets of signals so that all the players know where the ball is going to be thrown every time.

Do not be "sore" if your team loses, someone must lose. A few weeks ago our High School nine went to play in a neighbouring town and came back completely swamped—20-0. Were we angry? I guess not. We played the return game and won.

It is a grand and glorious feeling to get out into the sun and join in a friendly game of ball. At the beginning of the season, one may develop a sore arm and later get a little tanned, but the average boy cares more for his health than his complexion.

Last but not least—play fair. Do not

dispute the umpire's decisions, and see that every league you play in is clean or else resign.

Camping is a fine summer sport. The mere mention of the word brings many happy recollections of last spring. This season is the ideal time for camping. The grass and leaves are shooting out and the birds coming back. Evening comes and the campfire throws its dim rays into the swiftly descending twilight. All this makes this style of life suitable for a recreation, and few can resist the call of the wild or the influence of pleasant environment. Of course a number of things come under the heading "Camping." There are swimming and many other healthful sports, not to mention the manifold opportunities to study nature, but baseball and camping are my favourite sports. If there are any Journal Juniors of the same opinion will they please write to me?

### HONORABLE MENTION.

"My Favorite Summer Sport." By Dorothy Raether, age 13 years, Point Anne, Ont.

**W**HEN the crisp white sheet of snow has melted and the grass begins to grow, when the cold north wind is put to rout by a warm, gentle breeze, it is surely spring and we children recognize it and put away our skates and sleighs; then, too, we think of those things which have been particularly enjoyable to us in former summers and make ready to enjoy them once more.

Picnicking or camping is among my list of "particular enjoyables" and I am going to tell you why. I love to get up early in the morning and go to the woods intending to stay all day with my friends. This month, June, is an especially nice one for picnicking because everything is so pretty. The flattering rays of the sun have deepened the blush of the wild rose, the gold of the sun is in the buttercup and golden-rod, and the kiss of a gentle wind in the tiny violet.

I live almost on the shore of the Bay of Quinte and there is a great deal of fun swimming there, and when it is rough the tossing, foaming billows remind me of a poem I once read and which was entitled, "The Ocean." When it is calm it is just as nice, especially on moon-light evenings when I like to watch the moon rise from the water as if it has just made its arrival from another world, and quickly change the blue waves to numerous ripples of shining silver that dance merrily in the night wind. This in itself is sport enough but the bay also affords fishing which, in Point Anne, the girls like almost as well as the boys.

I like to roller skate very much but to me it seems very insignificant when I think of the things I have just mentioned.

Another sport is picking berries. There are just a few kinds up here however and I must say we never pick very many. I guess it's the fun and the taste we want more than anything—but it wouldn't be a sport if it wasn't, would it?

### HONORABLE MENTION.

"My Garden." By Willie Burgess, age 12 years, R.R. No. 2, Cannington, Ont.

**S**EEDTIME and harvest shall not fail." With this in mind I go to my garden with my plan in view.

First my father ploughed it last fall, then as soon as it was dry enough this spring, I cultivated it and worked it up, then manured it.

My father ploughed it again for me, then I worked it up and planned it for the planting.

I planted my potatoes first. These I planted two feet apart, in hills, putting three sets in each hill and one

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

The first year passed and still he stayed with his friends, then one day he disappeared. A few weeks later his familiar call was heard through the fast deepening twilight. The farmer, who was a bird lover, too, heard, and whistled in reply to his feathered friend, who came near to greet him. To his surprise there were two owls, then all at once the farmer understood. His little friend had been lonely and had left in search of a mate. Instinct had told him to return and live again under his human friend's protection, but this time he had chosen to nest in the old orchard. Here in a hollow tree the happy pair had later, their first brood, and here the bird lover had found them as he looked into the nest one evening just as the dusk was deepening.

**S**CRREECHY had watched his friend from a nearby branch and as the darkness grew his yellow eyes glittered more brightly. He was proud of his fluffy babies and somehow he knew they were safe with this man, for he had lost all fear of this human being, who had learned to call him by the same sound he made himself. Very wide-awake he looked with the quaint feathered circles round his eyes and his prominent ear tufts or horns distinguished him from his larger cousins. His feathers were rather a freakish color, but that did not matter. It was a good thing to be able to change one's color at times from rusty red and brown to a mottled gray. Then his plumage was so fluffy, quite loose in fact, but this was the secret of his silent flight. True his eyes were set firmly in their sockets, which meant that he could not move them like people or animals, so had to turn his head when he looked in different directions.

Screechy and his wife remained in the orchard and every night they went forth to hunt until daybreak. In the grey dawn, homeward bound, they would snap up many injurious beetles, especially the wood borers and May beetles. Many a grasshopper became a titbit for their breakfast ere they retired to sleep in the cosy darkness of their hollow tree home. Sometimes the mischievous Blue Jay would awaken them and Screechy at his wits' end would arouse himself and vow to kill the tormentor. Out into the blinding sunlight he would stumble and then Blue Jay would tease and mock him. Screechy would fly bewildered and blinded, for being a night bird, his eyes, though keen as any hawk's, made so wonderfully by the great Creator, so that he could see perfectly in the darkness, were useless to him in full daylight. So he contented himself by threatening Blue Jay that if he found him out after dark, he would have to look out for himself, and then he scrambled back to the shelter of the tree, where in the depths his yellow eyes glowed like golden topazes. Blue Jay would tire of teasing and soon the pair would be left undisturbed and the night hunters would sleep until dusk, when once more they would rouse themselves and sally forth to protect the interests of their friend.

### PRIZE LIST FOR JUNE.

1. My Favorite Summer Sport. Awarded to Roy W. Graham, age 14 years, Haysville, Ont.
2. Photograph Contest. Awarded to Jean Gracie, age 14 years, box 2009, North Bay, Ont.
3. My Garden. Awarded to Gwenyth Pryce, age 10 years, 74 Grand St., Grandview P.O., Brantford, Ont.

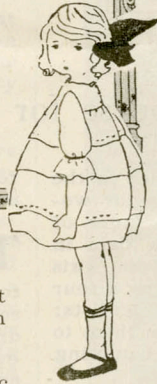
### HONORABLE MENTION.

Mary E. Jackson.  
Marguerite Dobbyn.  
Carmeletta Yallop.  
Mabel Hartley.  
Willie Burgess.  
Dorothy Raether.  
Edith Macneill.  
Gladys Lyons.



If you wish to have something original for the children try  
**An Insect Party**

BY  
**Laura Gates Sykora**



upon me, what one have I the greatest cause to fear?" The ants answer, the lark, sparrow, robin, etc.

**W**HEN the game is finished the forfeits must be redeemed.

The leaders are now told to get their respective sides together again in order to play Mother Goose charades. If this party is given in the evening, shadow charades might be given, but in the afternoon they must be played in the regular way. In order to have shadow charades, a sheet must be stretched across a folding door or screen. The charades are acted behind this screen with a strong light reflecting the shadows upon the sheet.

Miss Muffitt and the Spider makes a wonderful shadow charade. One of the potato spiders must be suspended by a string, and drop beside Miss Muffitt, who is seated upon a stool, preferably a tall one, with a big mixing bowl in her lap busily eating curds and whey with the biggest spoon to be found in the kitchen.

**A** VERY realistic hill can be made for Jack and Jill to climb by leaning an ironing board against a table, placing a few cushions on the top of the table and throwing over the whole an old shawl. The shadow of this will be very realistic and decidedly funny when the small boy and girl start to climb the hill with their pails.

There are any number of these old nursery rhymes which can be used for either the plain or the shadow charades, and are usually most successful, especially among the smaller children.

After the charades, little cards are handed around to the boys and girls. These cards can be cut in the shape of some insect or can be a square card decorated with a pen and ink sketch of one. Each card has a number upon it, and the children assemble for refreshments according to number, and then march to the table taking their places as they come. In the centre of the table is a large Jack Horner Pie made of green paper, from the top of which a bevy of different colored butterflies made of crepe paper waves in the breeze on spirals of wire.

**T**HE sandwiches for this party should be cut in different shapes with cookie cutters. Some may be crescents, others stars, circles and clover leaves. The filling should be very simple, as the majority of children have very plain taste in food. The never-to-be-forgotten ice cream, so indicative of a party to a child mind, should be served in pyramids with a candy beetle perched upon the peak. These chocolate beetles are to be found at most candy shops. If they are not at hand, a raisin furnished with tiny white frosting eyes and toothpick legs will look like some insect whether its particular family can be determined or not and can take the place on the ice cream peak.

Small, puffy little patty-pan cakes can have baked in the centre, instead of an insect, a tiny little black doll, not more than an inch long. This little surprise will please the children immensely.

When the Jack Horner pie is opened there will be found some kind of a mechanical toy insect for every child. So—as the last game before taking leave, what could there be better than a mechanical toy race? A piece of tape is pinned across the floor for the starting point, so many feet away is another tape for the winning post. The children stand in a row before the starting point, wind up their toys and at the word "go!" they let them start. There will be much excitement over this whether a prize is offered the winner or not. A blue ribbon might be a suitable award for the winner.

the children vote for the best and most realistic insect there. The person making this is given a prize.

**I**T is quite surprising what realistic creatures can be made from these materials. A potato given two eyes, and six match sticks placed three on each side and slanting upwards and with pleated strips of paper pinned so that they hang over each match stick makes a very realistic spider. A clothes pin presented with two sets of long narrow wings and two sets of triangular legs makes a surprisingly life-like dragon fly.

After a prize has been awarded for the best insect, the hostess suggests that they play "The Cricket and the Ants." The child who is selected to be the cricket is placed in the centre of the circle of seated children who are the ants. The cricket writes on a piece of paper the name of some grain or food which a cricket might be supposed to like. He folds this and puts it in his pocket or holds it in his hand and then says to one of the ants: "I am very hungry, would you please give me something to eat?" The ant addressed replies: "I have nothing but an apricot." "Thank you, but that is of no use to me," is the answer, and turns to the next child. As soon as any player mentions the name of the food the cricket has written upon the paper, the paper is produced and the one who pays a forfeit becomes the cricket. If no one guesses it, the cricket pays a forfeit.

**T**HE game now goes on again except that a different question is asked, for instance the cricket will say: "Friends, I have now eaten abundantly and would have a dance—what one would you suggest?"

A waltz, a polka, two-step or any other might be suggested, when that question has gone the rounds the cricket might ask what music he could dance to, and the ants suggest the violin, piano, cornet. The cricket can then say he is tired of dancing and wishes a bed, and the ants offer him straw, leaves, grass and so on to lie upon. The cricket might then say: "I could sleep very comfortably if I were not afraid a bird might pounce

**A**N Insect Party has many possibilities for fun and can be adapted for very little tots or for the older children from eight to twelve years.

The stationery should be decorated with a pen and ink sketch of a group of insects, perhaps a grasshopper, a cricket and a beetle dancing or playing a fiddle. If there is no one in the family who can sketch, there may be someone who is clever at cutting out who could make some little bugs from gold or black paper to adorn the top of the invitations, or if this is not possible a box of little colored butterflies may be purchased from a stationer's and pasted artistically on the writing paper.

The invitations should read something like this:

"Dear Nancy:  
"The insects will assemble at my house at three o'clock on Tuesday, August 19th. Please come, and be sure to wear something that will indicate what bug you represent.

"Affectionately, JANE."

**E**ACH child should try and wear something which would be typical of some common insect. For instance, a butterfly might wear a bandeau around her head with black wire antennae coming out from it just over each eye. A grasshopper might wear a green cap with green wire antennae, and a cricket a black skull cap and carry a toy fiddle. A moth could be the same as a butterfly except that its feelers are fuzzy or furry instead of being plain. A wire with a fuzzy covering can be purchased from almost any milliner and is just the thing. The insect so commonly seen on the lakes, and called a "Canadian soldier," might be suggested by some child wearing a Canadian soldier's cap.

After the children have all assembled, they are told to choose two leaders. The children are arranged in a circle with the leaders blindfolded in the centre. Each leader holds a staff in his hand. The children circle around them until they tap the floor with their wands. Then all stop, and the leaders point alternately to some child, until all the children have been chosen, although they themselves do not know whom they have selected.

**O**NE side is now told to sit down while the leader of the other side marshals his force before them one by one, for the seated children to guess what insect each child represents. When all this side has been guessed, the other side has its turn. Tab is kept on the number of guesses it takes to identify each child, and the side having the least number of guesses to the child wins, and each child is presented with a little insect pin. (These pins can be purchased through a novelty shop at a reduction for a dozen. They can also be picked up very reasonably from a Japanese shop.)

The children are now assembled before a table upon which has been placed a bowl full of small, clean potatoes, another filled with peanuts, plenty of toothpicks, some black headed pins, several pairs of scissors, numerous sheets of paper, and small tubes of paste and a paper of plain pins. The children are each told to make some kind of an insect from the materials thus assembled. It is better to put a time limit upon this unless the children seem to enjoy it so much that it seems feasible to continue it longer. After these are finished the different creations are exhibited and

**HERE** is outlined a complete plan for a children's party, which is both educational and entertaining, and provides a number of suggestions for the play hours of small girls and boys.

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**Y**OU'LL like its extreme fineness—the charm of the distinctive odor—the way it stays on without showing and you'll like it because it is a Henry Tetlow quality creation.

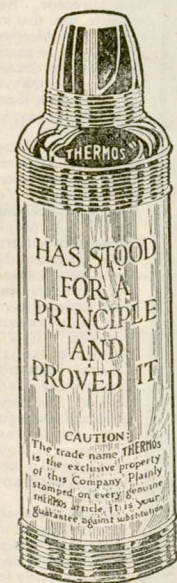
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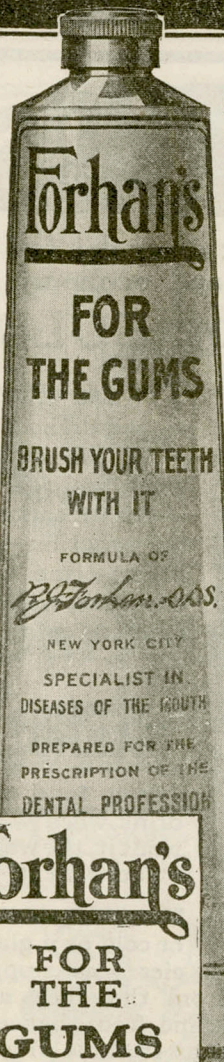
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Watch for the announcement of our new serial in the September number.



**The GIRLS' "CARRY ON" COLUMN**  
By Betty O'Hara



**A New Course for Girls Who Would Become Dental Nurses**

**T**HIS year marks a new era in the evolution of professions for women. It marks the entrance of the trained worker to a new field in connection with dentistry. Some girls may have objections to entering a four years' course to train as dentists; but this new course will allow them to enter the profession of dental nursing with a course of a few months.

Should such a profession appeal to a girl she need no longer heed a shrug from the shoulders of her own girl friends, which is the method some girls employ to indicate the work is out of a woman's realm; or the more kindly remarks of her male admirers as they say: "Don't go in for it, Grace, it is not a girl's job." Although in these modern days many girls are graduating as dentists, specializing in one line or another, their number is not sufficient to fill the places they could occupy in dental work. So important and insistent has this demand become, that the Royal College of Dental Surgeons has inaugurated for girls a course of training for those who wish to become dental nurses. In this course the girls are taught the keeping of records, banking and dental correspondence, also a sufficient knowledge of typewriting to enable them to carry on the work of the office. Radiography (X-ray photography) is given an important place in the year's work, also assisting in administering anaesthetics, and the preparation of drugs, which form no small part of the work of every dental office, will be only a few of the subjects of which the trained assistant will have a knowledge.

Not only has the theoretical part of the course been well provided for, but, in order that the assistant may have a thorough idea of the practical side of the work, much of her time will be given to assisting a senior dental student of a college while working on patients in the college infirmary.

**T**HE girl graduate in her new position will find herself responsible for many things. In fact, if she is really interested enough in her work to make herself of the greatest use, it will not be long before the dentist with whom she is working will rely on her for every detail. She will, unconsciously though it may be, take the place of a business manager. A man who has a large practice and finds it necessary to arrange and re-arrange his work to make every minute count, finds little time for other than actual dentistry.

He demands of his assistant, to answer the telephone, make all his appointments with his patients, and woe unto her if she is the cause of bringing two hard working business men to the office at the same hour. Such a mistake puts every one in a bad temper, and the dentist will find it difficult to retain as patients those who have been the victims of her carelessness.

Bookkeeping forms a very important part of her daily tasks; although this in a dentist's office is not as complicated as one would imagine, and not at all a part of the duties that any girl need worry over, no matter how poor a mathematician she may be. For in most of the up-to-date dental offices the index card system is used, each patient having a card on which is put the date of the appointment, work done, and the time taken. This is filed according to the initial, and when at the end of the month the accounts are to be rendered, all the dental nurse will find it necessary to do will be to look up the file and mail the accounts accordingly. With a pleasant smile and a bright remark the nurse should greet the patient. If the doctor is busy and the chair already occupied, tact on her part—a magazine, or the latest edition of that day's newspaper is the means she can use of smoothing a patient's ruffled

feelings, or making him forget he has no time to lose.

**T**HEN sometimes it is a fretful child who has been suffering with the toothache that must be petted and soothed. Added to the pain is the dread of the dentist's probe, which even an older person finds it hard to endure. "You know," said a dentist to me, "I really haven't the time to spend with the kiddies which come into my office so terrified, sometimes, they will hardly speak. But I just hand them over to my assistant, and after she has talked to them a few minutes, fear seems to vanish, and the mild curiosity they display is really amusing."

Sterilizing instruments and putting away the materials used for one patient, and knowing how to prepare for the next, is one of the most important details of the day's work. Fresh linen, different chemicals and appliances for the electrical machines to be used must be kept in order, and the brushes and various instruments which are constantly in use should be immediately cleaned and sterilized. The supplies also must be carefully watched, and the neglecting of this part of the day's routine may prove disastrous if the helper fails to keep a watchful eye on things needed in this line. "I forgot" or "I meant to do it," is a poor excuse when the proper materials for fillings or part of an instrument which has been broken, fails to appear when it is needed.

**L**ABORATORY work also opens a vast field of opportunity for girls who have the precision and finesse so much needed in a dental office. A denture (making vulcanizing and polishing plates) is a work that may be done by a trained assistant, and saves much of the time of a dentist, also casting of gold inlays, which is done by forcing molten gold into a mould the size of the cavity by steam pressure. This method of filling is used much more extensively now than the old way of pounding or pressing the gold into a tooth after the cavity has been prepared. Although the assistant may in time be able to construct artificial crowns, bridges, etc., this is a separate branch of "mechanical dentistry" which requires long practice, and would not ordinarily be included in the duties of a trained dental nurse.

The amount of laboratory work, however, depends wholly on the assistant and the dentist for whom she is working, but there is a splendid assistant's opportunity throughout the whole of United States and Canada; and those who train for the work and show a keenness to advance will find within a short time that they have acquired a knowledge of a profession which will at present give them an independent and pleasant way of earning their living, later placing them in a position to demand a high salary.

**QUESTIONS I AM ASKED.**

Dear Peg o' My Heart,

I think we are all dissatisfied with ourselves and fate at one time or another, but if you think that by launching on the sea of matrimony, for the sake of a different experience because you are tired of your "hum-drum" life, you will find it a very unsatisfactory procedure, unless you love the man whom you marry. Do write me again and send me your address. I was very much interested in your letter.

Do you think dentistry a good profession for girls? I like it myself, but my parents are very much against it.—H. G., Calgary.

If dentistry appeals to you, why not specialize in some department of it, or you could take a position as an inspector of schools, examining the children's teeth. I do not think dentistry, that is

in the broad sense, is a work in which girls can make much advancement.

Could you tell me if it is possible to take a course which would enable me to be a French translator of business letters, or, in other words, commercial French; also shorthand and typewriting at the same time without attending university?—Elsie J.

I am sending you the name of a school which makes a specialty of Commercial French. The course lasts from four to six months.

I am a country girl and intend to go to the city to work. I have no friends there and I am rather in doubt as to the method of procuring a good boarding house.—Anxious.

If you go to the Y.W.C.A. in the city to which you are going, they will give you a list of reliable boarding houses.

I live in a large city and keep house for my brother. I would like to earn a little money but cannot devote my whole time to it. Is there any way you could suggest?—L. G. B.

Many of the departmental stores wish girls to work extra time on Friday or Saturday, and you are paid at the rate of the regular wage. One girl I know has made quite a little money for herself by going to certain homes in the evenings or afternoons, to look after the children while the parents are away. She enjoys her work immensely, and she is making spending money in this way.

Could you tell me if it is necessary to have matriculation to enter the Social Service course?—Galt.

Matriculation is not necessary, but you must be able to satisfy the department that you have the educational qualifications to handle the work.

Could you tell me if there is to be another course for military massage or muscle function training?—Winnipeg.

There is no definite decision as yet. I am sending you the address, and you can write to them. Should there be another course they will notify you immediately. This will save any delay.

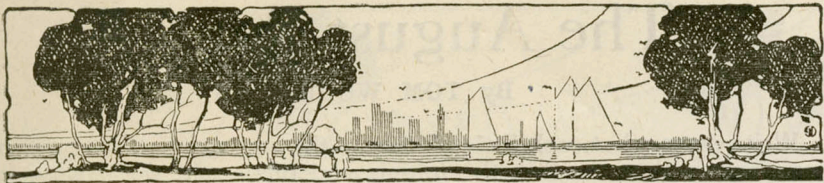
**The Professor and Pauline**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Then she smiled a wicked little smile in the direction of the Professor's sitting-room and murmured: "He's better than nothing." He returned with a pile of manuscript that made her heart sink; but, as he proceeded to read, her forehead lost its anxious wrinkle, for Nature had bestowed upon him a voice whose richness made even a disquisition on vowels and the unlauded a thing of melody. Artfully a question was inserted after the Professor had been reading for about five minutes. He dropped the manuscript to explain, and became so interested in telling her about the ancient Germanic tribes and their various forms of speech that black ants, spiders and grasshoppers rioted over the neglected sheets that held so much erudition. A small tinkling sound came from the white porch. "That isn't the tea-bell!" he exclaimed in dismay. "And I haven't written a line this afternoon."

"**B**UT the rest will do you good," said Miss Raymond. "And it has been so kind of you to explain these things to me." He was considered the best lecturer in the faculty of his college, but he had never felt so repaid as by the grateful look in this frivolous maiden's eyes. During tea, Mrs. Martin entertained them with an account of the rheumatism of old Mr. Hastings, who was almost ninety years of age, but considered this affliction of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)



## Through the Looking Glass

THE thirty-one days of July have flown and here we are again, dear ladies, saying "how-do-you-do" to one another through the Looking Glass. Some of us have not "done" very well, I expect, for the hot weather plays the mischief with some people. And it has, indeed, been a remarkably warm month, with days flooded with sunshine and filled with lazy breezes laden with heat. And how that sun and that wind did burn, if one only gave them a chance! How do I know? Do ask me that, some of you, for I am simply longing for an excuse to tell you about a journey I have made since we last met.

Not a journey in a prosaic train, that needs must travel in a straight and given line from one stated city to another, with never a moment to idle by the way, to give its passengers time to pause and, from the summit of a hill, to drink in the beauty of green pastures, cool spots of woodland, or a sunset glorifying the Western skies. But a sort of gypsy journey de luxe, in nothing but an enchanted, magically driven caravan which, though it had a destination in view, joyfully followed the whim of its caravaners, sped on or halted at their will, careless of distance and disdainful of time. A motoring journey, forsooth, miles and miles of country road with fields, and gardens and orchards on either hand—undulating stretches of glorious green, washed by the dews of night time and dried by the breezes of the day. A journey through miles of farm-lands, each man's land centred by his home with its gardens of flowers and vegetables and just beyond the prosperous big barn, freshly painted, with capacious silos ready for their tons of grain. Here and there a group of trees clustered by a brookside where the red, and black and white, and creamy colored Jersey cows came to seek the shade, and yellow-billed ducks with snowy plumage floated on the cool water or puddled at the shore.

OUR way took us through many little villages snuggling in the hollow of the hills, the "main" street of which was nothing but a heaven of shade with great trees on either side joining their foliage to form an archway overhead. And here we drove slowly, to let the coolness caress us. Each night we reached a city, where hungry and extremely tired, and dusty and burned we found refreshment for body and mind, enough to take us enthusiastically on our way when the day came again.

Are you saying to yourselves, "What, indeed, has this to do with those matters which we come to discuss in this corner of ours?" Oh, but it has to do with it, dear ladies, for you, too, may be going on such a journey any of these summer days, and the sun will shine on you as it shone on us, and the wind will burn your tender skin as the wind did ours, and the road-dust will blow in your shining eyes as the road-dust did in ours! And the excuse for telling my own story is that it may be your story, too, and you may profit by the things we learned.

ON a motoring journey, you know, the amount of luggage to be carried is limited, but no matter how tightly you must pack your kit, there are certain necessities of travelling that should be included. For instance, your toilet case must be complete. There must be cold cream a-plenty—your own particular, well-tryed, especially-suited-to-your-skin cold cream—and there must be heaps of powder. And there should be an eye-cup and a bottle of boracic acid, diluted and ready for use. These particularly—and in addition, whatever toilet accessories you use at home, for they are going to be doubly wanted on your journey. For instance, be sure you have your nail brush, for never will it be needed so badly as when you are struggling to remove the grime of travel from your hands and nails. Ever so much inconvenience is overcome by the orderly packing of all your toilet things together—if you are sensible, and motor often at long dis-

tance, you will provide yourself with one of the smart little black patent leather toilet cases the shops have been showing recently, and tuck all your equipment away in it where it is ready for immediate use.

NOW the very best provision we found we could make against letting the sun have its own sweet will with our complexions was, before starting out, to bathe the face with warm water—having the night before removed all dust, powder or foreign matter with a good cleansing cream, or tepid water and mild soap—and while the pores were still somewhat opened, to rub in gently a good foundation of cold cream, not necessarily an oily cream, but one which would help in making the final dusting of powder adhere. I am afraid we sometimes presented a somewhat camouflaged appearance when leaving our hotel, but dear me, who was to see but the bell-boys and a few strange people we very likely would never meet again, and it was better than stopping to dab powder on when we got upon the open road!

SO much for the complexion, but there was still our hair to consider and our eyes as well. Somehow the dust seemed to find a happy resting place among our tresses if it was only given the slightest chance, and it was for this reason we took the precaution to provide ourselves with snug fitting hats which left as little of our heads uncovered as possible. A motoring hat should have a brim, to shade the eyes and be made of dark color and light weight. A stiff hat even with all these requirements is still uncomfortable, for there are many times when it is the pleasantest thing possible to curl up in the tonneau, perhaps with your head resting on a pillow placed on the piled-up luggage, and steal "forty winks" of sleep.

Goggles are a protection to the eyes, but it is also well to wash them out with boracic acid used in the eye cup, both at the end of a journey and before starting out.

BUT to return to the care of the hair on a journey, it was our experience that it was very difficult to keep it free of dust, and even if time would have allowed a stop-over long enough to enjoy a shampoo, it would be so much effort wasted, as the night would only bring the same result—hair dusty, dry and lifeless. However, we did find that it helped considerably to brush it well both night and morning and to keep our brushes thoroughly cleansed. This is a simple enough matter where there is hot water in the bathroom, and the brush may be held under the tap for several minutes to wash it clean. Afterwards it should be rinsed with cold water and placed with bristles facing downward to dry, fresh and clean for the morning's use.

AND just that there may be no after-remorse to counteract the pleasure of a motor tour, it might be well to offer a word of advice about the injurious results of sitting improperly for long stretches at a time. As a matter of fact, there is an art in the mere act of sitting, which may be acquired through a little practice, if it does not happen to be a natural instinct. Take for example, the woman who, when she sits, relaxes all the muscles of her body, relinquishing all control of them, and offering no resistance to the motions of the car. The result, if she is at all given to stoutness, is the acquiring of much superfluous flesh where it is least desired. On the other hand, there is a happy medium of relaxation which gives comfort and at the same time keeps the muscles under control. The best preparation for a long day's drive is a few moments devoted to physical exercises before the morning bath, and this will also be found helpful in the maintenance of a correct sitting position.

*Vain Paris*

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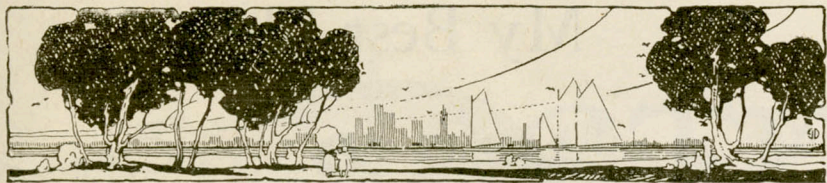
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The September photogravure section will contain a reproduction of one of Lawren Harris' most representative paintings, showing a street scene in winter, the type of picture for which this artist is famous.







## Days of Growth

A Summer Health Talk  
By Dr. Laura S.M. Hamilton

SUMMER is growing time, just as winter is resting time. That is how Mother Nature chronicles it. It were well if in our care of Mother Nature's children, in the capacity ourselves of older, and it is to be hoped a little wiser children, we were to study in as far as it lies in our power her methods and arrangements.

All living things grow most in the summer time as long as youth remains to them, and for this growth, as a rule, Nature provides, lavishly, sunshine and rain, oceans of pure air, and those foods from the soil that each respectively requires. These things all young earth life requires in common. Could we teach ourselves thus at times to consider *Life* as a whole, we might the more easily grasp some of Nature's lessons.

To most of the readers of these papers the phenomenon of growth is very familiar in all its varied aspects, yet even among this favored class many have eyes and see not, ears have they, but they hear not. And so the very essentials of life slip from their grasp.

Human children are as truly Nature's children as are plants and animals, and their requirements are almost identical with those of the so-called lower forms of life. Forgetting this, man in the care of his young has fallen into many and grave errors.

Down through the ages and in all countries and generations we find poets and dreamers who call to their fellows to halt and consider, who like Joseph of old tell their dreams, and frequently find themselves in one or another kind of pit or banishment because of it, but who also like Joseph sometime, somewhere, hold the granaries of the world at their disposal.

NOT least among these dreamers are those doctors and scientists who continually call on men and women for themselves and more especially for their children to return to the methods of Nature, to get as near as possible to the heart of her, in order to find cure for the increasing ills that seem to surround a large part of the race. But how little are they heeded, and how strangely is the great goddess "They" exalted above measure, and far above the pleading and advice of these "dreamers."

Having had "They" quoted to me from my childhood till now in the form of "They said," "They think," etc., I have more than once made strenuous endeavors to locate her. Perhaps the deity is masculine, I do not know, never having been able to get anything more accurate than the aforesaid preliminary to some unreasonable or actually wrong and foolish statement to which I usually take exception.

In the matter of care of children and general treatment of the human body "They" holds the most powerful sway, and is worshipped most persistently and faithfully by people who would be greatly insulted by being told that they were idolaters.

But let us get back again to our summertime and growing time. "Nature's children need sunshine and rain, oceans of fresh air and those foods from the soil that each respectively requires."

Otherwise growth requires freedom and nourishment of the correct kind for that form of life.

HOW much freedom does the average child get? To begin with, take the matter of clothing. Mankind, i.e., so-called civilized mankind, are pitiful slaves to their mere clothes. Some few people are, one is thankful to realize, struggling to become free. The following from the letter of a young prospective mother, who is also a trained nurse, shows the result of more recent thought: "I haven't made a fancy outfit. . . . I found out from experience babies don't want to be dressed up like fashion dolls, and

young mothers wouldn't dread baby's bath if they didn't tire baby and themselves out by dressing him up in fussy starched clothes."

She might with truth add "and by dressing him up in so many clothes," for that is one of the greatest troubles with the clothing of the infant and child during the summer months. Between housing and clothing them, custom has robbed the average child of to-day of a large part of its heritage of sunshine. Therefore we find children that are colorless and "spindly," or even misshapen and deformed, not only in body, but in mind, simply for lack of life-producing sunshine. A child is in this exactly like an animal or plant, and fares as ill as either, denied of the sun.

Sunshine produces chlorophyll or green coloring in plants, haematin, that is, iron or redness, in human blood. Sunshine promotes growth and the assimilation of food. That is, it changes foodstuffs into blood. Sunshine on the skin and soaking into it is the best nerve sedative and tonic known. Sunshine is an absolutely reliable disinfectant and germ destroyer. Sunshine actually produces smiles, while shadow tends to sadness.

RAIN in itself is by no means injurious. What makes rain harmful to us is the clothing we carry on us, and that may become soaked, and then cause chill and neuralgia. With clothing that was light enough to get wet and dry again, the summer's rain would injure the child as little as it injures the plant or little animal. Once, with a storm coming straight towards us, home several miles away, and the necessity of getting there by a certain hour, I donned a bathing suit and rolled my clothing up in a dry place in the stern of the canoe, and with a friend, who did likewise, started to paddle home, with the rain beginning to patter on the water. It was a hot day, and the cold drops trickling down one's back were not just pleasant at first, but presently a sense of wonderful well-being and strength came to me, and the paddling in the rain, which was fairly heavy, seemed delightful play. The sun was out strong and bright, and we were perfectly dry long before we reached the wharf, and to this day I can feel the thrill of exhilaration that paddling in the rain brought, like nothing I have known before or since.

To keep a baby or child of any age indoors two-thirds of the day of twenty-four hours, as is commonly done, is little short of cruelty. Most of them sleep indoors, that is, nine to twelve hours, or with a little baby, even more. The older child is at school five hours out of the day, except for a few short weeks. This year we have had summer weather since the beginning of May, and the children have wearied through these two long months of May and June in the school-room's heavy atmosphere. Of the hours that are left, suppose we say ten, at least one-half is spent by the average child indoors. And yet man was created an out-of-door animal as much as dog, or horse, or lion, or bear. Otherwise we would find him, like the snail, carrying his house on his back. Can we wonder at the prevalence of children's diseases? Is it surprising that so many children are neither beautiful nor graceful, except to the love-blind eyes of their parents?

Herein, even with his other disadvantages, is where the child of the street, or of poverty, or the child of the savage has a better chance than the child of so-called better-class parents.

BEFORE considering the other part of this proposition, please do not misunderstand me and suppose that I am advocating turning children or anyone else outdoors into untempered glare of the sun, such as we have been experiencing this summer. "In all thy



"Just One More Record Before Bed-time"

IN the home where there are children—what a priceless possession is a Sonora! It sings them to sleep with Sand-Man Lullabys. It educates them to an appreciation of the world's masters of harmony.

Folks never tire of the Sonora—its glorious tone of crystal clearness, which won for it highest honors for tone quality at the Panama Pacific Exposition, is a source of ever-fresh enjoyment.

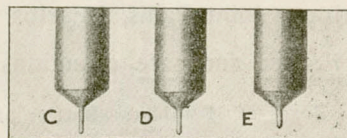
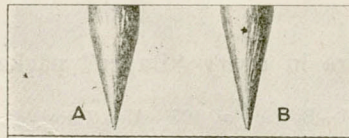
The Sonora has the supreme and silent motor of the Phonograph World. Silently and without a suggestion of scratching, it runs from 15 to 30 and 34 minutes with one winding—long enough to play 4 or 5 ten-inch records. Others make the records—the Sonora plays them all and plays them better.

Prices \$74 to \$2500

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Wholesale Distributors, RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO.

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**Sonora**  
CLEAR AS A BELL



**Sonora** SEMI-PERMANENT SILVERED Needles

Play 50 to 100 times without wearing out.

- A—Shows a new steel needle.
- B—A steel needle used once. Note how point is worn off.
- C—A new Sonora needle.
- D—A Sonora needle used once. Impossible to notice any wear.
- E—A Sonora Needle which has played over 50 records. Worn down considerably but as good as new. It will fit the groove perfectly and play many more records.

SONORA NEEDLES mellow the tone, preserve the record and eliminate the scratching.

40c per package of 5

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Wholesale Distributors, RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO.

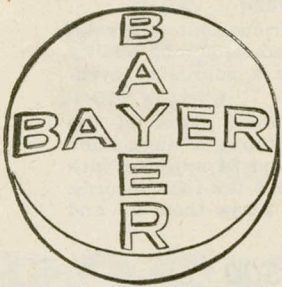
D11

WATCH for the page of new fall hats in the September number, also the best six full pages of fashion illustrations Canadian Home Journal has ever shown.

# OTHER TABLETS NOT ASPIRIN AT ALL

Only Tablets Marked with the "Bayer Cross"  
are Genuine Aspirin—Others Acid Imitations

"Bayer" Now Canadian Made—No German  
Interest—All Rights Purchased from  
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Aspirin means made by Bayer—has  
meant this for over eighteen years.  
The only genuine Aspirin!

The world's greatest physicians, jeal-  
ous of their own reputation and care-  
ful of the health of their patients,  
prescribe "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

Aspirin is not German but is made in Canada, by Canadians,  
and is owned by a Canadian company. Unless you see the  
safety "Bayer Cross" on package and on tablets you are not  
getting Aspirin at all!

Look for the "Bayer Cross"! Then it is real Aspirin.

Don't accept Aspirin in a pill box. Buy a "Bayer Package"!

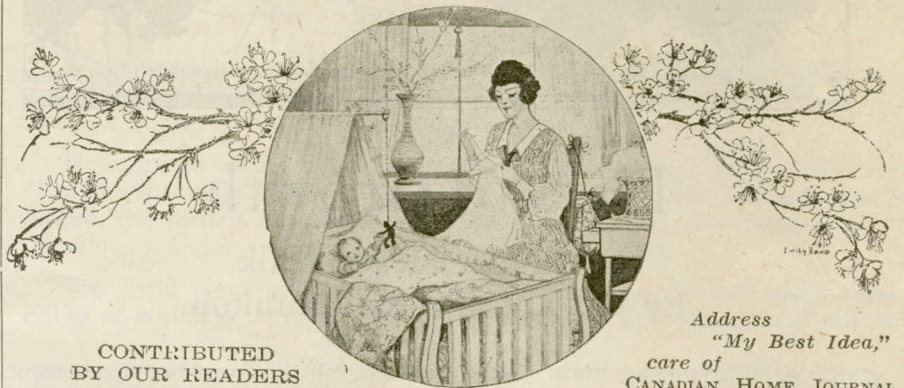
There is no substitute for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin,"  
which have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache,  
Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds,  
Grippe, Joint Pains, Neuritis.

Proper and safe directions are in every "Bayer" package.

Boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24—Bottles of 100—Also Capsules.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-  
acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture,  
to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with  
their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

## My Best Idea



CONTRIBUTED  
BY OUR READERS

Address  
"My Best Idea,"  
care of  
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest  
to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items  
we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear we would suggest that the contributor send a  
rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist  
who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL cannot return the items submitted, therefore it  
is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.

### To Clean Paint From Windows.

Get a package of the finest steel  
wool No. 0 from the hardware. Take  
warm water and any good soap that  
lathers freely, rub a piece of the steel  
wool well filled with the soap on your  
paint spots on the window, and they  
will quickly disappear.

SUBSCRIBER,  
Vancouver, B.C.

spill the dish of water nor get drown-  
ed in it.

CONSTANT READER,  
Arthur.

### Fresh Fruit Pies.

When making fresh fruit pies much  
annoyance is experienced with the  
fruit juice boiling out in the oven,  
also when the pie is cut the juice  
flows all over the plate, making it look  
mussy.

This may be eliminated, if when  
the fruit is put into the pie a liberal  
sprinkling of sago is put all over it be-  
fore the top crust is put on. The sago  
will swell in the cooking and absorb  
the juice and also take its flavor and  
color. The pie will be more gelatinous  
or solid and will cut more firmly,  
especially when cold.

ARTHUR WILDBUR.

### Sticky Dishes.

Dishes that are hard to wash or are  
sticky should be turned upside down  
in the dishpan while the others are  
being put away. The hot steam is  
quicker and much more effective than  
any amount of soaking.

### A Travel Hint.

Lay a few sheets of clean white  
wrapping paper in the tray of your  
trunk just before it is trapped to start  
on a journey. Of course the paper is  
the first thing to greet your eye when  
you open the trunk upon your arrival,  
and you will find it one of the "big"  
little satisfactions to have a fresh  
sheet to spread in bureau drawers or  
on closet shelves before unpacking.  
A newspaper will serve if plain paper  
is not available.

### Keep Paper Towels at Hand.

Put a roll of absorbent-paper towels  
over the sink; besides drying your  
hands on them, you can use them for  
wiping grease from the pans and a  
dozen other things.

### Mending Floors With Corks.

Instead of paying a carpenter to  
mend the holes in your floor after the  
removal of water or gas pipes, plug  
them yourself with new corks of the  
proper size. The corks will take any  
floor stain and prevent the mended  
places from being noticeable.

### Ice Substitute.

For your summer bungalow which is  
located where ice is unprocurable or  
expensively scarce use this cold box:  
Select two boxes, one twelve inches  
larger in all dimensions than the  
other. Bury the larger box on the  
north side of the house so that it is  
level with the ground. Put a twelve-  
inch layer of clean sand in the bottom  
and on it place the smaller box, then  
fill in all round with clean sand.  
Close with a double lid on hinges.  
Each morning pour a pail of cool  
fresh water on the sand.

### For the Home Typist

If your typewriter at home proves  
expensive by reason of the ribbons dry-  
ing and fading out before showing signs  
of wear, try dropping a tiny drop of  
typewriter oil along the upper edge of  
the ribbon at intervals of about six  
inches, then wind tightly on one spool  
and let it stand several days, or at least  
overnight, before using. The ribbon  
on my machine is serving its third year,  
for household correspondence, and the  
indications are that it will yet see as  
long a term of usefulness.

ECONOMY.

### Giving Young Fowl Water.

If you wish to keep a dish of water  
continually before young chickens or  
goslings, fill a shallow dish three-  
quarters full with very small stones,  
then fill with water. They can then  
easily jump in or out, and not

### To Empty a Cistern.

In cleaning out an ordinary cistern,  
it is often difficult to remove the last  
inch of water after all has been  
pumped out that can be. Many steps  
may be saved if the lower end of the  
pipe, through which the water is  
pumped up, is placed in a pan or  
pail, and this kept full of water by  
dipping the last of the water into the  
pail or pan. By doing this all the  
water can be pumped up.

MRS. O. CARSON,  
Dunnville, Ont.

### That Birthday Cake.

Have you ever tried putting candy  
sticks around the birthday cake, with  
only one candle in the centre instead  
of all candles? It makes a nice  
change—and then the guests can be  
given the candy to eat.

Leave the whole birthday cake on  
the table until time to serve it. Then  
remove—and cut as many pieces as  
there are guests—and in these cut  
pieces put the button, ring or money.  
Then each guest gets a fair chance,  
and besides it avoids the possibility of  
the favors being left in the part of the  
cake not used.

Mark the child's name or initials  
on the cake either with nuts, small  
candies or different colored icing. It  
adds dignity to the already important  
part of the menu.

LIQUID  
AND  
CAKE

# 2 IN 1

## WHITE SHOE DRESSING

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

for Women's  
Children's  
and Men's  
Shoes.

THE F.F. DALLEY  
CORPORATION LTD.,  
HAMILTON, CANADA

Page seventeen of this issue is one of the most  
interesting and novel features of the August number.  
You will be agreeably surprised at the fun it will  
afford you.

# MASTERPICES of CANADIAN ART



## NIGHT, GEORGIAN BAY

By A. Y. Jackson, A.R.C.A.

A. Y. Jackson was born in Montreal, Quebec, in 1882. He began his art studies at the Council of Arts School in that city under Mr. E. Dyounet, R.C.A., and later became a student at the Art Institute of Chicago.

In 1908 he went to Europe, where he was for two years a student in the Academie Julian under J. P. Lawrence. On several occasions he was awarded the prize for drawing from the life. His natural tendency, however, was towards landscape art, and to this branch of painting he has devoted himself entirely, making for himself a reputation second to few artists on this continent.

Mr. Jackson spent the greater part of the years 1910, 1911 and 1912 in Europe, visiting England, France, Italy, Belgium and Holland, and during that time was a contributor to the Paris Salon and the Royal-Scottish Academy.

The call of his native land was too strong, however, and he returned to Canada permanently in 1913 and spent the summer on the Georgian Bay. The picture here reproduced was one of the many canvases resulting from the time spent there.

The wilder phases of Canadian landscape appealed to him most strongly, and many of his most important pictures are of the Canadian north country.

In 1915 Mr. Jackson laid aside his brushes and, donning the uniform of a private soldier, went overseas with the 60th Battalion of Montreal. He was severely wounded at Sanctuary Wood in June, 1916, and, after some months in hospital in France and England, was transferred to the Canadian War Records, with the rank of lieutenant. With this organization he served in France in 1917 and 1918, and his contributions to the remarkable collection (some twenty-five canvases) more than hold their own with the best pictures by the many celebrated English artists employed in the work.





*"A Lovely Apparition Sent  
To Be A Moment's Ornament."*

Billie Burke brings back a touch of yesterday.

# HELEN KELLER SPEAKS TO THE WORLD IN A MARVELOUS PICTURE— "DELIVERANCE"

BY ETHEL M. PORTER

SEVERAL years ago much was heard and read about the remarkable achievement of Helen Keller, who at that time had just succeeded in graduating from Radcliff College and was lecturing in the larger Canadian cities. People, incredulous and believing, flocked to see and hear this girl who had through her own efforts struggled out of her prison of darkness and silence and, surmounting every obstacle, was able to take her place with the ablest of those who could both see and hear.

Her story throughout was one of supernatural accomplishment. A little child, blind, deaf and dumb, in a world of which she knew nothing, afraid alike of animals and people, scarcely conscious of her own existence until seven years of age. Then, to use Miss Keller's own words, "a hand reached out in the darkness," and she was led to know the meaning of love and understanding through the coming of Anne Sullivan. Ten years her senior, Miss Sullivan, who is now Mrs. Macey, had been blind herself from birth, but, gaining her sight, was able to start teach-



Helen Keller as she is to-day, engaged in her various social affairs, receptions, musicales and lectures.



Among the flowers in her garden. Miss Keller can tell the color of her flowers by finger touch.

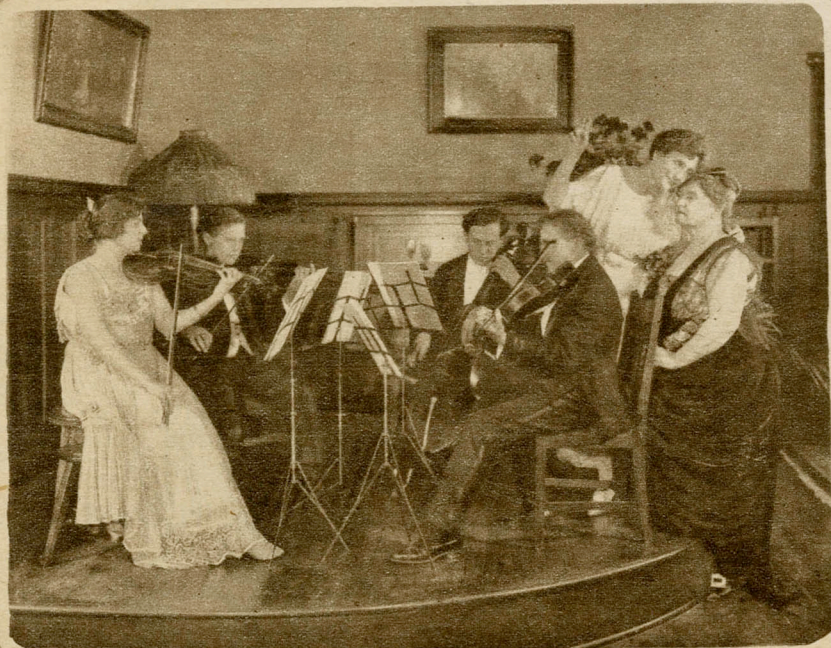


Little Etna Ross takes the part of Helen Keller as a child in her new picture "Deliverance."

Dreaming that she can see and hear.



Helen Keller, with her teacher, Mrs. Macey, and some of her musical friends.



ing little blind Helen by interpreting the realm of sound and sight into that of feeling.

The task was stupendous, but hand in hand these two girls climbed the heights of knowledge, eventually entering Radcliffe College, and at the age of thirty Helen Keller was a graduate, speaking and writing five languages and reading both Greek

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)

# Without Preference Vivian Martin Loves Them All



Vivian Martin, the Paramount Star with her Persian cat "Fluff."



Watch your jump!  
Within the circle of these  
arms you're a lucky dog.

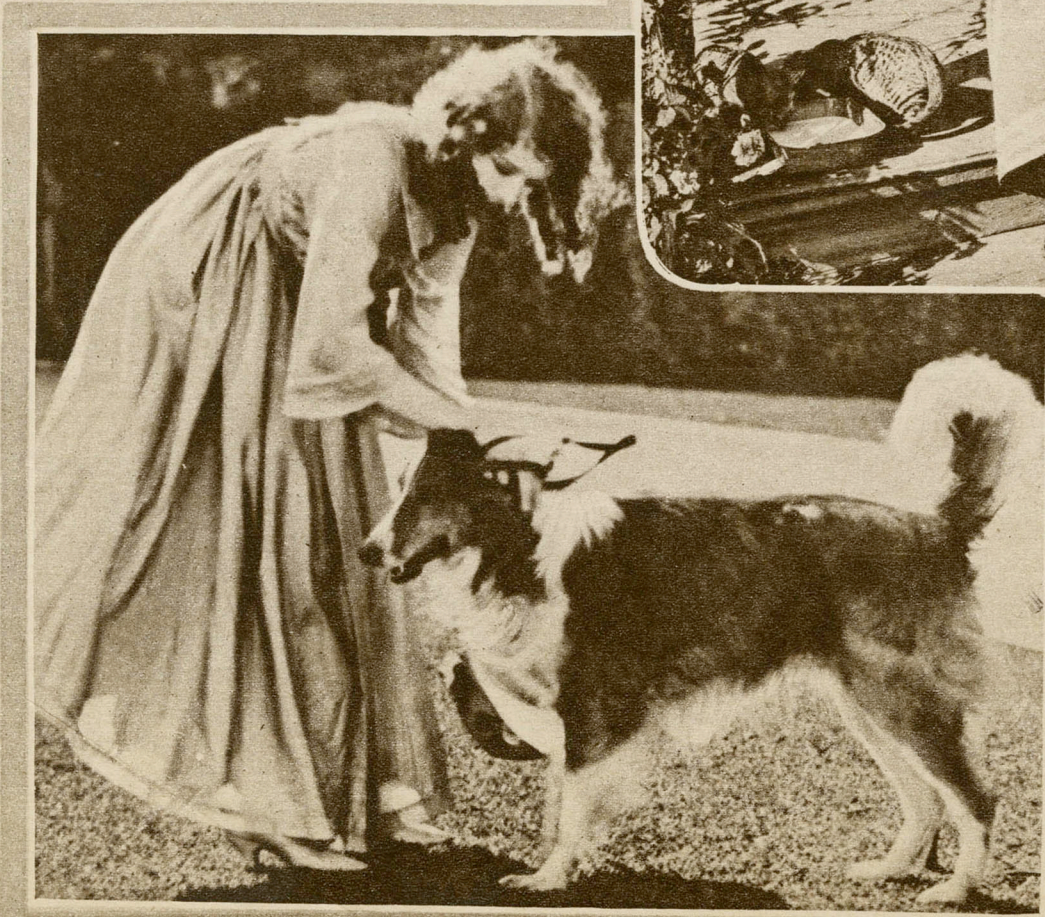


We don't know, but we think that  
Mr. Dog is not a help to the washlady.



The open air dining-  
porch is not the exclusive  
luxury of the millionaire.

Enterprising Vivian  
Martin knows where  
money is coined to-day.



It is doubtful if his own heather hills could tempt "Rover" away from  
his little American mistress.



# DOMINION TIRES

## ARE GOOD TIRES



### For Every Car in the Dominion

The owner of a big touring car in Toronto, who rides on the luxurious "DOMINION ROYAL CORD" Tires; the driver of a jitney at Lake Louise, who scoots over the Rockies on "DOMINION CHAIN TREADS"; and the grocer in Halifax, whose delivery cars are equipped with "DOMINION PLAIN TREADS," all say the same thing—

### They get the Mileage out of Dominion Tires

Dominion Tires give this extra mileage because they are made extra well, of extra good materials, by experts. There are six different treads:

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|------------|---------|-------|
| ROYAL CORD | NOBBY   | CHAIN |
| DOMINION   | GROOVED | PLAIN |

made expressly to meet every condition of road, climate and requirement of the motorists and business men of Canada.

Every reader of the Canadian Home Journal should have a copy of "What Every Motorist Should Know About Tires." This will be mailed free to those who will write for a copy to Dominion Rubber System Limited, Dept. 250, Montreal, P.Q.



*Dominion Tires and Accessories are distributed through Dominion Rubber System Branches and sold by the best dealers throughout Canada*



# Dainty but Serviceable Frocks for the Opening of School



An attractive blouse and skirt combination in gingham for the high school girl.



A charming sailor suit for the older girl.



The little daughter, as well as mother, must have a gingham gown.



A late summer play suit for out-of-school hours.



My wee lady's party frock.



Smocking and tucks with white collar and cuffs make the smartest of trimming.





*Drink*

# Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

You smack your lips over it, because you like its taste, its quality, its genuine gratification. It satisfies thirst.

Nobody has ever been able to successfully imitate Coca-Cola, because its quality is indelibly registered in the taste of the Canadian public.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

TORONTO

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

WINNIPEG



## Idly Busy Rolls Their World Away—Goldsmith

Paramount and Arcraft pictures showing Lila Lee and Lillian Gish.



## The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

eye in each set. This way will give me a better crop.

Next came the beans, which I planted about three in a hill, also two feet apart. I use the butter beans for early greens and the marrow fat for winter use.

Onions, beets, carrots and parsnips I planted in drills also about two feet apart.

Last I planted my cucumbers, tomatoes and corn, also citron and water melons, so I think this year my garden with constant care should bring forth a good harvest.

### A FEARLESS KING.

By Ethel Bain.

"TAKE that, and that, and that," screamed the angry king-bird as he swooped down upon the black crow's back and pecked at him until the victim pleaded for mercy. "Mercy!" shrieked the king-bird as he rose in the air and darted about his enemy's head, pecking at him first on one side and then on the other. "Why should I show you any mercy? You, who dared to rob my nest this year. No wonder that I hate you," and still scolding vigorously, he chased the offender until the vanquished crow disappeared within the nearby wood.

"Well, you certainly got the best of him that time," chattered Bushy, the red squirrel, as the victorious king-bird, homeward bound, paused as he passed, where he was sitting on the fence rail.

"He got what he deserved," replied the king-bird, the orange colored patch on his head glowing brighter in his anger. "A king-bird can never make friends with a crow, for he and his family have robbed us so many times in the past that we just naturally hate them."

"I see," murmured the squirrel. "Aren't you sometimes called the bee martin?"

"Yes, but that's not true. Whatever would I want to eat bees for? I'm far too keen sighted to catch and eat a bee with a sting attached. I don't mind a drone or two. It's the robber flies I destroy, for they are the pest of the hives. Probably that is why mankind thinks I eat the bees, because you know an intelligent beekeeper generally keeps his bees in his orchard."

"In his orchard! What for?" interrupted the squirrel.

"To fertilize the blossoms of the fruit trees, and so wherever bees are kept in hives there are always robber flies. The beekeeper welcomes a king-bird and protects him for he knows that the bees will be looked after."

"WELL, well, I never thought that you were so useful," remarked the red squirrel. "But you must own up that you're an awfully noisy bird," he continued slyly.

"Oh, I know I'm noisy, as bad as Blue Jay in fact, but, there, it wouldn't do for us all to be quiet, now would it?"

"It wouldn't," replied Bushy. "I'm noisy enough, myself, at times."

"I'm off to the barnyard to get a meal," cried the king-bird. "Coming?"

"No, thanks. They don't welcome me at the farm."

"You should eat gadflies and rose chafers like me," the king-bird answered, as he spread his wings in flight and with short quick strokes rose up in the air. The squirrel watched him rise higher and higher, flying straight up and seemingly trying to perform an almost impossible feat. All at once he started to come down, tumbling about in a mad and excited manner, making such a noise with his harsh voice that the squirrel began to think his friend had gone crazy.

"Not being able to sing and bubbling over with high spirits, I suppose he just has to do those crazy stunts," remarked a catbird who had alighted beside the squirrel.

"That's it. He's so excited too. My, but you should have seen him chase that crow."

"He doesn't care for me either, but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

# Barber-Ellis,

# FRENCH ORGANDIE

*Stationery*





Your stationer is always delighted when you specify French Organdie Stationery because he is vitally interested in having you thoroughly pleased.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Order a supply to-day.

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In the Heart of the

## Canadian Pacific Rockies

You may enjoy motoring in this garden of Nature's wonders—over miles of mountain and valley roads, surrounded by the most entrancing scenery in all the world.

For other hours of recreation—Coaching, Riding, Alpine Climbing, Fishing, Golfing, Hiking, Swimming in Warm Sulphur Pools, Dancing.

All this and more centers at

### BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

One of the coast-to-coast system of magnificent Canadian Pacific Railway hotels.

Get better acquainted with Canada

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO.





## BANFF

## Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

so far I've never had a fight with him. We just let each other alone."

"Best way."

"I should say so. Look, you'd know him anywhere, wouldn't you?"

"Sure. With that white band across the end of his tail and the peculiar habit he has of hovering in that uncertain manner when he has snapped up a passing insect, why of course I'd know him."

"He's a member of the flycatcher family. Have you noticed the curved clasp at the tip of his bill and the stiff hairs at the base of it? No chance for an insect to escape once it is caught."

"Yes. Those stiff hairs at the base of his bill are exactly like those of the whip-poor-will. Nearly as big as you, isn't he?" asked the squirrel as he cracked a nut.

"One-half inch shorter," replied the catbird as he proudly drew himself up to his full nine inches.

"I can still see that white band on his tail," said the squirrel as he watched the king-bird in the distance. "That is an easy way to remember him, because his plumage isn't startling, is it? That ashy black coat and cap he

wears and that grayish white vest, why you'd think he was a Quaker, until you catch a glimpse of the lovely flame colored patch on his head. Wish he wouldn't cover it up. Wonder why he does, for his head would look so much better if he would always let it show."

"It would," replied the catbird. "I really don't know why he hides his one patch of beauty."

And neither does anyone else. Mother Nature keeps that secret to herself, but I think she has taught the plucky little king-bird—who does not hesitate to attack and drive off those rascals, the crow and hawk, when they attempt to rob his nest—that it means safety to him to conceal his jeweled crown, for then he is less likely to be shot. He is very friendly to mankind and lives quite in the open and is a daily visitor to the farm-yards. You can often see him perched on a fence rail, a dead branch or on a tall stalk in a field, whilst his nest is to be found in an orchard.

After this month you will see him no more until next May, for during August the king-bird says goodbye to the north and wings his way to the sunny land of South America.

## Four Developments from One Plan

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

a small plaster cornice for effect.

On the opposite side of hall from the dining room is the living-room, 13 x 18 feet. This room would be very successful if painted in white, using Adam style for the detail of ceiling, mantel and door trim.

At the end of the living-room is a verandah with tile floor, and arranged for closing in with sash for the winter.

The staircase is in a hall by itself, and back of it the service entry and stair to basement.

The kitchen is well lighted and conveniently arranged for serving to the dining-room.

On the first floor there are four

bed-rooms, each with a good clothes closet, and a sleeping porch, which opens off the hall.

The bath-room is large and convenient to all the bed-rooms.

This is a plan which gives the owner a choice of many different designs for the elevations, four treatments being shown on the opening page—one a roughcast on brick; a second showing a Georgian design entirely of brick; number three, an English half-timbered treatment; and a fourth, roughcast on the upper floor only.

Many color schemes for these attractive designs could be selected by the owner.

## 'Magination

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

MY uncle and aunt and the dog are here, and I love to play with the dog. His name is "Ginger," he begs and chases the butcher's boy when I sic him on. My uncle is lovely, he's big and has a nice smile, and people say he's very handsome. My Aunt Lillian, his wife, is very small, she doesn't smile as much as he does, but when she does, it's almost like a rainbow. Her hair is brown, it shines and looks red in the sun and it's very curly. I don't think she's pretty, but if beauty's only skin deep, p'r'aps she's nice inside.

Last night some people came in to see my uncle and aunt, and the gentlemen were sitting with father in his den and I was playing with Ginger on the floor. Uncle Frank was teasing Mr. Dancy, and he said:—"I bet he starts the day's work with her on his knee" and Mr. Dancy laughed as if he was embarrassed and his face was red. I thought p'r'aps Uncle Frank made a mistake, so I went up to Mr. Dancy and said:

"I thought only married people had children, and you haven't any wife?"

Uncle Frank threw his head back and laughed till the tears came, father slid down farther in his chair and held his paper up higher. Mr. Dancy laughed but his face was redder still.

"You're right about the wife and the kids, Kit, but what put such an idea into your head?" he said.

"Oh, then it's a borrowed child you start to work with on your knee?" I asked him.

But, like Mrs. Brondell's buttons, I shouldn't have said anything. Uncle Frank didn't care, he pretty nearly fell out of his chair and choked. Suddenly they all sat up straight and tried not to let their faces get red, and I turned to see what was the matter and there was Aunt 'Lizabeth. Gee! she looked awful, she sent me to bed and her face was like a cloud that comes when there's thunder and wind. I never thought grown-ups would be 'fraid of Aunt 'Lizabeth, but Father and Uncle and Mr. Dancy looked like it. I heard her say to them as I leaned over the banister where she couldn't see me—

"You ought to be proud of your conversation."

Sometimes Aunt 'Lizabeth's mouth is like a pair of scissors and that's the way it sounded then. I don't see why she didn't 'pprove of it. We didn't use any swear words or say anything mean about anyone. I wonder why those three big men were afraid of her.

THIS morning Uncle Frank and Aunt Lillian were going out together. He looked very tired. His face looked so different, as if like Minerva Johnson's his heart ached. I wonder why hearts ache! I came into the living-room to look for Ginger and Aunt 'Lizabeth and Mother were looking out of the window. Aunt 'Lizabeth's face looked like a fun'ral and she shook her head.

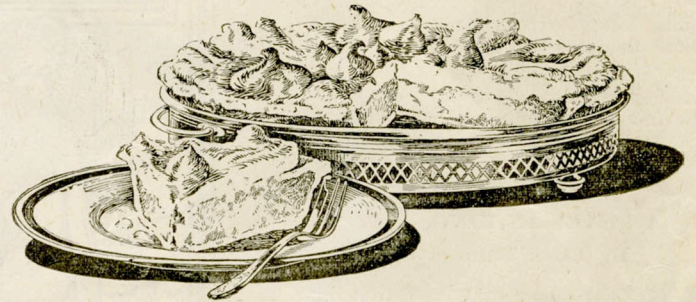
"Poor Frank, what a tragedy for him!" she said half to Mother and half to herself. Now I don't know what a tragedy is, unless it's a disease, but I could ask Rosie.

I hate cats, I'd like to see them all killed, 'cept kittens and 'course they couldn't kill little birds. Poor Solomon, I don't think I'll ever tease him again. Yesterday afternoon he found his little canary, it was so tiny, and soft and yellow and gay, dead. Just as he went out on the verandah, where little Yellow Jacket used to sing in his cage, he saw a big striped cat jump down the steps and run away. And we know that cat made the canary die. I cried and cried and couldn't eat any dinner. When I have to stay inside the yard and can't go and play with the other children, I don't know what I'll do without Yellow Jacket, because when I used to frown and be very angry, Yellow Jacket would commence to sing and then I'd be ashamed. He never could get out of his cage and play with the other little birds, but he didn't frown and pout, he sang and made me happy.

And so last night, I knew how it felt to have your heart ache and ache. I wonder if Aunt 'Lizabeth knows what ache in the heart means. I think if she did, she'd try'n make her mouth smile when she sees Minerva Johnson.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

# BENSON'S Corn Starch



## Pie Fillings!

A LITTLE Benson's Corn Starch should be introduced into juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb, cherry, etc., to prevent running over.

Orange Cream Pie (see Recipe below) is not difficult to make, and will prove a happy addition to your dessert recipes.

Serve custards, blanc mange, sauces, gravies, cakes and puddings made with Benson's Corn Starch. *Write for booklet.*

### PIE CRUST

Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour with  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of Benson's Corn Starch,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of Mazola, or butter,  $\frac{1}{8}$  cup of cold water,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoonful salt.

Sift flour, corn starch and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening, rub fine through flour, add last water and salt. Turn on to board, roll lengthwise till smooth and use as desired.

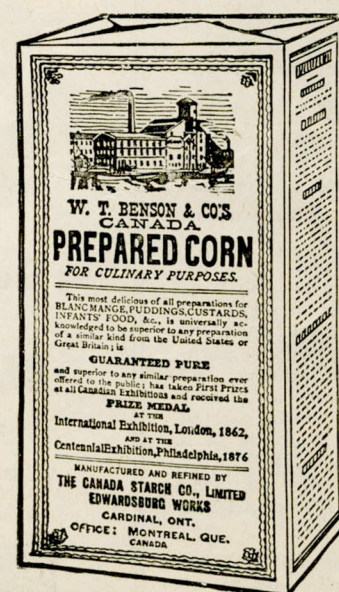
### ORANGE CREAM PIE

Place in saucepan over the fire, 1 tablespoonful Benson's Corn Starch,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonful of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of Lily White Corn Syrup. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire; add yolks of two eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  rind of an orange and juice of one orange and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon; mix well.

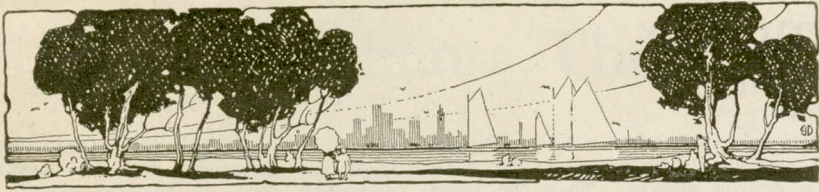
Line greased pie pan with very thin pie crust, brush out with beaten egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the whites of the eggs very, very stiff; add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color.

Serve cold.



The Canada Starch Co., Limited  
Montreal



## Properly Managed, the Refrigerator Will Save Much Food

By Louise Gunton Royston

**A** REFRIGERATOR requires constant vigilance; first, because it is a receptacle for food; second, because it is almost air-tight. Its recesses may contain a multitude of secrets. Slime left where the ice has melted shows the need of care. Likewise the spilling of food on shelves is another source of trouble. For these various reasons a refrigerator should be washed with washing soda, soap, and a disinfectant once a week. It is the best plan to arrange to clean, or have cleaned, when one supply of ice is nearly exhausted, and before the next supply arrives. If you cannot use a scrub brush to get into all parts, use a small, stiff paint brush, which will reach the corners. When the entire refrigerator is thoroughly cleaned, wash it with ice water to chill it.)

An ice box should always be full of ice. It is poor economy to allow the supply to decrease. If sufficient ice is provided, the box can be kept at an even temperature, which will insure the preservation of the food which it contains. A common mistake is that of getting a small piece of ice each day instead of filling the ice chamber two or three times a week. The small piece of ice cannot reduce the temperature sufficiently, and the result is that each new piece melts rapidly and the food cannot be kept fresh. It is much more injurious to food to keep it in a box with a scanty supply of ice than it is to leave it covered on a pantry shelf where there is a good supply of fresh air. If you must be economical with ice, wrap each cake in a piece of old woolen blanket, which must be removed and boiled in water and baking soda once a week.

The breaking of ice is usually a wasteful process. If cracked ice is needed, there is an economical way of severing a piece of the desired size from the main lump. Instead of hammering or hacking at it with a pick, which may slip and punch a hole in the refrigerator lining, press the point of the instrument slowly but firmly upon a spot above the corner of a block, using the palm of the hand against the end of the handle, pushing steadily and with force.

**T**HE effect of cold on food is to retard decay, or by freezing to stop it absolutely. In household refrigerators it is never cold enough to freeze. It is only cold enough to retard decay. The misuse of the refrigerator lies in the belief that it will prevent decay. The foods that spoil easily are milk, cream, butter, uncooked meat,

uncooked fish, certain fruits, such as peaches and plums, and vegetables that wilt easily, such as lettuce and spinach. The foods that do not spoil as easily are eggs, fruits—such as apples, oranges, and lemons—cooked meat, and cooked, salted, and smoked fish. If you are obliged to keep fresh fish for a time, do not put one on top of another. Instead, wring a clean cloth out of cold salt water, wrap the fish separately in this, place them in a tin-covered pail, and put them in the ice box. Fish have a strong odor which permeates other food, and they should never be put in the ice box unless covered. A saucer of broken pieces of charcoal placed in the refrigerator will absorb impurities and prevent unpleasant odors if renewed each week.

Cleanliness and cold are essentials in the keeping of milk, so you must always wash milk utensils in baking soda water to remove acidity. Milk changed from one temperature to another sours quickly. For this reason do not take cream or milk from the table after a meal and place it with cold milk in the refrigerator, and never leave milk or cream uncovered in the refrigerator as they readily take up the odors and flavors from other food.

Pears, melons, and grapes come to no harm by lying on the ice for some hours before they are to be eaten, but they should not be kept in a damp place too long, and should be eaten as soon as they are removed from the refrigerator. Berries, peaches, or apricots should not be kept long or in boxes in the refrigerator.

**V**EGETABLES that are to be eaten in a raw state should be dipped quickly in boiling water to which has been added a pinch of boric acid powder, to destroy any germs, and then put in cheesecloth and placed directly on the ice to preserve their crispness. Celery salads of all sorts, cauliflower, tomatoes, peas, beans, and other succulent vegetables, may be stored for a day or two in the refrigerator and be much better for it, but potatoes, onions, turnips, carrots, and similar vegetables should be kept dry and cool, but not cold.

Use glass preserve jars with screw tops for keeping leftovers in the refrigerator. No odors can then escape and the contents of the jars may be seen at a glance. When you wish to set them on the ice, put a rubber ring, such as is used on fruit jars, under the glass jar or dish, to prevent it slipping as the ice melts.

## Watch Your House Lights With a View To Economy

By Louise Gunton Royston

**W**HEN searching for a suitable lamp you will be confronted with tall lamps, meant to stand beside pianos; adjustable lamps, that will throw a pleasant light on one's book; drawing room lamps, bedroom lamps, library lamps, wooden lamps and china lamps, which shows that much thought and consideration must be given to the selection of a lamp and its shade to insure a good light and attractive and appropriate shape and color.

It is real economy to know how to get the best results from artificial lights, whether electricity, gas, or kerosene. If electricity is used, there is considerable saving by having each light placed in the proper position to reflect its entire brilliance. Convenient switches for turning off the light save many dollars in a year's time. A kitchen light should be located to light the stove and work table. A

great convenience is to have a long cord attached, so that the light may easily be moved about the room. A dining room light should be directed downward, necessitating a dome. Place the bathroom lights on each side of the mirror. A bedroom light switch should be placed at the door. The stairway light may be a dim one, and should be controlled at the top of the steps within reach of the children. Before cleaning your electric light bulbs, turn on the light and they will not break, no matter how fragile.

Gas fixtures should be so placed that there will be no danger of curtain or drapery coming in contact with the lights. Mantle burners produce better lights, and the inverted styles protect the ceilings and save gas. If your gas mantles are smoky and so dull that the light is dimmed, you can easily clean them. Simply sprinkle a pinch of salt over the mantle and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



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# Janet Cameron

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

you can, and to-morrow night you'll do so well we'll all be green with envy." With a last parting squeeze she tripped to the door. There she paused. "Janet, what are you going to do with Bob Blake?"

No answer.

"Janet, did you hear me? What are you going to do with Bob Blake and Nick Ryerson?"

"I think you can attend to him," Janet answered this time but Muriel noticed Janet said "him" instead of "them," and as the gay little creature prepared for bed she wondered if Nick would be willing to have anyone's attention in place of Janet's.

"And my dear little girl," Muriel addressed the face in the looking-glass. "Whatever happens remember you've got to smile, smile, smile."

LEFT alone Janet stood for a moment idly fingering the different articles on her dressing-table. Then, switching off the lights, she threw open the low window and knelt by its wide sill gazing out on the dark waters of the Bay.

How black it looked except where the moon made a path of shimmering brightness over the wide expanse of water.

It seemed to the girl her life was like that, cheerless and grim, only brightened here and there by the high lights of gratified ambition. Was that all there was in life for anyone, or was there something unutterably precious she was missing?

It had been work, work, work, all these years. No time for play, no money for luxuries; every copper went for lessons and the necessaries required for her training as a singer. The last year or two had been easier, so far as money was concerned, but every little triumph meant greater endeavor.

Oh, she was so tired, and she buried her head in her outstretched arms. But possibly everyone else was just as weary. Were they? What was it Signor Dinnetti had said? She was hard and cold, he had told her—They had been studying a modern love song.

"OH these songs of love! They make me what you call weary," her teacher had exclaimed wrathfully. "They talk of dying all the while. But love is not of dying," and the plain rugged face became illumined, "it is the very essence of living, touching all the shadows, making them light. That is what our love did, my Minna's and mine," he looked hungrily at the beautiful pictured face hanging over the piano and again he wandered beneath sunny Italian skies, his lost love by his side.

Janet moved and the Professor was himself again. "I will get you a song," he said, and rising abruptly, he opened an antique desk, that stood in the corner. He came back with a yellowed manuscript in his hand and placing it on the rack struck two or three chords, then drifted into a minor melody broken here and there by rippling cadences that told of soft breezes and sunlight and bird song.

Through all the haunting sadness of the song, that lilting measure burst like a living voice that would not be stilled.

"That is what I call a song of love," the old man exulted. "Now, sing, sing, sing," he cried excitedly. "Sing as though no matter how long the day, or how dark the night, you would be the sun, and the moon, and the stars, to the one you loved."

JANET had tried. How she had tried! But the Professor became more and more exasperated. At last with a resounding crash he had shut the piano, and turning furiously to Janet he had cried.

"Yes, you sing beautifully! Oh, yes, beautifully perfect, just like a machine, but bah! You've no soul; You're hard and cold. You know not one thing of love." And in a rage he tramped from the room.

Did she know anything of love? What about Bob Blake?

The time had come when a decision must be made. To make that decision she must go back ten years, to the girl who stood in the shadow of the vines, and vowed that come what might she would get even with the good-looking, altogether detestable stranger, who criticised her so unmercifully.

HOW well she remembered every little detail of that day. A warm Sunday in early June had made the choir hurry away after the morning service, glad to be out in the soft fragrant air.

Janet had gone but a little way when she remembered the music she had left in the vestry. Hurrying back to get it, she was arrested just as she reached the window, by the sound of a stranger's voice.

"For Heaven's sake, Nick, where did you pick up that freak in the front row?"

Nick Ryerson made no answer, and the unknown's voice went on, "I've seen a good many choirs, and I must say church singers are not usually beauties, but the equal of yours I have never seen."

A chair scraped on the floor. Evidently the wretch had found a more

satisfactory position for he continued. "A choir should be placed at the back of a church always. Then the faces they make and their hunching shoulders, when they prepare for a high note, wouldn't interfere with the worship."

"MY dear Blake," she heard the choir-leader say, "I don't think worship, save for a pretty face, bothers you much or you wouldn't be so censorious of my poor singers. Remember, it's ears, not eyes, a choir is supposed to appeal to."

"Oh, shucks, Nick!" the person whose name was Blake replied. "That's all very well for you to say, but you know the man doesn't live, who isn't influenced largely by a pretty face. Virtues are far more easily discernible when seen through the magnifying glass of delighted senses."

"I don't agree with you," Ryerson answered quickly, "I admire a beautiful voice for itself regardless of its possessor."

"Well, I don't," the chair came down with a thud. "Anyway a beautiful voice would presuppose artistic sense, no matter how undeveloped it might be. Anyone with the very least touch of artistic taste could never have all that heap of tow on her head, and screw her mouth, and roll her eyes the way that end girl of yours does. Who is she?"

The end girl, outside the window, drew back. She knew she shouldn't be listening, but not for an instant did she consider leaving.

"I suppose you mean"—Janet's heart ceased beating, "My protegee, Janet Cameron," she heard Ryerson say. "She is rather terrible at present, but just wait a while till she finds herself and gets rid of some of her mannerisms."

"MANNERISMS!" his friend echoed, "Lord, Nick, you're mild. I'd call them something worse than mannerisms."

"Call them what you like, old man," Ryerson answered, "But I'm sorry for the girl. I'll tell you her story."

"She and her aunt came to this country when Janet was quite a small girl. The father had died, but before his death his wife ran away with some actor friend."

"Of course Miss Cameron, the aunt, was glad of a chance to get little Janet away from the erring mother, and all the old acquaintances. When a position offered itself in America she very willingly accepted it. Miss Cameron is one of your typical Scotch women and has been unusually strict with her

niece. Now the niece is breaking away from her influence, with the results you see."

"Hm!" Blake sniffed, "it must have been pretty bad if this is but the reflex."

"It was pretty bad for the youngster, I'm afraid," Ryerson paused so long his two listeners thought he never intended to continue.

"GO on, finish your story," Blake said, "Of course you know what pity is akin to, Nick! If you're smitten, old man, please forgive me."

"Don't be a fool, Blake," the organist interrupted curtly, "Janet Cameron is a thoroughly nice girl, with a beautiful voice. She's crazy about music and she has adopted many of the worst mannerisms of the poorest members of the profession. But mark my words," he jumped up from his chair, "You'll live to see the day, when Janet Cameron's name will be known from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"My dear Nick, you've certainly got it bad. I'm sorry for you. Come on home, to lunch."

How Janet reached home that morning and how she at last persuaded her aunt to allow her to take singing lessons the girl hardly knew. She had rushed into the parlor where her aunt sat enveloped in a Sabbath-calm, and without giving Miss Janet time to remonstrate on the mode of her entrance, the girl had begun, "Aunt Janet! I'm going to take singing lessons. I'm going to. I'll show them what I can do," and on and on it went through the days that followed until in sheer desperation Miss Cameron gave in.

WHILE her Aunt lived, Janet had to be content with the small suburban town, going twice a week to the city for lessons. But when the girl was left alone there was nothing to hold her, and the larger place called insistently.

There she would be in the heart of things; perhaps be a paid singer in some church, or get occasional concert engagements; so thither she turned her steps.

Those first years were hard, bitterly hard at times. How lonely and bare they would have been without the loyal friendship of Nicholas Ryerson, Janet dared not think. Had there been a time when Nick's regard showed signs of developing into something nearer and dearer, that time had passed without a declaration, and without a sting, and to-night, looking back, most of her happy days in some way owed their existence to the quiet, reserved organist.

And there had been happy days. Until a year ago she was moderately contented. Her work she loved and each month saw her a little nearer the goal of her ambitions.

THEN all was changed. At a recital she met the successful architect, Robert Blake. When she was presented, just for the moment Janet did not connect this distinguished man, greying at the temples, with the debonnaire stranger who had those many years ago, occupied the back pew in the little church in Willowdale. But when he spoke, the indolent voice, with just a suspicion of mockery, recalled at once the episode of days gone by. A wave of fury shook the girl. At last she had met her enemy. Surely there would be some way of paying this man for all her hours of suffering and humiliation.

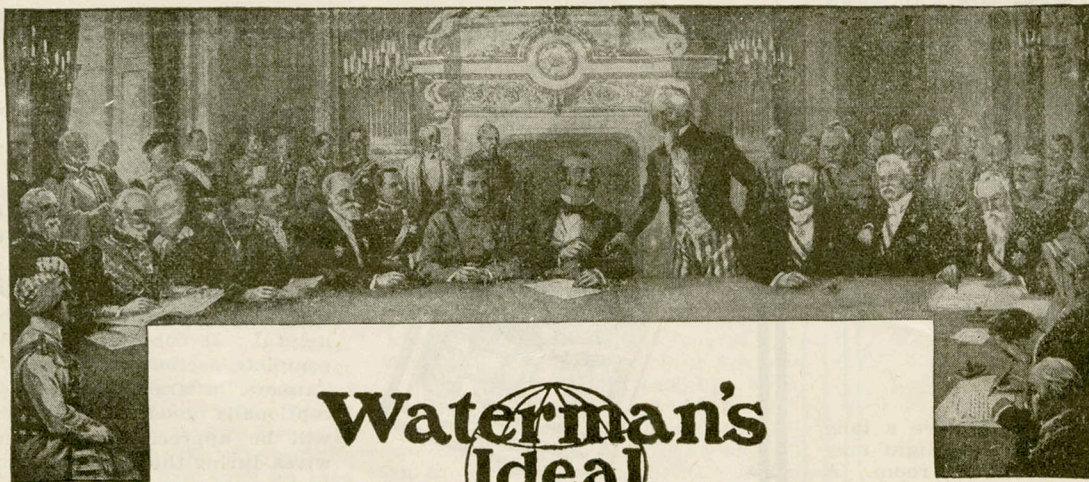
As the weeks passed Janet would have been blind indeed not to have seen Blake's infatuation.

How she gloried in it! At last he was in her power, and as she in one way or another balked him in telling his love, she kept assuring herself it was for the joy of prolonging her triumph, making her revenge all the more complete.

But was it? Recently a small voice was whispering that the man might suffer, and acutely; but vaguely, Janet knew that when she sent Robert Blake from her, life would have lost its most precious possession.

She was Scotch, therefore a good hater, the possessor of an excellent memory, and the thing she set out to do, that she did. But, in the end, what was it worth? Her pride or her love must suffer. Which would it be?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)



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# A Kitchen a Thousand Times as Large as Yours

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

as far as the fundamental principles go. But perhaps you cannot spare the time to really go—so just in imagination let us start off with one who has been there. Keep eyes and ears open, for there are many secrets to be learned ere we come back to Canada.

You will be particularly welcome at this most accessible hotel, for the President, Mr. John Bowman, was born in Canada, and it is his aim to make the Commodore a place where his kinsfolk will feel at home. Canadian money will be accepted there, although the rest of New York may look askance and refuse your perfectly good dollars. To most New Yorkers the *summum bonum* of all things, money included, lies within the sacred borders of their town, and anything which does not bear the stamp of Uncle Sam is of necessity beyond acceptance.

**F**IRST let us visit the main kitchen, where all manner of operations are going on with precision and thoroughness. For the maintenance of order each kind of work is done in a separate room, and when machinery can aid in the process it is installed.

The preparation of the many kinds of fish is a most interesting study, especially when one learns that the fish recipes at the command of the head chef number exactly one thousand. The making of the sauces for the various fish dishes, vegetables and meats is considered to be the most important work done in the kitchens. The head saucier commands a huge salary, and is looked upon as a small king by his assistants in the domain of "spicy" knowledge.

And when one comes to think of it, the making of sauces is a most important thing, for many a dish is ruined or saved by the sauce accompanying it. Here, then, is one secret to take home. And because we are exceedingly interested the chef tells us the exact ingredients of one of his most famous tomato sauces used on clams and crab meat, but suitable for use with various other dishes. The proportions are large, of course, but the shrewd cook can reduce them and concoct a sauce which will keep her friends guessing. Two gallons of Chili sauce, eight gallons tomato catsup, three cups salt, tabasco sauce, horse radish, Worcestershire sauce and the juice of three dozen lemons. There you have it, already to try as soon as tomatoes are plentiful.

**W**E also discover that when soup is pronounced ready to serve at the Commodore, it has been cooked for twelve hours. In enormous vats the stock is boiled for seven hours the first day, then cooled to keep it from becoming sour, and on the following day after the addition of vegetables and seasoning it is again cooked for five hours. The delicious aroma coming from these steaming caldrons is sufficient to convince one of the wisdom of this method, but when we taste the soup later in the dining room we resolve never again to serve soup after the old one-hour recipe.

But we are on a tour of investigation, not feasting on the finished dishes, so next let us learn how the meats are prepared.

Over huge charcoal fires we see cooks skillfully broiling chops and steaks, and pause to ask: "Why charcoal?" for one fire had always seemed as good as another, to us heat being merely heat from whatever source it be obtained.

"Charcoal always for broiling," replies the chef, "and wood for roasting. Gas or hard coal all right, but wood smoother—not so rough. For partridge and other game use cherry wood—an old cherry tree is best. This not only cooks the bird smoothly, but perfumes it as well and gives a quality and flavor obtained in no other way."

We doubt no more that "genius is an immense capacity for taking pains," as the cookery wizard smiles at our wonderment. Little did we dream of the care and thought an expert chef gives to the minutest detail of his art, and we all really thought we knew quite a bit about cookery when we left home, didn't we?

**E**IGHT bakers are engaged in preparing bread, rolls of many varieties, cakes and pastries for the numerous requirements of breakfast,

lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, banquet, and night supper, which go to make up the twenty-four hours in the life of a great hotel. The immense ovens, when the doors are opened, resemble huge mouths opening to receive the pans of dainties which the bakers manipulate by means of long handled wooden paddles, reaching to the farthest corners of the ovens. Here, as everywhere in the kitchens, the cooks, bakers and helpers wear white suits, giving the whole scene an appearance of spotless uniformity. The watchword from the head chef to the messenger boy is "system." This you see in every detail. Nothing just happens and there is no such thing as luck in these kitchens. Even during the rush period of dinner serving, when hundreds of waiters are having orders filled, all moves with clocklike order.

The section where the salads are prepared is one in which we linger long, wishing we had a hundred eyes to note all the details of these mysterious creations. Dainty baskets made of tomato on lettuce, filled with rice, yolk of egg, dressing, and other tempting ingredients, fruit salads, fish salads, and cold meat salads all present a colorful picture which we leave unwillingly, as our guide suggests that we next visit the banquet kitchens.

These we find are several floors above the main kitchens, connecting directly with the magnificent ballroom, where these large functions are held. Beautiful indeed is this immense room, with its adjoining waiting and reception rooms, galleries for orchestra, and elevated section for the guests' tables. One night we find it filled with stalwarts, sunburned and hearty, an en-

tire regiment strong, back from France, the next a dazzling assembly of New York's Four Hundred, to be succeeded by a juvenile army of America's Boy Scouts. So the scene changes night after night, each interesting and each a noteworthy gathering.

Being truly patriotic Canadians, let us choose the night of the King's birthday for our visit, and see how this event is celebrated at the Commodore by Canadians, I.O.D.B.E., and other Britishers. Before the guests arrive we may have a glimpse into the room with its array of tables, snowy linen, sparkling glass and silver. On each table, in a silver holder, is a card with a large number by which the guests find their places, opposite the name of each on the programme and menu card appearing the number of table to which each is assigned. When the hour arrives there is no confusion; each table is surrounded by its own party with scarcely a pause in the merriment.

**W**HILE this is going on in the banquet hall, in the serving kitchens at the rear the many waiters each with a tray, are lined up alphabetically, waiting for the first ring of the gong which Leony gives the moment all is in readiness. This means—prepare. Number two follows, each man knowing its command—waiters for the guests' table advance. These waiters move forward quickly, fill their trays and pass into the dining-room. Then come three rings of Leony's gong and all waiters proceed. One can describe it only as an army advancing under the leadership of a general who is a master of his art.

The banquet proceeds gayly, course after course, each more tempting than the last, until the climax is reached with the bringing in of the enormous birthday cake, with its fifty-four lighted candles, and bearing a huge, perfectly fashioned crown, made by the confectioners in the hotel that morning. The manner of moulding these creations is exceedingly interesting to the novice, as they demand a very great amount of artistic skill as well as culinary knowledge. A plan of the article desired is drawn first on paper, then when the melted sugar reaches a certain consistency the deft fingers of the sculptor twist and turn and mould it into whatever shape he desires. With pride this artist tells of the many novelties he has executed, especially of a marvellous hat made of sugar, for a very special occasion. A real hat, with violets and ribbon, was used as a model, and so perfect was the copy in sugar that no one could distinguish the sugar chapeau from the original.

The procession bringing in this wonderful King's Birthday cake is led by the flag bearers, carrying large ensigns of the Allies, the Union Jack being given greatest prominence. By the time the immense lighted cake is brought in, bearing its shimmering royal crown, the banqueters are on their feet, and with one impulse burst into "God Save the King."

Speeches follow, given by soldiers, statesmen, and women prominent in the I.O.D.B.E. in New York, each ringing with loyalty and love for the mother land and King George. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)

**HAVE** you tasted McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas?

They are delightful—crisp and full of flavor—All the ingredients used are of the highest quality.

A wholesome and economical food.

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# CANADIAN WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

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 Parliament Buildings.

## Many Annual Meetings are Held by Institutes and Gratifying Reports Given

### RALLY TENT FOR WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS.

Women's Institute members who attend the Canadian National Exhibition will be made welcome at the headquarters tent located at the west side of the Government building. An experienced worker in the Ontario Women's Institutes will be in attendance at all times prepared to give information on the general plans of the Institutes for the coming season, including regular programme for the monthly meetings, demonstration lecture courses, medical school inspection, domestic science, the hot lunch for the rural schools, literature for the Institute members, girls' work in connection with the Institutes, etc. Come to the headquarters tent and talk over your problems and plans with officers and members from other parts of the Province. Visitors from other provinces who are interested in Institute work will also be welcome.

### DEMONSTRATION LECTURE COURSES.

The Women's Institute Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture is prepared to furnish instructors for systematic courses of instruction, each embracing ten lectures and demonstrations as indicated below:

**DOMESTIC SCIENCE**, including the canning of fruits, vegetables and meats; vegetables; fruit; milk; cereals and cheese; meat and substitutes for meat; simple desserts and salads, etc.

**HOME NURSING AND FIRST AID**.—The human body and its structure; the sick room, and bed-making for various forms of sickness; the bath—kinds and effect; emergencies; hot and cold applications; bandaging; contagious and infectious diseases; the administration of food and medicine; baby hygiene, etc., etc.

#### SEWING:

Two lessons on hand sewing and measurements—plain and fancy. Stitches, including button holes and eyelet.

Drafting and cutting, machine finishing, plackets, etc.

Two lessons on tailored skirt.

Two lessons on one-piece dress, plain.

Two lessons on one-piece dress, fancy.

These courses are among the most valuable service rendered by the Department of Agriculture, as is evidenced by the large proportion of the centres which apply for a second course.

The Department has already received a number of applications for courses to be given next fall and winter, and now that the time of the members will not be occupied by war work, we expect a great increase in the number of classes. Full particulars will be sent to those who write to the Women's Institute Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

### ONTARIO ANNUAL CONVENTION.

It is the intention to hold the annual Convention of the Ontario Women's Institutes during the week of the Provincial Horticultural Exhibition (Fruit, Flowers and Honey) in early November. Plans are under way for the holding of conventions at Ottawa and London in advance of the dates to be chosen for the Central Ontario Convention. Either immediately preceding, or following the Central Ontario Convention, to be held at Toronto, the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada will hold their first Dominion-wide meeting. Full announcements as to dates, programmes, etc., will be made in an early number of the Journal.

### CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF ONTARIO.

Constitution and By-laws as given below have been submitted for consideration at district annual meetings.

Suggested changes for the same must be submitted to the Secretary of the Federation, Mrs. B. O. Allen, 629 S. Vicar St., Fort William, at least one month previous to the date of the earliest of the Conventions, which will be held at Ottawa about the middle of October.

#### ARTICLE 1.—NAME.

This Federation shall be called the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario.

#### ARTICLE 2.

The organization shall be strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian in every phase of its work, and no Institute shall be operated in the interests of any party, sect or society, but for the equal good of all citizens. Those Institutes which introduce sectarian or partisan questions in their meetings will forfeit their right to belong to the Federation.

#### ARTICLE 3.—MOTTO.

The Motto of this Federation shall be "For Home and Country."

#### ARTICLE 4.—PURPOSES.

The Federated Women's Institutes shall be the central Provincial organization of all local branch Institutes which have been or may hereafter be formed under the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and the purposes of the Federation shall be,—

(a) To co-ordinate the efforts and further the plans of all local Institutes for home improvement and community betterment;

(b) To voice the sentiments of the local branches on all matters of Provincial importance within the scope of Institute work;

(c) To co-operate with the Ontario Department of Agriculture or other Departments of the Government in work on educational and social lines for the improvement of national life.

#### ARTICLE 5.—MEMBERSHIP.

Whereas it is impracticable to hold a Provincial meeting of the large membership of the local Institutes, and at the same time most desirable that the membership of the Federation shall be of a representative character, it is therefore provided that the members shall be chosen in the following manner:

(a) Each Annual District meeting shall elect one delegate to attend the division convention in which such district is situated to serve with other district delegates for the selection of the membership of the Federation.

(b) At the time of each convention, the delegates so elected, shall meet and shall, from among themselves and the present executive, elect those who shall constitute the membership of the Federation on the following basis:

Eastern Ontario Convention Division, 3 members (1 for each sub-division).  
 Central Ontario Convention Division, 11 members (1 for each sub-division).  
 Western Ontario Convention Division, 3 members (1 for each sub-division).

Each person selected in this manner shall be recorded as a member of the Federation, and shall serve one year or until such time as a successor is appointed.

#### ARTICLE 6.—ANNUAL FEDERATION MEETING.

The Federation shall meet annually, and at the call of the President. The business at the Annual Meeting shall be as follows:

(a) Election of Officers.

(b) Such other matters as may affect the welfare of the Institutes and their work.

#### ARTICLE 7.—OFFICERS.

The Federation shall elect an Executive of seven, which shall be composed of: a president, a vice-president from each of the Convention Divisions, and three directors. The secretary-treasurer shall be appointed by the Executive.

#### ARTICLE 8.

(a) This Federation shall take all steps that may be deemed advisable to strengthen the Institutes to raise funds, obtain grants, and all such other things as may be considered in the best interests of the movement.

(b) The Executive shall carry out the policies of the Federation as determined at the Annual Meeting and shall have power to take such action as may be necessary on matters arising between Annual Meetings. The Executive may meet from time to time during the year as circumstances require and shall have power to appoint special committees on special subjects. Four members shall constitute a quorum.

#### ARTICLE 9.—RESOLUTIONS.

Any Institute may forward to the Federation resolutions of general interest affecting the welfare of Institute work, and it shall be the duty of the Federation to consider such resolutions, and take such action as may seem fit and proper, but such resolutions must be forwarded to the secretary of the Federation at least one month before the Annual Conventions.

#### ARTICLE 10.—CONSTITUTION.

These articles shall become the Constitution of the Federation when adopted by the Conventions and ratified by the Federation.

Notice of amendments must be given to the Federation one month before the first of the Annual Conventions, and shall become law on a two-thirds vote of the various conventions and ratification by the Federation.

### SUMMER SERIES OF MEETINGS OF ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

Reports of these meetings, so far as received, indicate that, while the attendance was not possibly so large as usual, this was not due to lack of interest, but to the fact that the women of the rural districts were more busy than usual this year during the first half of June, on account of the lateness of the season, and to the great difficulty in securing help either on the farm or in the home. A very keen interest is shown by those who did attend the meetings in the programme which has been presented, and we confidently look forward to a most successful season's campaign of regular Institute work, with the addition of those special features which have been emphasized in these columns.

The rural district which wishes to get the best there is to offer in school betterment, preservation of health, community advancement, etc., cannot well afford to be without its Women's Institute.

#### MEDICAL SCHOOL INSPECTION.

The Women's Institutes Branch is co-operating with the Department of Education in planning for medical inspection, to be undertaken in the rural districts, beginning with the opening of the fall term. This work was carried on aggressively by the doctors and nurses employed by the Department of Education up to the close of the school term, and several clinics have been planned as a result.

A large number of applications for inspection in the fall have already come to hand, and many other districts are organizing for the work to be undertaken before the beginning of the new year. Definite and full announcements as to the plans for next fall and winter's campaign will be sent to each Institute at an early date. Regular forms of application and full particulars as to how to proceed will be furnished.

### TWO ENTERPRISING INSTITUTES IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

**CALVIN BRANCH, EAST NIPISSING.**—This branch has a very attractive programme outlined for the year's work. Each member contributes something on the programme, either by way of household hints, favorite books, current events, discussions on leading subjects, historical associations of their district, etc. One meeting each year is left to the girls of the Institute along lines of girls' work. Prizes are given for girls' work at their fair, and during the year competitions are held at their meetings, viz., bread, plants, etc.

This branch has been instrumental in having a pay station (telephone) placed in their township, and expect this year to have the rural telephone throughout the township. This has been brought entirely about by the effort of the Institute.

**KORAH BRANCH, CENTRE ALGOMA.**—This branch is very active. Meetings are held in members' homes, and cookery is demonstrated and served at social hour.

A splendid interest is taken in their school fair, and prizes are given by them in competitions. Prizes are also given by them for girls' and ladies' work at their agricultural fairs.

They have been instrumental in having their cemetery cleaned and taken care of and contributed a sum of money towards paying a caretaker and have supplied implements and tools for working. Their aim is to have this one of their beauty spots.

### A SCHOOL NURSE FOR NORTH BRANT.

Last winter the Women's Institutes of North Brant made arrangements whereby all the schools in that district were medically inspected. Now they are interested in securing a permanent school nurse. They hope to make final arrangements at an early date in order that the nurse may begin her duties when school re-opens. Grand View, one of the Institutes in North Brant, is also planning to hold a dental clinic. They have secured portable dental equipment from the Military Headquarters, and are making arrangements with the dentists from Brantford to do the work. A splendid thing about the Grand View work is that the school trustees realize the importance of the dental work to such an extent that they purpose making it a permanent feature of work in connection with their school.

### DISTRICT ANNUAL IN NORTH WENTWORTH.

The Women's Institutes of North Wentworth held their district annual meeting at Millgrove on the afternoon of June the 25th. In spite of the unfavorable weather, nearly 200 ladies were in attendance, eager for information whereby they might make the work in their own branches of more value during the coming year. Mrs. MacDonough of Branchton, who has been district secretary for North Wentworth for thirteen years, was again re-elected to that office. She was also elected as delegate to attend the Toronto Convention to serve with other district delegates from throughout the Province in selecting the members of the Provincial Committee.

The Institutes in North Wentworth were particularly interested in medical school inspection at the present time. Several schools have already been inspected, and the remainder will be done immediately after school re-opens in September. Following the inspection, a clinic was held at Dundas from July 5-7. This means that the Institute has made it possible for these children to receive the necessary attention as soon as they have been inspected.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)



# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

The Institutes in Wentworth County are also interested in the hot lunch for the rural schools. In three months over 25 schools installed an equipment for the purpose of teaching domestic science in the schools, and serving the hot lunch during the cold weather.

## A NEW INSTITUTE OPENS A MEMORIAL PARK.

A Women's Institute was organized at Utterson, in Centre Muskoka, in May. They are already establishing a Memorial Park in memory of the boys who have fallen from that community. Utterson is a splendid centre. It is situated on the railroad, midway between Huntsville and Bracebridge, and is only a short distance from Port Sydney, Allansville and Raymond. This park will do much to strengthen the social life of the community.

## SOUTH ONTARIO DISTRICT ANNUAL.

The district annual meeting of the South Ontario Women's Institutes was held at Brooklin on June, 18th. An interesting feature of the programme was a parade given by the Brooklin ladies in the dresses which they made, under the direction of Miss Collins, at their demonstration lecture course in sewing last May. As a result of this exhibit, several branches in South Ontario are already making application for a similar course to be conducted early in the fall.

## ANNUAL MEETINGS FOR NORTH AND SOUTH PERTH.

The districts of North and South Perth held their annual meeting in the City Hall, Stratford, on May 30th. In the morning they met in separate rooms to elect their officers for the coming year. In the afternoon a union meeting was held. In addition to the musical programme, branch reports were given by both districts, and an address by the Government delegate, after which considerable discussion followed. North Perth has secured the consent of the trustees of practically all the schools in their district for medical inspection. The work will be undertaken early in September. Many branches in South Perth are also interested, and, no doubt, all arrangements will be complete for inspection in that district before the work is completed in the North. By holding a joint district annual meeting, a more uniform programme can be arranged and the work strengthened throughout the whole county.

## WOMEN'S INSTITUTE EXHIBIT AT THE RODNEY FAIR.

The following articles will comprise the Women's Institute exhibit at the local fair:

- Embroidered day slips.
- Lunchette, included lunch cloth and half dozen napkins.
- Sofa pillow.
- Tea apron.
- Pumpkin pie.
- Basket of flowers.

Three varieties of pickles, pears, onions and cucumbers in pint sealers. The secretary of this Branch has suggested to the members that each one paste this list where it will be seen and be a reminder for the preparation of the above exhibits.

## PRIZES FOR WELL KEPT LAWNS.

In order to encourage well-kept lawns, flowers and shrubs for the improvement of the appearance of the village, the Kemptville Women's Institute have offered a number of prizes for the best and most artistically arranged lawns, including backyards as well as those which can be seen from the street. The lawns will be judged about midsummer. All villagers and those nearby are eligible to compete.

This Institute has also purchased shrubs and plants for the decoration of various parts of the grounds. Flower beds have been made in the school grounds and also in front of the public library.

This work of the Institute has no doubt been a stimulus to many in the village to make their lawns as attractive as possible.

## COMMUNITY HALL AT BINBROOK.

The Binbrook Women's Institute is assisting the community in building a community hall which is to cost in the neighborhood of \$14,000. This hall they hope to have complete this year, in order that the boys who attend the

short course in agriculture and the girls who take advantage of the demonstration lecture course in domestic science, early in the New Year, may have the opportunity of holding many of their meetings in this new building.

Reports from the lecturers, who visited the Institutes throughout the province during the past two months, would indicate that all through the province there is a growing appreciation of the value of community halls, and there are many Institutes which will make the building of such halls a special feature of their programme of work.

## A LETTER FROM BARNHART.

"I am enclosing the card for the last two years so you will know what subjects we have taken up. We had last year's programme printed on the back of the 1917-18 card to cut down expenses." (Some of the subjects included in the programmes referred to are: Is a Woman's Time Worth Anything? What is Canada Noted For? Teaching Life's Truths; Discipline as a Character Builder; Canning of Vegetables and Fruit; Is Bookkeeping Necessary on the Farm? Flowers and Shrubs that are Easy to Grow; Worry Robs the Home of Health and Happiness.)

"We sent 12 to 18 boxes overseas every month since the war started; and, now that the boys are coming home, we go to the homes and have a special evening, taking lunch with us, and we have presented each with an armchair, and the two mothers who lost their boys we surprised by presenting them with a chair like those given to the other boys in memory of their boys. We have done this without neglecting our other work. We held all our regular meetings and made extra for patriotic work.

"MRS. D. SANDERSON,  
"Secy."

## Lady Hendrie expresses interest in Women's Institutes in the following letter to Canadian Home Journal:

In reply to your letter of the 10th instant, I take, as you say, an interest in the work of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, and appreciate the attention given to their efforts in your columns. The war, during which these Institutes did so splendidly, is happily over, but the objects aimed at by the women so organized, will always be of the utmost importance in the life of the people, and I am sure that the encouragement and suggestions in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will be very helpful to them. Your field is a very attractive one, and I wish you every success.

Yours sincerely,  
LENA M. HENDRIE.

## WEST ELGIN.

The annual meeting of West Elgin Women's Institutes convened at Iona recently. About sixty ladies attended. Community betterment and improvement are live issues, and beautification of the town by the formation of horticultural societies.

## AMHERST ISLAND.

The Amherst Island Women's Institute held their annual meeting on June 14th. About \$226 was spent during the year on patriotic work. We are proud to think that on August 14, 1914, we sent a subscription to the hospital ship fund. We have been sending money and garments ever since. We are still supporting a Belgian orphan. Our society has sent for Belgian relief, French and prisoners of war funds about \$825 in cash and clothing. We have sent cash and spent in yarn and goods about \$1,115.

## RAINY RIVER INSTITUTE REPORT.

The Women's Institute in Rainy River District is an established and progressive organization, consisting of sixteen branches and four hundred members.

In all Red Cross and other patriotic work we did our full share.

The local work was by no means neglected. The schools of most of the rural sections have been inspected medically—six hundred children in all. Four clinics were arranged by Institute workers, and one hundred and thirty-five cases were operated on for diseased tonsils and adenoids.



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ALTHOUGH the Canadian Home Journal has afforded its readers many an opportunity in the past to read the very best in serial stories, yet we feel that in securing this new story

## "The Prestons"

By MARY HEATON VORSE

that something really splendid has been achieved.

The story centres about a small boy—bless his heart—always willing to help, but always misunderstood. No need to tell you he has a big sister who has a sweetheart, all boys have to put up with that sort of thing.

You will just love Jimmy and his interesting family. The story has a laugh in every line, as well as just a few tears.

# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

The last medical inspection found conditions vastly improved.

Within the past year four new branches have been organized, and our efforts are now centred upon the erection of a "Memorial Hospital" at Emo, the most central town.

Recently the Women's Institutes held the most successful convention we have ever had, and we hope and plan to "carry on" in our various activities, as the work seems to increase rather than to decrease since the war is over.

## BISHOP'S MILLS.

The annual district meeting of the North Leeds and Grenville Women's Institute was held in the Presbyterian Church, Bishop's Mills, on Thursday, June 19th. There was a large attendance of delegates and visitors, and the keenest interest in the work and progress of the Institute prevailed.

Miss Pearson gave an interesting address on "The Federation of Women's Institutes in Ontario," explaining fully the movement for provincial and national organization of Women's Institutes.

Miss Florence Speers, Government delegate, a third year student of medicine at Toronto, gave an interesting address on "The Improvement of Opportunities," followed by a few remarks on medical inspection in schools. An invitation was extended by Miss M. Armstrong, president of the Burritt's Rapids Women's Institute, to hold the next annual district meeting in that village.

## SOUTH BRANT ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The South Brant Women's Institute convention and annual meeting was held on Wednesday, June 11, at "Oak Lodge," Burford, the home of the district president, Mrs. J. E. Brethour.

The morning session opened at 10 30 a.m. by all singing the National Anthem. Mrs. Brethour presided, and gave a review of the year's work and expressed her thanks and appreciation of the support and kindness she had received from all officers and members during the year.

The financial report and report of year's work were given by Miss Roelfson, district secretary. Special items of district work for year were:

Donated to W.H.A. for extension of nurses' home at Brantford hospital, \$125; prizes for children's school fairs, \$28; prisoners' of war and refugees, \$176.54; upkeep of S.B. cot in King's Canadian hospital, \$50; upkeep of South Brant ward in Brantford hospital, Canadian R.C., \$25; reception for returned soldiers, \$15. Combined district and branch reports totalled the sum of \$5,743.07, which had been raised and given to different forms of patriotic work. Besides sales of clothing and bedding which had been made up and sent to refugees, 908 pairs of socks, 171 pairs stockings, 17 pairs mitts were knit and sent overseas.

Medical inspection of schools is being taken up in four branches, also demonstration lecture courses.

## FINANCING THE INSTITUTE.

By *Alecia M. Hobberlin.*

The subject of "Financing the Institute" is of special interest to a district auditor. The finance phase might be dealt with under four divisions: (1). Federal; (2). Provincial; (3). District; (4). Branch.

The division I have chosen for financial consideration in my limited time, is the District.

## Illustration.

There is no means of co-ordinating the sub-sections of any district more than working together to raise funds for a common object. We found this truth substantially verified in Peel County last spring, when we resolved at our County Convention to work, as a unit, for the navy. We decided to hold a garden fete, and an analysis of our methods may be of some help to others.

Having first been unanimous in the objective, our next step was the assembling of the district officers at a round-table luncheon, held at my house, for a two-fold purpose, first, of acquainting the workers with the possibilities of our grounds, and secondly, of further rousing their zeal by the enthusiasm and personal experience of selected speakers.

Organization was then immediately

proceeded with, while emotion and ardor for work ran high, which made the formation of sub-committees a comparatively easy matter. One very important point to note is the need of appointing suitable heads of departments, and especially a suitable chief. The head of the organization must always be on call to her sub-heads, with help or encouragement as the case may require, always tactful, helpful and resourceful.

Possibly the most important of the sub-committees is that of Publicity, which has the great work of "noising the event broadcast" throughout all the surrounding districts. This we did by sending attractive large display posters, and small dodgers, and some very distinctive motor cars, to all the towns and villages of our own county, and many to nearby counties as well. We also had small notices and large displays in our various newspapers, and large streamers across the highway to attract the general attention. But the greatest of all ways of advertising is the early and strenuous selling of admission tickets by everyone. In connection with Publicity, we must not overlook the issuing of a "Programme of events," in which advertising space is sold to merchants, with great benefit to the merchant and considerable profit to the event.

## The Refreshment Committee.

Served a delicious high tea on the cafeteria plan, which gives a prompt service with a minimum of time and labor and eliminates waste. Of course, the usual refreshment booths were stationed at several convenient points in the grounds.

## The Amusement Committee.

The Amusement Committee provided many interesting events for old and young, men and women, boys and girls. Everyone was entertained and made happy—and the fete made money in proportion.

One innovation which we found helpful was the Cashier's Tent. Here, we sold strips of five cent vouchers, which were used as cash at the different booths, and thus did away with the old worry of making change.

We cannot emphasize too much the wonderful co-operation we had from our men and the great help we received from them. Necessarily, women must engineer a women's event, but the greatest results are always obtained from a united effort. Our men were most generous of their time and energy, and were especially useful in the counting of the day's proceeds. It was turned over to two bank clerks, whom we escorted to the bank, and in this way, knew that our earnings were safe.

Our accounting was all most accurate, and checked by an auditor; this is always a wise procedure in the handling of public funds.

## Decentralizing of Funds.

Our total clear proceeds were a little better than \$3,000, but the whole amount had necessarily to be turned over to its original destination—the navy—which left our district funds no richer than before. Is the time not ripe now, for some slight decentralizing of Institute funds? Should not each district have placed at its disposal a small percentage of the central funds, possibly in proportion to its membership, which would decidedly make for a higher efficiency in the district work, by making it possible for district presidents to tour their territory and co-ordinate their branches? Under the present order, unless the president uses her personal funds, she must do all the county business by correspondence, which is very far from being effective, and sometimes a highly suitable woman is prevented from holding office, through lack of funds.

## Suggestions.

I would like to make some suggestions for definite propaganda which might be taken up with some profit.

(1). We might have Life Members in the District—interest only to be used.

(2). We might have a Government Bonus to the District.

(3). I have heard it mentioned that some alternative use of the funds, used to send out a speaker to the June meetings, might be allowed, where a speaker is not desired, perhaps on account of not being able to get suitably attended meetings.

(4). It is well-known that many co-operative district enterprises are starved for lack of funds. As the country fills up, the future development of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48.)

The New Edison Phonograph  
Violins  
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# Time and Money

We want and we will liberally pay one energetic lady in each community to represent the "Canadian Home Journal."

We already have scores of local representatives in our big Home Journal Club, and some are making as high as \$100.00 per month.

There are still many towns and villages in Canada in which we have not a representative, and if you have any spare time that you desire to turn into money, write us to-day.

The remuneration of a "Canadian Home Journal" representative is according to the time and activity devoted to the work.

If you have plenty of time and energy there is practically no limit to your income or territory, for we make special provision for the live ones.

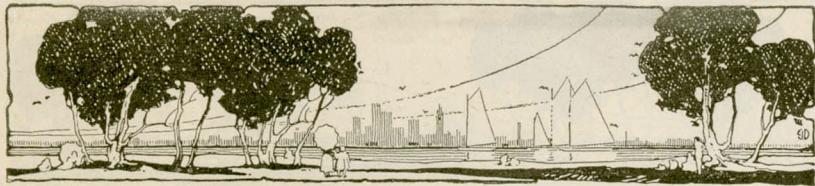
The women of Canada require more money to-day than at any time in the history of the nation. The "Home Journal" will supply that money in exchange for your time.

Write us to-day.

Canadian Home Journal  
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Toronto

Once upon a time there was an advertiser who got his copy in ahead of closing dates; he gave the publisher time for careful composition; making cuts was never left until the "last gun," with the printer holding the presses and running up the publisher's bill. The advertiser always had plenty of time to make corrections and get exactly what he wanted in set-ups. There were no disputes about typographical errors and inadvertent insertions. When he O.K.'d a final proof, it was final. And the advertiser was always pleased with the attention and service the publisher gave him.

Moral: No publisher can give an advertiser proper service unless copy is received early!



## Helen Keller Speaks to the World in a Marvellous Picture---"Deliverance."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

and Latin. Her achievement was recognized by scientists to be the greatest individual achievement in the world, but even this did not content this ambitious girl. Lecturing and writing were undertaken, and Miss Keller began to take a keen interest in social questions. During these years she developed a great love for the "common people." She discovered the discord, the great element of injustice and strife which permeated their lives and decided that she must bring to them her message of deliverance. To this end the medium of the motion drama was chosen and Helen Keller with a very able staff went to California for five months to make what is undoubtedly the greatest picture ever produced upon the screen. It throws out a ringing challenge to the world, the dominating idea throughout being—"If I, Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind, forced to fight my way through the greatest obstacles that ever beset a human being, could work out my own deliverance—why cannot you?"

The scenario was written by Dr. Trevelyan Miller, the noted historian, and produced and directed by George Foster Platt, who produced Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Both Mr. Platt and Maeterlinck are friends of Miss Keller.

The play is divided into three acts: the first showing the childhood of Helen Keller, a little girl of seven taking this part very prettily. The next is Maidenhood, and the last Womanhood, showing Miss Keller, the woman, living her normal life to the fullest extent, with complete mastery over her misfortunes.

So again, Canadians will have the great privilege of seeing Helen Keller, this time in a picture absolutely unique and compelling, bringing her wonderful personality very close to her spectators.

When such as Caruso, Godowsky, Roosevelt, Mark Twain, and a long list of America's most celebrated men and women deem it a privilege to go to see Miss Keller, what an honor for just you and me to live with her for an hour; to feel her emotions, to understand her struggles, to see life from her standpoint, and to have a vision of her ideals for mankind. For Miss Keller is not a petted, pampered girl, but a woman strong, self-reliant and fearless in her expression of justice and truth.

## The Winning Ways of Mr. Wayland

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

with their inextinguishable joyous lights.

"I really want to know."

"Well, then—I have never fallen in love with any one at first sight, if that's what you mean."

"Of course, I didn't mean that!" disclaimed Billy hastily. "I was only wondering if you thought any one could fall in love with you—that is—immediately, I mean. I was wondering if you believe if some one told you that they—that he—"

His hostess arose quietly and confronted him.

"I will tell you what I think, Mr. Wayland. We, you and I—" she nodded her head gravely between her words to give emphasis—"you and I have been engaging in a most outrageous flirtation and it is high time for you to go."

"I haven't been flirting at all," he protested, rising. "Have you?"

SHE gazed at him in an inscrutable manner and made a quaint little motion with her head that he tried in vain to translate into a definite "yes" or a decided "no."

"Oh, I say," he pleaded, taking a step in her direction, "I can't think of you until next time as 'Miss Marvin'; it's too formal."

"Perhaps it would be just as well not to," she admitted.

"Not to be formal?"

Yet she is altogether sunny and light-hearted, appreciative of the least kindness, and always striving to give pleasure to her friends. Miss Keller remembers each city she visited while in Canada, and is especially fond of London where she laughingly tells how the teachers came to the train with home-made candy which was very good indeed. Vancouver residents also endeared themselves to her. So pleased were Miss Keller and Mrs. Macey with this city that they say they did not want to leave it.

Near New York in a home surrounded by green lawns and the flowers of which she is so fond, Miss Keller lives in the most natural and simple manner. She swims, rides horse-back, dances and goes to many social functions in company with her teacher, Mrs. Macey. Garden parties are the order of the day, several being held for those who are deaf. These prove most enjoyable affairs, gaiety and laughter prevail as those present endeavour to converse with each other.

But with all, Miss Keller continues her study, is conversant on all important questions of the day, and personally looks after her enormous correspondence.

Music is a great delight to her—in some subtle manner the harmony and rhythm seem to reach her, and she numbers among her friends America's most noted musicians, who come to her home and play and sing for her.

Miss Keller reads what others say by placing her finger upon the lips of a speaker, and as she follows, repeats the words after the one who is talking. Then in a flash comes her reply. She will pass from her merriest to most pensive of moods in a second, and a word or sentence gives her hearers a glimpse of the marvelous depth of her thought.

To hear Miss Keller describe the delicate coloring of the sea shell, the beauty of the starry night, or the soft loveliness of the roses in her garden, is a delight for only those who know her. In contemplation one can but marvel at the miracle which has been wrought, and conclude that it is the world which is blind and deaf, for certainly it cannot be this remarkable woman with her poetic imagination and passionate appreciation of the beauties we fail to notice.

"I mean not to think of me as 'Miss Marvin.'"

"Why not?"

"Because I—because I don't wish you to," she laughed.

"Then, tell me your first name."

"For shame! You've forgotten it," she flashed. "You don't deserve—"

"Please!"

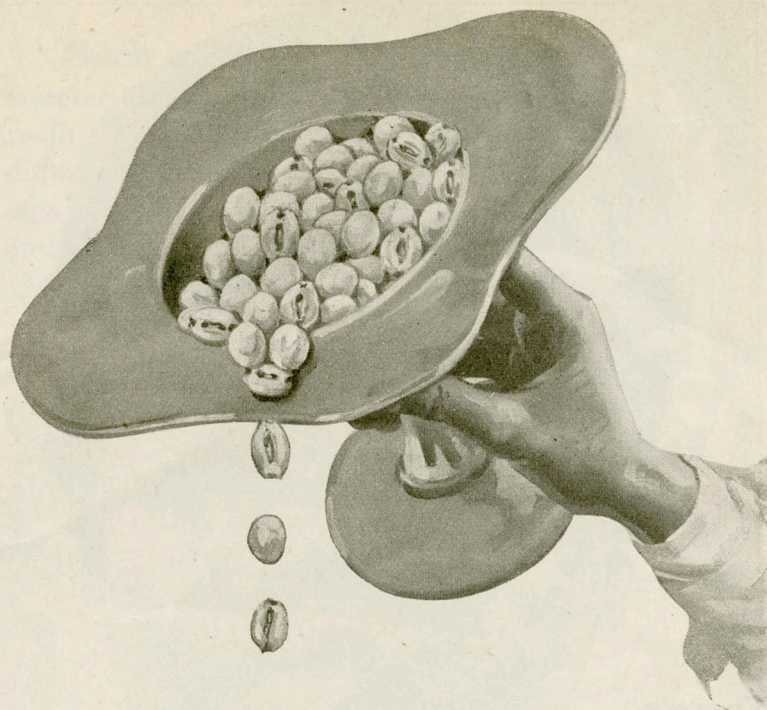
"It is Betty"—a pause—"Elizabeth." she corrected.

"I think I prefer 'Betty,'" said Billy softly.

THE incredible had happened to Billy. Billy the casual, Billy the irresponsible, was caught by a pair of dimples in a face of exquisite sweetness. He mused long by his fire that night, living over the evening's bewildering events and emotions. The appealing loveliness of Betty's face danced before his eyes. His thoughts dwelt on the witchery of her grace. Every little endearing trick of manner, each perfect poise of head and throat, passed in review before him. Then her eyes—they laughed out at him from the fire. Verily, they were sisters of the merry, mocking, bewitching flames.

Had he some time, somewhere met her before? The thought had recurred at intervals during the evening. He decided definitely that he had not. He could not have forgotten her had she ever come into his life. Come into his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)



### Wheat Bubbles

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, puffed to bubbles eight times normal size.

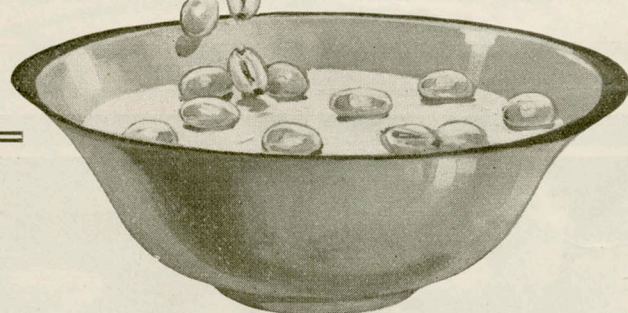
The grains are thin and crisp and flaky. They are four times as porous as bread. And they taste like food confections—like airy nut-meats, toasted.

### Steam Exploded

The grains are heated to a high degree, then shot from guns.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

Nothing makes a milk dish so enticing. Nothing forms such ideal whole-grain food.



## So Thin, So Airy That They Seem Like Fairy Foods

Prof. Anderson created the greatest grain foods in existence. Never were whole grains made so delightful, never so digestible as these.

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast dainties. They are all-hour foods—foods for playtime, foods for bedtime, foods for every hungry hour.

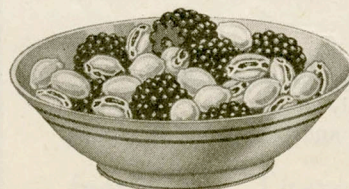
Let no day pass without them. Children need whole grains. And here they are as ever-ready, tantalizing tidbits.

No supper dish you ever served compares with Puffed Wheat in milk.

### Puffed Wheat

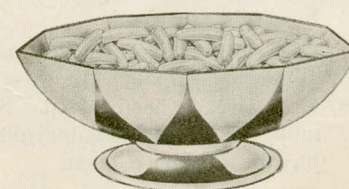
### Puffed Rice

Each 15c, Except in the Far West



#### Mix With Fruit

To add delightful blend.



#### Eat Like Peanuts

Crisp and lightly butter.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada



There's  
Nothing  
Finer

than a healthy,  
happy infant and there is nothing better to keep baby well than

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

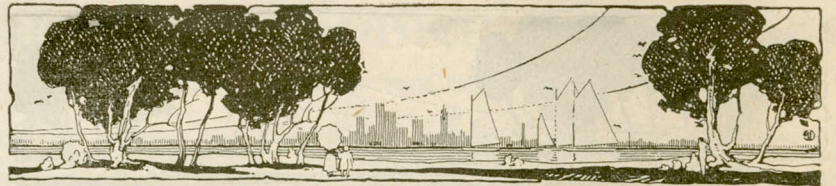
The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Purely vegetable, guaranteed non-narcotic and non-alcoholic. It is a simple, highly efficacious remedy for all baby's digestive troubles. This open published formula appears on every bottle:

**R**hubarb, Senna, Glycerine, Sodium Citrate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Oil Anise, Oil Caraway, Oil Coriander, Oil Fennel, Cane Sugar Syrup

If it were possible to improve this formula it would be done regardless of the fact that a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup now costs twice as much to make as any other similar preparation. Yet, it costs you no more than ordinary baby laxatives. *At All Druggists.*

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton Street, New York  
General Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto



## The Winning Ways of Mr. Wayland

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

life—the phrase repeated itself unconsciously. It had a grateful sound to his ears as he half whispered it. Betty had come into his life that night, and, then and there, he vowed that she should never go out of it.

THE next evening, Billy presented himself at the house to which fate had led him, and was again confronted by the elderly butler. This time, a ruse was unnecessary.

"Is Miss Marvin at home?" he questioned fluently enough.

The man concealed his surprise at the stammerer's recovery and bade him enter. He had hardly crossed the threshold of the drawing-room when he heard a light step behind him, a timid little voice speaking his name. He veered quickly and beheld Betty. Not the mischievous, tantalizing Betty of the previous evening, but a very subdued and penitent maiden who came straight to him with downcast eyes and humble mien.

"Mr. Wayland," she began haltingly, "I owe you an apology for my dreadfully rude action."

Billy began to protest.

"Don't interrupt me," she begged. "You asked for Miss Marvin last night. She was indisposed and I—I received your card and came down, meaning to ask you to excuse her, but—but—" She stopped, clasping and unclasping her little hands nervously. "But," she continued breathlessly, "when you made that wild guess—when you called me 'Miss Marvin' I thought it would be amusing to—" She hesitated again, and cast an imploring glance at him. "Oh, can you forgive me?" she pleaded.

Billy laughed in sheer light-heartedness. "Forgive you?" he exclaimed. "Forgive you for granting me the boon of your acquaintance? Your fault is a light one. Don't look so sorrowful. It makes my heart ache. Do smile."

She obeyed him reluctantly.

"Then, you are not Miss Marvin?"

"I am her niece. My name is Elizabeth—"

"Betty," substituted Billy with firmness.

"Oh, hush!" she breathed.

A rustle of skirts came from the stairway, and Betty fled. The next instant, Miss Marvin appeared in the doorway.

ESTHER MARVIN was handsome without charm. Her severe attitude toward life was apparent in manner and expression. A woman of harsh judgments and righteous life, she was feared, respected and unbeloved. She entered the room with a certain stateliness and regarded the young man in correct evening attire with a coolly appraising look.

"Mr. Wayland?" she said, referring to his visiting-card, which she held in her hand. And that was all.

The burden of explanation was thrust on Billy; it bade fair to prove a heavy one. He opened his mouth to speak, but, instead of coherent utterance, came only a gasp. The situation was becoming intolerable; in very desperation, he rushed into speech.

"Miss Marvin," he blurted, "I am a stranger in town and—I thought I would call on you."

She received the announcement in stony silence. Billy hastened to repair his bad beginning.

"I have—or rather I had a letter of introduction to you from a mutual friend," he lied easily. He tapped the pocket of his dress-coat, fumbled a moment, then smiled whimsically. "But, naturally, I have mislaid it. I am an adept at mislaying things."

"AN unfortunate habit for so young a man," accused Miss Marvin. "It was from—"

Billy thought quickly. It was not at all improbable that, among his numerous acquaintance, there might be several known to Miss Marvin. That

she was a woman of position was self-evident. His own friends moved on the same high level. He thought of the most disagreeable *grand dame* on his mother's calling list and took the plunge.

"From Mrs. Remington," he said placidly.

Miss Marvin inclined her head. "Pray be seated, Mr. Wayland," she vouchsafed. There was nothing in tone or manner that might give him cause to congratulate himself on having guessed correctly. For all he knew, he might have hopelessly compromised himself. At any rate, she had not shown him the door. They sat in silence for what seemed hours to him. He longed to see Betty, but felt that he must make sure of his position before asking for her. Miss Marvin seemed almost unconscious of his presence. He decided to remind her that she had a visitor.

"I BELIEVE, Miss Marvin," he began tentatively, "that you knew my mother. Her maiden name was Margaret Freeman." He leaned back in his chair and awaited results. For a moment, it seemed to him that she had not heard his remark, so frigidly calm was her attitude. Then, suddenly he felt her eyes on him.

"You resemble her," she said.

Billy's relief was so great that it was some time before he became conscious of the lack of enthusiasm with which his announcement had been received. He consoled himself with the thought that he could readily dispense with her aunt's cordiality if he might only be sure of Betty's. The thought gave him his cue for broaching the real purpose of his visit.

"May I also have the pleasure of seeing Miss Elizabeth—Elizabeth?" he floundered.

Again, it seemed as though Miss Marvin had not heard. Billy was on the point of renewing his request, when she languidly summoned a servant and commanded her niece's presence.

As she entered, Billy sprang up to meet her, his eyes alight.

"O Betty!" he cried, "it is so good to see you again."

She held out her hand with a smile of frank pleasure.

"It is evident that you need no introduction to my niece," commented Miss Marvin.

"No, indeed," exclaimed Billy. "We've known each other for ever so long."

"Perfect ages," corroborated Betty unblushingly.

With that, the conversation languished. Billy cast about in his mind for some means of breaking the spell. The whole episode had been so unconventional that he decided in reckless haste to take on his shoulders the burden of an added solecism.

TURNING to Miss Marvin, he said: "I called primarily to pay my respects to you." He stopped to give her a chance to say something; but her only response was a slight inclination of the head.

"The old iceberg!" thought Billy disgustedly.

"There was another reason for my visit," he continued aloud. "It was to ask your permission to take Miss Betty—Elizabeth to hear 'Tannhauser' this evening."

"I regret that I have an engagement," began Miss Marvin.

"But I haven't," interrupted Betty. "My dear," said her aunt sternly, "I hope it is not your intention to go to the theatre alone."

"Not quite alone, Aunt Esther, as Mr. Wayland offers his escort."

"You know my views on this subject," said Miss Marvin.

Billy's ready imagination was fired by Betty's look of appeal. He exulted in the fact that they were sharing something in common.

"But, Miss Marvin," he protested, "there are exceptions."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)



## Tempting Desserts that are also Wholesome

In these days you want desserts that do more than merely please the eye and palate. They should also serve as *food*, help nourish the body.

Junket can be made in many ways that will *look* good and *taste* good; but it will also and always be *wholesome* too.

It is made with *milk*—and it makes milk more readily digestible.

# Junket

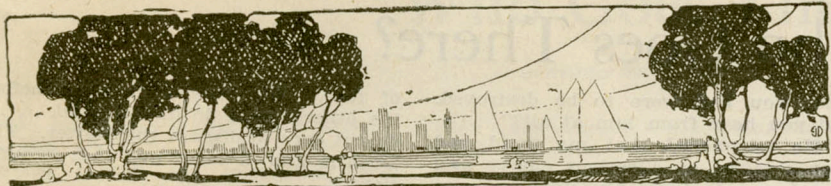
Junket enjoys the unique distinction of gracing the tables of the most particular people, as a *dessert*, and at the same time being prescribed by doctors, nurses and in hospitals as a *food*.

Try it. If you want to make it in a jiffy, try Prepared Junket (Nesnah). In this form the sugar, flavor, etc., have already been added. Simply dissolve in luke warm milk, pour into individual dishes and let stand. Six pure flavors to choose from.

A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3 cent stamp. A full package for 12 cents.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian  
Laboratory  
Toronto :: Canada





# \$100 will be Awarded To Canadian Home Journal Readers FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Will you be one of the fortunate prize winners?  
Now is an excellent time to photograph your pets. Try it and send us your pictures. They may be the finest received.  
Canadian Home Journal is conducting Five Photograph Contests, beginning June First and concluding November First, 1919.  
These contests are open to all readers of this magazine.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF HORSES.

For the most interesting photograph of a horse or a group of horses we shall pay as follows:

- First Prize .....\$10.00
- Second Prize ..... \$5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay \$1.00 each.  
Photographs of horses must be in our possession by August 30th.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF PETS.

For the most interesting photograph of your pet, or several pets, we shall pay as follows:

- First Prize .....\$10.00
- Second Prize ..... \$5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay \$1.00 each.  
Photographs of pets must be in our possession by September 30th.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF LANDSCAPES.

For the most interesting photograph of an unusual outdoor scene in Canada, such as a peculiar tree, a curious land formation, a beautiful waterfall, or anything unique in nature, we shall pay as follows:

- First Prize .....\$10.00
- Second Prize ..... \$5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay \$1.00 each.  
Photographs of landscapes must be in our possession by October 30th.  
Write full name and address on the back of each photograph.

Unless return postage is enclosed with the photographs, we cannot promise to return them.

Address Editor Photo Contest, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

## The Winning Ways of Mr. Wayland

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.)

"There are no exceptions to my rules," she answered crisply. "Unless a girl is a man's fiancée, she has no business to be seen with him in public without a chaperone."

In after years, the full enormity of Billy's next remark came to him; but, at the time, it appeared the natural thing to say.

"We didn't mean to announce it so soon," he said, glancing at Betty with fond proprietorship, "but your niece and I are engaged."

WHEN Billy came to himself he was on the street amidst the hurrying, early-evening crowd. He was dimly conscious that a very rebellious young person was doing her utmost to adjust her step to his stride while talking at him volubly.

At last he heard: "If you're not going to pay any attention to me nor listen to what I'm saying, I shall go right straight home." The utterance was accompanied by a sob, supposedly genuine.

"Whew!" said Billy, disregarding both utterance and sob, "wasn't it fierce? Wasn't it awful? I can't realize that you escaped with me. Aren't you the nifty individual, though!"

"I am glad that you deign to notice my presence," she said with some asperity. "We have walked, or rather run, four blocks, and I've been doing a monologue and I'm tired and—and you've been just horrid."

"You poor, dear little thing," said Billy compassionately. "I'll call a cab."

He turned toward the congested roadway impulsively, and shouted, "Hey, Cabby!" before Betty could utter a word. Grasping her arm, he piloted her toward the vehicle, which moved to the curb at his hail. She un-

consciously put her foot on the step, then drew back.

"O MR. WAYLAND!" she said, a world of reproof in her tone.

"Eh, what?"

"One—one doesn't ask nice girls to go driving around with one in cabs," she faltered.

"One does when one is engaged to them. Get in."

"Have a cab, sir?" came impatiently from overhead.

"That's just what I want to talk to you about," said Betty explosively.

"About the cab?"

"No, goose, about being engaged."

"We can't discuss it during grand opera nor on the street," announced Billy decisively.

She considered the remark gravely and at great length. Finally, with a pretty little gesture of acquiescence, she extended her hand for him to help her in.

"Drive somewhere until I tell you to stop," cried Billy to the driver, forthwith turning his attention to his guest.

"And now, Mr. Wayland," she was saying, "you didn't answer me once during that four-block Marathon when I kept asking if you realized what an outrageous thing you had done."

"How so? In getting engaged to you?"

"You're *not* engaged to me. You never were and never —"

"Don't say it," said Billy earnestly. "I can't bear to have you say it even if you don't mean it."

"But I do!"

"Didn't you admit to your aunt that it was true?"

"That was just out of consideration for you. Think how awkward it would have been if I had denied it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48.)

Such a Sweet Dream—But sweeter still are Moir's Chocolates in reality. Moir's fillings are deliciously different and the coatings so thick, smooth and rich.

Moir's Limited, Halifax




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**MONEY ORDERS**

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Autumn term commences Sept. 15th, 1919.  
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. Headmaster.  
Calendar Sent on Application.



## WAGSTAFFE'S

Real Seville  
**Orange Marmalade**

All Orange and Sugar—  
No camouflage.  
Boiled with care in Silver Pans.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

The September Fall Fashion Number will have many interesting features. There will be several pages of Pictorial Review patterns showing fashion's latest dictates for Milady.

# Who Goes There?

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued).

"YET you instructed me to bring back with me any papers I might have in my possession." "I tell you I did not count on war with England. Nobody did. I meant only that you were to bring with you what papers you had when you returned. Did not Gratz instruct you to destroy your papers?"

"No." Von Reiter's lean jaw snapped. "Then what did you do with them?" "I put them into my satchel. On board the steamer the satchel was opened and the papers taken."

Anger, apprehension, twitched at his thin lips; then a deeper emotion, softened the grim lines of his features.

"God be thanked," he said, "that you were not involved in England. It was a living nightmare to me—that constant uncertainty concerning you. I could not reach you; I could do nothing, make no arrangements. Cipher code was forbidden even from neutral countries. It was only at the last moment I found a secret wireless lane still open to us. In that way I managed to notify Gratz that this man Guild was on his way to find you and bring you back here; that no more papers were to be sent through you to me; and that

what you had were to be destroyed. Did you hear from him at all?"

"He telephoned that my maid had been arrested on a serious charge and that I was to leave Hyacinth Villa at once with Mr. Guild. He said nothing about papers. But I remembered what I had promised you, and I put into my satchel what papers I had. . . . They nearly lost me my life," she added, gazing steadily at him.

"Do you mean to say that you knew the papers were compromising and still you undertook to bring them? Were you insane to attempt such a thing?"

"Had I not promised you, Kurt?" "Circumstances alter conditions and absolve promises however solemn. Common sense decides where honor is involved."

She flushed brightly: "There I am more English than German, Kurt. A promise is a promise, and not"—she looked at him musingly—"not what the British press reproaches us for calling a 'scrap of paper.'"

He said grimly: "When a supposed friend suddenly aims a blow at you, strike first if you can and discuss the ethics afterward. We tore up that 'scrap of paper' before the dirty fingers of England could clutch it, that's all."

"And lost the world's sympathy. Oh, Kurt!"

"But we retained the respect born

of fear. We invaded Belgium before the others could do it, that's all. . . . I do not care to discuss the matter. The truth is known to us and that is sufficient."

"It is not sufficient if you desire the sympathy of the world."

VON REITER'S eyes became paler and fixed and he worried the points of his up-brushed mustache with powerful, lean fingers.

"Make no mistake," he said musingly. "America's turn will come. . . . For all the insolence she has offered in our time of need, surely, surely the time is coming for our reckoning with her. We have not forgotten von Diederichs; we shall not forget this crisis. All shall be arranged with method and order when we are ready. . . . Where is that American or Belgian, as he seems to think his honor of the moment requires him to be?"

"Mr. Guild?"

"Yes."

"He did not come here when the others arrived from Lesse Forest."

"He's a fire-brand," said von Reiter coldly. "Our system of information informed us sufficiently. I should have had him extinguished at Yslemont had he not been the one man who stood any chance of getting into England and bringing you back."

"Also you trusted him," she said quietly.

"Yes, I did. He is a Gueldres of Yvoir. The Gueldres have never lied. When he said he'd return, that settled the matter." Von Reiter's eyes had an absent look as though following a detached idea, and his features became expressionless.

"When the war ends," he said, "and if that man ever comes to Berlin, it would afford me gratification to offer him my hand—or my card. Either extreme would suit me; he is not a man to leave one indifferent; it is either friendship or enmity—the hand or the card. And I do not know yet which I might prefer."

He looked up and around at her, his sombre, blond features hardening:

"I need not ask you whether his attitude toward you was respectful."

"It was—respectful."

"That question, of course, answered itself. The record of that family is part of Belgian history. . . . Do you know where he went after he kept his word and delivered you here?"

"He went to Lesse."

"And then?"

She remained silent.

"Do you know?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Is there any reason why you should not tell me?"

She was mute. "Karen," he said gently, "is there any reason why your confidence should be withheld from me? I have come here to-night for my answer. I have only an hour to stay. It was a long way to come for one single word from a young girl. But I would have travelled the world over for that word from you. Will you give me my answer, Karen?"

SHE looked up, dumb, her mouth tremulous, unable to control her emotion for the moment. His keen eyes searched hers; he waited, thin lips compressed.

"Kurt—I do not love you," she whispered.

He took it in silence; not a muscle quivered.

"Will you marry me, Karen, and try?"

"I can not."

"Is it your profession? Is it your desire for liberty?"

"No."

"Is it—another man?"

As he spoke he saw in her eyes that he had guessed the truth.

For a full minute he sat there like a statue, one arm extended on the table, the bony hand clenched. After a long while he lifted his head and turned upon her a visage terrifying in its pallour and rigidity.

"Is it—Guild?" he asked with an effort.

"Kurt!"

"Is it?" The heavy color suddenly flooded his face; he drew a deep, sharp breath. "Is he still in this neighborhood? Is he, perhaps, coming here to see you? Is that why you are awake and dressed at this hour?"

"Kurt, you have no right—"

"I am at liberty to ask you these questions—"

"No! It is an impertinence—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47.)

By Royal Appointment

## Acceptable Gifts

NOW THAT PEACE has come you will want to give something to your friends at home, abroad, or at the Front, that will give lasting pleasure—won't you?

### WE SUPPLY

Lovely Cambric Handkerchiefs, Pure Linen, from \$2.28 to \$15.12. Lawn Handkerchiefs, \$1.14 to \$2.88. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 10c to \$1.20.

Khaki Handkerchiefs, \$1.20 to \$1.80. Lace Collars, \$1.20, \$1.32, \$1.56, \$2.82, \$3.18, \$4.30.

Table Linen. Sheets, Towels, and Linsens of every description. See our Price List, sent post free.

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# Carnation Milk

Your Grocer has it in 16 oz. and 6 oz. cans.

from "Contented Cows"

# Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

"Do you regard it that way? Karen! Is *this* what has happened—" He choked, turned his congested face, glaring about him at the four walls of the room. Suddenly some instinct of suspicion seized him, possessed him, brought him to his feet in one bound. And instantly the girl rose, too.

"I know why you are awake and dressed!" he said harshly. "You *are* expecting him! Are you?"

She could not answer; her breath had deserted her, and she merely stood there, one hand resting on the table, her frightened eyes fixed on the man confronting her.

But at his first step forward she sprang in front of him. She strove to speak; the infernal blaze in his eyes terrified her.

"Is *this* what you've done to me?" he said; and moved to pass her, but she caught his arm, and he halted.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"MY God!" he said, "it would not surprise me to find him here in the house! . . . He is here—or you would never wear a face like that! . . . What do you mean to do, block my way in my own house?" as she confronted him.

"Kurt—" Her white lips merely formed the word.

"Is he here? Answer me!"

"I—he—"

"Answer me!" Behind them a voice broke in quietly: "I'll answer for us all. . . . Don't touch that holster, General! I can kill you first. . . . Now, then, am I to pass that door without violence? . . . Because I'm going to pass it one way or another—"

He came forward, his naked sabre shining in the candle light, his grey eyes level, cool, and desperate.

Von Reiter stared at this tall young fellow in the gay uniform of the Guides. His hand, which had instantly moved toward his holster, remained suspended.

"I am going out of that door," repeated Guild. "Will General Baron von Reiter be good enough to move aside?"

The German's eyes narrowed. "So," he said very quietly, "it is not to be the hand after all, but an exchange of cards. I am sorry—" With a movement too swift for the eye to follow, his sword was out and glittering in his hand, and he sprang on Guild, beating at his guard, raining blows like lightning.

The girl had fallen against the table, one hand at her throat as though choking back the bursting cry of fright; her brain rang with the dissonance and metallic clamour; the flashing steel dazzled her. Two oak chairs fell crashing as Guild gave ground under the terrific onslaught; there was not a word spoken, not a sound except the infernal din of the sabres and the ceaseless shifting of armed heels on the floor.

Suddenly von Reiter went down heavily; the doormat slipping under foot had flung him to the floor with a crash across a fallen chair. After a second or two he groaned.

Guild looked down at him, bewildered, sword in hand—watched him as he struggled to his feet. The German was ghastly white. A fit of coughing shook him and he tried to disguise it with his hand.

"Pick up your sabre!" motioned Guild.

Von Reiter stooped, recovered his sword, adjusted the hilt to his hand. He coughed again, and there was a trace of blood on his lips, but his face was dead white. He looked very steadily at Guild.

"Acknowledgments to the Comte d'Yvoir," he said with an effort; and the shadow of a smile touched his thin, grim lips.

"Do I pass?" demanded Guild, as grimly.

Von Reiter started to speak, and suddenly his mouth was full of blood.

"Kurt," cried the girl in an agonized voice, "do you mean to kill him or that he is to kill *you!*—*here!*—before my face?"

"I mean—just—that!"

He sprang at Guild again like a tiger, but Guild was on him first, and the impact hurled von Reiter against the table. His sabre fell clattering to the floor.

For a moment, white as a corpse, he looked at his opponent with sick eyes, then, suddenly faint, he slid into the great leather chair. There was more blood on his lips; Guild, breathing heavily, bent over and looked at him, ignorant of what had happened.

Karen came and took his hand in hers.

Then a slight groan escaped him and he opened his eyes.

"Are you badly hurt?" asked Guild. "I'm a little sick, that's all. I think when I fell some ribs broke—or something—"

"I meant fairly by you," said Guild miserably.

"You played fair. It was bad luck—bad luck—that's all." He closed his pain-sickened eyes: "God, what luck!" he mumbled—"really atrocious!"

Guild, still holding his naked sword, drew his automatic with his left hand. Then he looked silently at Karen.

"Can't you leave the house by the garden?" she whispered tremulously.

"The gate is padlocked."

"Kervyn, they'll kill you if you step out of that door!"

Von Reiter, drowsy with pain, opened his eyes:

"No, they won't," he said. "Be kind enough to speak to my aide. I—I'm afraid I'm rather—ill."

He glanced at Guild: "Honour of an officer," he added weakly.

Karen stepped to the door and flung it open.

"Captain!" she called sharply.

A moment later the young hussar aide-de-camp who had escorted Guild to the British lines came clanking in.

He glanced obliquely at Guild and at Karen, but when his eyes fell on von Reiter he stared, astonished. Nevertheless, his spurred heels clicked together at salute.

Von Reiter's eyes became ironical. He looked for a moment at his aide, then his gaze wandered to Karen and to Guild.

"Where do you desire to go?" he asked with an effort.

"To Antwerp."

"The road is still open." And, to the hussar: "Safe conduct for Captain the Comte d'Yvoir across the railway. Write it now."

"And for my comrade, Mr. Darrel, and ten recruits," said Guild quietly.

"And for his comrade, Mr. Darrel, and ten recruits," repeated von Reiter in a failing voice. But he was smiling.

"And—for *me!*" said Karen.

Von Reiter's eyes had almost closed; he opened them again, heavily, as she spoke. Karen bent over him:

"Kurt, I must go. I can not remain here now. Besides—I want—my—husband."

"Think well," he said drowsily.

"Think diligently—at this moment—solemn—supreme—" He raised himself

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)

# HORROCKSES' LONGCLOTH

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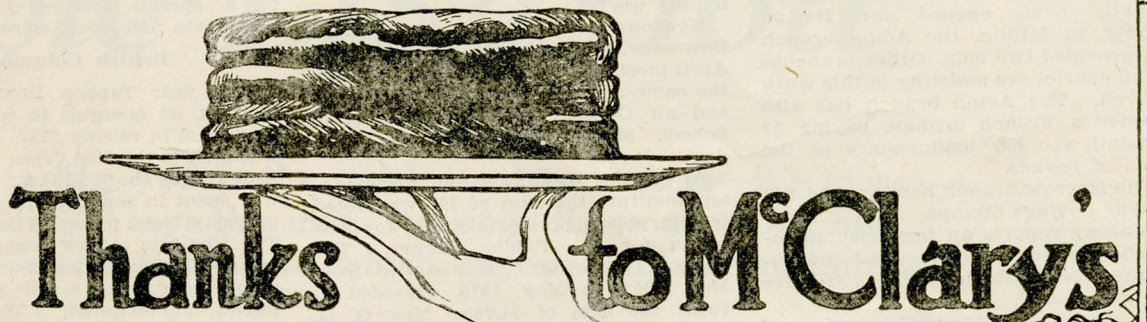
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# Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

rural community life will depend, to a great extent, on the activities of the Western Institute Districts, which can only work out their objects by having District funds substantially augmented from the Government appropriations available.

## Conclusion.

Surely if these last four years have demonstrated anything, they have shown conclusively that the rural women of Ontario are eminently capable of administering any moneys entrusted to them.

## WHAT THE INSTITUTES ARE DOING.

### Ontario.

During the past year Stirling Institute has raised nearly \$1,500. This sum was realized in different ways. The members sold waste paper, rugs, quilts and yokes. On their Tag Day they raised nearly \$120. Mr. R. J. Graham, of Belleville, donated a building to the Institute which they sold by tender, getting \$500 for it. After their running expenses were paid, and the yarn and shirting purchased for the soldiers, they contributed to the Belgian, French and Serbian Relief Funds, the Belleville Children's Shelter and the Salvation Army, and still have \$500 with which to start the new year. This Institute has an average attendance of twenty-six.

For the Children's Shelter which has recently been opened for Halton County, at Milton, the Acton branch has provided two cots. Other branches in the district are assisting in this work as well. The Acton branch has also adopted a French orphan, paying \$3 a month for her maintenance at the home of friends.

The Harrow branch has invested \$44 in War Savings Stamps.

Lindsay reports an increased membership, which indicates that the Institute work is being made attractive in that locality.

At the district annual meeting of the West Victoria Institutes it was decided to continue maintaining the rest room at Lindsay.

The Institute at Ennotville has a very fine library, and has found it a great help in the preparation of papers.

The members of the Erin branch have appointed a committee to wait upon the village council re washing of the streets.

Two hundred and forty dollars for a skating rink was raised by the Hillsburg Institute by means of a play which was repeated several times. A garden party is now planned for the same purpose.

Two Belgian orphans have been adopted by the Marsville Institute.

The Palmyra Institute is reported as one that goes by the hand book, everything being done according to rule.

A note from the Mount Julian secretary states: "We enjoy our meetings, although we have very little in the way of papers or addresses. We discuss matters and get a great deal of benefit and enjoyment out of this."

The rest room which the Women's Institute at Goderich has been instrumental in opening, is likely to prove a great convenience. The room is open from 10 a.m. until 6 o'clock. Visitors in town may have parcels checked there. A superintendent is in charge.

The Wingham Women's Institute have subscribed for five magazines from the Great War Veterans, and have also voted \$100 for the erection of a suitable memorial. The report of the patriotic work done by this Institute makes interesting reading.

At the district annual meeting of the Peel Institutes, the president, in reviewing the work of the year, outlined the project which had been adopted by the Institute, namely, the employment of a rural school nurse for the county. The district treasurer has a considerable amount on hand toward the financing of this splendid feature of work. A good deal of credit for the aggressive work of the Peel Institutes is due to Miss MacIntosh, the assistant district representative.

At the March meeting of the Drayton Institute, the District President gave a very enthusiastic talk on plans for next year's work. The meeting finished with a pancake social lunch. Mrs. F. B. Smith, the President, reports that they are interested in helping the Guelph Children's Shelter, and beautifying their school. The members also as-

sisted in furnishing the town hall stage.

During the year 1917-18 the Falkland Branch of South Brant Institute raised the sum of \$435.48, and divided it as follows: Red Cross, \$235.48; French Relief and Red Triangle Fund, \$50; Belgian Relief, \$150; and knitted 136 pairs of socks. During the year 1918-19 the Institute received grants from Burford, Blenheim and South Dumfries, \$37.50; proceeds from Red Cross Tea, \$11.95; proceeds from Garden party, \$122.55; and sundries, 50 cents, total \$172.50. With part of this sum materials for sewing were purchased, from which the members made 18 military field shirts; 14 pyjama suits and 5 dozen towels to the value of \$83, which were sent to Red Cross. This Institute has done sewing for French Relief; sent \$36 to French orphans, and for a time \$5 a month to the Prisoners of War fund. They have also helped in District Hospital Aid work, Children's Shelter and at Christmas, sent boxes overseas. During the summer this Institute holds monthly meetings—in winter every two weeks in connection with the Farmers' Club. Miss A. E. Harley, Secretary, sent in the report.

Mrs. Chas. McCool, President of the Burriss Institute, writes that owing to the prevalence of influenza for so long, the members were unable to do all they had anticipated this year. They are now trying to raise funds by means of picnics for the Memorial Hospital. The members are chiefly interested in Community work.

Newtonville Institute has a ward in Bowmanville Hospital to which at their April meeting they voted the sum of \$5, the same amount to Port Hope Shelter, and an O-Cedar mop to Newtonville School. Mrs. R. Johnston is the President.

At the May meeting of the Singhampton Institute the sum of \$20 was voted for the school library, also \$25 for new books for the Public Library. The patriotic work of this Institute from May, 1918, to May, 1919, exceeded in value the sum of \$1,000. Mrs. G. G. Ewing, the President, states that their meetings have been cancelled on account of influenza restrictions.

The annual meeting of the Colbeck and Monticello Institute was held in May with a fair attendance. Officers were elected and matters of interest discussed. Mrs. Joseph Gerrier, the President, writes that the members are interested in looking after the boys who return from overseas who are invalided or in need of assistance of any kind.

The Elba Institute held a business meeting at which twenty-five were present. It was decided that they would dispense with a summer speaker this season, owing to the difficulty of securing help and the amount of work to be done. Miss Ettie Elgie was elected president, the meeting being conducted by Mrs. Jos. Little, the former president.

The Port Dover Branch of the Women's Institute held their annual meeting in May. This society has a membership list of 110. A memorial has been started by this Institute to the heroes of Port Dover and Woodhouse who died in the recent European war. The work is not yet completed, and the society is making efforts to raise the necessary funds. Another work which this Institute has to its credit is that of financing the operation on the eyes of a little child, who would otherwise go through life in darkness. The President of the Institute is Mrs. Maud Bell.

The work of the Carleton Place Women's Institute during the past year has been very encouraging. The meetings were well attended, with an average attendance of thirty-four. Dr. Mary McKenzie-Smith gave an interesting talk on child-welfare and medical inspection of schools to this branch in June, of last year. Later in the summer a successful lawn social was held at which \$320.17 was realized, and in addition, the proceeds from the sale of tickets for a sweater, donated by Mrs. Dummert, amounted to \$136. At the September meeting a paper called "The Fleet" was read, and as it was tag day for the Navy League, \$25 was voted towards this cause. At the November meeting Major Hooper addressed the Institute relating his treatment as a prisoner of war in Germany. In November the appeal for Christmas stockings was heartily responded to and 175 stockings were packed and shipped to the boys of the town overseas. In December \$138 was spent in new clothing donated to the Red Cross. In February measures were taken for the adoption of an orphan in France. Mrs. Bell the delegate to the convention in

Toronto during February urged the members to take up some of the courses supplied by the government, such as Home-Nursing, Domestic Science and Sewing. In March the proceeds from a sale of home cooking were donated to the needy Serbians. At the April meeting the idea of interesting the school children in needle-work, cooking and photography was introduced.

### Quebec.

Miss Kirby and Miss Buzzell, of Macdonald College spent the early part of May in Argenteuil County in connection with School Fair Work. Homemakers' club organization meetings were held at Hill Head and Jerusalem, and clubs were organized at both places. Mrs. Todd, President of the Argenteuil County Executive, was present at both meetings and assisted with the organization of the clubs. Miss Kirby gave the newly-formed clubs a demonstration in canning.

### Manitoba.

As a result of a campaign for new members fifty-four names were added to the roll of the Brandon Society on May 17th, making a total membership of eighty-six. Plans have been made for a District Convention to be held in Brandon during the summer. A good programme has been arranged and the members will be addressed by Premier Norris, Miss Cora Hind, and prominent local speakers. Community singing will be a special feature together with pianoforte and vocal solos.

### British Columbia.

Last year Tappen Institute devoted most of its energies to war work and succeeded in raising \$187, of which \$119 was sent to the Red Cross at Vancouver and \$15 to the Y.M.C.A. The balance was spent in sending overseas personal property bags, pyjamas, socks and ties. The Institute is now engaged in furthering community welfare, and raising money to furnish a hall purchased by public subscription. This Institute joined with Salmon Arm in April in a Child Welfare Exhibit and lectures by Rev. H. Dobson. At the February meeting a report of the Annual Convention held in Kelowna was read. Among the items were Opportunities and Obligations of New Citizenship; House Furnishing; Duties of Women's Institutes in Relation to Public Health. At the March and April meeting excellent papers were given on "How to Prepare a Hot Bed" and "Sweet Pea Culture." The May meeting was a great success as there were musical items much appreciated by the members. Miss Taylor ably dealt with "Bolshevism" and "Conquest of the Air," in her paper on current events. At the June meeting Mrs. Fleming read a splendid paper on "The Ideal Country School." It was followed by a lively discussion, in which most of the members took part, and it was decided that a consolidated school would be a big step towards having an ideal school in Tappen district. This subject will receive the attention of the Institute from now on, as community welfare is its first aim, now that war work is over. "Women's pensions," so successful in New Zealand, was one of the items of Mrs. Roger's paper on "Current Events," which much interested the members.

At the May meeting of the Hazelmere Women's Institute the members were addressed by Mr. Williams Hugh, chairman of the Surrey School Board. He spoke of several improvements they were considering in school matters; the introduction of domestic science and manual training in the rural schools, and better equipment for playground, rest room and medical examination. He also hoped to see consolidation in the school system in place of the one-room school. After this the speaker touched on Bee-keeping, and a discussion in regard to the Bee Tax Act followed. A home-made bread competition was conducted by this Institute, when the first prize was awarded to Mrs. E. H. Hardy, secretary. A donation of \$5 was also approved towards a testimonial to the late superintendent of Institutes for British Columbia, and Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Mr. W. E. Scott. This is to take the form of Victory Bonds from all of the British Columbia Institutes. This Institute made arrangements with Miss Olive Hayes, Demonstrator for the Department of Agriculture, to give lectures on cooking, domestic science and dry cleaning. Mr. J. Holt is president of the Hazelmere Institute.

The programme at the May meeting of the Silver Creek Women's Institute consisted of music; a paper on the "Care of Milch Cows and Feeding of Calves"; demonstration—summer refrigerator without ice; report of delegates to the Child Welfare Exhibit and Baby Clinic. Several of the neighboring Institutes united forces and finances and held this exhibit and clinic in Salmon Arm. Rev. Hugh Dobson was one of the principal speakers.

On account of the "flu" epidemic, the Duncan Women's Institute was closed for several months, but they are now again at work holding their regular meetings. The first "out-of-door" meeting took place at the home of Mrs. Leather, the vice-president, and the reports of the various committees were very encouraging. The Education Committee having worked faithfully at consolidation now feel that it is an assured thing. The collectors for raising funds for a district nurse of the Victorian Order reported having collected to date \$145. A demonstration on home butter making was given by Mr. S. H. Hopkins, government agriculturist, which was especially interesting to members who keep one or two cows, and do not send their cream to the creamery. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Blackwood Wilman, the President.

### MISS HAZEL WINTER BECOMES MRS. CROCKER.

Institute members will be interested in learning of the marriage of Miss Hazel Winter, former Supervisor of Women's Institutes in New Brunswick, to Mr. Harry Crocker, who recently returned after four years overseas. The date of the wedding was June 26th, the event taking place in Fredericton, N.B. The future home of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will be St. John, N.B.

### BULLETIN ON CANNING IS PREPARED.

The revised edition of Bulletin 252 "Preservation of Food, Home Canning," is now ready for distribution. Those who wish to get copies should write to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

## The Winning Ways of Mr. Wayland

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.)

"I WOULD rather have a few moments of awkwardness than to be engaged to you and then lose you. Oh, Betty, just think of it—to lose you after all!"

"It's absurd!" she cried petulantly. "You didn't know before last evening that I ever existed."

"Didn't you admit that you had met me in Vancouver?"

"I have never been there in my life!" "You deceitful young woman!" exclaimed Billy reproachfully.

"That's good, coming from you! Didn't you deceive poor Aunt Esther in telling her that we—that we were—" "Engaged? No, that was a plain statement of fact."

Betty ignored the remark and gazed out of the window. They were leaving Westmount behind; the street-lights were beginning to diminish.

"It's strange that we have never met before—I visit Aunt Esther frequently." A sudden thought striking her, she asked quickly: "How long have you known Auntie?"

"Never met her before to-night," said Billy brazenly.

"I—I don't think I quite understand." She drew back in her corner and sat very still.

Billy's voice recalled her to the present. "Don't try to understand, dearest little girl," he was saying. "It was just fate. It's stronger than you and I." He took both her hands in his and bent to kiss her finger-tips.

She looked at him, her eyes big with the wonder of it.

"It's real," he said, earnestly. "It's real, and it will last, Betty, dear."

"And you don't even know my name," she whispered, awestruck.

"It will be Betty Wayland. What it is now, doesn't matter."

She drew closer to him.

"Was it an untruth that I told your aunt?" he insisted.

"Fate," murmured Betty. "Fate—it is stronger than you and I. I think I am a bit frightened—just a bit. Oh, Billy," and she hid her face on his shoulder.

THE END.





"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME."

# The Secret of Making People Like You

**"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability." says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly.**

ALL the office was talking about it, and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man. There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year. The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it, too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin and said, "Mr. Fraser, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it *couldn't* be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. *Personality!* Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he'd look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and didn't exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition didn't seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of to-day was an altogether different man from the common-

place Peters I had first met years ago. I could not figure it out, nor could the other boys. One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it because there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. I had suddenly become popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance, suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me. But let me tell you some of my experiences:

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

For certain reasons it became necessary for the firm to obtain a signed letter from a prominent public man. Three of our men had tried, and failed. Then I was given the job. I felt I had been made the "goat." But I got the signed letter, and with it an inside tip which enabled us to land a prize order about which our competitors are still guessing and wondering.

Then trouble sprang up at one of our factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. I was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, I pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then this factory has led all our other plants in production.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We have told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

Which reminds me: One of my wife's close friends moved to another town where she was a stranger. My wife of course knew of my method. She told it to her friend with the idea that it might be of assistance to her in meeting new people. It helped her so wonderfully that in a very short time she won the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Everyone wonders how she did it. But WE know.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It is this: You know that everyone doesn't think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you, and believe in you, and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple things. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly

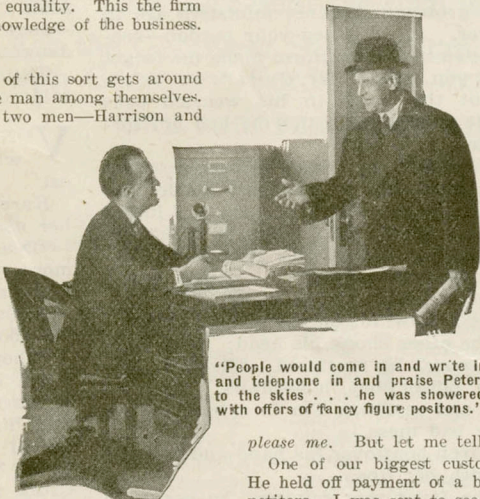
as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do. Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you will want to use it if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: "Get Dr. Blackford's 'Reading Character at Sight.'" I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

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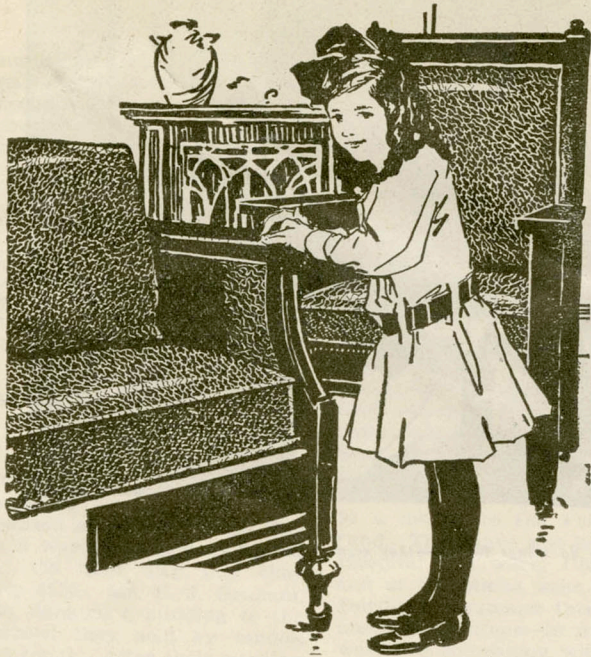
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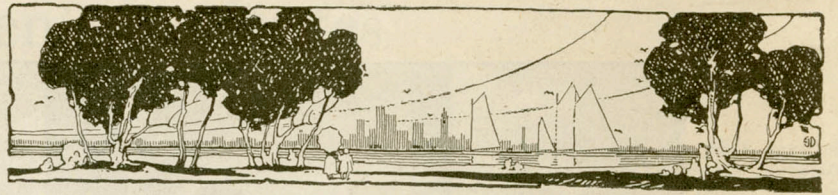
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## Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.)

a little, then relapsed: "God," he murmured, "what luck to meet with under your own roof! . . ." And, to the hussar: "Write it that Miss Karen Girard goes also—if she so desires."

There was a silence. The hussar scribbled on the stamped paper in his tablets. After he had finished he laid the tablets and the fountain pen on von Reiter's knees. Very slowly the latter affixed his signature.

He said to the hussar: "I am ill. Go to Trois Fontaines and bring me a medical officer."

When the hussar had gone and when the whirl of the automobile had died away down the drive, Guild aided the hurt man to a sofa and Karen brought pillows from a bedroom.

HE was very thirsty, too, and she gave him water continually. At intervals there were slight signs of mental wandering, perhaps symptoms of pneumonia, from his crushed ribs, for he coughed a great deal and the fever already reddened his blond skin. But in the main his mind seemed to be clear. He opened his light-blue eyes and glanced at Guild continually.

"Bad luck, old chap," he said in English "but no reflection on you. Just bad luck, bad, very bad! We Germans usually have an ally in God. But the trinity is incomplete without luck."

Guild said in a low voice: "I am really sorry, von Reiter. I hope you will come out all right. God knows I bear you no ill will."

"Many thanks. I shall come out all right. There is much work to do." A ghost of the ironical smile touched his feverish lips again. "And much work to be done after this business in Europe is settled. . . . I mean in America. She must pay her reckoning. She must settle with us Germans. . . . I wish it might come soon—now!—while their present administration remains—while yet this dull President and his imbecile and grotesque cabinet ministers are in power. . . . I beg your pardon—seeing you in that uniform made me forget that you are also Mr. Guild."

But the irony in his wearied eyes made it very plain that he had not forgotten.

"Karen?" he said presently. She leaned forward in her chair beside him.

"It was just bad luck, very bad luck," he muttered; "but yours is luck"—he turned his dulled eyes toward Guild—"luck to be envied. . . . Some day I hope it may be—the hand."

"It is now, if you wish," said Guild. The other shook his head: "Too soon, too soon," he muttered. "Even a German officer has his—limits. Between you and my luck I'm in a bad way—a very bad mess."

Karen bent over his hand and touched it with her lips.

The fever was gaining; he began to roll his blond head from side to side, muttering of love and luck and of the glory of God and the German Empire. A slight smile remained on his lips.

BEFORE the automobile arrived from Trois Fontaines the fever seized him fiercely. His coughing racked him incessantly now, and the first heavy hemorrhage soaked his grey tunic and undershirt.

They eased him all they could, laying open his broad blond chest and the ribs now terribly discolored where his fall had crushed them in again under the bandage.

How the man could have risen and come at him again Guild could not understand. He was terribly shocked.

Dreadful sounds came from his labored breathing; he lay with eyes closed now, one burning hand lying in Karen's.

Toward four o'clock in the morning a far, faint sound penetrated the room. Von Reiter's eyes opened. "Halt!" he whispered. "Who goes there?"

It was Death. He seemed to understand that, for he sighed very lightly, his hand closed on Karen's, and he lay gazing straight upward with brilliant eyes.

A few moments later there came a rush, a crunching of gravel, the loud purr of the motor outside.

Then Karen opened the door and a

medical officer entered the room in haste.

Guild turned to Karen: "I must go to the woods and bring in my men and Darrel. Dearest, are you decided to go with me?"

"I could not remain here now. I do not wish to."

"Then wait for me," he said, and went out into the night.

A few moments later they took von Reiter upstairs to his own room. His mind seemed to clear again for a while and he said feebly but distinctly to his aide-de-camp:

"My daughter and her fiance, the Comte d'Yvoir, are going to Antwerp for their wedding. I remember that military trains now leave Trois Fontaines by way of Trois Vierges, Liege, and Lesten. We control to Lesten, I think."

"Yes, Excellence."

"Write for me that my daughter and the Comte d'Yvoir shall be accorded transportation as far as we control. You will take them to Trois Fontaines in my automobile; you will make personal requisition of the chef-de-gar for the privacy of a compartment. You will affix to the outside of the compartment a notice that the persons in possession are travelling on my business and under my personal protection, and that they are not to be detained or interfered with in any way. . . . Write it separately to be affixed." His voice was weak but perfectly distinct.

The hussar wrote steadily in his tablets, finished, and waited.

"Hold them while I sign," whispered von Reiter. He signed both orders.

"Take them now. I shall not need the car. I shall be here a long time—a long—time. I am ill. So inform headquarters by telegraph."

"At orders, Excellence."

Von Reiter closed his eyes: "Say to the Comte d'Yvoir that it was—bad luck—very bad luck. . . . But not—his fault. . . . Tell him I am—contented—that a Gueldres is to marry my—daughter."

The aide saluted. But the sick man said nothing more.

VON REITER was still unconscious when Guild returned from the forest.

Karen met him on the steps; he drew her aside:

"Dear," he whispered, "there has been more violence during my absence. The Lesse men caught a traitor—a wretched charcoal burner from Moresnet—prowling about their camp.

"They hung him with his own belt. I saw him hanging to a beech-tree.

"Darrel was greatly worried when I told him that the Courlands had been forced to continue on to Luxembourg City. He has gone to the hamlet of Croix to hire a peasant to drive him after them and try to overtake them.

"As for the others, they will not come to Antwerp with me now. They have seen 'red' again; and in spite of all I could do they have started back toward Lesse to 'drive' Uhlans as they saw the wild game driven."

The girl shivered.

Guild made a hopeless gesture: "It means the death of every man among them. The Uhlans will do the hunting and the driving, not the poor, half-crazed peasants. . . . It means the end of Lesse and of every man who had ever called it home."

The hussar appeared at the door. Guild looked up, returned the precise salute, and his careworn features softened as he listened to the instructions and the parting message from the now unconscious officer above.

There was a silence, then:

"Karen," he said quietly, "are you ready?"

"Yes."

The hussar asked whether there was luggage, and learning that there was he sent the chauffeur in to bring out Guild's box and Karen's suit-case and satchel.

The girl ran upstairs to the sick room. They admitted her.

Guild was standing by the car when she returned, a drooping, listless figure, her handkerchief pressed to her face. He gave her his arm and aided her into

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)

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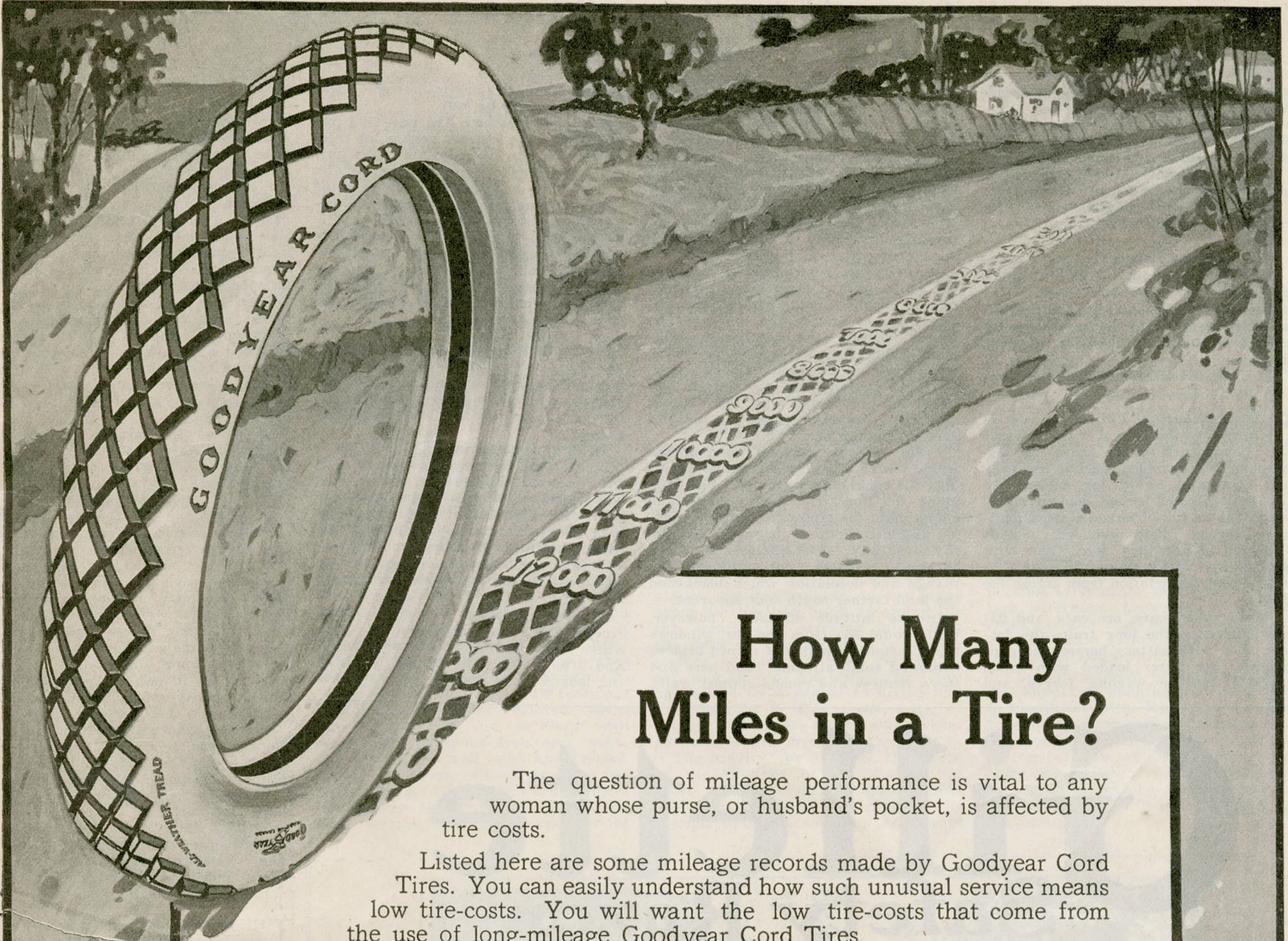
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## Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

the car. The hussar stepped in beside the chauffeur.

Dawn was just breaking behind the house; the evergreens stood out, massive and black against the silvering east.

As the car moved slowly out of the gravel circle the first bird twittered.

Guild bent over the girl beside him: "Is he still unconscious?"

"Yes."

"Is there any chance?"

"They don't know. It is the lungs. His body is all crushed in—"

She rested her cheek against his shoulder, weeping, as the great grey car rushed on through the pallor of early dawn.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### WHO GOES THERE!

**S**TRETCHED out flat on the seat of a railway carriage, her tear-marred face buried in her arms, her dishevelled hair tumbled around her neck and shoulders, Karen lay asleep. In that car all the other compartments seemed to be full of Saxon reserve artillery officers, their knobbed helmets shrouded in new grey slips, their new, unwrinkled uniforms suggestive of a very recent importation from across the Rhine.

Ahead, cattle cars, ore cars, and flat cars composed the long train, the former filled with battery horses and cannoniers, the latter loaded with guns, caissons, battery wagons, forges, and

camp equipment, all in brand-new grey paint.

Except when the train stopped at some heavily guarded station, nobody came to their compartment. But at all stations officers opened the doors and silently examined Guild's credentials—energetic, quick-moving, but civil men, who, when the credentials proved acceptable, invariably saluted his uniform with a correctness impeccable.

Nevertheless, before the train moved out again, always there was a group of officers gazing in polite perplexity at the green jacket and forage cap and the cherry-colored riding breeches of a regiment which, they were perfectly aware, was already in the saddle against them.

At one station Guild was able to buy bread and cheese and fruit. But Karen still slept profoundly, and he did not care to awaken her.

From the car windows none of the tragic traces of war were visible except only the usual clusters of spiked helmets along the line; the inevitable Uhlans riding amid the landscape; slowly moving wagon-trains pursuing roads parallel to the railway; brief glimpses of troops encamped in fields. But nothing of the ravage and desolation which blackened the land farther south was apparent.

In the latitude of Liege, however, Guild could see from the car windows the occasional remains of ruined bridges damming small streams; and here and there roofless and smoke-stained walls,

or the blackened debris of some burnt farm or factory or mill.

But the northern Ardennes did not appear to have suffered very much from invasion as far as he could make out; and whether the region was heavily occupied by an invading army he could not determine from the glimpses he obtained out of the car windows.

The line, however, was vigilantly guarded; that he could see plainly enough; but the sky-line of the low rolling country on either side might be the limits of German occupation for all he could determine.

**T**WO nights' constant wakefulness had made him very sleepy. He drowsed and nodded in his corner by the shaking window, rousing himself at intervals to cast a watchful glance at Karen.

She still slept like a worn-out child.

In the west the sun was already level with the car windows—a cherry-hued ball veiled slightly in delicate brown haze. The train had stopped at a siding in a young woodland. He opened the window to the fresh, sweet air and looked out at the yellowing autumn leaves which the setting sun made transparent gold.

It was very still; scarcely a sound except from very high in the air somewhere came a faint clattering noise. And after a while he turned his head and looked up at a flight of aeroplanes

crossing the line at an immense height.

Stately, impressive, like a migration of wide-winged hawks, they glided westward, the red sun touching their undersides with rose. And he watched them until they became dots, and disappeared one by one in mid-heaven.

Presently, along the main track, came rushing a hospital train, the carriages succeeding one another like flashes of light, vanishing into perspective with a diminishing roar and leaving in its wake an odor of disinfectants.

Then the train he was on began to move; soldiers along the rails stood at attention; a company of Uhlans cantered along a parallel road, keeping pace with the cars for a while. Then the woods closed in again, thick, shaggy forest land which blotted out the low-hanging sun.

He closed the window, turned and glanced at Karen. She slept. And he lay back in his corner and closed his haggard eyes.

The next time he opened them the light in the car had become very dim.

Twilight purpled the woods and hills; dusk was arriving swiftly.

It was dark when, at a way station, a soldier opened the door, saluted, and lighted the lamp in the compartment. The train lay there a long while; they were unloading horses, cannon and wagons; teams were being harnessed in the dark, guns limbered, cannoniers mounted, all in perfect order and with a quiet celerity and an absence of noise and confusion that fascinated Guild.

Presently, and within a space of time almost incredible, the artillery moved off into the darkness. He could hear the rhythmical trample of horses, the crunch of wheels, sabres rattling, the subdued clank and clatter of a field battery on the march. But he could see no lights, distinguish no loud voices, no bugle-calls. Now and then a clear whistle note sounded; now and then a horse snorted, excited by the open air.

**T**HE car in which they were was now detached and sidetracked; the long train backed slowly past and away into the darkness.

And after a while another locomotive came steaming out of the obscurity ahead; he heard them coupling it to the car in which he sat. The jar did not awaken Karen.

Presently they were in motion again; the tiled roof of an unlighted railway station glided past the window; stars appeared, trees, a high dark hill to the right.

A military guard came through the corridor, lantern in hand, and told Guild that the car was now entirely empty and at his disposal.

So he rose and went forward where he could look out ahead and see the dull glow of the smokestack and the ruddy light of the furnace.

For a long while he stood there watching the moving silhouettes of engineer and fireman. The sombre red light trembled on the rails and swept the way-side trees or painted with fiery streaks the sides of a cut or glittered along the rocky wet walls of tunnels.

When at last he went back to the compartment, Karen was sitting up, twisting her hair into shape.

"Do you feel rested?" he asked cheerfully, seating himself beside her.

"Yes, thank you. Where are we, Kervyn?"

"I don't know."

She was still busy with her hair, but her eyes remained on him.

"Can I do anything for you? Do you need anything?" he asked.

"I seem to need almost everything!" she protested, "including a bath and a clergyman. Oh, Kervyn, *what* a wedding journey! Is there anything about me that resembles a bride? And I'm not even that, yet—just a crumpled, soiled, disreputable child!"

"You are absolutely adorable just as you are!"

"No! I am unspeakable. And I want to be attractive to you. I really can be very nice-looking, only you never saw me so—"

"Dearest!"

"I haven't had any clothes since I first met you!" she said excitedly. "You know I can scarcely bear it to have you think of me this way. Will I have time to buy a gown in Antwerp? How long will it take us to marry each other? Because, of course, I shall not let you ride away with your regiment until you are my husband."

She flushed again, and the tears sprang to her eyes. It was plain that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)

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The Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada Limited, Montreal

# Historic Backgrounds of Brantford

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

the beadmaking, the primitive life of the women surrounding her; and those bold, living stories, the adventures of the fast vanishing primeval days in which her grandfather had figured so vividly, tales recounted and echoed by her father, the gallant Onwanonsyshon—a of a certainty Pauline Johnson possessed a colorful heritage. As a lyricist and legend gatherer she will always stand for much in national literature and had she possessed that "little more" that means superlative genius she might have proved an immortal figure, mirroring through the magic of memory those days upon which life has now forever closed the door.

**N**ATURE gave to Tekahionwake a beautiful, but not a terrible gift, and it seems to be a law that until beauty can terrify man's imagination by an utter domination of the senses it does not endure as a permanent influence. Yet Pauline made her sensation, she made her impress on her day and generation by the force of a magnetic personality and a real gift; for many of her songs are surpassingly beautiful.

Mr. Frank Yeigh gives permission to quote a most interesting account of her first appearance on the recital platform. He describes a Canadian author's evening, away back in 1892, arranged by the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto. "The gathering," he says, "was a notable one and the programme unique, though some authors failed as readers to do justice to their compositions. In strict truth, the evening was dragging a little, and interest lessening when 'the Indian poet-princess' was introduced.

"She glided rather than walked to the platform, her dark eyes flashing nervously and her sinewy form, the essence of gracefulness, representing the acme of physical rhythm and motion. Then she gave the first rendition of her 'Cry from an Indian Wife,' to 'My Forest Brave, my Red-Skin Love,' as he unsheathes his knife at her behest and goes forth to battle in the North-West Rebellion:

"O, coward self, I hesitate no more;  
Go forth and win the glories of the war,  
Go forth, nor bend to greed of white men's hands.

"**T**HRILLING was the effect, dramatic the appeal of this dark-hued girl who seemed to personify her race. It was the Indian who spoke, the Indian woman as, with intense passion, she voiced the cry of her kind.

"A tense stillness followed, but only for a moment. Then there broke unrestrained expressions of approval in tumultuous applause. Rarely does an audience so rapidly change its mood, and rarely does a reciter so capture her hearers. Tekahionwake leaped into fame that night twenty-five years ago, as a poet reciter, in declaiming a few verses. It proved to be the first of hundreds of public appearances in Canada, the British Isles and the United States, but it is probably true that she never excelled that premiere night."

Years after that I had the pleasure of meeting her and the thrill of hearing her voice in many of her native songs. I shall never forget the impression of "The Song My Paddle Sings," loved from childhood.

"The river rolls in its rocky bed;  
My paddle is plying its way ahead;  
Dip, dip,  
While the waters slip  
In foam as over their breast we slip.  
"And up on the hills against the sky,  
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,  
Swings, swings,  
Its emerald wings,  
Swelling the song that my paddle sings."

I felt again the glamor of her magic as I stood by her grave in Stanley Park near Siwash Rock in Vancouver. She who endured all the sorrows of an alien and flame-like temperament, and who, too soon it would seem, passed out and away from this world is, I believe, living in everything that should be most typical of this country, "its freedom, its freshness, its rarsness"—a beautiful figure, a figure to love and remember.

**D**RIVING back to the city we made a point of visiting the ancient Mohawk Church, and here again many

memories spoke. The great Chief Brant, from whom the town takes its name, sleeps here in the quiet of the little churchyard all fenced about with iron as befits a Chief, and just beside him lies Onwanonsyshon, Pauline Johnson's father. Nothing in Canada is more unique than the wooden church itself, made by the Mohawks nearly two centuries ago, and dedicated by them to the Christian God. You will remember that the silver Communion Service given to her loyal subjects by Queen Anne is still in use, and that it was here, in the meadow just beyond this peaceful churchyard, that in 1869 an extraordinary ceremony was observed when Arthur, Duke of Connaught, then a young lad, was made and still remains the only living white Chief of the Six Nations Indians.

A most interesting story is told of the occasion when, beside the English boy in his state carriage, rode Onwanonsyshon, on his jet black pony, "garmented in full native costume, buckskin and beaded mocassins, head band of feathers, silver ornaments and scarlet blanket," and how, riding along the dusty roads, the English Prince and the Indian Chief ate grapes together joyously. And then on reaching the church the son of Queen Victoria suddenly found himself completely surrounded by braves and warriors of what must have seemed, to his English eyes, a truly ferocious type; their copper colored skins gleaming in the sun, brilliant with paints and gorgeous dyes, and carrying tomahawks and bows and arrows. An appalling war-whoop arose as the young guest stepped forward to meet them, then more war cries, deafening and terrible, as the hundreds of

Indians filed by preparatory to the inaugural ceremony performed by an ancient chief who had fought under Sir Isaac Brock at Queenston Heights in 1812.

And in this ceremony the Constitution that Hiawatha had formed four centuries before was broken. For he decreed that fifty chiefs, no more no less, should form the Council of the Six Nations, and this day the first and last addition was made whereby Arthur of Connaught alone in the world bears the right of the fifty-first title of the Iroquois.

"**A**FTER all, it's a rather wonderful thing to be a Canadian,"—a highly proper and patriotic, albeit a somewhat banal, sentiment, you will say.

But as I walked down West Street that afternoon to see Sara Jeanette Duncan, an idol of my youth, and on my way to her house came face to face, for the first time since it has been placed here, with the Bell Memorial by Walter Allward, I did say to myself "yes, after all, it's a rather wonderful thing to be a Canadian."

I thought of the (he seems to me) almost mystic inventor, in his grape arbor on the river bank dreaming the dream and carrying into effect the greatest miracle of present day science because the most revolutionary, and then of his vision again immortalized by a genius as divine and imperishable in this great work of granite and bronze which will forever perpetuate the mystery of science.

The gravity, the delicacy, the depth of the thought of the sculptor in those great figures, the Speaker and the Listener, seem to suggest the eternal patience, the iron endurance

of Man, the Creator, as symbolized in the panel on the crest of the Memorial where Man awake to his new-found power to transmit sound through space, sends out his thought in three floating figures, messengers of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow.

Looking long at the Memorial you feel that the city that possesses it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)

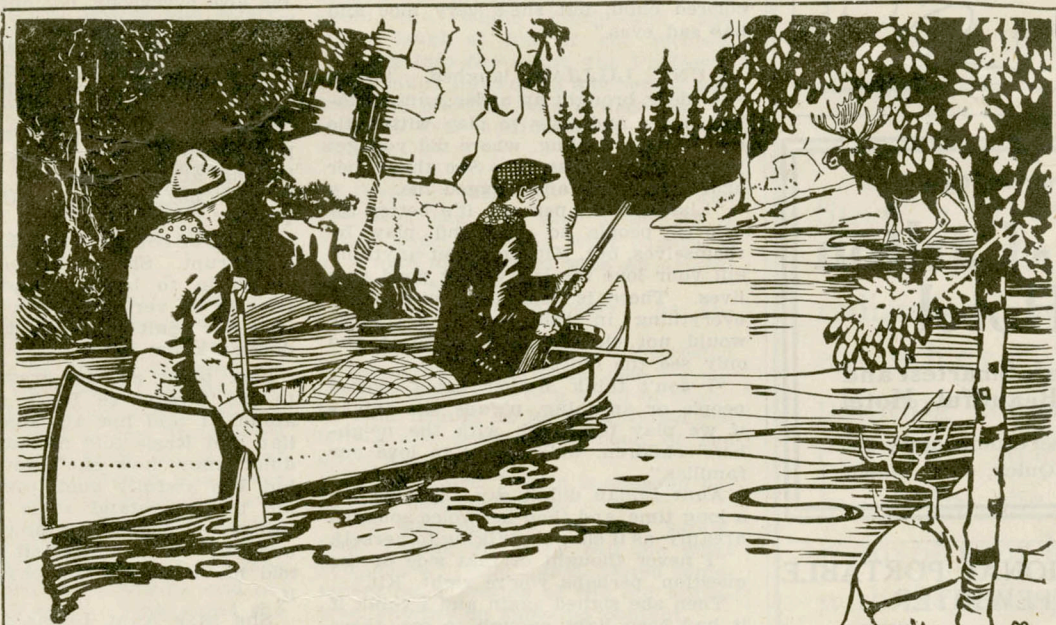
## Days of Growth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

getting," says Solomon, "get understanding," which I should interpret as common sense. The only common-sense method of living when the thermometer is in the nineties is to keep the house as cool as possible, and stay still, or, better, sleep, during the intense heat of midday, allowing the little people, if need be, to remain up a little longer on that account on the long, light evenings. But even then the wise rule of allowing no wild romping before bedtime should be adhered to.

However, even in midsummer, no living-room of any nature should be kept shut up all the time. It is always possible early in the morning or as the late afternoon grows cooler to let fresh air and even some sunshine in. For, as I said before, there is no disinfectant like sunshine.

The nourishment of a growing animal should be such as will assimilate, to keep pace with the rate of growth. It is in this matter of assimilation that parents frequently lose ground in the matter of the child, especially the older ones, where growth is very rapid. And proportionately with the rest of the year, growth is always rapid in the summer.



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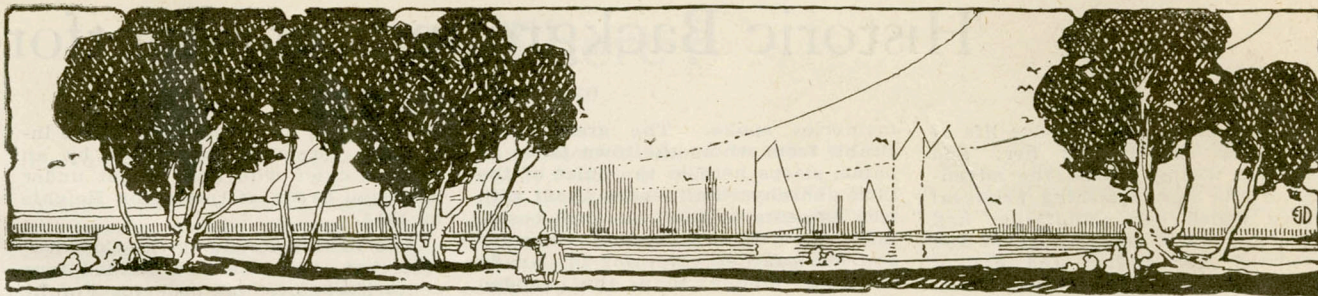


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## 'Magination

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

I remember hearing in Church one time a minister say that "He taketh and giveth" and he meant God. And last night when He had taken little Yellow Jacket, He sent me another friend. I was in bed and still crying when she came to me, and who do you s'pose it was? Aunt Lillian, and I think that's a beautiful name.

SHE put her arms 'round me and kissed me in the dark and then she asked me to tell her all about it. When I finished, I could feel tear drops fall on my hands, and I knew that Aunt Lillian was crying.

"So you love the little common children, too, Kit? You'd like to know them better and make them happy?"

"But they are happy, Aunt Lillian, and sometimes I'm so lonely. They are just as nice as I am, some of them are much nicer. Why does it hurt the first families, Aunt Lillian, to be nice to the others?"

I heard her sigh, then she said: "The first families, Kit, only hurt themselves, but they never know it until it's too late."

"But, Aunt Lillian, do you like people like our neighbors who aren't first families? Most grown-ups don't. Now, Aunt 'Lizabeth thinks it's very wrong to play with Minerva Johnson—she's a colored child, but she's very nice and has sad eyes."

AUNT LILLIAN laughed. "Dear, dear, brought up under Aunt Elizabeth's eye and likes to play with little coons. Kit, darling, where did you get your plebeian tastes?" She threw her arms about me and hugged me.

"Listen, dear, perhaps it's better for colored people to live and play by themselves, but, Kit, never let anything kill your love for everything good that lives. There is something nice about everything in this world, if people would not close their eyes to it and only see the objectionable."

"I don't think Mother hates colored people or anything, p'raps she thinks if we play too much with the neighbors' children, we'll forget to love our families."

Aunt Lillian didn't say anything for a long time, and then her voice sounded dreamy as if she was talking to herself.

"I never thought of that side of the question, perhaps you're right, Kit."

Then she sighed again and I think if it had been light enough to see, there must have been tears in her eyes, and I heard her say "How little he knows my heart," but she wasn't speaking to me, it seemed 's if she was thinking out loud. I was very sleepy and forgot to ask her who didn't know her heart.

Aunt Lillian is a great s'prise to me, 'cause now that I know her better, I think her smile is lovelier even than Uncle Frank's. Her eyes are sometimes very sad, but when she laughs, they sparkle, and they're always very blue, like my forget-me-nots when she laughs and like the sky when she is sad. I wonder if she has a tragedy, too.

I asked her to-day what kind of a disease was a tragedy. She looked surprised and laughed, but her eyes looked like the sky.

"It's the pain that comes after foolish happiness, Kit."

And then I remembered one time I had been to a party.

"Like a pain in your stomach after you eat too much ice cream?" I asked her.

For a minute she laughed and her eyes were like the forget-me-nots, then they looked 's if there were tears all around them that she wouldn't let fall.

"I hope, dear, that you may never have a worse kind than that."

"How many kinds are there, Aunt Lillian, and what is the worst?"

"Darling, why do you bother your little head about that? Tragedies aren't interesting. Tell me about 'Magination."

WE were sitting in the back yard under the peach-tree, when Uncle Frank came out.

"What's going on?" he asked in his jolly way, and Aunt Lillian looked up 's if she wished for something but couldn't say it.

"We were talking," I said, "Aunt Lillian understands 'bout everything and she likes the people I like, too. We love everybody, not only first families, but 'f course, best of all, we like our own families first, and anybody who doesn't believe it, doesn't know our hearts. Do they, Aunt Lillian? That's what you think, isn't it?"

But she didn't answer me, she was looking up at Uncle Frank and he was looking at her and then she said 's if her heart ached: "Kit is right, Frank."

Then, of course, Aunt 'Lizabeth had to interrupt. She called me and I had to go in to lunch. Aunt 'Lizabeth tries to be very nice, I'm sure, but it isn't her fault if she isn't, 'cause she doesn't know how.

Last night all the grown-ups went to the theatre so Rosie and I were alone. I told her all 'bout Aunt Lillian and Rosie told me something. I don't know how she knows so much but I'm awfully glad 'cause it helps me to understand some very funny things. I asked her how she found out, but she wouldn't tell me and she told me I musn't say anything about it.

She says Aunt Lillian's very good and kind, but she's a woman with new ideas and does slum work—that means she's good to the poor people. Now I know why Aunt 'Lizabeth doesn't like her, I could tell by the way she looked, but I didn't know why before. And Rosie says Uncle Frank doesn't like it 'cause he thinks she loves the poor children better than him. But Rosie says she thinks Uncle Frank goes to his clubs an awful lot with other gentlemen and Aunt Lillian gets lonely.

I'd like to know more 'bout it but I musn't ask too many questions or

I'll be sent to bed or punished for curiosity and that's all Rosie knows.

THIS morning, Mr. Consine came to our house and he was very quiet. I was s'prised 'cause gen'rally he's very funny. He and Mother were in the living-room and Mother closed the doors. She looked kind of mysterious and that made me wonder.

P'raps it was a scandal behind closed doors! I got so 'cited, I was shaking. Rosie said that some times there was a detective in a scandal, and I'd love to see a real live one. I sat very quietly in the library, pretending to look at a picture book, but 'Magination made me want to run and jump. I knew better, though, children aren't supposed to think 'bout things so I shook inside, and waited outside.

I wondered if the detective would be big and tall and have a black moustache and carry a gun. Then the door opened and they came out and I heard Mother say "Oh, I'm sure everything will be all right. Charlie." and Mr. Consine left.

Aunt 'Lizabeth came down stairs just then. I really think she's curious, and Mother said:

"Poor Charlie, he's so happy. A lovely baby boy arrived this morning."

"Rosie," I said, when I could get to the kitchen, "I know now how it feels when Michael plays you false, that's what 'Magination did to me. It's just like getting out of breath and having your heart stop. Why don't things happen like in your books, Rosie?"

"What are you talking 'bout, Miss Kit?"

Then I told her all 'bout it. "And Rosie, 'stead of a detective with a moustache and gun, it's only a baby." Sometimes Rosie's very foolish and laughs at the wrong time, so I went out in the back yard and pretty nearly cried, but I didn't, 'cause I hate to let tears fall.

THIS afternoon was the most beautiful I ever did see and I was so happy it was just like dreaming at night that I had everything I wanted. Aunt Lillian and Uncle Frank took me to the Old Homestead Park, that's 'way across the river and I wore my best dress. Some people long ago used to have the Park for their home and it's wonderful.

There are lovely flowers and great big trees and birds in the trees, and a lovely lake with white ducks on it that just stay on top of the water and never get wet—some are big, but the tiniest are prettiest.

The house is made of trees chopped up and it's different from ours or anybody else's. There's a great big grandpa's clock in the hall and a thing you work with your foot, it makes something, but it's not a sewing machine. But the most beautiful of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)

## Janet Cameron

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

"HURRY up, Nick. Do for Heaven's sake, hurry up." Bob Blake tramped impatiently up and down the long studio.

"You seem in a terrible hustle tonight, Bob. I don't remember ever seeing you so anxious about a concert before. What's the rush?"

Nicholas Ryerson looked innocently at his fidgety friend.

"Oh go on, Foxy. You're not such a bat as all that. You know very well." and Blake's voice grew earnest, "You know why I rush to any place where there's a chance of meeting Miss Cameron. I've made no secret of it, the Lord knows.

"Say, Ryerson," Blake would have

assured you he was long past the age of blushing, but he colored hotly and stammered like any boy. "Say—you've—you've known Janet far longer than I have. Do you think there is some reason why she looks at me as though she positively hated me, sometimes?"

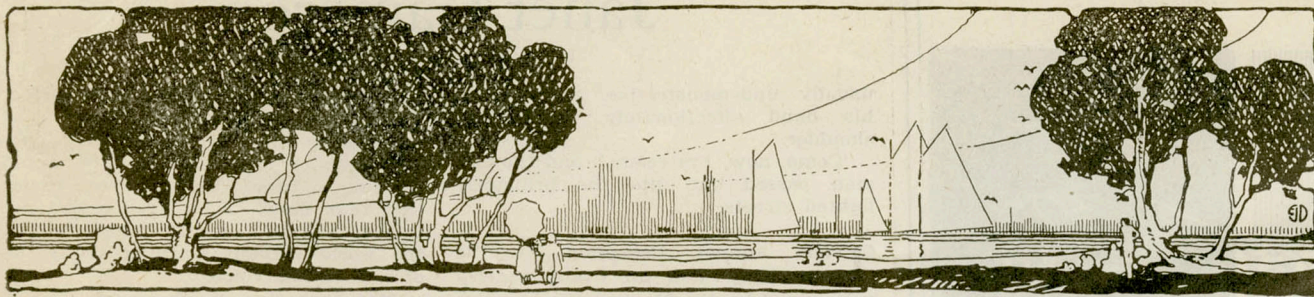
Ryerson was about to make a light rejoinder, but a look at his chum's face deterred him. "Why no, Blake. I shouldn't think there could be any reason. Women have been so kind to you, old man, that if a girl doesn't fall into your arms you're surprised. Janet's not that kind, remember. But she can't have anything against you."

Little did Ryerson know that the

conversation between him and his friend that long ago June Sunday, had been overheard by the subject of their discussion. In fact, the episode had faded so completely from the organist's mind that he had missed the opportunity of twitting his friend with a lack of discernment.

"You imagine things, Bob," Ryerson continued kindly, "I've always understood people in love were fanciful." His listener looked dubious. "Remember a faint heart — Put a bold front on. You don't usually lack nerve. Go in and win and good luck to you. Both you and Janet deserve the best. You know what I think, old fellow." and the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



## The Professor and Pauline

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Providence an unwarranted liberty. Mrs. Martin was one of those women who revel in sickness and operations, and the Professor felt an intense irritation as the narrative proceeded. Why could not all women be young and soft-voiced and dressed in white muslin? There was no doubt about it, his nervous system was far from being in a satisfactory condition. He would go for a walk after tea—the ocean air would do him good—and then he would come back and work until midnight. But man proposes and Cupid disposes. What Professor Territt did was to ask Miss Raymond to go down to the beach, and when they reached the shore, he found himself aimlessly throwing pebbles at a large rock and watching the flappings of an immense white hat trimmed with daisies. Miss Raymond said very little, except about the beauty of the shore line, and the Professor reflected that it is really an absurd libel that every woman is a chatterbox. He actually quoted some lines of Swinburne's about the North Sea, and was recalled to the practical present by Miss Raymond saying:

"This is a dear old place. I have usually gone to Orchard Beach, where there are crowds and bridge and dancing. Think of drawing down the blinds and playing cards, when one might be breathing such air as this!" What a sensible, unspoiled creature she was, after all! The Professor felt that it was laid upon him to open her eyes to the great world of intellectual effort about which she knew so little. She was plainly too good for a butterfly.

The next day, the 'Fessor threw aside all pretence to serious work, said to himself that he had brain fog, and decided to take a week's holiday. So, all unwarned, he rushed into the most costly post-graduate course in the world, where Cupid is bursar, president and everything else and chuckles at the close of the term over the fees that he will collect. There were mornings in the garden and evenings by the sea, until Mrs. Martin said scornfully to the kitten as that contented creature basked in the kitchen window: "Well, Tom, there's no fool like a man with a lot of learning."

THEN there was a whole day when Pauline Raymond had a severe headache and smiled behind her green

blinds at the sight of the Professor walking gloomily about in the orchard and finding no consolation in Teutonic Philology.

But an afternoon came, when the Professor's eyes were suddenly opened to his own perilous state—and it was on this wise. He had returned from a hurried expedition to the village post office and, failing to find Miss Raymond in the garden, he entered the cool, darkened parlor, where, stretched in sleep on a black, shiny sofa, was the lady of his search. She looked supremely child-like and helpless, quite remote from the self-possessed girl, from whom he had parted an hour before. What long eye-lashes she had—and they did not flutter at all, as he bent over her. He bent closer still, and, as his lips touched the soft girlish cheek, the Professor knew that he had committed a dishonest but entirely inevitable act. He went upstairs and, going to a drawer, took out the almost-forgotten manuscript. It seemed to stare at him reproachfully, as if to remind him of his desertion of the old life. His inbred distrust and suspicion of women came over him in a flood that swept all his belongings into his small trunk and brought to mind the consideration that the five o'clock train would bear him towards Boston and safety. When Pauline Raymond opened her eyes and looked drowsily around the stiff little parlor, she was confronted by the substantial form of Mrs. Martin and heard her say in a tone of mingled vexation and triumph: "The teabell has just rung, Miss Professor Territt went away an hour ago, and told me to say 'good-bye' as he doesn't expect to be back this summer."

IN the following April, Professor Territt picked up a book with the frivolous title, "Doings of a Debutante," left by one of the students in the class-room sacred to Teutonic Philology. Something in the opening paragraph attracted the Professor's attention, as if it were the echo of girlish talk and laughter. It was clever nonsense that in some mysterious way pained the heart of Professor Territt; but, when he came to the chapter, "The Man Who Ran Away," his face grew white and stern and he said indignantly to himself: "How could she do it?" It was his own story he read,

only it had been made a farce—delicate and whimsical, but utterly absurd. The Professor was a very different man from the dominie of a year ago. His eyes were wide open, his hair was closely cut and he walked with a briskness new to the college community. "He's been humanized," said the Professor of History, who made a shrewd guess regarding the process. Professor Territt had awakened to the fact that his great book was a weariness to the flesh and that his career would be a poor thing, if Pauline Raymond were not a part of it. He had written to her in September, and had sent her a college catalogue—which was the most personal advance he could make. But no answer had come, and he had been easily discouraged into the belief that he had run away from a danger that had no existence. This sketch, however, stung him into a feeling that was bitterer than he had yet known. He was sure of the identity of the writer, although Pauline had seen fit to call herself Polly Ray and to place her village on the Massachusetts coast. But was the sketch entirely light and mocking? As he re-read it, there seemed a sob beneath the laughter, and he put the book down with a sudden resolution. He would write again—the whole truth—and she might laugh at him if she pleased. So, long into the night, the Professor wrote many lines of as incoherent and confused pleading as a foolish man of intellect ever addressed to a clever woman.

AGAIN it was July in the garden near the sea, and a girl in a white gown watched with eagerness as a man approached with an armful of letters and papers.

"My proofs have come," he announced.

"I believe you are more interested in them than in anything else."

"You don't believe a word of that," he said firmly, as he flung down the letters and possessed himself of the girl's waist.

"I think Mrs. Martin is shocked because I call you Billie."

"So long as you are now safely, Mrs. Territt, you may call me what you please." And Cupid, seated somewhere on a branch of the old apple-tree, yawned in supreme content.

THE END.

## 'Magination

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

all the house is a tiny bedroom with a big wooden cradle in it, and on the floor there are blue and gold soldiers and a dog that has button eyes, and all the walls are pictures of children. Aunt Lillian loved the rugs in the dining-room, they were made by hand she said, but they're very round, and Uncle Frank liked some things that made you think of Indians in another room. I made Aunt Lillian come and see the one I liked best.

"Isn't it beautiful, Aunt Lillian? If I had a house like this I'd like to stay here always and never go away. Wouldn't you?"

"You'd get tired of being alone with furniture, dear, even though it might be very interesting," she said.

"Oh, but I'd like somebody to stay with me, somebody who liked the furniture and me, then they wouldn't like to go 'way either."

"That's what I'd like, Kit, nothing better. But they're pretty hard to find. They all get tired of seeing the same thing all the time, they like different faces and different furniture." It was Uncle Frank who spoke, he had come up behind us and he looked very sad.

I heard Aunt Lillian catch her breath and I turned around. She was looking at Uncle Frank and I just heard her say something 'bout

some people looking with their eyes closed, when the man, who takes care of the ponies in the stables and the white ducks in the lake passed a window with some food.

I ran after him and he let me give them their tea. My, but this world's a beautiful place. I wondered if fairies used to live at the Old Homestead and I asked Timothy—he's the one who had the food—but he said he didn't know. P'r'aps he looks with his eyes closed, too, he looked kind of sleepy. I'm sure the sun that shines there is made of real gold and I think the white ducks are really fairies who've been changed by a wicked witch. The air seems different too, from the rest of the world and the water in the lake is much prettier.

When we started home, Uncle Frank and Aunt Lillian were smiling, her eyes were forget-me-nots and Uncle Frank's were happy. I didn't like to, but I wanted to know, so at last I asked him how his tragedy was and he laughed, so did Aunt Lillian.

"Kit, you're the only doctor for tragedies. You've cured mine forever," and he looked at Aunt Lillian and they both smiled. I didn't understand but I was getting sleepy and it made me very happy.

To-day I should be sad, but I can't help being happy. Aunt Lillian and

Uncle Frank are going home to-morrow, that's why I should feel sorry, but when I woke up this morning, a cage all gold was in my room and a dear tiny sparrow was singing just like Yellow Jacket and that's why I'm happy.

I said an extra prayer, too, and I don't think I'll make any more faces at the kids on the other side of the alley, 'cause this time, "He giveth before He taketh" and I like that much better.

THE END.

### A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

The clock of Beauvais Cathedral is very complicated. It is said to be composed of ninety-two thousand separate pieces. One sees on the fifty-two dial plates the hour, the day, the tides, the time in the principal capitals of the world, together with a series of week and the month; the rising and setting of the sun; phases of the moon, the terrestrial and astronomical evolutions. The framework is carved oak, eight meters by five meters, or twenty-six feet by sixteen and a quarter feet. When the clock strikes, all the edifice seems in movement.

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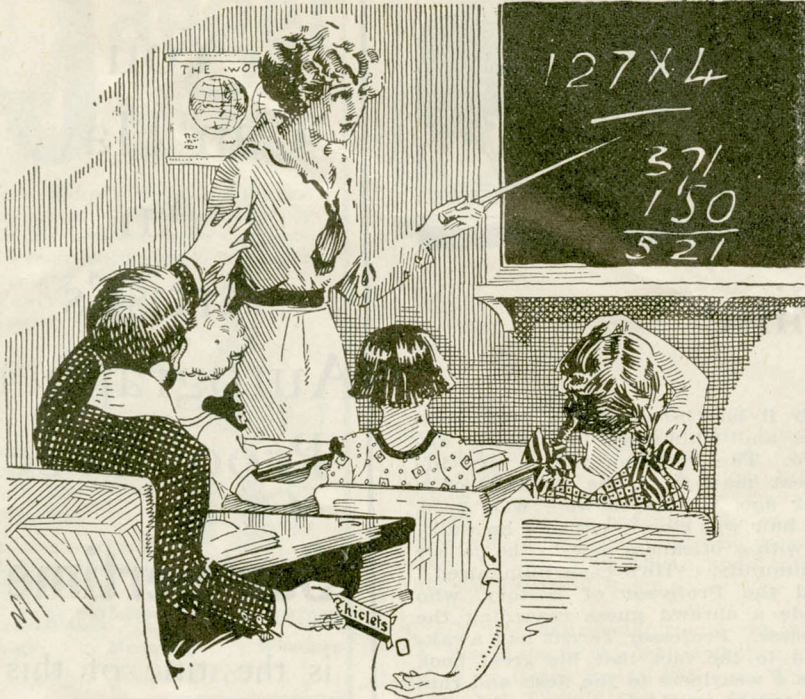
Such a picture could not help but radiate happiness everywhere. The painting is one that can very well be hung in the best room of your home, with the feeling that you have something really worth while in art.

Read over that page carefully, then answer the questions thoughtfully.

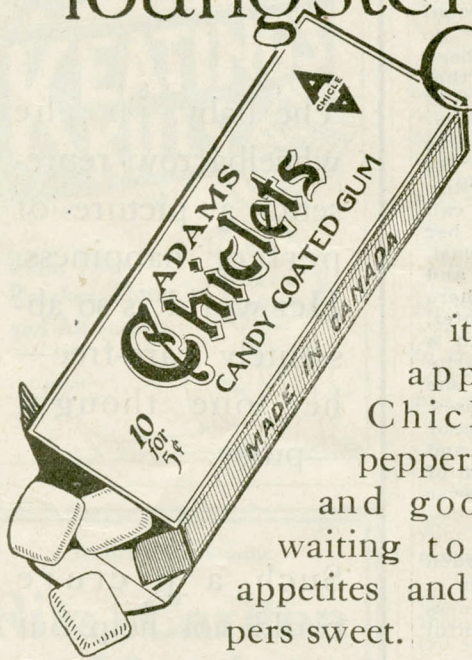
Send in your replies to Canadian Home Journal, and we shall be pleased to mail you "Summertime" which we are sure will delight you.

## Janet Cameron

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)



## Youngsters Love Chiclets



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usually undemonstrative Nick placed his hand affectionately on Blake's shoulder.

"Come, now, I'm ready," and the two men passed out into the brilliantly lighted streets.

THE annual Reception at the Academy was an event eagerly anticipated by the Musical World. Not only were there none but the foremost musicians in the country assisting, but, occasionally, an unknown singer or player was introduced at the last moment. Woe betide the luckless performer, or his sponsors, if the number was not at least fairly worthy. If successful the top of the ladder was attained at a bound, but if a failure, his assurance in attempting to enter the inner circle, was regarded as a crime.

Well did Janet Cameron's friends realize the ordeal that awaited her. Her audience would be critical, perhaps not altogether antagonistic, but certainly not inclined to be warmly sympathetic. She would miss the inspiration of listeners who wished and expected to be pleased.

Then, while she was comparatively well-known and appreciated in the small circle in which she moved, in the larger life of the City she was only one among thousands striving for the same goal.

Muriel Brent could scarcely keep still, her little hands kept clasping and opening spasmodically; even Nicholas Ryerson, the self-contained, was restless. But Robert Blake standing alone at the back of the immense hall seemed carved from stone. He grew a shade paler as Janet came on the stage.

HOW he loved that bronze head, the wide open blue eyes in their setting of long black lashes, the rosy mouth; the firm proud chin with its suggestion of an upward tilt, and until to-night he had loved her voice, because like other charms it had been part of Janet.

But now. A hot wave of resentment swept over him. "A gift" he had heard somebody call Janet's voice. It wasn't a gift. It was a curse. There could be no gift about a thing that would place the woman he loved in the position she was in to-night. Alone, the centre of every eye, at the mercy of all these people.

Then he saw her life stretching on and on in a weary succession of these concerts. She might be the idol of the public, and his great love never doubted that Janet could do anything, but the idol could only remain on her pedestal by being a slave.

But how would Janet regard it? He would know to-night. The suspense was unbearable.

The violins died away in a soft cadenza.

THEN the girl's voice, pure and bell-like, rang forth in a Donizetti Aria. Signor Dinnetti had chosen the selection to exhibit his pupil's wonderful technique to the greatest advantage. Here was a girl who had not hurried her time of study, nor skimmed her practice of scales and trills, and this audience understood and appreciated the finished performance. A perfect storm of applause broke from the listeners. Time and time again Janet was recalled but at last she was able to escape. Instinctively she felt Robert Blake would seek her out and some way she could not meet him. This would be an excellent, a quite dramatic opportunity, indeed, to be revenged. But revenge had lost all its value. Why, oh, why was every hour of triumph poisoned by some drop of bitterness?

The thought of the impending decision, and well she knew Blake could be no longer put off, made her tired and dispirited.

After the next number the first part of the programme would be completed. Then would come an intermission when musicians from different centres would renew old associations.

JANET slipped through an open door at the back of the stage. She turned a corner and was confronted by piles of chairs and tables and heard men's voices, and caught the whiff of tobacco. Peering through the rungs she saw Signor Dinnetti, Nicholas Ryerson and John Trench. What would she do? She shrank from going forward and announcing her presence, and already the door through which she

had come was closed to insure perfect quiet for the next singer.

Probably the men would stay only a minute or two anyway. She would try not to hear. But that was easier said than done. John Trench had not talked himself several times around the world without learning the value of a carrying voice.

"She is better, much better than I expected, Signor. In fact I have never heard more faultless execution, but—" the manager of "The Western Opera Company" paused.

"Well?" her teacher said enquiringly. "What is wrong?"

"I'll tell you, Professor. Madame Marten is a hard singer to follow. She had temperament, if you want to call it that, and she wasn't"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57.)

## A Kitchen a Thousand Times as Large as Yours

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

spectacle is one not soon to be forgotten, presaging well for the strengthening of the bond between these two great English-speaking nations.

And Leony Derouet looks on from the rear and smiles contentedly over another of his achievements. A mistake in the kitchen, a pause, a shortage of any one of the many kinds of food would have brought disaster, but there is not a flaw in the management of the entire proceeding.

The secret is that back in the Head Chef's office there is a schedule which he worked out when the menu was selected, and from this he and his assistants worked.

Here is a representative menu as it appeared to the guests, and below each item is the same menu as Leony prepared it, in terms of pounds and dozens.

- Cape Cod Oysters.*  
(Eighteen thousand.)  
*Pepper Pot*  
(Two hundred gallons.)  
*Celery*      *Salted Nuts*      *Olives*  
(Three thousand stalks of celery; one hundred and fifty pounds of nuts; fifteen thousand olives.)  
*Filet of Sole au vin blanc*  
(Twelve hundred pounds sole; seventy-five gallons white wine sauce.)  
*Breast of Chicken Clamart*  
(Three thousand breasts of chicken.)  
*Peas and Lettuce*  
(One hundred gallons peas and lettuce.)  
*Potatoes Palestine*  
(Five hundred pounds potatoes.)  
*Fresh Asparagus Vinaigrette*  
(Twelve thousand pieces asparagus and fifty gallons Vinaigrette sauce.)  
*Peach Pie*  
(Five hundred pies to make three thousand portions.)  
*Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream*  
(One hundred and twenty-five gallons of ice cream.)  
*Cafe Noir*  
(Two hundred gallons of coffee and eighty gallons of cream, fifteen thousand rolls and nine thousand pieces of butter.)
- It seems enough to feed an army, almost, doesn't it?  
"O Mother! where are you?" All at once we realize we are comfortably sitting on our own verandahs—the children are home from school and it is five o'clock, almost time for us to go to prepare dinner, not for thousands, but just our own little families, and for fear we may forget what the great principles of Leony are which we can apply every day, we shall call them off on our fingers: system, careful planning, sufficient quantity without waste, efficient help and equipment, and a careful adherence to recipes and rules.

## Watch Your House Lights With a View to Economy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

light the gas. The light will then burn clear. It is not so often poor gas, as poor burners, that is the cause of a dim light. The lava or metal tips of gas fixtures, particularly the former, become clogged quite readily, and at once affect the size and quality of the flame. As these tips are very inexpensive, it is always worth while to experiment with their renewal before complaining of the quality of the gas.



# Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

her nerves had given way under the long strain.

"Kervyn! Only yesterday war meant almost nothing to me. And look at me now!—look at the girl you saw in England only a few days ago!—a woman to-day!—a wife to-morrow, please God—and the fear of this war already overwhelming me."

She brushed the starting tears from her eyes; they filled again. She said miserably: "We women all inherit sorrow, it seems, the moment our girlhood leaves us. A few days ago I didn't know what it was to be afraid. Then you came. And with you came friendship. And with friendship came fear—fear for you! . . . And then, very swiftly, love came; and my girlhood was gone—gone—like yesterday—leaving me alone in the world with you and love and war!"

He drew her face against his shoulder: "This world war is making us all feel a little lonely," he said. "The old familiar world is already changing under our bewildered eyes. It is a totally new era which is dawning; a new people is replacing the inhabitants of earth, born to new thoughts, new ideals, new ambitions."

"I think the old tyranny is already beginning to pass from men's souls and minds; the old folk-ways, the old and out-worn terrors, the tinselled dogmas, the old false standards, the universal dread of that absolute intellectual freedom which alone can make a truly new heaven and a new earth."

"All this is already beginning to pass away in the awful intellectual revelation which this world war is making hour by hour."

"What wonder that we feel the approaching change, the apprehension of that mortal loneliness which must leave us stripped of all that was familiar while the old order passes—vanishes like mist at dawn."

He bent and touched her hand with his lips:

"But there will be a dawn, Karen. Never doubt it, sweet!"

"Shall our children see it—if God is kind to us?" she whispered.

"Yes. If God is very kind, I think that we shall see it, too."

The girl nodded, pressing her cheek against his, her eyes clear and sweetly grave.

He said: "No man ever born, since Christ, has dared to be himself. No woman, either. . . . I think our children will begin to dare."

She mused, wide-eyed, wondering.

"And he who takes up a sword," he

said in a low voice, "shall find himself alone like a mad dog in a city street, with every living soul bent upon his extermination."

"Thus will perish emperors and kings. Our children's children shall have heard of them, marvelling that we had lived to see them pass away into the mist of fable."

After a while she lifted her face and looked at him out of wistful eyes:

"Meanwhile you fight for them," she said.

"I am of to-day—a part of the mock mystery and the tarnished tinsel. That grey old man of Austria quarrels with his neighbor of Serbia, and calls out four million men to do his murders for him. And an Emperor in white and steel buckles on his steel helmet and summons six million more in the name of God."

"That is a tragedy called 'To-day.' But it is the last act, Karen. Already while we hold the stake the scene shifters are preparing the drama called 'To-morrow.'"

"Already the last cues are being given; already the company that held the stage is moving slowly toward the eternal wings. The stage is to be swept clean; everything must go, toy swords and cannon, crowns and ermine, the old and battered property god who required a sea of blood and tears to propitiate him; the old and false idol once worshipped as Honor, and set upon a pedestal of dead bones. All these must go, Karen—are already going. . . . But—I am in the cast of 'To-day'; I may only watch them pass, and play my part until the curtain falls."

They remained silent for a long time. The train had been running very slowly. Presently it stopped.

Guild rose and went to the door of the compartment, where a lantern glimmered, held high. Soldiers opened the door; an officer of Guard Cuirassiers saluted.

"We control the line no farther," he said. "Telegraphic orders direct me to send you forward with a flag."

"May I ask where we are?" said Guild. "Not far from Antwerp. Will you aid Madam to descend? Time presses. We have a motor car at your disposal." He turned, aided Karen to the wooden platform, which was thronged with heavy cavalrymen, then lifted out their luggage, which a soldier in fatigue cap took.

"There was also a box," said Guild to the officer of Cuirassiers.

"It is already in the tonneau." He drew a telegram from his pocket and

handed it to Guild, and the young man read it under the flickering lantern light:

CAPTAIN THE COMTE D'YVOIR:

I am told that I shall recover.

It has been, so far, between us, only the sword; but I trust, one day, it shall be the hand. Luck was against me. Not your fault.

I send to you and to my daughter my respect and my good will. Until a more auspicious day, then, and without rancor.

Your friend the enemy,

VON REITER, Maj-Gen'l.

Karen, reading over his shoulder, pressed his arm convulsively. Tears filled her eyes, but she was smiling.

"May we send a wire?" asked Guild of the officer.

An orderly came with pencil and telegraph blank. Guild wrote:

We are happy to learn that you are to recover. Gratitude, respect, salute from me; from her, gratitude and love. It will always be the hand. May the auspicious day come quickly.

GUELDRES, Capt. Reserve.

The orderly took the blank; Guild returned the salute of the Cuirassier and followed the soldier who was carrying their luggage.

An automobile stood there, garnished with two white lanterns and a pair of white flags.

A moment later they were speeding through the darkness out across a vast dim plain.

An officer sat in the front seat beside a military chauffeur; behind them, on a rumble, was seated a cavalryman.

In a few minutes the first challenge came; they stopped; helmeted figures clustered around them, a few words were whispered, then on they rolled, slowly, until there came another challenge, another delay; and others followed in succession as the tall phantoms of Uhlans loomed up around them in the night.

Two of these lancers wheeled and accompanied the automobile at a canter. One of the riders was a trumpeter; and very soon the car halted and the Uhlan set his trumpet to his lips and sounded it.

Almost immediately a distant bugle answered. The cavalryman on the rumble stood up, hung one of the lanterns to a white flag, and waved it slowly to and fro. Then the mounted Uhlan tied the flag to his lance-tip, hung the lantern to it, and raised it high in the air. Already the chauffeur had piled

their luggage by the roadside; the officer got out, came around, and opened the door. As Karen descended he gave her his arm, then saluted and sprang to his place. The car backed in a half circle, turned, backed again, swung clear around, and went humming away into the darkness.

From the shadowy obscurity ahead came the trample of horses.

"Halt! Who goes there?" cried the mounted lancer.

"Parlementaire with a flag!"

The Uhlan trumpeter sounded the parley again, then, reversing his trumpet, reined in and sat like a statue, as half a dozen cloaked riders walked their horses up under the rays of the lantern which dangled from the Uhlan's lifted lance.

A cavalryman wearing a jaunty Belgian forage cap leaned from his saddle and looked earnestly at Guild.

"Who is this, if you please?" he asked curiously.

"Reserve cavalry officer and his wife," said the Uhlan, crisply. "Orders are to deliver them to you."

The Belgian lieutenant had already recognized the uniform of the Guides; so had the other cavalrymen; and now they were hastily dismounting and leading their horses forward.

"Karen," said Guild unsteadily, "my own regiment!" And he stepped forward and took the lieutenant's hands in both of his. His features were working; he could not speak, but the troopers seemed to understand.

They gave Karen a horse; Guild lifted her to the saddle, shortened the stirrup, and set her sideways.

They offered him another horse, but he shook his head, flung one arm over Karen's saddle and walked on slowly beside her stirrup.

Behind them the clatter of retreating hoofs marked the return of the Uhlans. From somewhere in the darkness a farm cart rumbled up and cavalrymen lifted in their luggage.

Now, under the clustered planets the cart and the troopers moved off over a wide, smooth road across the plain.

And last of all came Karen with Guild on foot beside her.

Her horse stepped slowly, cautiously; her slim hand lay on her lover's shoulder, his arm was around her, and his cheek rested against her knees.

All the world was before them now, with all that it can ever hold for the sons of men—the eternal trinity, inexorable unchangeable—Death, and Life, and Love.

THE END.

# Janet Cameron

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

easy to get on with, but she threw herself into every role she interpreted. Marten was one of the greatest actresses this continent has ever seen, and any little flaw in her voice was lost sight of. Now this girl of yours,—her technique is perfect, but the truth is, Dinnetti, I don't believe she has any more feeling than an iceberg."

"You're right," Dinnetti said ruefully, "She has no heart. I have told her so," and he thought of the yellowed manuscript. The sheet had accompanied him to every concert. His mascot, a tribute to his lost Minna.

"You are both very much mistaken," Ryerson interrupted, curtly, "Because Miss Cameron is restrained in her art and does not drag emotion into every thing is no indication that she can't feel and show it, too, when the proper time arrives. She is one of the truest, most sensitive girls I've ever met. But she's naturally reserved. She's Scotch, you know."

Scotch! Scotch! The girl behind the chairs stamped her foot angrily. Scotch! When had she ever been allowed to forget her wretched nationality. Her Aunt had told her, "The Scotch do as they say," and so on, and so on, day in and day out. When she went out in the world her virtues and her failings were all attributable to her nationality. Now it cropped up again. "She's Scotch you know!" Ryerson had said.

Swiftly she retraced her steps. Silently opened the door and sped across the stage, out into the corridor. There stood Robert Blake. Good-bye, Pride—Good-bye, Revenge, Good-bye, the things that have stood as Scotch. To-night, Love is King.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come out, Janet. Just one minute,

my darling. There aren't four walls made, that are big enough to hold my happiness, to-night." and Bob Blake snatched up a fleecy wrap and folded it about the girl's shoulders. Not one word had Janet said, nor one question been asked by her lover—just a long look when the girl came out into the corridor and the man and woman knew that so long as life would last they belonged to each other.

Through all the ages the jolly old moon has beamed on happy lovers. The stars have winked and blinked their approval, but never before had they shone on a happier pair than now strolled up and down in front of the great Academy.

"I must go in now," Janet said regretfully.

"Not for a minute. Just wait a little longer, sweetheart," Bob begged.

"Oh, I can't, Bob! I really can't. You know I'm on, just at the beginning of the second part and it wouldn't do to be late." Janet's foot was on the first step.

"Oh, pshaw!" Blake exclaimed impatiently. "I wish you could cut the whole thing. What do you care for all those people in there? Janet, you know I'm not going to share my wife with every Tom, Dick and Harry, who can pay to hear her."

Janet did not make any reply and the man hardly knew how she was taking his decision.

"Will you mind giving up your work to a certain extent?"

Still no answer.

"Janet, answer me? Is that why you looked at me sometimes as though you positively hated me?" the man's voice was tense.

A merry laugh burst from Janet's parted lips.

"No, you silly thing. I love my music and I always will. But I love somebody far better." She looked tantalizingly at Bob. She was safe on the topmost step. Even Blake with all his nerve couldn't kiss her in that glaring light.

"Oh, you darling," her lover said softly. "Do come for another little walk," but the girl shook her head.

"No, I can't. But I'll tell you something. I hate singing for all these strangers. It wasn't the thought of giving up all that that made me look at you so oddly. I was really trying to hate you."

"Oh, you were!" Bob said amazedly, "Why?"

"Do you remember a day in June, years and years ago when you went to Willowdale for the week-end?"

Her listener thought a moment and then nodded.

"Nick Ryerson was the choir-leader there," the girl went on, "and you said the very nastiest things about choirs and about a freak in the front row. Do you recall that, sir? Now guess who the freak was?" and Janet vanished.

"Signor Dinnetti, may I sing that song of yours?" Janet nervously pointed to the yellowed manuscript. In another minute she must appear and the Signor was already standing waiting, his music in his hand.

The professor looked at her perplexedly. "My dear, Miss Janet. I really don't think it would be wise. That style of song doesn't suit you." and he turned away.

But the girl persisted. "Signor, I can sing it. Won't you please let me try?"

Dinnetti started impatiently. He was accustomed to having his decisions ac-

cepted as final. He glanced up, then looked more closely. He had never noticed it before. Why this girl looked like Minna. She might do as she pleased.

First came the two chords with their weird and haunting harmony. Then the plaintive melody suggestive of tears and heartache, but brightened by those rippling phrases that told the listener that through storm and strain the sun of love still shone and all was well.

Ah, how Janet sang it. The audience forgot her first finished rendition, forgot the crowded hall, and the struggle for place and power. Again life was at its Spring and old and tender memories filled their minds.

The hall was nearly deserted. Signor Dinnetti and John Trench were walking down the aisle arm-in-arm. The old teacher was tired and lonely, never had Minna's loss been fresher in his mind.

"My dear Professor," Trench said, pompously, "I must admit I was mistaken in Miss Cameron. She's perfect. I'll arrange the contract to-morrow. She'll do."

But much to Trench's surprise, Dinnetti answered curtly.

"My dear sir, so far as a public career goes, I fear Miss Cameron will not, as you say, do,—she is done. As for the contract, I think she has arranged for one of a different kind. And," he added, less curtly, "and perhaps, it is well."

Nick Ryerson who had overheard the Professor's last remark, tucked Muriel Brent's soft little hand more closely under his arm and said to himself, "By George, the old Professor does know a thing or two besides music."

THE END.

## Historic Backgrounds of Brantford

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.)

must widen about it, and become truer to reality and more beautiful as it is influenced by so great and grave a piece of art. The generations will come and go, but there it stands, the companion of each generation; serene, untouched and influential.

AND so to a large, old-fashioned, shadowy house with a garden of blazing flowers at the back and in the long, dim drawing-room a full-sized portrait of a young girl with dreaming eyes.

That portrait is emphatically the gay and courageous "Garth Grafton," who "used to write for the 'Globe,'" and the magnetic Sara Jeanette Duncan of "A Social Departure," "An American Girl in London," and the other stories that made her famous while she was yet in her twenties. But there is also the deep vision in those eyes that makes the career of that now cosmopolitan writer, Mrs. Everard Cotes, still delightfully problematic. A successful novelist, yes. But one ventures to say a successful playwright also. For when the last of the war clouds vanish there will probably be some interesting revelations of the ability of this Canadian litterateur as a stage-writer.

Mrs. Cotes has lived in India for years, but during the war has been busy in London, England. At present

she is on a visit of some months to Canada.

I tried to get some impressions of her girlhood in Brantford, but she was more keen to talk of other writers than of herself.

"I like to recall the fact that Norman Duncan came from Brantford," she said. And we spoke of his sensitive and virile art.

"And Pauline Johnson I remember well, of course," went on Mrs. Cotes. "As a child I also recall my joy in market day, when the Indians would come with great crates of berries to sell. Their many and various colored petticoats used to be a great diversion to me."

Norman Duncan, by the way, is not a relative of Sara Jeanette, though he has many times been so described by Canadian writers. In no estimate of Canadian literature can his work be forgotten. Had he been a painter he would have been a master of *genre*. He so strongly feels the whole of the atmosphere with which his people are surrounded that they seem to stand out with a singular intensity. His great story "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" is as compelling as life itself. "The Mother," is one of the least known and probably the finest of all his novels.

THERE are such lovable things about Brantford.

The squirrels, so carefully housed in the trees of the picturesque square presided over by the monument of the great Chief, Brant, are, I have heard,

descendants of honorable ancestors.

And when my mother talks of balls at the "Kerby House" when she and other southern girls made havoc with northern hearts just about the date "when young Bell was inventing the telephone" I look about the old dining-room, which has served many a brilliant occasion in the use of more than one generation, and am thankful that it has been spared the ruthless hand of time.

Against a background of the brotherhood of the Six Nations all modern figures seem like youthful emanations dancing in a moment's time. But perspective is a wise and saving grace, and in its light we may see the figures of certain men and women not as shadows dancing, but clearly defined as the living spirit of the environment in which they dreamed their dreams.

## Editorial

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

its demands upon our time; yet I believe that applying the principle we have just enunciated, will prove a wonderful aid in the solution of our problems. If home making is the chief business of life, worthy of the best efforts of the most talented woman, then home tasks are no longer hopeless drudgery, nor home ties fetters to bind one to earth while she would fain soar to greater heights. But woman is coming to apply scientific management to household affairs. It is clearly a poor business proposi-

tion for her to spend in manual labor the time and energy that could more profitably be given to other matters with included in the care of her family, while the application of modern methods would accomplish the work quite as well and possibly better and leave her physically and mentally fit for other duties. If it is good practical business policy for men in every line of business and industry to make use of the latest approved methods and labor-saving devices, then why not for the housewife as well? For a wife and mother must be prepared to give herself—not only to live for her family, but to live with them, if she is to succeed in putting into their lives that which will fit them for life.

During many of the years of her life it is undoubtedly true that the major portion of a woman's time must be given to her family, but we have made the serious mistake of thinking that this meant sinking her identity wholly in theirs and confining her interest to the four walls of her home—a mistake that has been fatal in its results. Some of the most successful mothers we have known have never lost touch with outside interests and not a few of them have even had "careers."

THERE is no question to-day, social, financial or religious, that does not touch your home or the homes of the nation. What about the young men and women about us, as well as the young mothers in our midst, who need to come in friendly sympathetic touch with people of your ideals? Is our educational system just what will best fit our children for citizenship? If the girls of to-day are to be efficient mothers, are their working hours, the conditions under which they work and the remuneration they receive such as to make this possible, or are we permitting the greed or shortsightedness of employers to mortgage the future of our homes?

If it is true that many men cannot marry because their income will not permit it, should we not interest ourselves in helping to make it possible for every young man to receive sufficient education—academic or technical—to fit him for earning an honorable living and then demand that the living wage will be sufficient to support wife and family? Since many women will either from choice or from force of circumstances, continue to earn a living outside the home, are we not in duty bound to stand for the principle of equal pay for equal work? And would not more women be willing to give up their business careers and enter homes of their own if the principle of economic independence for women were established by law? The housing problem, the question of public health, the fight against venereal disease, the overthrow of the liquor traffic are all matters of vital interest to women, because of their direct bearing on the home. All of these, and numerous other questions that suggest themselves to you, will lead us far afield and deep into social and political problems, both national and international, but why should we not be interested in all of these?

IF woman is to succeed in developing strong moral principles in her family she will keep in close touch with God and the church. I have never been willing to admit that women were essentially more religious than men, and yet I do hold that the woman who fosters a religious atmosphere in the home has done much to anchor and strengthen the life of the husband, and to make it possible for him to be strong and true in the strain and worry of business life; and father, mother and children all need to cultivate the spiritual and to identify themselves with the church of God, as the recognized agency for developing high ideals and fostering a love for and a vital interest in our fellow men, both of which find their highest expression in service.

Nor would I be understood as dwelling too much on the thoughtful and serious, and neglecting the play life, for physical and mental fitness presupposes a balanced life with a reasonable amount of recreation, and the wise woman will not overlook this fact. Just let us remember that our task is a noble one, and that in its accomplishment we have the assurance that all the powers of the universe are at our command, if we but link ourselves with the Divine, and that for a reward we have the joy of accomplishment as well as the pleasure of association with our dear ones from day to day. Could any life be narrow or colorless with such a prospect ahead?

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