

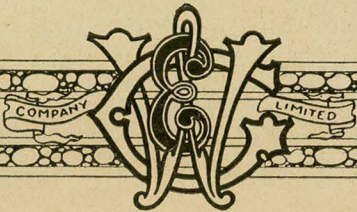
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

OUR SERVICE FLAG



MAY
1918

15¢



CONSERVATION

The admonition of the Food Controller to conserve wheat flour, and substitute some other materials, need not be looked upon as a hardship in any way, but rather as an opportunity to serve delicious home made corn bread, or cornmeal muffins.



P.S.—By the use of Magic Baking Powder the number of eggs ordinarily called for in recipes may be reduced by substituting from one-half to one teaspoonful baking powder for each egg omitted.



CORN BREAD

1 tablespoon butter; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder; 2 level tablespoons sugar; 1 level cupful flour; 2 eggs, separated; $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt; 1 level cupful cornmeal; 1 cupful milk.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly together, add yolks of eggs one by one; then beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth and add them with the corn meal, flour sifted with Magic Baking Powder, and salt and milk. Mix lightly together until all is thoroughly well mixed, then pour into a well greased and floured shallow baking pan and bake in a moderately hot oven for fifteen minutes, or until done. Break or cut in pieces. This mixture may also be used for corn muffins or gems by baking in muffin rings or gem pans. Sufficient for six persons.

E. W. Gillett Company Limited
Toronto, Canada

Winnipeg

Montreal

ESTABLISHED — 1852

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The Canadian Home Journal

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Number One

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COMING IN THE JUNE NUMBER

The June cover, painted by Norman Price, has not yet been named.

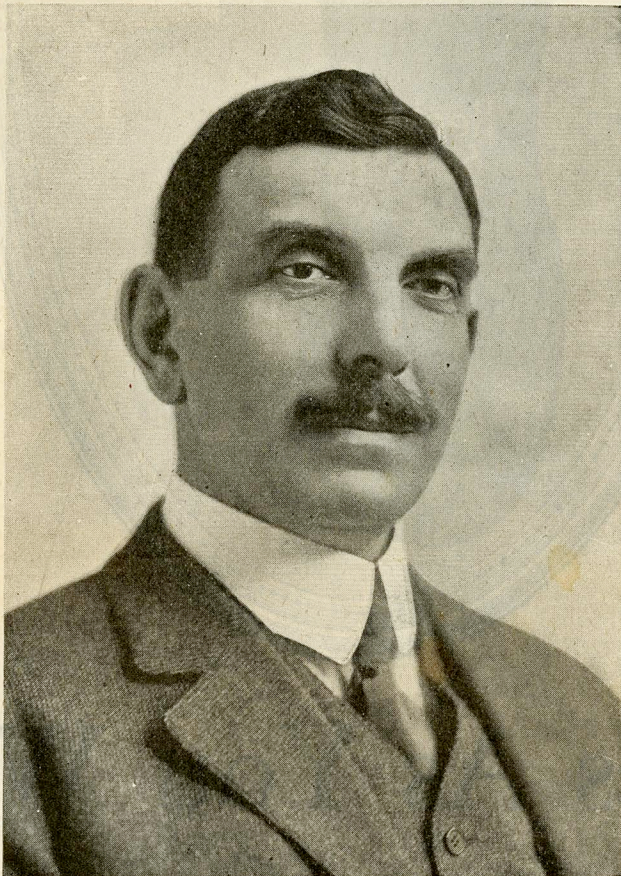
"A pretty girl knitting socks," observes one, studying it; "how natural."

"Ha!" exclaims the artist in delight. "An exquisite thing. What harmony! Riot of color! It's beautiful, gorgeous."

And still another, gazing upon this beautiful thing, sees yet a deeper meaning. Behind the young worker is the symbol of the Red Cross. Knitting faithfully, her hands are helping to form a link in the long, solid chain which reaches straight across the sea, bringing comfort, cheer—yes, and life itself to our boys over there. A united womanhood makes it possible for this mighty organization to "carry on." Therefore, let us call the painting "The Spirit of the Red Cross."

"THE WINDFALL"

It has been several monthssince"Canadian Home Journal" readers have had the privilege of enjoying a story by Virna Sheard. "The Windfall," which will be published in the June Number, is not a fairy tale, as most of Mrs. Sheard's stories have recently been; nevertheless there must have been some very kind fairies about when the cyclone, described in the story, was in progress.



—British and Colonial Press.

CHAIRMAN OF THE CANADA FOOD BOARD.

Mr. Henry B. Thomson, who succeeded Hon. W. J. Hanna in this important work, tells the people of this country that if they do not work as hard at conservation of food and production of food, as the soldiers are working in the trenches, first of all Britain may starve, and secondly, we may starve on this continent. Conditions of privation which occur periodically in India and other densely-populated nations in which the general public lives a hand-to-mouth existence, are closer to Canadians than ever before in our past history. Mr. Thomson does not mince his words. He talks out as emphatically and as plainly as Hoover in the United States. Let us heed him.

"THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS"

A sane, truthful article by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton will appear in the June Number, dealing with the problem which is causing every Canadian man and woman to stop and think. There will be no "sick sentiment" in this article, but a practical talk on conditions as they are, as seen by a physician.

HOW CAN I HELP?

How many girls are asking these questions? "Oh, I do so want to do something, but I don't know how." "I would like to become a V.A.D., but I live in a small town and I have no one to advise me what to do." "I want to help the returned soldiers, but I have not the least idea how to go about it."

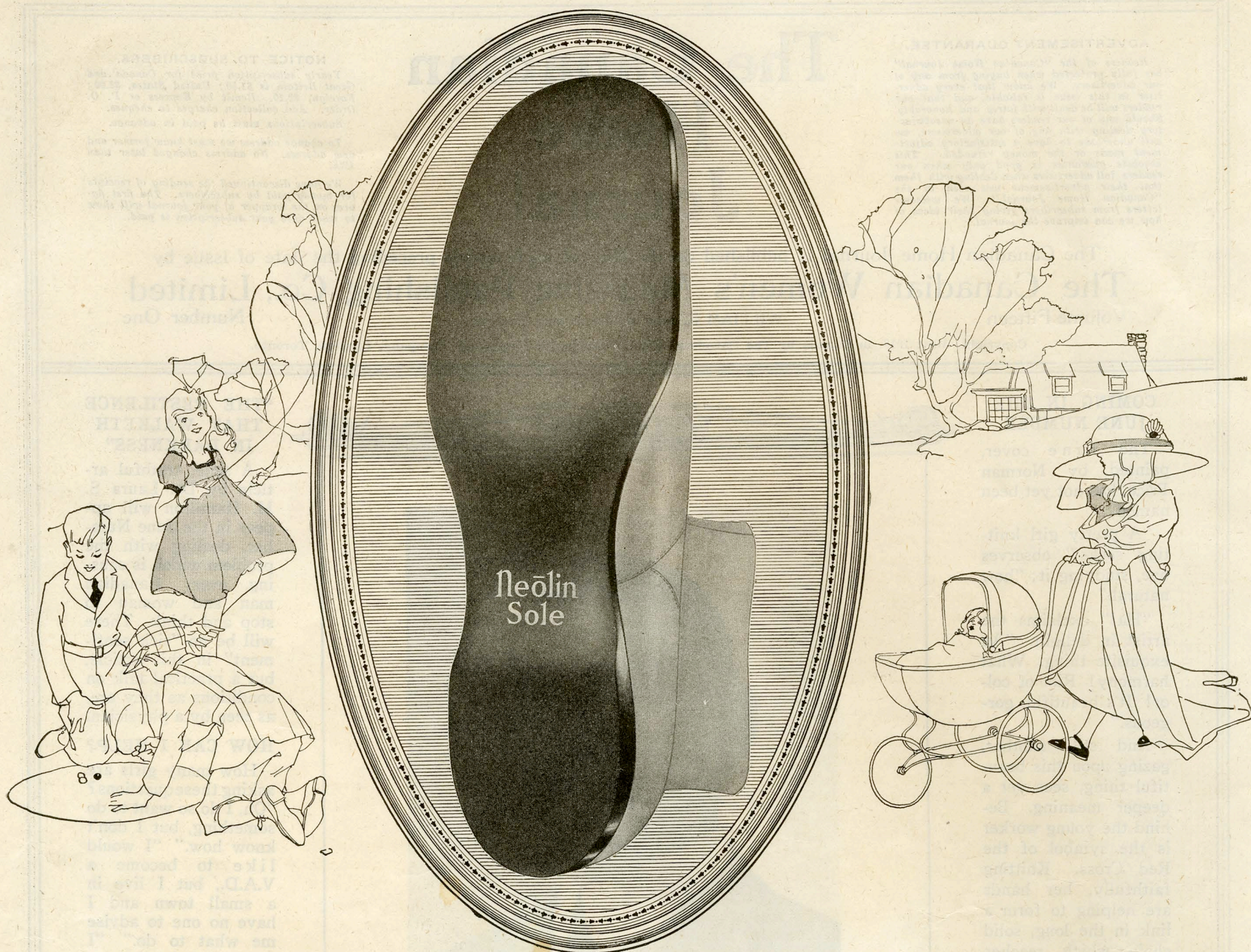
To answer all such questions, "Canadian Home Journal" will publish several articles written by a girl who has spent three years in varied war work of all kinds. The first will appear in the June Number. All such questions as the above will be answered, and any girl may write this authority, asking questions she wishes answered. We believe there is a great "girl power" in our land which may be utilized. Girls everywhere are anxious to work, to feel

they are a factor in the winning of the war, and if they can only be advised and their efforts directed into the most productive channels much good will be accomplished.

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Such Shoes As You Would Wish

Were you to carefully enumerate the advantages you would like to have in your children's shoes you would most certainly mention all those qualities that Neolin Soles give to shoes.

Unquestionably first would come *wear*. How you would welcome a shoe with a sole that would give service commensurate with its cost! And that is just what Neolin Soles do. They wear much longer than the leather soles usually put on children's shoes. So much longer that they reduce materially the shoe-expense of your youngsters.

But young feet have other needs. They should grow freely in flexible, muscle-developing shoes. Neolin Shoes are light and flexible.

And what of the colds that come from wet feet? Children *don't like* rubbers. Neolin

has made rubbers practically unnecessary. For Neolin Soles are waterproof.

In the rush and tumble of playing, Neolin Soles resist slipping. They are quiet. They will not scratch floors or furniture.

If you have not already experienced the advantages of Neolin Soles—for grown-ups and children—get them now. On new shoes from almost any dealer. As full-soles or half-soles from shoe repairers.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited

Neolin-soled shoes are in most shoe stores. But you will find them more quickly by looking for this price-ticket in shoe-store windows. When you buy Neolin Soles on new shoes or as re-soles, be sure you see the Neolin trademark underneath. If it is not there the sole is not Neolin.



Neolin Soles



EDITORIAL

May,

Nineteen-
Eighteen

OUR SERVICE FLAG.

On the cover of this magazine is reproduced an exact copy of the Service Flag which "Canadian Home Journal" is proud to call its own. The single leaf on the white centre denotes that one member of the office staff is now on active service at the front. A large number have, of course, gone from the firm which does the printing and binding of the "Journal."

The Service Flag idea in Canada is new, although the American people have been benefiting from the use of an emblem somewhat similar for a year,—ever since their entry into the war.

This new flag is in no way to take the place of the Union Jack, but is a distinct emblem of service. Wherever it is displayed in home, church, school, office, factory, lodge, etc., its purpose is to show the number who have gone from that particular place; each soldier or nurse being represented by one blue maple leaf; those who have fallen, by red leaves. The flag bears the national colors: red, white and blue, but the design is so different from the Union Jack that there can be no cause for confusion.

But why this new flag? What is its real use to us? We are not a people who wish to proclaim from the housetops our good deeds. "We have sent our sons, shall we not close our doors about us, and become resigned?" says one. The following true story illustrates well the lack of wisdom in such an attitude:

A mother had very nobly sent forth three sons. She believed she had given her all. Day after day her thoughts were constantly with them or upon her own loneliness. Whenever she went out she saw young men on the streets, and everything seemed to be going as usual. People still laughed and seemed happy. She grew bitter and believed that she suffered alone. Her husband gave up his work and devoted himself entirely to her and her interests. Still she believed her sacrifice was greater than any other's.

One day this woman went out and saw a Service Flag in her neighbor's window. "Why, she, too, has given her boy," she remembered. In the window of the next house and the next were Service Flags. The whole street was full of them, the whole town was full of them. Gazing, she exclaimed, "We are all suffering together. My burden is no greater than others'. What can I do to help them?"

This is, then, the purpose of the new Service Flag; to unite our sympathies and make us one people in service. We need to be shown how much others are doing, or we develop an exaggerated idea of our own small share.

Patriotic organizations are taking up the matter everywhere, realizing that this is a special work for them to do. The little red flag with its white centre and blue leaves promises to be very popular in Canada when it becomes known that there is such an emblem in existence. The flag has come to us at a time when we needed it most to inspire and give renewed courage

for the struggle which is yet to come. Let us give it our heartiest support. For the sake of the stimulant it will be to us and the pleasure it will give to the boys over there to know that we are thus honoring them, we cannot afford to reject the new Service Flag.

★ ★ ★

LET US WATCH THE DISLOYAL CITIZEN.

We are far too trustful and hopeful in our treatment of Germans and Austrians in Canada. The large number of fires, causes of which warrant a belief in foul play, and accidents throughout the Dominion, substantiate the belief that the enemy is not only working in Europe, but in our very midst is plotting to disorganize labor and destroy life and property wherever possible.

In the United States they have issued what is termed "American Defence Society Warning," which reads as follows:

"Every German or Austrian in the United States, unless known by years of association to be absolutely loyal, should be treated as a potential spy.

"Be on the alert. Keep your eyes and ears open. Take nothing for granted. Energy and alertness may save the life of your son, your husband or your brother.

"The enemy is engaged in making war in this country, in transmitting news to Berlin, and in spreading peace propaganda, as well as lies about the condition and morale of American military forces.

"Whenever any suspicious act, or disloyal word, comes to your notice, communicate at once with the Vigilance Corps of the American Defence Society, with the police department, etc."

This is a timely warning, and should be given in Canada just as in the United States. If you have the least cause to suspect anyone of disloyalty, communicate at once with your local police authorities. You will not be implicated in any way, but the persons in question will be carefully watched. Many lives might be saved in this simple way if Canadians would be more vigilant, and careful to always report any disloyalty.

Women going about in stores and to social gatherings, have opportunities of discovering people of pro-German sympathies. A

thoughtless remark or a chance misstatement may reveal disloyalty where it is least suspected. Therefore keep eyes and ears open.

Too great care cannot be exercised by every citizen to assist the police in placing the dangerous alien where he can do no harm. While this seems harsh and cruel, the German has proved himself to be capable of committing the most brutal crimes, and this is but a protective measure which Canadians are very slow indeed in acting upon.

Ask your local newspapers to publish a warning similar to this. A great amount of valuable information was obtained in just this way by the famous John R. Rathom, through the Providence "Journal."

OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

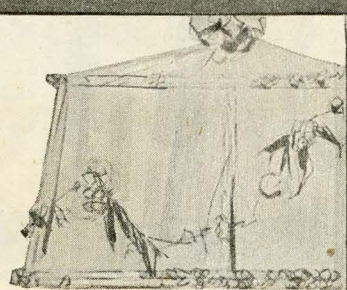
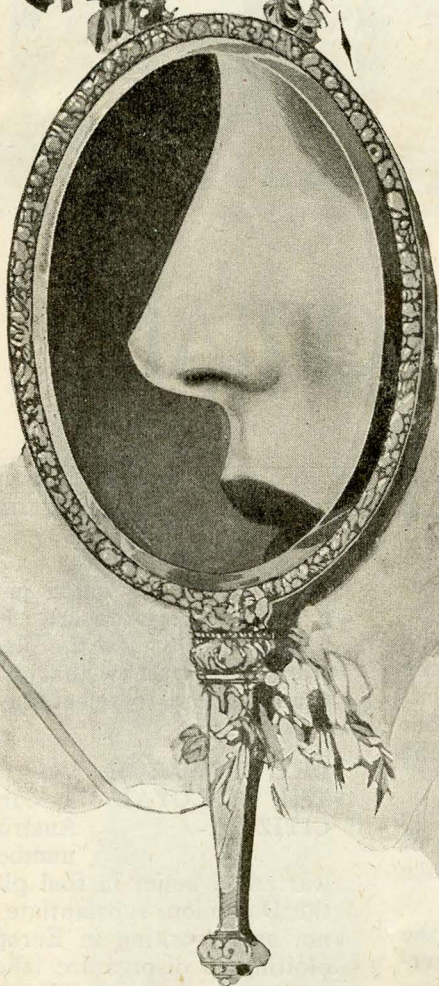
To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, so far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.



In the Woodbury Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find the proper treatment for oily skin and shiny nose. This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Do you know why it is that the inner surface of your arm is so white and satiny, while the texture of your face, *especially of your nose*, is rougher and shows enlarged pores?

It is exposure—constant exposure to changing temperatures—sun, wind and dust—that enlarges the pores and coarsens the texture of the skin of your face.

On parts of the body that are habitually covered by clothing, the skin changes very little from the fine texture of childhood. It needs no special care to keep it fine and smooth.

The skin of your face must have special care

The pores of the face, even in normal conditions, are not so fine as in other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

Under exposure to wind and dust and sun, the pores of the face contract and expand. If the skin is not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, the small muscular fibers, *especially those of the nose*, become weakened and do not contract as they should. Instead the pores remain open, they collect dirt and dust, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the cause of conspicuous nose pores—the bugbear of so many women, and often the only flaw in an otherwise perfect complexion.

Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, rather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

This treatment cleanses the pores and strengthens the small muscular fibers so they can contract properly.

After ten days or two weeks of this Woodbury treatment, you will begin to see an improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change completely in this short time a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit and supplement it with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

In the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, treatments are given for the various troubles of the skin. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments and for general use for that time. You will have the same experience that all others do—when you once use Woodbury's you will always use it. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. You will find directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

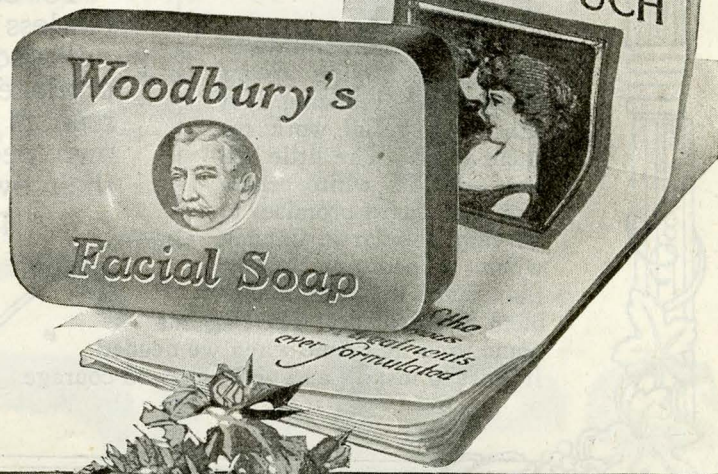


Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2205 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**



If your skin has become gradually coarsened, this special treatment and the general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will make it fine and soft again. For directions, see the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"



Canadian Home Journal



FETCHING THE DOCTOR

From Recollections of Childhood in
The Canadian Countryside

By
STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by
MARCEL OLIS



We lived far back in the country, such as it used to be, before the days of telephones and motor cars, with long, lonely roads and snake fences buried in deep snow, and with cedar swamps where the sleighs could hardly pass two abreast. Here and there, on a winter night, one saw the light in a farm house, distant and dim.

Over it all was a great silence such as people who live in the cities can never know.

And on us, as on the other families of that lonely countryside, there sometimes fell the sudden alarm of illness, and the hurrying drive through the snow at night to fetch the doctor from the village, seven miles away.

My elder brother and I—there was a long tribe of us, as with all country families—would hitch up the horse by the light of the stable lantern, eager with haste and sick with fear, counting the time till the doctor could be there.

Then out into the driving snow, urging the horse that knew by instinct that something was amiss, and so mile after mile, till we rounded the corner into the single street of the silent village.

Late, late at night it was—eleven o'clock perhaps—and the village dark and deep in sleep, except where the light showed red against the blinds of the "Surgery" of the doctor's rough-cast house behind the spruce trees.

"Doctor," we cried, as we burst in, "hurry and come. Jim's ill—"

I can see him still as he sat there in his surgery, the burly doctor, rugged and strong for all the sixty winters that he carried. There he sat playing chess—always he seemed to be playing chess—with his son, a medical student, burly and rugged already as himself.

"Shut the door, shut the door!" he called. "Come in, boys; here, let me brush that snow off you—it's my move, Charlie, remember—now, what the devil's the matter?"

Then we would pant out our hurried exclamations, both together.

"Bah!" he growled, "ill nothing! Mere belly ache, I guess."

That was his term, his favorite word, for an undiagnosed disease—"belly ache." They call it supergastral aesthesia now. In a city house, it sounds better. Yet how we hung upon the doctor's good old Saxon term, yearning and hoping that it might be that.

But even as he growled the doctor had taken down a lantern from a hook, thrown on a huge, battered fur coat that doubled his size, and was putting medicines—a very shopful it seemed—into a leather case.

"Your horse is done up," he said. "We'll put my mare in. Come and give me a hand, Charlie."

He was his own hostler and stable-man, he and his burly son. Yet how quickly and quietly he moved, the lantern swinging on his arm, as he buckled the straps. "What kind of a damn fool tug is this you've got?" he would say.

Then, in a moment, as it seemed, out into the wind and snow again, the great figure of the doctor almost filling the seat of the cutter, the two of us crushed in beside him, with responsibility, the unbearable burden, gone from us, and renewed comfort in our hearts.

Little said on the way: our heads are bent against the storm; the long stride of the doctor's mare eats up the flying road.

Then as we near the farm house and see the light in the sick-room window, fear clutches our hearts again.

"You boys unhitch," says the doctor. "I'll go right in."

Presently, when we enter the house, we find that he is in the sick-room—the door closed. No word of comfort has come forth. He has sent out for hot blankets. The stoves are to be kept burning. We must sit up. We may be needed. That is all.

And there in that still room through the long night, he fights single-handed against Death. Behind him is no human help, no consultation, no wisdom of the colleges to call in; only his own unaided strength, and his own firm purpose and that strange instinct in the fight for a flickering life, that some higher power than that of colleges has planted deep within his soul.

So we watch through the night hours, in dull misery and fear, a phantom at the window pane; so must we wait till the slow morning shows dim and pale at the windows.

Then he comes out from the room. His face is furrowed with the fatigue of his long vigil. But as he speaks the tone of his voice is as that of one who has fought and conquered.

"There—he'll do now. Give him this when he wakes."

They tell me that, since then, the practice of medicine has been vastly improved. There are specialists now, I understand, for every conceivable illness and for every subdivision of it. If I fall ill, there is a whole battery of modern science to be turned upon me in a moment. There are X rays ready to penetrate me in all directions. I may have any and every treatment—hypnotic, therapeutic or thaumaturgic—for which I am able to pay.

But, oh, my friends! When it shall come to be my lot to be ill and stricken—in the last and real sense, with the Great Fear upon me, and the Dark Phantom at the Pane—then let some one go, fast and eager—though it be only in the paths of an expiring memory—fast and eager, through the driving snow to bring him to my bedside. Let me hear the sound of his hurrying sleighbells as he comes, and his strong voice without the door—and, if that may not be, then let me seem at least to feel the clasp of his firm hand to guide me without fear to the Land of Shadows, where he has gone before.

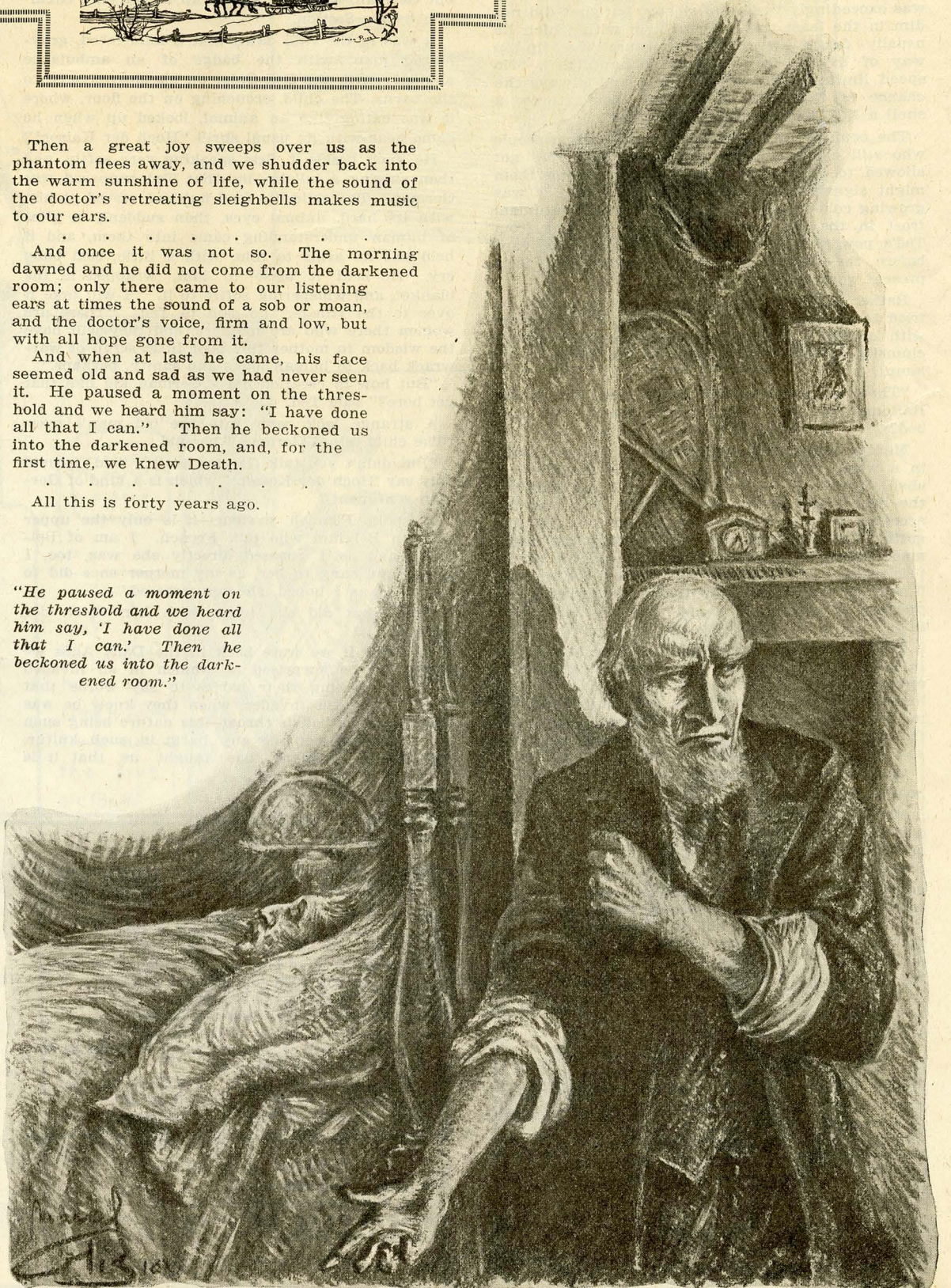
Then a great joy sweeps over us as the phantom flees away, and we shudder back into the warm sunshine of life, while the sound of the doctor's retreating sleighbells makes music to our ears.

And once it was not so. The morning dawned and he did not come from the darkened room; only there came to our listening ears at times the sound of a sob or moan, and the doctor's voice, firm and low, but with all hope gone from it.

And when at last he came, his face seemed old and sad as we had never seen it. He paused a moment on the threshold and we heard him say: "I have done all that I can." Then he beckoned us into the darkened room, and, for the first time, we knew Death.

All this is forty years ago.

"He paused a moment on the threshold and we heard him say, 'I have done all that I can.' Then he beckoned us into the darkened room."



The late afternoon sunshine was turning the whirling clouds of dust to the semblance of powdered gold, in the market place of a small town, "somewhere in France." A long way off there was the growling thunder of great guns, and close by the earth-shaking noise of a convoy of huge army motor lorries, taking their places to park for the night in the French square.

Darting between two of the big vans, came a sun-gilded cloud of dust, with at its base a motor cycle, driven by a cheerful young man, whose khaki dress, and face and hair, were alike covered with a thick layer of dust; only the blue and white arm-band of the cyclist showing faintly on one sleeve. On the carrier behind was a grimy sack holding a few toilet articles, sleeping blanket, and a dozen road maps. At the young man's belt a revolver was strapped, and a rifle was slung across his back. Such was the appearance of Ted Wilson, one time student-teacher in Ontario, and now a "Knight of the Road," with the army in Flanders.

Just stopping his machine to ask a question, he darted off again in another tall whirl of dust, then stopped at Headquarters to hand in the dispatches he carried. Then being dismissed till others were ready, he went out, first to look carefully over his machine, and then to answer the offers of hospitality that soldier men in the uniforms of a dozen different corps were making him.

"Thanks, awfully. Somewhere to wash first of all. Then some eats—yes, I've had a sixty mile run to-day. No, didn't get the chance of a feed since daylight this morning. I don't have a busy little commissariat chasing me round the country like you fellows have. And, for the love of Mike, will somebody tell me where the gasoline is kept? I've got to be on the road again in an hour, with forty odd miles to go before I get to my by-by to-night."

The sun had dipped below the horizon, and the cool dusk lay across the land, as Ted sped down the straight white road again. He was exceedingly tired and sleepy, but that did not dim in the least the cheerful grin with which he usually faced life. "This is sure the tip-top way of living," he soliloquised happily. "No speed limits to trip a fellow up, and always the chance of thrills if *les Boches* should throw a shell a little further than we expect."

The country was very dark, for the farm-people who still clung to their wrecked homes were not allowed to show lights, lest a spy among them might signal to an enemy's airship. And it was growing cold—there was the tingle of an autumnal frost in the air—when the pencil of light from Ted's powerful head-lamp fell at last on the yard before the barn where, his "section" had their present quarters.

Rather stiffly he got off his machine, but as he tried to get his blanket out, pulling at the straps with chilled fingers, a big, black rabbit, hopping clumsily on three legs, came into the gleam of his lamp.

"These are nice hours for you to keep, Emergency Rations," said Ted. "Why aren't you in your little bed?"

Months before, Ted had picked up a young rabbit in a wood, with its leg broken by a fragment of shell. They had not been able to save the limb, but the rabbit had grown big and fat, and was the accepted pet and property of the section. He had gotten his long name through having his hutch made from an empty case, that still had the words, "Emergency Rations," stencilled across its top, and it was very unusual to find him wandering about uneasily at midnight, instead of being fast asleep in it.

Ted followed the little animal to the hutch, and in the light of his lamp, he saw projecting from its opening what appeared to be the bones of a tiny human foot, covered with loose, grayish skin. After a moment's hesitation, Ted pulled at it gently, and from within the hutch came instantly an ear-splitting shriek of "Hoch der Kaiser!"

"For the love of Mike!" exclaimed Ted helplessly.

Men with lights and rifles came running out of the barn. "What is it? Ted Wilson, are you drunk or crazy?"

Then they saw the foot. It seemed impossible that anything human, and able to walk and talk, could have wedged itself into the rabbit's tiny home, but as it was there, the top of the hutch was knocked off, and a dirty skinful of bones was lifted out, screaming steadily in an expressionless voice, as if it had been a machine wound up to say those words and no other, "Hoch der Kaiser!"

None of the Section knew German, and the creature only answered questions in French and English with "Hoch der Kaiser!" glaring the while at the men with the eyes of a trapped baby wolf. It was a very tiny girl, but so unhuman in its dirt and starved nakedness that no one thought of it except as "It." Its parrot cry was stopped by giving it food, which it clawed at and bolted, nearly choked over, then recovering, gobbled some more, and went to sleep on Ted's blanket.

It was tucked in the warmest corner of the barn for the night, while Ted labored to convince an incredulous man at the other

HOCH DER KAISER

A War Story

By
E. A. TAYLOR

"Monsieur, tell your people to come, all of them, and help your England to break through quickly to us, for we die, we die."

end of a telephone wire that a German infant, or an infant that couldn't or wouldn't speak anything but German, had been picked up in starving condition by his Section.

It was in the chill dawn that a mild-faced, gray-haired man, with the badge of an ambulance auxiliary with the Red Cross on his sleeve, came to the barn. The child, crouching on the floor, where it was eating like an animal, looked up when he came near with its usual shrill "Hoch der Kaiser!"

He knelt beside it, first speaking very softly, and then singing a lullaby, in what Ted supposed was German. The child, its food finished, stared at him with its hard, animal eyes, then suddenly a glint of human understanding came into them, and it held out its arms to him, with a little, real baby cry. He held it close to him, wrapped in the blanket, and whispering softly to it. "I will take it over to the village," he said to Ted. "There are women there who are mothers, and they will have the wisdom to mother this poor little scrap of war-wrack back to human looks and sanity, perhaps."

"But how in creation did a German kid like that get here?" said Ted.

A strange look came into the old man's eyes. "The child is not German," he said.

"But didn't you talk German to it? And it could only say 'Hoch der Kaiser!' which is a kind of German sentiment."

"I spoke Flemish, m'sieur—it is only the upper class in Belgium who talk French. I am of Belgium, and as I guessed directly she was, too, I talked and sang to her, as my mother once did to me. And as I hoped, she remembered."

"But what did she mean with her 'Hoch der Kaiser'?"

"M'sieur, if we were back in the Dark Ages we might not be surprised at women in an invaded country teaching their babies to say words that might please the invader, when they knew he was liable to cut a baby's throat—his nature being such that he could not see any harm in such kultur. And to-day Germany has taught us that it is

possible for a nation to revert to the abysmal brute."

He went away with the child then, and Ted did not smile as he looked across to where the enemy's lines stretched, on the heart of Belgium.

It was a few days later, when the first snow of the season had covered the country with a thin coating of white, that Ted and a companion cyclist, Bert Finch, found themselves speeding down a long road between two lines of tall, bare trees. On the one side the country stretched away white and empty, but on the other some low wooded hills rose a short distance off. They had heard rumors of scouting parties of the enemy near where they were travelling, but still they were startled to see a body of perhaps sixty motor cyclists, in the grey of the enemy's uniform, coming as if to meet them.

They themselves had not been seen, they knew, and it was the work of an instant to leave the road and make for the cover of the woods. But Ted was thinking quickly—the snow would show their tell-tale trail, as soon as the enemy reached where they had left the road. Swiftly he passed his dispatches and maps to Bert, cutting short his objections—both could not escape, and one must, and Ted, as the senior, claimed the right to sacrifice himself.

Unwillingly Bert carried and dragged his heavy machine up the hill path, among the thick bushes, hoping to strike another road beyond, which his maps showed him, while Ted waited silently among the screening trees, watching the first men of the enemy that he had really seen.

They came on with little noise, for the loudly audible exhaust is not convenient in war, riding two and two, with an officer in the middle of the party. Ted noted with a professional interest that most of the machines carried two men—one on the carrier, as well as the driver—while a few had a deadly little machine gun, instead of the second man, and all carried rifles and revolvers.

The column halted suddenly when they saw the marks that showed other cyclists had left the road. Naturally they looked towards the woods, but directly a shout from their own rear caused everyone to turn, in time to see Ted mount the machine, which he had carried away past them, and vanish round a curve in the road.

Lying forward on his flying cycle, Ted heard the heavy rush of the enemy as they followed after him, and then came the whistle of rifle bullets passing his head. But he held on at his highest speed, for every minute of the pursuit drew them further from Bert. He was even beginning to wonder if he might possibly outspeed them himself and escape, when a bullet smacked into his rear tire, ripping it. "All in the day's work," said Ted, as he stopped and, jumping off, held up his hands.

In a minute they were around him, some questioning him sharply and searching for papers, while others went on to find the second cyclist, and when they came back without him, Ted told the truth of his escape. He had been questioned in English, but he did not need to know German to understand the guttural threats that went with the black looks cast upon him. But the column was evidently in haste, so he was hurriedly mounted on a carrier, and then found himself rushing away through the gathering dark, a prisoner.

It was a tired young man who got down, when the column halted, at dawn, far inside the enemy's lines. Here he was questioned again, and giving no satisfaction, was hustled roughly on board a cattle car side-tracked near.

It was evil-smelling and dark inside, and packed with men, all standing up and crowded together like cattle. Ted found himself jammed between a man who groaned and lamented in a language he did not know and another who said wearily in French, "And where are you from, comrade?"

Ted told him, then added: "I suppose you are French prisoners of war?"

"No, we are Belgian prisoners of peace—a peace 'made in Germany.'"

There was a violent bump as the train started off, jolting across war-blasted Belgium, where ragged women toiled wearily in the frosty fields, tending beasts and carrying burdens under the eye of the invader task-master.

Again Ted's neighbor cried out distressfully, and the other man said: "Poor Jan Kwik. I fear he annoys you, monsieur, but you see he has gone mad. You do not understand? Have you not heard how Germany has re-established the slave-trade in Europe? Two years ago there was death and pillage and burning—they said they were making civilized war, and Christian Germany gave unctuous consent to all they did. To-day, because of our passive resistance to everything German, they are resolved to extirpate us. First they stripped our land of copper and oil, then requisitioned parts of all the machinery in our factories, which stopped the most of our industries. Then our mines were closed down—some of them were at Aertseleer, where Jan Kwik was a miner, and I was an engineer. We had little enough; we could not have lived this long without the aid of the Relief Commission. Then this fall two-thirds of the

(Continued on page 59.)

WHAT MAN IS BRAVE

That man is brave, who at the nod of fate,
Will lay his life a willing offering down.
That those who loved him may know length of days;
May stay a while upon this pleasant earth
Drinking its gladness and its vigor in,
Though he himself lie silent ever more.
Dead to the gentle calling of the Spring,
Dead to the warmth of Summer, wrapt in dream so deep
So far, that never dreamer yet
Has waked to tell his dream. Men there may be
Who, careless of its worth, toss life away
A counter in some feverish game of chance,
Or, stranger yet, will sell it day by day for toys to play
with;
But a man who knows the love of life
And holds it dear and good,
Prizing each moment—yet will let it go
That others still may keep the precious thing—
He is the truly brave.

LONDON IN UNIFORM

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF

ESTELLE M. KERR,
CHAUFFEUSE.

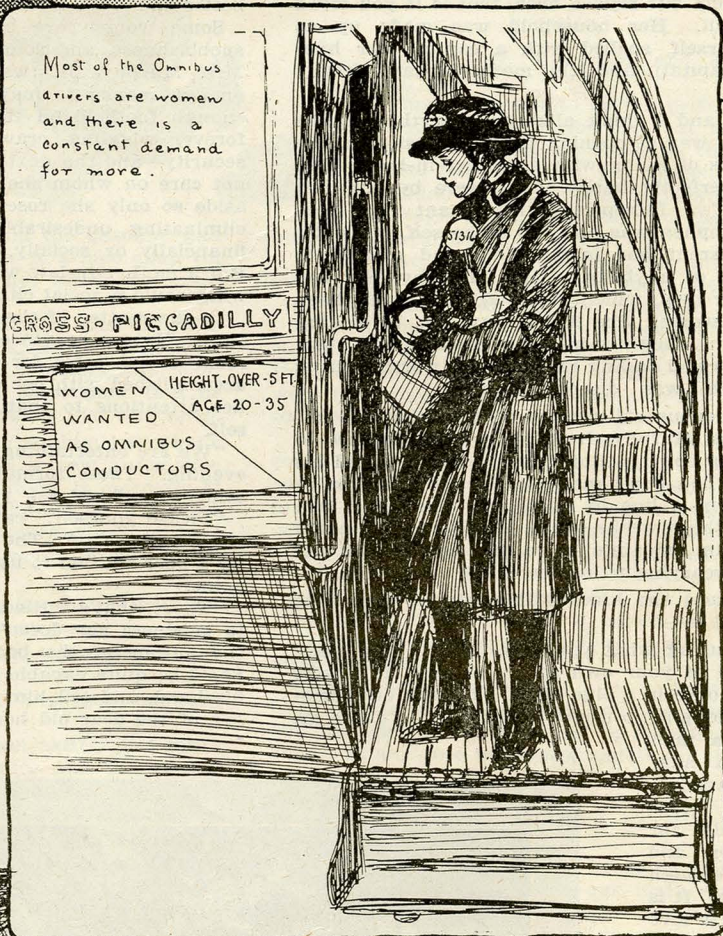


The Chauffeuses
in the Womens Army
Auxiliary Corps wear
khaki. One of the pleasant-
est of their home service
jobs is to drive for
The Royal Flying Corps

THE sketches on this page have just arrived from Paris, where Estelle Kerr, our well-known Canadian artist and writer, has gone to drive an ambulance. Although exceedingly busy, Miss Kerr found time while in London to make these interesting sketches in order that Canadians might know a little of the dauntless spirit that prevails in England.

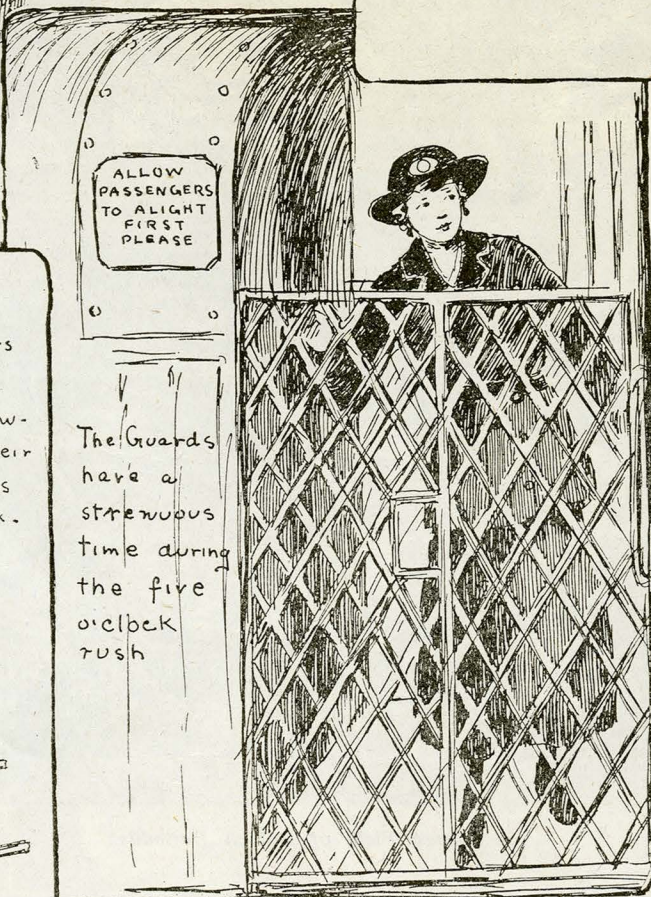


The little Telegraph and messenger girls always seem to hunt in couples, - they really ought to be in school! The Post girls are older but wear the same uniform - blue with red piping.



Most of the Omnibus drivers are women and there is a constant demand for more.

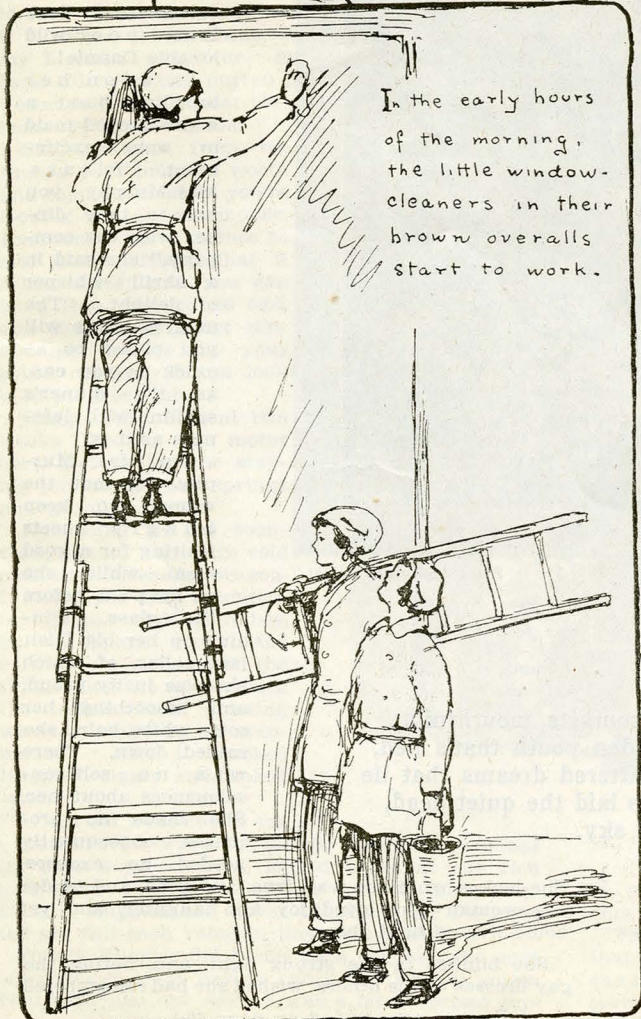
CROSS-PICCADILLY
WOMEN WANTED AS OMNIBUS CONDUCTORS
HEIGHT OVER 5 FT
AGE 20-35



ALLOW PASSENGERS TO ALIGHT FIRST PLEASE

The Guards have a strenuous time during the five o'clock rush

Whatever uniform she may be wearing the London girl seldom forgets her earrings.



In the early hours of the morning, the little window-cleaners in their brown overalls start to work.



In the slack hours of the morning, the Tube must be swept.

In the Underground and Omnibuses, the uniforms are blue with white pipings.

One of Jean Blewett's Sweetest Stories

Hester Murphy's Mother-in-Law

And How Happiness Came Again Into Her Life

Mrs. Murphy, Jr., was not a nice person, or a kind person, or a big-hearted person. We would rather she did not come into this story at all, but being a story of things which really happened we have to take people as we find them.

Besides, if Mrs. Murphy, Jr., had been a different type of woman, Dr. Lewes, poet-preacher, and one of Canada's most popular educationists, might not have dined at her table, and there might have been no story. Her toadying instincts made her lie in wait for lions. Thus she secured the poet-preacher and thus too, gave the dearest mother-in-law who ever spoke with the suspicion of a brogue the happiest surprise of a lifetime.

Mrs. Murphy, Jr., had no children, a fact you could not help but rejoice over, that is if you loved children well. Her household was made up as follows: Herself, spelled with a capital, her husband (no capital), and the mother-in-law already referred to.

"Stephen and I think alike on everything," was her favorite way of opening up a discussion on the aggravations of living with a mother-in-law. "We would be perfectly happy if we were by our own two selves." Interpreted this meant that poor spineless Stephen was an echo of herself, while his maternal parent had individuality and refused to be an echo of anybody. Mrs. Murphy, Sr., had ideas of her own, which was bad, and aired them, which was worse. She had a way, too, of looking her handsome daughter-in-law over—a sort of summing her up and finding the total not worth putting down—which was disconcerting.

"A mischievous old woman, that is what she is," snapped Mrs. Murphy, Jr., after she had listened to the following conversation between Stephen and his mother: "You don't mean to tell me that you've never written a line in answer to the letter Dan sent ye all those weeks ago? Ah, Steve, how could ye? And him explainin' to ye that he was sick and poor, and wearying to see us all!"

"Hester said the kindest thing to do was take no notice of —"

"Who's caring what your wife said? Man, have ye no mind of your own at all, at all? If I were you, Steve, once in a blue moon I'd speak out something I'd thought up myself and forget to quote me wife. Be a man first and a husband afterwards—it was a good enough rule for your father, and it's a good enough rule for you. It is that. Even if love does blind you it has no business getting a corner on your common sense."

"You never get Hester's viewpoint, or —"

"Oh, but I do; that's where the mischief is," she broke in, with the sad, soft laugh of one with more memories than happiness.

"You are invariably unjust to her," he continued. "Why should she be expected to burden herself with my ne'er-do-well brother? She didn't marry the whole family."

"And when," said Mrs. Murphy, Jr., in recounting the other's sins to a bosom friend, "the coarse old woman exclaimed: 'Steve, Steve, if you must be a poll parrot learn a new tune! Sure, it's under Hester's thumb you are entirely;' that perfect dear of a Stephen made no retort, merely leaving the room, slamming the door behind him, while she broke into a temper, sniffing and wailing about 'Dan—dear Danny who loved her, her own wild but tender-hearted Dan who would gladly make her a home if he had a dollar to do it with. Some day, he would come for her, some day. God keep him!' and a whole lot more of her Irish foolishness. Then and there I should have ordered her 'o leave my house, but' with a sigh for her own

patience and long suffering. 'I'm too easy with her always, besides she was embroidering—the one thing in the world she excels in, my dear—the tablecloth I am to use on the occasion of my dinner to Dr. Lewes. I expect that dinner will be a talked-of affair. There are so few social things given these dull old war times, for one thing, and for another, my dinner will take the shine off anything I've yet attempted. I intend to let myself go for once.'

She did—and she went too far.

She was not partial to preachers as preachers, or to poets as poets, poor as Job's turkey most of them, but a successful combination of the two, ah, that was different. She loved the people whose pictures appeared in papers—the more appearances the better she loved them.

Some women are born snobbish, some achieve snobbishness, and some have it thrust upon them. Mrs. Murphy, Jr., was all three. She had just enough money to make her long for more. Just enough foothold on the social ladder to keep her forever wiggling, crawling, climbing in search of security—and the next rung of the ladder. She did not care on whom she stepped, or who was pushed aside so only she rose a little. She had a way of eliminating undesirable friends, folks who failed financially or socially, all who stood in her way. But a mother-in-law who refused to be eliminated—what could a social climber do with her?

In the matter of the dinner she managed beautifully. Having convinced Stephen that there was no room at the table for his mother—which feat she accomplished with her accustomed ease—she turned her attentions to that troublesome individual herself.

"We are entertaining an eminent man on Monday evening. These formal things are dreadfully tiresome. I will not ask you to come down."

"Please yourself," came the ready response, "and you'll please me." The tone was not the proper one for a poor relation to use towards the mistress of the home.

"There, that's settled," she told Stephen. "I hope to goodness she doesn't discover that our guest is the author of the book of verse she swears by. She'd be quite capable of following him in to shake his hand, and tell him which of his poems 'minded her of the dear old home—dear old barracks I call

it—and which made her think of Dan till she couldn't drink her tea for crying into the cup."

So cleverly does she mimic the words and tones of Mrs. Murphy, Sr., that Stephen's brow clouds a trifle. "After all, she's my mother," he ventured. "If she hadn't worked so hard to keep a roof over our heads after father's death, she'd have had more time to study etiquette and polish up in."

"There, there, you know what she's like, dear." Hester's tone was tender, her expression an injured one. "We can't have her usurping the attention of—of others, telling foolish stories of other days, confiding her belief that Dan was a good boy at heart and will turn out the flower o' the flock yet. Oh! you never can tell where she'll stop when she begins on the nice old neighbors, especially the ones who lived just 'forninst the Murphys—what does 'forninst mean? Sure, it means the same as opposite and has a better sound to it.' One couldn't stand for all that, Stephen. If she would only subside—but what's the use? She won't subside, and she won't stop raking up the old hard-up times and glorying in them. It makes it hard for me. Why, do you know, someone sent her a snapshot of the house and she put it in the big Bible for safe keeping. Almost like sacrilege, I say."

To her surprise, he did not agree with her on the instant. "Perhaps to her the house where we were all born seems next door to heaven. The mother-heart—"

"Mother fiddlesticks!" she burst out sharply. "Anyway I'll see to it that she's kept in the background Monday eve."

It is not the best thing for a woman, even a good woman, to get her own way right along, and when it's a Mrs. Murphy, Jr., the oftener her schemes go awry the happier for all concerned. A fall, quite a tumble in fact, was due the lady, and she got it.

On Monday evening Mrs. Murphy, Jr., in a dinner dress of palest green which suited her fair hair and milk-white skin to perfection, low necked of course to allow of a proper display of the new pearl necklace, welcomed her guests in the drawing room.

At the same hour Mrs. Murphy, Sr., in her old black gown, was at the window of her room, a back one, watching the pale twilight steal over the outside world. She was sad, so sad the tears stood in her brave but faded blue eyes. She was a woman with

a passion for home and she had no home; a woman with a big mothering heart, and of all her flock, there was none left to mother. If only Dan—but Dan was in a far country, and oh me! oh my! it must be bitter hard to be a prodigal and have neither home nor father nor feast of welcome to come to! Poor Dan! poor wild lovable Dannie!

In upon her brooding burst a white-capped maid in some excitement. "Please, Mrs. Murphy, you are to take dinner with the company," she said in a shrill whisper of delight. "The mistress says will you please be as quick as you can, as the dinner's spoilin' with lateness as it is."

Our Mrs. Murphy was not the woman to keep hungry guests waiting for a good meal while she primped before the glass. Pinning on her big Irish lace collar, of which she was justly proud, and smoothing her soft, white hair, she sallied down. There was no self-consciousness about her. She made no pretences, consequently needed no excuses.

She looked what she was, true, and good, and tender—a woman who loved joy and laughter, and yet could live without them.

She blinked in the strong light, and, noting the gay dresses of the others, wished she had remembered



A Sussex Field of Golden Daffodils

From "Saturday Night."

IN DAFFODIL TIME

They need no dirge, for Springtime fills
All things with tribute unto them;
The music of the daffodils
Shall be a soldier's requiem,
Among a thousand hills.

Blow! golden trumpets, mournfully,
For all the golden youth that's fled,
For all the shattered dreams that lie
Where God has laid the quiet dead,
Under an alien sky.

But blow triumphant music, too,
Across the world from sea to sea,
Because the heart of youth was true,
Because our England proved to be
Even greater than we knew.

Mildred Huxley, in Springfield "Republican."

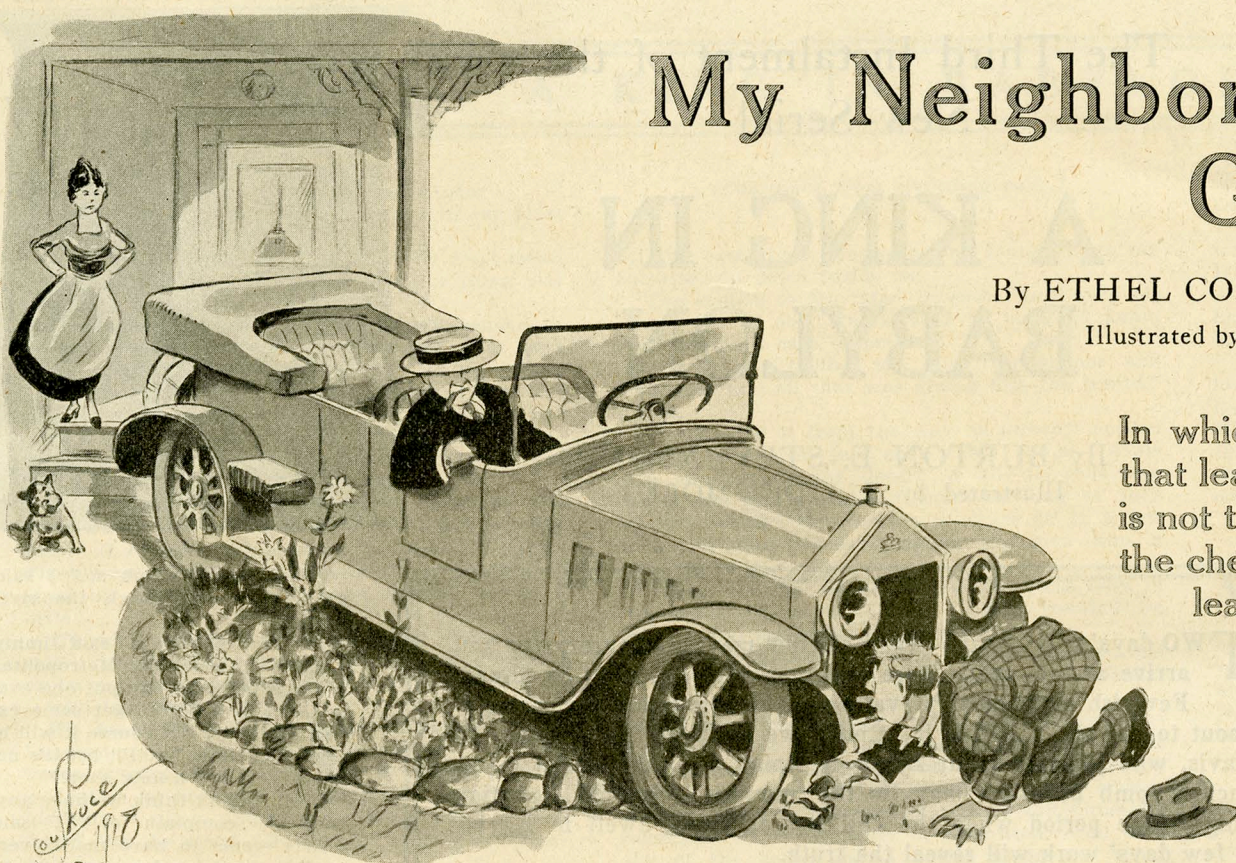
(Continued on page 60.)

My Neighbor's Gas Wagon

By ETHEL CODY STODDARD

Illustrated by LOU SKUCE

In which Ruggles discovers that learning to drive a car is not the unalloyed pleasure the cheerful salesman might lead one to believe.



"I shall telephone for the police," screamed the owner of the house. "I wish to heavens you would," growled Ruggles, coming up from somewhere under the car.

WHEN my friend Ruggles informed me in a state-secret tone that he intended to buy an automobile, I promptly became chesty over the prospective purchase. Having always had a sneaking as well as an openly confessed desire to own a honk wagon, and not observing any such prospect looming on my particular horizon, the next best thing would be to have a neighbor who owned one.

Ruggles and I were pretty good friends (I say were, advisedly). That is to say, we swapped cigars and car tickets; he used my lawn-mower, and I gave our grass a near-rain with his good-in-most-places hose. Our children climbed the line fence, and did joint damage to our respective gardens, and all went well—usually.

"Rasher, I'm going to buy an automobile," Ruggles announced in a plutocratic tone one evening as we rode home together on a street car.

I rose to the occasion like a bass to the proper bait, and expressed round-eyed surprise, and offered congratulations. My efforts pleased him so mightily that he asked me to go and look at a special brand of cars the next afternoon.

If I had detected any patronage in his manner, I would not have agreed to go with him. But Ruggles was as tickled as a puppy with a piece of rubber hose to shake, over the prospect of parting with a thousand or so of his hard-earned plunks, so if he didn't object, I couldn't.

Then again, I was emulating the wise old owl, because there floated ahead of me visions of myself sitting on the front seat of Ruggles' car and trying to look to the ordinary walk-all-the-time people as if I owned the machine, while Ruggles was only my bloomin' chauffeur. So I patted him on the back till he nearly purred himself off the seat, and we made it up to meet the following afternoon and look over gas-wagons.

Say, take it from me there's your money's worth and then some when you're looking for an automobile. Everyone with machines to sell is so buttery that it fairly oozes; and you can have free rides to no end, and indulge in short millionaire dreams to your soul's content, if you look wise long enough.

Ruggles and I spent two weeks looking at motor cars, and testing the staying powers of their springs and gasoline tanks.

Not being on the soon-ready list to part with cold cash for a pleasure wagon, I didn't pay any attention to gears and clutches, valves, spark plugs and carburetors, or any of the things that go along with the tonneau and steering wheel to make up an automobile. No, I smoked Ruggles' cigars and looked wise.

When we went out to try a machine, I always sat on the rear seat, snubbed my poor acquaintances, looked bored at the rich ones, and generally enjoyed myself immensely. Even if Ruggles had never bought a car I'd have had my full cash value in those two weeks.

Finally Ruggles did decide on a car, and the next thing was to learn how to run it and keep it going. That took just one day. I was a bit surprised my-

self over his striking the gasoline gait so quickly. Ruggles is a nice chap (in spots), but I did not know his brain room was crowded.

It was the second day after Ruggles had decided on a smart five-passenger car, with everything up-to-date, including the color, and a powder-puff for the lady passengers, that he called me up and told me to be ready that afternoon.

I was game, though I had my doubts; but what's a few of them where a ride in a new automobile with Ruggles acting as chauffeur is concerned? My chance to be a real "toff" had come. After the Ruggles family got their eyelashes glued to that car, it was likely that Rasher would be left to air his heels at home.

So I told Ruggles that I was his till the gasoline ran out, and was at the garage on time.

"Sure you understand the blamed thing?" I asked him.

"What d' take me for?" he answered, chewing hard on his cigar.

"They have been known to get skittish," I murmured as he turned on the juice and the engine began to sing like a mad grasshopper.

We swung out of the garage like we were due to see the first half of a doubtful horse-race, and I held my breath for a moment or two.

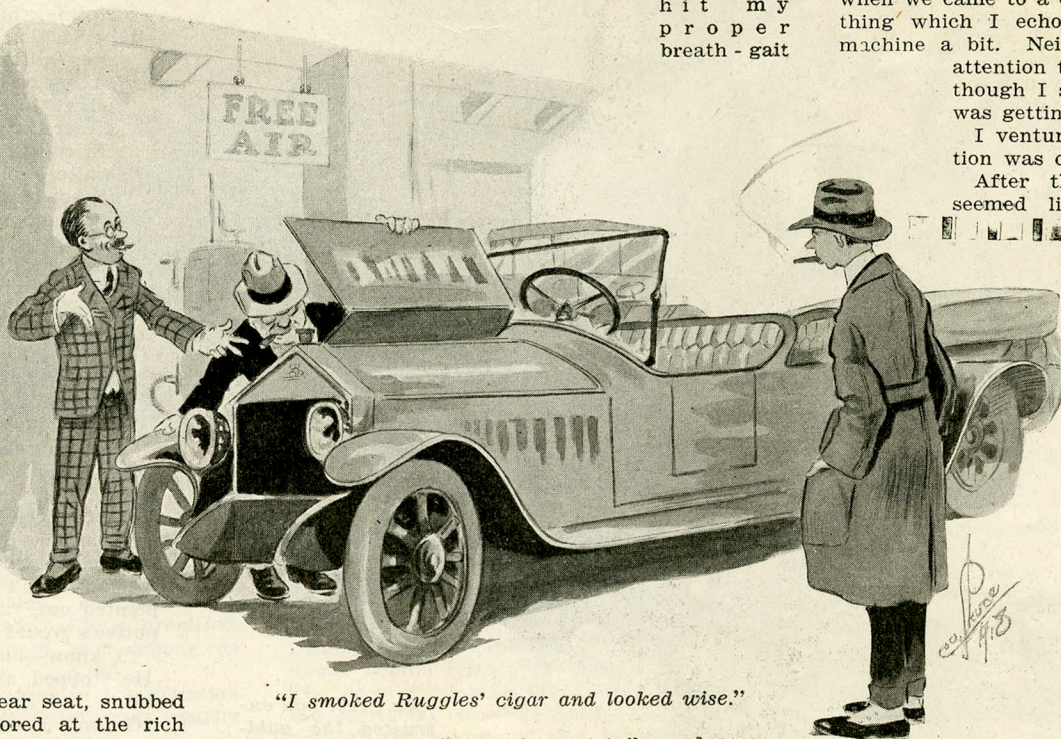
"Ain't she runnin' dandy?" chortled Ruggles as we missed the toes of a street sweeper, and drove two women back to the sidewalk. "I tell you, Rasher, this game's worth the money."

I agreed gingerly as we bowled along, that is, it seemed like bowling because the people got out of our way like they'd been bowled over.

"We'll go out on the River Road a little way," Ruggles announced, and I agreed thankfully. Never before had I noticed the persistence with which people crossed streets as they did that afternoon, and they all seemed to wait till we hove in sight.

The River Road is, as you know, bounded on one side by a series of arrogantly genteel houses, and on the other by a boulevard and the river. It

looked fairly safe, and I hit my proper breath-gait



"I smoked Ruggles' cigar and looked wise."

as we edged a policeman's coat-tails and swung onto it.

There's a breed of cussedness born in hats that only pops out once in a while; the sleeping one in mine woke up on that River Road. We were scorning the low spots when my hat slipped its

grip on my bald spot and sailed behind us.

Ruggles meant to be the perfect gentleman; he stopped the car, but too soon—for me. Having his hands on the steering wheel anchored him, but without warning I found myself trying to look backward through the windshield, and there was a

horribly painful dent in my vest.

Ruggles cackled as I crumpled, but there wasn't even a near-relative to a smile about me.

"Awfully sorry, old man," he chuckled.

When I got back I had my bruises counted up to eleven. I got into the car stiffly and waited. Ruggles hit everything in sight, but the car wouldn't budge. I was too bruised to say anything, so kept mum and grinned with my back teeth.

Once more Ruggles went over all the handles he could find, and stepped on everything in sight, and on the second last handle struck something that meant business. The only thing wrong with its intentions was a backward gait. Ruggles swore rather mildly for him, and monkeyed with the wheel with the result that we chased backward over one of the lawns of the genteel series.

"Going to make a call?" I asked as we ripped through a flower bed and made for some perfectly good front steps.

Ruggles was wise enough not to answer. Perhaps it was because he was too busy, or that he had just discovered the secret of stopping the machine; at any rate we paused quietly at the foot of the steps.

A bulldog, with the whites of his eyes threatening to turn red, greeted us, and I was thankful that we were well boxed in.

Suddenly the door of the house opened, and a voice, so acid that it made our teeth quiver, requested information as to our spite against the flower bed.

It not being my car, I felt it was up to Ruggles to explain, if he could. But he was too busy yanking levers and stepping on things to care who spoke. And anyhow, between the roars of the bulldog and the chugging of the engine, I doubt if he heard. I sat pat and hung on to my lid, and tried not to show how well my dentist had done up my front teeth.

Then Ruggles did something foolish with the half-circle on the steering wheel, and the machine mysteriously shot off and left the bulldog and the woman on the steps, to crowd the atmosphere with noise.

We had successfully demolished a rose bush when we came to a dead stop. Ruggles said something which I echoed, but it didn't stir up the machine a bit. Neither one of us paid any real

attention to the row going on behind us, though I sort of inwardly sensed that it was getting worse all the time.

I ventured to ask Ruggles if his ignition was on, but he didn't answer.

After that we sat there for what seemed like over night, till Ruggles finally suggested that, since it was through my blamed hat blowing off that all the trouble had started, I had better do something.

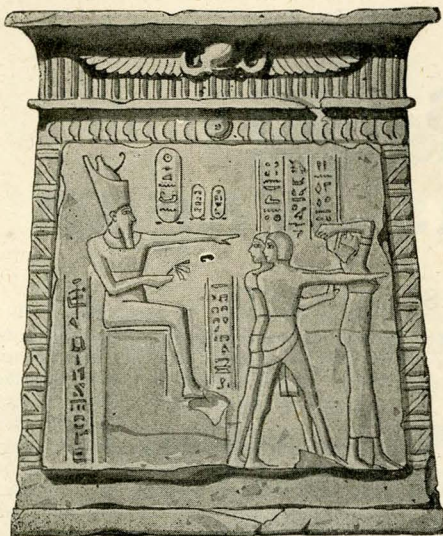
I suggested trying the starter again, but he couldn't for the moment seem to remember its location. He was plum dazed and didn't dare unglue his eyes from the steering wheel, so I went on a still hunt for the thing.

After I had plowed up everything in sight, Ruggles suggested that I get out and push the machine down toward the street and maybe it would crank itself—said they were known to do that.

I looked at the bulldog and his bloodshot eyes, then at Ruggles. He followed me, but not sympathetically.

Then I had an idea. "Are all the brakes off?"

(Continued on page 43.)



The Third Instalment of the New Serial

A KING IN BABYLON

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE



CHAPTER XI.

MUSTAFA awakened us an hour before dawn. He had coffee ready, and while we drank it, the natives struck the tent and loaded the camels and shouldered their packs, and presently we were streaming away eastward again. The horizon ahead of us was a dull gray; but gradually it brightened to pearl, then flushed to a faint rose, then to yellow and gold. The desert changed color, too—from gray to a yellowish-brown, marked with livid marblings where the sand folded into waves—and always on every side it seemed ready to rush down upon us and overwhelm us.

Mustafa finally gave the signal to stop for breakfast, and our native cook served us a surprisingly appetizing meal; and then we pressed on again. For an hour or two, the heat was scarcely noticeable; then, as the sun climbed higher, it grew more and more oppressive, till at last Creel protested.

"I don't think we ought to be riding under this sun," he said to Davis. "Some of us will have a heat-stroke."

"If we stop now we will lose a day," Davis protested.

"We'd better lose a day than lose our lives," said Creel. "I think we ought to stop."

"Very well," Davis assented, but he did not look pleased. I could see that, if left to himself, he would have cracked the whip over the whole outfit and hurried us on. Those ruins were calling him!

He signalled to Mustafa; the caravan halted; the natives dropped their packs with alacrity; some shelters were run up, and under them we drowsed till late afternoon. Then we were off again, stopping only for dinner at sunset, and it was very late before we camped for the night.

We had all of us grown a little moody during the day—or perhaps reflective would be a better word. At any rate, there had been little attempt at talk; we had ridden along in silence, singly; and now, when we dismounted, instead of lingering around the basket of fruit which one of the servants set before us, we scattered as soon as we decently could. My own impulse was to get away for a quiet smoke before turning in; and I had just settled myself comfortably in the sand when I was surprised, and not too well pleased, to see some one coming toward me. I lay still, hoping he would go past, but he evidently caught sight of me, for he altered his course a little, and came straight on. Then I saw that it was Jimmy.

"Hello!" he said. "I saw you coming out this way. You don't mind if I sit down?"

"Of course not," I protested.

"I thought I'd like a little talk," he said, and sat down and filled his pipe, and for a moment smoked in silence, staring out across the sand.

"Tired?" I asked at last, by way of starting things.

"No—not so very. But it's hard on the women."

"Mlle. Roland seems to stand it all right," I remarked.

"Yes—I wasn't thinking of her. Thank heaven there's only one more day of it!"

"I rather like it," I

TWO days' trip into the desert and the moving picture party will arrive at the oasis where the "masterpiece" is to be filmed. Feverish excitement prevails and the belief that something is about to happen. In this instalment we learn of the ambition of Davis, who joins them at Luxor to finish his excavations in an ancient tomb in which may lie the mummy of an old Egyptian king of the period when the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt. A few days' work will reveal the truth.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters on Page Fourteen

said. "It's new and interesting. Listen to that, now!"

From the camp of the fellahin, a short distance away, came a low chanting, as though they were trying to sing themselves to sleep.

"I know," he assented; "but all the same, the more I think about it, the more foolish it seems to travel away out here to the middle of the desert in order to get a location. There must be dozens of places along the river which would have done just as well."

for a moment longer he fought shy of it.

"There's something in the air—in the silence—in all this vast emptiness that gives me the jumps. I can't sleep. Every time I lie down, I have a sensation as though the sand was going to pour down on me and bury me. I seem to be suffocating."

"Oh, you'll get used to it," I said hopefully.

"I hope so. The sensation isn't pleasant. And I hope I won't see any more ghosts," he added.

"Ghosts!" I echoed, staring at him.

"Look here, Billy," he said, edging closer and lowering his voice, "I haven't breathed a word of this to anybody, and for a while I thought I wouldn't, but it's been worrying me, and at last I decided to tell you. Don't think me a fool."

"Go ahead," I said, as he stopped. "Let's hear about it."

"Last night," he went on slowly, "as I lay on my back, staring up at the sky, something came and stood beside me."

The chill in the air seemed suddenly to deepen. I shivered a little and snuggled closer into the sand.

"What was it?" I asked.

"I don't know what it was. I hadn't heard any sound, and I didn't know anything was there till its face came in between me and the stars."

"An Egyptian face?"

"I couldn't see; it seemed to be covered with a dark cloth or something."

"Sure you weren't dreaming?" I suggested.

"Yes. I wasn't sleepy. I was lying there with my eyes wide open. And suddenly that face peered down at me . . ."

He stopped, puffing moodily at his pipe.

"Go on," I said, at last. "What happened?"

"Nothing happened. It hung there for an instant looking down at me, and I could see its eyes glittering; and then it disappeared. I sat up and looked around, but it wasn't anywhere in sight. I couldn't understand that, either, for the moon made it as bright as day. There was the women's tent standing out white and clear on one side, and the empty desert on the other . . ."

He stopped as he saw the expression on my face.

"Could it have gone into the tent?" I asked.

"I thought of that, and sat there and listened. But the women slept right on . . ."

I sat up and knocked out my pipe against the heel of my shoe.

"We must tell Davis at once," I said. "This is pretty serious."

"There's no use to alarm the women . . ."

"We'll not alarm them—they don't need to know. But we can't have any of the natives prowling around their tent."

"Yes," agreed Jimmy; "that's the only sensible explanation—but somehow it doesn't satisfy me. It didn't look like a native."

"You didn't see anything but the head," I pointed out, "and that was wrapped up just as a native's would have been."

"I know—but there was a perfume . . ."

He stopped abruptly and stared out across the sand.

"Go on," I said impatiently. "What sort of perfume?"

"You'll laugh at me, Billy," he said, "but I'll swear it was the odor of grave-clothes, of opened tombs . . ."

(Continued on following page.)



"Ma Creel had entrusted the guidance of her donkey to a boy, and was jogging placidly along, under a white umbrella, the only real philosopher in the lot of us."

He stopped again, and I could see his lips trembling.

"Oh, come!" I protested. "What do you know about the odor of grave-clothes? You're letting your imagination run away with you. The natives have an odor . . ." "Yes; I've noticed it. But it wasn't in the least like that!"

"Now, look here, Jimmy," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that you seriously believe this thing was a ghost?"

"No," he answered slowly, "I don't believe in ghosts—at least I didn't until last night. But anything seems possible here!"

"The dead are just as dead in Egypt as they are anywhere," I pointed out. "Your ghost was a native prowling around to see if he could steal something—or do some other mischief. Just get that firmly in your head, will you?"

"But where did he go?" Jimmy persisted, his voice a little shrill. "How could he disappear like that? If I'd seen him slinking away—but I didn't! There was nothing in sight—absolutely nothing—I stood up to make sure—I even walked around a little . . ."

"These natives are up to all sorts of tricks," I said. "He may have dropped behind a sand ridge—or he may have ducked under the tent. Come on—we'll tell Davis."

We found Davis, after some searching, sitting hunched up by himself, with his arms around his knees, staring away to the east, as though by concentration he hoped to see what was happening to his beloved ruins; and we sat down beside him, and I told him the story. He listened with close attention.

"It was undoubtedly one of the natives," he agreed, "though I have never known anything of the sort to happen before."

"You don't mean to say no Egyptian will steal?" I asked.

"Oh, no; they're no more honest than other people. But what good would it do to steal anything out here? If the thief tried to leave the caravan, he'd die in the desert; and if he didn't leave it, he'd be discovered as soon as anything was missed, for all the natives would be searched. They all know that."

"Then what was his object?"

"I don't know," and Davis pulled his white beard thoughtfully. "In fact, I'd say it wasn't a native at all, if there was any other possible explanation."

"Jimmy is inclined to think it was a ghost," I said jokingly. "He says it smelled of grave-clothes. Of course, he is a connoisseur of grave-clothes."

But Davis didn't appear amused. Instead, he looked at Jimmy quickly.

"What sort of odor was it?" he asked.

"I can't just describe it," said Jimmy, slowly; "a sort of musty, spicy smell—a smell I somehow associate with mummies—though I don't know that I ever smelled a mummy. They're always in tight glass cases—all I ever saw . . ."

His voice trailed away, and he left the sentence unfinished. Instead of laughing at him, as I expected, Davis sat silent, plucking at his beard, and staring at the horizon. And poor Jimmy, crouching there, filtering the sand nervously between his fingers, and hungering for a word of comfort—and not getting it! At last I could stand it no longer.

"You don't mean to say you think it was a ghost!" I protested impatiently.

"Oh, no," Davis answered quietly; but there was something in his voice—a sort of undercurrent—I had never noticed there before. "It was one of the natives without a doubt. But his object puzzles me."

"There are the women," I suggested. But Davis shook his head decidedly.

"It had nothing to do with them," he said. "I know these Egyptians. But I'll see Mustafa."

As he started to rise, Jimmy caught his arm.

"We mustn't alarm the women," he said.

"I'll tell no one but Mustafa," Davis promised. "The whole thing had better be kept among us three."

He disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the camp. After a moment Jimmy rose wearily and brushed the sand from his trousers.

"I'm going to turn in," he said. "I'm dead tired. Are you coming?"

"No," I said; "I think I'll smoke another pipe."

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night," I answered, and watched him as he walked away.

A KING IN BABYLON

(Continued from preceding page.)

Davis came back presently, and somewhat to my surprise, sat down beside me.

"I've spoken to Mustafa," he said; "he'll keep his eyes open. I don't think we'll be bothered again—unless it's a case of nerves."

"Jimmy was telling me that the silence and emptiness and all that was giving him the jumps," I said.

"I suspected it from the way he talked," nodded Davis. "I've seen just such cases before. Some men can't stand the desert at all—they develop mania and get worse and worse as long as they stay in Egypt. With others it wears off in a few days. If he's bothered again, I'll give him a sedative."

"What was the use of coming away out here in the desert, anyway?" I asked. "Why couldn't we have stayed somewhere near the river?"

Davis straightened out his legs and cleared his throat, as though suddenly called upon to defend himself.

"The place we're going to," he said, "is, as I understand it, the exact background Mr. Creel wants for his picture. He'll not be disappointed—I can promise you that—and it has this further advantage, that he can rearrange things to suit himself—something he would never be permitted to do with any of the better-known places along the river. I'm going to help with the picture all I can. But I don't need to pretend to you—I don't pretend to anybody—that it's the picture which interests me most."

"What does interest you most?"

"The solution of the greatest riddle in Egyptian history," he answered, his voice suddenly hoarse with emotion. "Between the twelfth and the eighteenth dynasties there is a gap of five centuries on which we have scarcely a single ray of light. It was during those five centuries that Egypt was ruled by the so-called Hyksos, or shepherd-kings—Arabs, probably. The period extends roughly from twenty-two hundred to seventeen hundred years before Christ. And it was during that period, according to the Bible narrative, that the Children of Israel were in bondage here; that Joseph was overlord at the court of Pharaoh; that the seven years' famine occurred—and all the rest of it. If we can unearth the records of that period, we will prove or disprove the Bible story."

"And you expect to unearth them out here in the desert?" I asked incredulously.



"I sat up and looked around, but it wasn't anywhere in sight."

"I think it possible," he answered gravely.

"But," I stammered; "but I don't see . . ."

"The records of those five hundred years," Davis explained, "even the names of the shepherd-kings, were destroyed by the native kings who came after them, who were determined that not a single memento should remain of that period of alien rule. The great Sphinx in the Louvre, the Bagdad lion, the sacrificial stone at Gizeh—all these were covered by the records of that period; and they were all chiselled away so carefully that scarcely a word is decipherable. Not a single inscription was left anywhere; and if any still exist, it must be in some remote place where they remained undiscovered . . ."

"But why out here?" I asked. "What makes you think . . ."

"I believe one of those kings was buried here," Davis answered. "If I can find his tomb—if it is still intact . . ."

He was combing his beard nervously again, and I suddenly discovered that the hand which held my pipe was trembling violently. Then Davis rose with a jerk.

"We must get some sleep," he said. "And I would ask you not to repeat anything of all this. It is a secret I don't share with everyone."

There was a note in his voice which told me that he was already wondering how he had come to share it with me!

I promised, of course, to say nothing; and followed him to bed. But my head was whirling as I lay, wrapped in my blanket, staring up at the stars. What a tremendous business—to prove or disprove that splendid Bible story! The thought shook me through and through. It was a long time before I could compose myself for sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

WE were up at dawn and jogging eastward again—as it seemed to me we had been doing for days and days. We were all in better spirits—our moodiness had vanished—we were getting acclimated to the desert, I suppose; and for the first time since we started, there were jests and chaffing. It did me good to hear Ma Creel laugh again. It did us all good, for her laugh was infectious . . .

Jimmy had seen nothing more of his ghost, so he said, when I took occasion to inquire, and I concluded that Mustafa's police regulations, whatever they were, had had their effect. Jimmy seemed entirely recovered from his nervousness; he had slept well, he said, and was quite ready to laugh at his fears of the night before.

"Although night *does* make a difference," he added.

I joined Davis a little later, and told him of Jimmy's recovery; and then I tried to take up again our talk of the night before; but he refused to be drawn out. And then Mlle. Roland joined us, in the gayest of spirits, and rode along between us, asking Davis all sorts of questions about the desert and the oasis we were bound for.

It wasn't a real oasis, it seemed; a real oasis is fed underground, in some mysterious way, from the waters of the Nile. This one was at the bottom of a broad basin into which was drained all the rain which fell for miles and miles around. Underneath it, so Davis hazarded, there was a natural reservoir, holding enough water to carry it over the dry seasons; for there was a well in the centre of the oasis which always had water in it. The whole place was only a few acres in extent, though there were evidences that it had once been much larger—

maintained, perhaps, by artificial irrigation; but it was steadily shrinking before the ceaseless onslaughts of the desert, and would probably, some day, be wiped out altogether. The ruins which he had been excavating had once stood in the midst of vegetation, but now there was some three hundred yards of sand between them and the edge of the oasis. It was a graphic instance of the struggle which had been going on in Egypt ever since time began, and which had kept it a mere ribbon of a land in the midst of a trackless waste.

I hoped from the way Davis had loosened up under the charm of our companion that he would go ahead and tell us something of what he hoped to find in the ruins; but perhaps my wish was too evident in my face, for he suddenly shut up like a clam, excused himself and urged his donkey forward to join Mustafa at the head of the column. He was so evidently anxious to get rid of us, that the girl and

I couldn't help laughing as we met each other's eyes.

I had never seen her looking so beautiful. She had disdained a veil from the first, and sun and air had given the faintest tinge of bronze to her skin; her full lips had taken on a deeper crimson; her whole face fairly glowed with some deep, mysterious well-being. She was vivid, radiant—and I told her so.

"It is just happiness," she explained. "For some reason, I am very, very happy. It is as though some great desire was about to be realized."

"What desire?" I asked.

"I do not know—I only know that within me there is a strange peace."

(Continued on following page.)

"At least you know what your great desire is!" I protested.

"I have never had a great desire—unless it was to be an actress—a really good one."

"W—" I began; but she shook her head.

"Oh, no; it is not that! I am certain it has nothing to do with that! Most probably, it is nothing at all—nothing but the wonder of all this."

She looked out eastward across the sand to where, faint against the horizon, the serrated peaks of a range of rugged hills could just be discerned.

"Professor Davis says that the Red Sea lies beyond those hills," she added. "But you will notice that we are turning more to the south."

"Has Davis been talking to you?" I asked in some surprise.

"Oh, I did most of the talking; but when he gets started, he is most interesting."

"Has he told you . . ."

I stopped, remembering my promise.

"That he hopes to make a great find? Yes. It seems there is a king's tomb somewhere among those ruins."

"He's only guessing," I said; "but if he guesses right, it will be a tremendous thing for him."

"If he finds the tomb," she added, "perhaps we shall see the ghost of that old king! Their ghosts are supposed to live in their tombs, you know."

I laughed as I glanced at her, for I supposed that she was jesting; but I was astonished to see that her face was very serious.

"You're not in earnest!" I protested.

"Certainly I am in earnest!"

"Do you really believe in ghosts?"

"I have always believed in ghosts."

"Have you ever seen one?"

"No—not yet!"

"Then you ought to talk to Jimmy Allen," I began, and stopped suddenly, remembering that the women were not to be alarmed. I have to confess that Mlle. Roland did not seem in the least alarmed.

"Has he seen a ghost?" she inquired tranquilly.

"He thought he saw one night before last . . ."

I stopped again, for the expression of her face had suddenly changed. The glow had left it—it was almost sallow—and there was something like fear in the eyes that looked at me.

"Go on!" she commanded. "Tell me!"

"I shouldn't have said anything about it! It wasn't a ghost, of course. One of the natives was wandering about the place, and Jimmy saw him—that was all."

She breathed a quick sigh of relief.

"I thought you were going to tell me something exciting," she said. "But most ghost stories turn out like that!"

"All of them," I said positively, and we dropped the subject.

Then Jimmy Allen rode up, and I had another shock.

I have already told of the impression she gave me of holding Jimmy at a distance; and I had had the feeling that he was beating vainly against a wall of ice. But the wall had vanished. The eyes she turned upon him were much more than friendly. She had never greeted me with such a smile. What had been going on, I wondered? Had they reached an understanding . . .

And then I saw that it was as much a surprise to Jimmy as to me; for he turned pale, then red, and clutched his saddle as though he feared to fall.

And suddenly I felt like an intruder, and reined my donkey in and fell back with the others.

But at least I could look at them—at the way their donkeys drew together, at the turn of their heads, the inclination of their bodies.

"Jimmy seems to be getting on!" said a low voice at my elbow, and I turned to find that Mollie had ridden up beside me.

"Yes," I agreed; "and I don't understand it."

"What don't you understand?" she demanded sharply.

"She has always seemed to dislike him—and here, quite suddenly . . ."

"She makes eyes at him," said Mollie. "There is nothing surprising in that. Jimmy is a very handsome fellow."

"Too handsome to live with," I amended. "I prefer the rugged type of countenance."

"Like your own!" she mocked.

"Well, yes," I said. "Why shouldn't I admit it?"

"Most people would call it just ugly," she remarked, looking at it impersonally.

"At least it has a chin," I said; "which is more than can be said of some."

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"I was thinking of certain long-nosed, close-eyed, narrow-headed idiots in uniform," I explained. "And I was thinking of the miles and miles I've seen you walk beside them; and the hours and hours you've leaned over the rail with them. How could you do it, Mollie?"

"You were pretty fully occupied yourself," snapped Mollie, with a show of temper which surprised me. "I didn't know you had time to look at me!"

Which reminded me to look again at Mlle. Roland; and I saw with astonishment that she and Jimmy were riding quite a distance apart and both were sitting very stiff; and just then Mlle. Roland reined in her donkey, turned him sharply, and passed us with a frigid little smile; while Jimmy rode on alone, his shoulders drooping dejectedly.

Mollie leaned over to me, her eyes snapping.

A KING IN BABYLON

(Continued from preceding page.)

"She's a cat!" she hissed. "And you defend her! You have the nerve to defend her!"

And without waiting for me to answer—though, indeed, I was quite incapable of answering!—she wheeled her donkey and joined Ma Creel, who had entrusted the guidance of her donkey to a boy, and was jogging placidly along under a white umbrella, the only real philosopher in the lot of us!

I rode on, divided between disgust and bewilderment. I hadn't defended Mlle. Roland—I had never suspected that she needed defending! Even yet I couldn't see that she did; but in any event, she was thoroughly competent to take care of herself. The only thing I was sure of was that Mollie had dug up the hatchet again.

I found myself looking at Jimmy's dejected figure with a sort of fellow-feeling, and I joined him presently, thinking that perhaps we might console each other; but there was no hint of welcome in the look he turned upon me, and he didn't even take the trouble to listen to my remarks. But that evening, he was a little more communicative—to the extent, at least, of repeating certain well-worn aphorisms. We had somehow gravitated together for a smoke after dinner.

"Davis says we'll get there to-night," I said.

"Get where?" he asked, waking out of a sort of dream.

"Where we're going, of course!" I snapped, my own nerves being considerably frazzled.

"I beg your pardon, Billy," he said. "I wasn't listening. It's an oasis, isn't it?"

"You don't need to make conversation for my sake," I said.

"But I really want to know," he persisted. "Isn't it an oasis?"

"Davis says it isn't a true oasis," and I repeated what he had told us. "It does rain sometimes out here, so Davis says," I added; "sort of laps over from the Red Sea."

"One would never think it," said Jimmy, looking absently out over the sand. And then he startled me by adding, "Women are the mischief!"

"Well," I said cautiously, "my experience hasn't been great—but so far as it goes, they are."

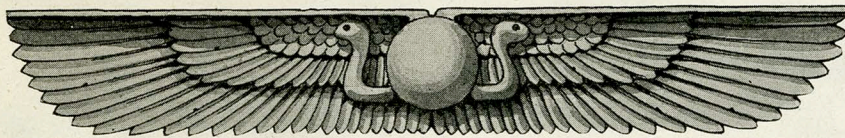
"First they blow hot—then they blow cold."

"My experience has been principally on the cold side," I said. "Yours, so far as I have observed it, has been the other way."

"They make me sick!" he said. "I thought I knew them!"

What Has Happened in the Previous Instalments

A NEW YORK moving picture company goes to Egypt to make a film, which it is hoped will make a tremendous "hit." The party reaches Luxor, where Davis has an outfit of natives, camels, donkeys, goats and provisions ready for a two weeks' trip into the desert. At five o'clock one afternoon the procession sets forth, soon leaving behind the dirt, beggars, and mud houses and entering the trackless waste of sand. Sunset, and then darkness follows, each moment filled with weird and unusual sensations.



"And now when you find you don't, you're sicker still!" I said.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, and glared at me.

"Oh, what's the use of trying to bluff me?" I asked. "I can see what ails you—anybody could!"

"My God!" he groaned. "Is it as plain as that?"

"Oh, come!" I said. "We're not making a film! Besides, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Everybody knows I'm in love with Mollie Adams and that she won't look at me . . ."

And then, to my amazement, Jimmy suddenly forgot his troubles and turned over on his back and laughed and laughed.

"I'm glad it amuses you!" I snorted; and that seemed to set him off again; and just then Mustafa gave the signal to start.

I tried to find out, later on, what it really was that had set him off like that; but he just rode along without looking at me.

I found out eventually, that nobody wanted to talk to me. I endeavored to have an explanation with Mollie, but she treated me like a leper; Creel, his brows furrowed in thought, waved me impatiently away; Davis was so excited by the prospect of beginning work on the morrow that he didn't even pretend to listen; Digby and Ma Creel, riding side by side, were reminiscing again; and finally I was astounded to see Mollie rein in beside Mlle. Roland, and engage in an apparently intimate and engrossing conversation.

So I fell gradually to the rear, and let my donkey jog along any way he pleased, and reflected upon

the inconsistencies of human nature. Now I was not subject to such ups and downs. You would find me to-morrow just where I was to-day. I didn't like people one day and hate them the next; I didn't

call people cats and then take them to my bosom the next moment! I didn't . . .

Suddenly an excited clatter broke out among the natives, and I looked up to see a bunch of ghostly palms faintly outlined against the sky. We had reached the oasis.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was not until next morning that I was able to get any but the vaguest idea of the spot of earth which was to be the theatre of our drama. Then it didn't take me long to discover that the photographs hadn't begun to do it justice. It was, as Davis had said, only a few acres in extent, roughly circular in shape, with picturesque clumps of date-palms and thorny acacias scattered about it, and a thick growth of coarse grass striving to hold back the desert sand. One had only to look at it—a pigmy pitted against a giant—to realize how hopeless the struggle was!

In the middle of the oasis, at its lowest point, was the well—a tiny circular pool of clear water—over which Mustafa set a guard at once to make sure that the water was not by any chance wasted or defiled. I tasted it and was surprised to find that it was quite cool.

Three hundred yards away to the east, with the marbled sand stretching all about them, a series of mounds marked the ruins where Davis hoped to make his great discovery. Looking out at them, it seemed hardly possible that they had once stood in the midst of palms and flowers.

Davis and Mustafa, after considerable talk, agreed on the details of our permanent camp; and then Davis, at the head of a gang of men, hurried away to the ruins, while Mustafa, at the head of another, got the ground ready and put up the tents. When they were all in place, they made quite a little settlement. The two sleeping-tents were placed side by side, some eight or ten feet apart, and in front of them the dining and lounging-tent was pitched. A little to one side, the cook set up his sheet-iron stove, while farther to the left was the tent for properties and supplies. The native camp was on the other side of the oasis, hidden from sight by a swell of ground. The only tent there was a small one marking Mustafa's headquarters. About it the camels and donkeys and goats were picketed in picturesque confusion.

Ma Creel and old Digby went to work at once unpacking the properties and sorting them out, while Creel hurried away to select his locations. I

unpacked my cameras and assured myself that they were all right; then I loaded one of them with a small cartridge, for I wanted to test the light. I had an idea that in this dry atmosphere it would prove much more intense than any I had ever worked with. As I came out of the tent, with the camera on my shoulder, I met Jimmy. He was not looking happy.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Blowing cold this morning?"

He grunted disgustedly.

"Where are the girls?"

"They are fitting up their new home. They said they didn't need any help, and shooed me away. What are you up to?"

"I'm going to try out a bit of film. I thought I'd go over to the ruins and shoot the professor. Have you been over there? Come along, then."

Five minutes later, we were toiling across the sand toward the low mounds, about which we could see the laborers swarming—for Davis hadn't lost any time putting them to

work, when he found that Creel didn't need them—but it was not until we got quite near that we realized the extent of Davis's operations. When I saw the great gashes he had cut in the earth, I began to have a new respect for the man.

He saw us coming and hurried out to meet us, his face red and shining with excitement. And I noticed for the first time that he had a pistol in a holster at his belt.

"What's that for?" I asked. "To keep the natives in order?"

"Oh, no," he laughed; "Mustafa attends to that. We shot an ape when we were here before—he got to stealing everything he could lay his hands on—and I thought perhaps his mate might still be prowling about. But I've seen no signs of her, so I guess she cleared out."

"And how are the ruins?"

"Everything's in splendid shape," he answered, triumphantly; "better than I ever dared to hope. The sand has drifted very little. There's some clearing up to do, and then I can go ahead from right where I left off."

"Great Scott!" I said, for we had come to the top of a mound from the farther edge of which a mighty chasm stretched below us. "Do you mean to say you dug all that out?"

"Yes—the sand had drifted ten feet above it. I worked here nearly a year."

I could well believe it. The excavation extended from side to side of what seemed a sort of court, through the centre of which ran a row of queerly

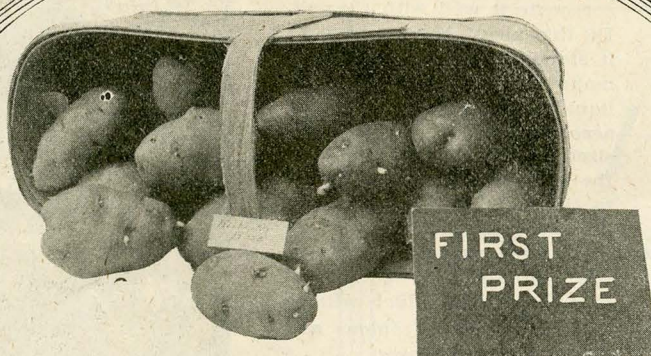
(Continued on page 37.)

The first and most important step towards success in any walk of life, and especially in growing vegetables, is to familiarize oneself with the general rules and principles, in a systematic and enthusiastic manner, or, in other words, one's whole heart and soul must go into the work. You must love your work, otherwise look for failure. Nowhere in this wide world can vegetables be grown to better advantage and success than in this fair Canada of ours. Some will say, What about the enormous crops raised in Northern France, Belgium and the Channel Islands? My answer is, that if we concentrate our minds, and follow out the succession and rotation croppings as they do to the letter, we can produce as much and as good quality as they. We have the soil, we have the climate, and we have the bone and muscle, therefore if we be studious, industrious and scientific, and do not flatter ourselves that we know it all, success will surely crown our efforts.

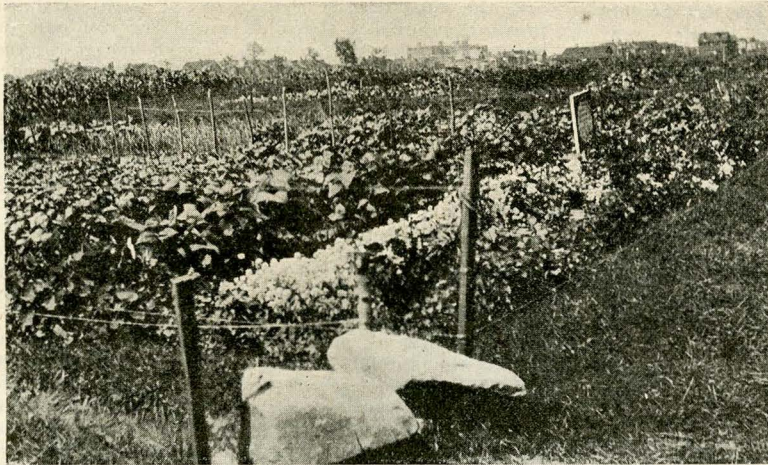
Take the potato, for instance, that most excellent of all vegetables. Look at any American potato seed grower's catalogue and you will find such sentences as this: "This is the best potato I ever saw. Our entire stock comes from the latitude of

Making for Success in the Vacant Lot or Home Garden

By GEORGE BALDWIN, F.R.H.S.



Potatoes—"Rochester Rose" variety. Seventeen fill an eleven quart basket.



A successful vegetable garden in Withrow Park.

the cold Canadian cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, and from Muskoka."

Now, the potato being the premier vegetable, we will deal with it first. As already recommended in the April number of this journal, take a chance and plant a few rows of early potatoes. By taking a chance I mean there is always a grave danger of frost up till May 10th, and there is nothing so susceptible to damage by frost as potatoes, beans, tomatoes and peppers. Consequently, if you plant seed April 10th, the foliage will be well up by May 10th. If your patch is not too big, it would be well to have a good supply of litter handy to throw lightly over them whenever you have an idea there is likely to be a frost. By doing this and giving every attention, you should be able to start digging on July 12th, and while they will not be full grown, that is made up for by the fact that you have at last some new potatoes.

not to use green manure when digging in the spring (as this is the primary cause of the disease commonly known as scab), but use well-rotted stuff. This will give fertility, if the ground is frequently cultivated.

I have given you one of the causes of scab; let me give you a preventative, in the form of a solution to be applied to the tubers *before being cut*. Get an old garbage pail that holds about five gallons of water. Add about two ounces of Formalin and soak tubers in this for two or three hours. Take out,

and allow them to dry thoroughly. This same can full will be sufficient for a two-acre field.

May 10th to May 15th is the date to plant late potatoes. Do not use small ones for seed, but select a medium size and cut into three pieces leaving at least two or more eyes to each piece, and from this sized seed you usually get from four to seven shoots of foliage. I do not think it advisable to allow all this haulm or tops to mature, as I am confident that the size of the potatoes to follow is affected. Thin out these shoots, leaving the four strongest, but care must be taken in removing them, or the roots will be disturbed, so push the index finger down till it touches the tuber, to hold it steady while removing the shoots with the other hand.

As to depth of planting, four inches is sufficient for a heavy soil, and five inches for a light soil. Place the line tight across the lot, using the hoe cornerwise to make drill straight across the depth required. This will be more uniform than jabbing a hole indiscriminately along the line. After placing the tubers, fill in the trench or drill with a rake, and press down firmly by walking on top of the row.

Next to fertility and proper system of planting comes the all-important operation of cultivation. Let the back-yard gardener, whose time is limited, get the hoe or "bucco" (a most useful implement) to work early and as often as possible—the difference between six cultivations and the usual three times is, from my own actual experience, twenty-five to thirty per cent. better crop. If the soil is light, the Planet Junior is strongly recommended for both scuffling and the first earthing up process. Some growers recommend the level cultivation for a dry season, but as we do not know in time that we are going to have a dry season, my experience is—do it the good old way, "earth up" as the haulms increase in height, and cultivate in between. If the patch is not too big, it pays to dig in between rows.

Next month we will continue the potato culture, but as the "Colorado beetle" is going to be busy before the June JOURNAL appears, we had better give some idea how to destroy them. I have been

(Continued on following page.)



This is a picture of the second plant from the left in the picture at the left on August 1st.



Compare this picture with the one at the right. This shows the growth of tomatoes on June 20th.

Making for Success in the Vacant Lot or Home Garden

in some small potato patches and seen every leaf eaten off by this industrious and thriving bug. This, I think, is very serious, for let me assure you that the less the foliage is destroyed by bug or blight the greater the crop will be. Be forewarned, and have on hand one-half pound copper sulphate or bluestone, a chunk of lime as big as your fist; five gallons of water (rain water if possible), and one ounce of Paris green or arsenate of lead. Dissolve these in lukewarm water, mix and stir well. You have then an easy and quick preparation that will kill the bug, prevent the blight, for a patch, say, 36 feet by 150 feet. As it will be necessary to spray three times, have on hand three times the above quantities. A two-gallon sprayer is the best to do the trick effectively, but where cost enters into it, continue the old way of a long-haired whisk and a pail, but *do it*.

If you are limited for space, and you surely need a few cabbages, put in some plants two feet apart, in every other row, which should be at least 30 inches apart. Where the rows are 36 inches apart, cabbage plants may be transplanted into every row, after the earthing up has been done. For clay loam following varieties of potatoes will be found suitable: Early Ohio, Beauty of Hebron, Delaware, Gold Coin and Eureka. For a heavier soil: Irish Cobbler, Green Mountain, Carman and Rochester Rose. In connection with the latter variety, the photo at top of page fifteen gives a good idea of shape and size, seventeen tubers filling the eleven-quart fruit basket, and the flavor is excellent.

We will now confine our attention to the tomato, or "love apple." First of all, look at photos at bottom of page fifteen.

Note the second plant from the left, and compare it with the tomato plant in accompanying picture, observing the transformation that has taken place from June 20th to August 1st. It is possible to have a few ripe tomatoes the first week of July, providing you have good strong plants ready to plant out

May 20, but have a few boxes, tubs, kegs or baskets ready to place over them at night in case of light frosts. Let us see if, with a little extra care, we can not only have early fruit, but a bumper crop, similar to the photo, from which 30½ pounds of fruit was taken. The variety is Chalk's Early Jewel.

Mark off the land you intend to use for this purpose, according to quantity required, with pieces of stick. Set the plants 36 inches apart each way, staggered in the rows. Dig a hole in each place 15 inches deep and square, put in two shovelfuls of manure and cover same over with soil—the manure being about four or five inches from the surface. Dampen this well before setting the plants in firmly. No matter how tall the plants are, plant them so that only about six inches will be above ground, removing whatever leaves come below the surface. As the plant grows it will be necessary to tie it to a small stick, to prevent the wind from breaking it off, until it has reached a height of 20 to 24 inches. Now is time to put in the four permanent stakes, 1¼ inches square, pointed and pressed into the ground about a foot and standing above ground 4 feet 6 inches. We shall leave this now, and give you another chapter in June.

We have decided to have a celery trench this year, but as the plants are not put in the trench until June 1st, it is only necessary to give a few pointers in con-

(Continued from preceding page.)

nection with the preparation of the bed. Order now the number of plants that you want delivered on that date. First of all, mark off the desired size of bed, allowing 18 inches for each row. Throw earth out a spade deep, on the sides, forming a bank or ridge, then place about four or five inches of well-decayed manure, digging it in, making sure to incorporate it well with the soil. Do this about May 20 and let it stand till planting time, but make preparations for the liquid manure (which is very necessary) by securing a large-sized barrel, placing it half in the ground, somewhere handy to the bed and the water tap or eave trough. Arrange to have some well-decayed manure and about 10 pounds of nitrate of soda, which will be sufficient for both onions and celery for the season.

A word or two about the uses of the radish. Besides

using them on the table, they are strong growers and quick in forcing themselves out of the ground. Let us put them to good use by sowing a few along every row of carrots, beets, parsnips, the foliage of which is very fragile, and if the soil happens to be heavy, it is hard for them to force themselves out of the ground. By sowing radish with them, it assists greatly, and radish will mature quickly and can be pulled before they interfere with the growth of the others. Radishes are also good to sprinkle in the mounds where you have sown the

squash, marrow, cucumbers and pumpkins, for the reason that the squash bug is sitting waiting for the plants to come up, and as they are very fond of radish, and the radish is the first to appear, they eat the leaves of them, instead of the squash, etc. Try it this year.

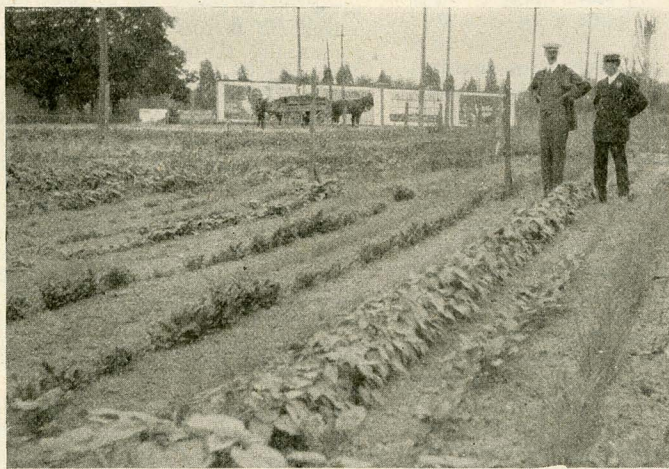
Onions were one of the varieties of seeds recommended to be put into the hotbed, transplanted a couple of times, and finally got ready by May 24th to transplant to the garden. They like a very rich soil, and I usually rotate them with the celery bed. In putting the plants out, choose a cool day, clip the tops and bottoms with a pair of shears, make the hole big enough to receive them, firm them in

well, cultivate freely in between rows, feed with liquid manure the same as celery and as bulbs grow keep them covered from the sun. Make rows 18 inches apart, and the plants 4 inches in the rows.

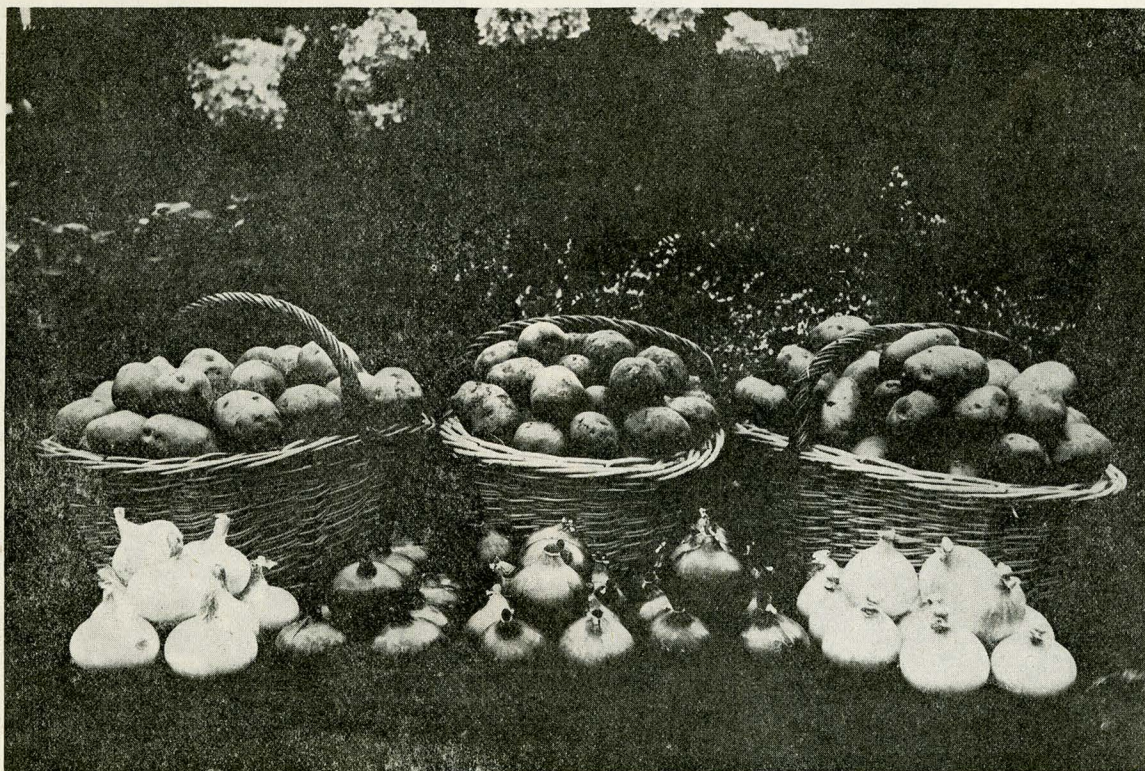
You will find great benefit from scattering slaked lime and powdered sulphur on and around parsnips and cabbages. The former is attacked by a grub which bores down to the top and denudes it of its leaves. It also keeps slugs and cutworms away



Showing what the Vacant Lot Association can do with vacant lots. This gully was a mass of weeds and sweet clover before taken over.



Showing a promising yield on one of the 826 vacant lot gardens in Toronto.



Back yard garden onions and vacant lot potatoes.

from the cabbages. But for the green caterpillar, you must either use slug shot or white hellebore, that is if they cannot be kept down by hand-picking. Thin out the beets, carrots, parsnips and salsify to at least five inches, if you want good sized roots, keeping the soil stirred in between the rows, and the tops of the roots covered with earth, to prevent sunburn. Grow as much as you can on the fences, such as tomatoes, squash, marrows, and cucumbers; it will not only save space in the garden, but you will get just as good results, besides helping to keep the garden cool in the hot days. If you have a water service, do not use the hose frequently, but give water where necessary, and a good soaking; above all, do not spray the foliage of anything, it is not necessary.

A few words on permanent crops have been suggested. Provision should be made for certain crops which, owing to their occupying permanent sites year after year, do not permit of association with the scheme of rotations. It is not absolutely essential that all should be grown, but rhubarb at all events, should have a corner. It will thrive almost anywhere provided the site is not hot and dry. It is scarcely necessary to point out that rhubarb can be forced by simply covering the stools with large pots or boxes and heaping hot manure on them; and of course roots can be lifted and forced in hotbeds, or cellars, if desired. But the most useful rhubarb in the small garden is the set of two or three clumps which yield an abundance of sticks every year with hardly any attention. Naturally these sticks are finer if soakings of liquid manure or house slops are given from time to time.

Good asparagus can be grown from seed in three years. Crops can be had earlier by planting two or three year old crowns, which can be bought very reasonably at a seed store. Special beds are only necessary in stiff, damp soils which do not suit the crop as they do rhubarb. In ordinary soils a bed on the level, say four feet wide, and as long as desired, to accommodate two rows of plants, will suffice.

Late spring planting is the best, always provided that it is done directly the roots are lifted. Crowns which have to travel should be bought and planted while they are dormant.

Good seakale can be raised from seed in three years, but earlier crops can be secured by planting root cuttings in spring. This crop likes a fertile soil; poor land is not much use, because the crowns are too small to yield good sticks. Established seakale need not be lifted for forcing, but can be forced where it is planted with the aid of manure, ashes or earth.

Both Jerusalem and Globe artichokes are strong, bulky, permanent crops. The former yields an edible root free of starch, but liked by

(Continued on page 47.)

Vision--An Appreciation of Canadian Poetry

By REM. A. JOHNSTON

Mr. Rem. A. Johnston is the well-known literary critic and short story writer of Indiana. This brilliant appreciation of Canadian poetry, written by request for the "Canadian Home Journal," will be read with great interest by our readers. It is an honest opinion from an outsider, thoroughly qualified to judge of the merits of our best verse.

The first impressions of an outsider, touching Canadian poetry, are decidedly stimulating and inspiring. Coming suddenly from a remoteness that has concerned itself largely with the ideals of the classicists, one greets Canadian poetry with a distinct sense of spiritual quickening, and a kind of bewildered pleasure, which emotions are indicative of the inner driving force of a new poetic achievement.

For a long time, as it seems to one who has not been very intimate with the lyrical effects and intensive verse-values of the northern writers, Canadian poetry has stood aloof, wrapped in gray patience like the Chaldean sages.

Some critics have told us, "Canada has produced no poets"; others have apologetically exclaimed, "Canada is too young to have developed a notable poetic expression." But in point of fact the Canadians have acquitted themselves wonderfully well in their development of verse-spirit and verse-form, and they have managed not only to survive the snows of doubt upon the part of their own authorities, but they have been able to exist, to grow, and to bloom in their own garden in spite of the silence of outside criticism. In their cold years, dormant sometimes, but rising to the sun when it was humanly possible to do so, these singers of the north have developed exact form, high standards, and one single characteristic which dominates them and more than anything else gives them a distinct place in the world of poetry.

This one characteristic, which has not been much commented upon by critics, just because it is a characteristic upon the spiritual rather than the form side of expression, is the single thing, as it seems to me, that sets Canadian verse in its rightful place—it is the one element arising out of a subtle expression of the life of a people, which defines and classifies that expression, and gives it a right to exist. To be plain—that characteristic is *Vision*; and it is to be found in the lines of all the Canadian poets, lifting itself in the chaunts of the nature singers, marching in heavy, sweet cadences through the measured rhythms of the iambic-writing dramatists, blazing forth in the lyric bliss of some few of the master-singers.

I.

Upon the brows of not a few Canadian poets God has pressed down the sacrificial chrism of song. These people have walked open-eyed through the wonders of a new world, and they have written musically of what they have seen. In them has risen the flaming fire that comes from life in a new, unspent surrounding. The crisp morning air, the inexhaustible distances, the untamed rivers, the glowing fires of dawn—these things, appealing with a kind of pristine radiance, have lashed the Canadian singers forward. Each line has broken from lips wet with the wine of a new and imperial day.

One would expect to find the nature-singers blinded by light at times, and again singularly wide-eyed and clear-seeing. And one would also expect to find the *Vision* burning like a grælfame. An illustration of what is meant by this may be found in the following lines from Mair:

"Long had I lain 'twixt dreams and waking thus,
Musing on change and mutability,
And endless evanescence, when a burst
Of sudden roaring filled the vale with sound.
Perplexed and startled, to my feet I sprang,
And in amazement from my covert gazed,
For, presently, into the valley came
A mighty bison, which, with stately tread
And gleaming eyes, descended to the shore.

Spell-bound I stood. Was this a living form,

Or but an image by the fancy-drawn?

Huge was his frame! the famed Burdash, so grown

To that enormous bulk whose presence filled

The very vale with awe. His shining horns

Gleamed black amidst his fell of floating hair—

His neck and shoulders, of the lion's build,

Were framed to toss the world. . ."

The force and sincerity of such passages are almost Miltonic.

In Lampman, another great nature poet, one may trace the same clear-seeing wedded to the Dream that is always uppermost. Thus:

"To-night the very horses springing by
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream

The streets that narrow to the westward gleam

Like rows of golden palaces; and high
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die

A thousand aureoles. Down in the west

The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,

One burning sea of gold."

One need not add a word to show how effectively the poet expressed a single exquisite impression of *Vision*.

So also have the dramatists served us; and so, too, the lyrical masters.

The effect is very strong as one reads Bliss Carman. In his verses the vivid seeing note rings out forever—in a sort of clean, golden tone. He is not alone the nature poet; he is most the lyrical seer in whose ripe philosophy is the maturest note of supreme melody. It is most healing, also, to discover in the rhythms of Charles G. D. Roberts the picture of life renewed in the amiable distances and perfections for which men of wide-open eyes are forever looking.

One gains, in looking over the works of some of the earlier writers, an intimation of broad dramatic values, but even more than these one senses a certain living freedom—a freedom which must have grown out of unusual natural environment.

As one reads the verses of those who make up the great list of song-bringers, one receives a cumulative psychic impulse like that of the march of a magnificent orchestra. The waves of sound roll up in tonal mountains high as heaven and wide as the wastes of the abyss. From the far murmur of the timorous strings to the triumphal thunder of the basses rolls up the gracious symphony of a new people set down in a new place whose untouched aspects of beauty have driven these bold spirits to the far limits of musical ecstasy.

And the pictures come which outweigh all the minor candours of detailed criticism. What matters an occasional false quantity or a halting assonance? It is the spirit of the writers of Canadian poetry that drives the souls of those who read into that maze of white enchantment.

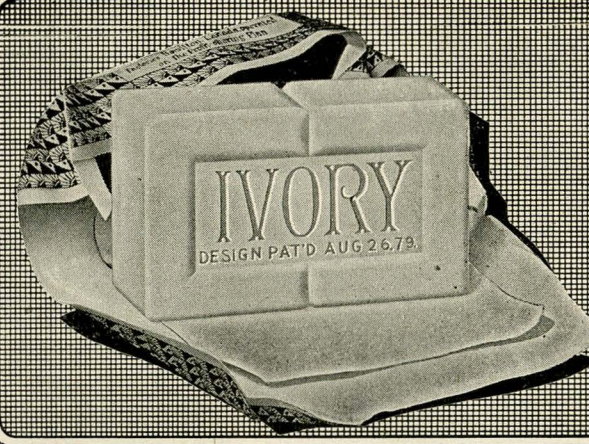
II.

Let us select two poets in whom predominate essential *Vision* to an extraordinary degree, and so juxtapose them and characterize them by a standard that dimly suggests itself that others who may wish to do so can place their friends to the honor of all.

Foremost in the ranks of the later Canadian poets must stand Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall and Miss Katherine Hale. Definitive, entirely remote from each other, at opposite poles in form of expression, and yet possessing in wonderfully equal degree that vivid seeing power for which this poetry is noted these singers take their place.

At the outset, one would say that

(Continued on following page.)



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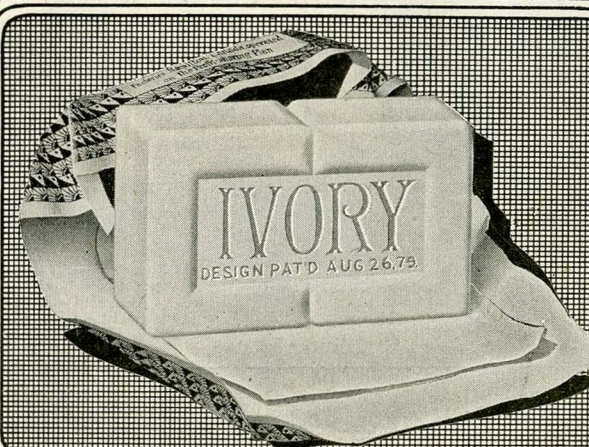
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Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour). $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

The Oat Macaroon

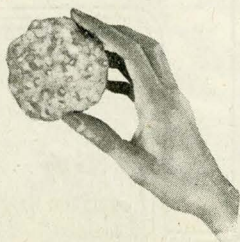
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons
baking powder

1 tablespoon
butter

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Quaker Oats
(uncooked)

1 teaspoon
vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon; but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Vision—An Appreciation of Canadian Poetry

(Continued from preceding page.)

Miss Pickthall is a classicist of ardent poetic beauty. She sees color, form, sound in everything; and her poetry, if psychically interpreted, would show exquisite and delicate pulsations of brightness rising in exactly calculated cadences of grandeur. But, with all her insight one feels that she describes chiefly an intrinsic beauty.

In her lines ride the forces of absolute joy and harmony. Although it is an old and trite critical mannerism to compare each new poet with Keats, one may say what is apparently paradoxical—that is, that Miss Pickthall is far more like Keats than any American poet; and yet, she resembles him neither in form nor in spirit. The likeness is unusual and has only to do with tonal and rhythmic tension.

In her phraseology Miss Pickthall is exquisitely correct. But one continually holds the impression that she is correct in expression because it is beautiful to be so. There is no outer gleam of color, there is no classic molding of music, save as these things contribute to a sort of refined personal delight. One gathers a vague idea that the poet has wordless joy in the actual mechanics of her verses. And then one is able to see how her work, for this reason if for no other, must prove acceptable to all who love the external meanings of life—the meanings where there is no vague, other-worldly "seeing," but sharply distinct outside impulses in the direction of sensuous beauty, and refined classicism. And yet, such alluring magic lurks in each line—almost every line is a "magic" one—that mere form is lost in the end in the sense of the pulsing beauty that radiates from the stanzas. In Miss Pickthall one can always tell why the soul is keenly watchful.

Miss Pickthall sees wonderful pictures in the compass of small open manifestations. She describes these things with a sort of faery drunkenness and daintiness withal. Small things take on infinite beauty and a new sense of proportion. She is allured by the changing seasons, and by the flowers that unfold new glories constantly. She freshens all our experience of outside loveliness with the white sureness of her lyric genius.

Sometimes she is sad and very sweet; but all her plaints are laurel-crowned. She writes of "The Little Sister of the Prophet" and of "Pere Lalemant" and of "The Lamp of Poor Souls," but the words are so deliciously chosen that the crown of sorrow melts into some lovelier and happier thing—and sorrow becomes plain wistfulness. In "The Shepherd Boy," in forty lines of unequal length, she achieves immortality:

When the red moon hangs over the fold,
And the cypress shadow is rimmed with gold,
O little sheep, I have laid me low,
My face against the old earth's face,
Where one by one the white moths go,
And the brown bee has his sleeping place.
And then I have whispered, mother, hear,
For the owls are awake and the night is near,
And whether I lay me near or far
No lip shall kiss me,
No eye shall miss me,
Saving the eye of a cold white star.

And the old brown woman answers mild,
Rest you safe on my heart, O child.
Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust;
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy?

When the wind wakes in the apple tree,
And the shy hare feeds on the wild fern stem,
I say my prayers to the Trinity,—
The prayers that are three and the charms that are seven
To the angels guarding the towers of heaven,—
And I lay my head on her raiment's hem,

Where the young grass darkens the strawberry star,
Where the iris buds and the bellworts are.

All night I hear her breath go by
Under the arch of the empty sky.
All night her heart beats under my head,

And I lie as still as the ancient dead,
Warm as the young lambs there with the sheep.

I and no other
Close to my Mother,
Fold my hands in her hands, and sleep.

Miss Pickthall copies no one; but she is like a chameleon that flashes all the rainbow colors and harmonizes them to agree with the aura of each poet in her class.

One would say, in summarizing Miss Pickthall's work, that her vision is of external beauties, even the external beauties of thought as well as of the more physical things. Her world is objective. If there were no extrinsic life and no artistic evenness she could not exist.

III.

Turn we now to the antipodes—the poetic opposite. As we have said, Miss Hale stands entirely removed, as it seems, from the influences that have lifted Miss Pickthall. Upon her the great Dream rests like a heavy aureole; in her verse rises forever the white flame that is the symbol of purely subjective thought. Katherine Hale is never wholly objective—even in her most radiant and life-like moods. One would not be able to separate her from a sort of expanding spiritual message.

In the clear grace of creation there is a certain elfin elusiveness which must cost the critical writers a little trouble. Yet, this quality ought to place Miss Hale smoothly before us. For her thought shimmers continually with faery sheen. And her power in this matter really defies analysis, because it evades any ordinary material attempt to fix its lyric sweetness. One either sees the beauty, or loses it entirely and misjudges utterly.

She is bright, dainty, and at times lyrically prophetic. But always the burning heat of sacrificial fires flames out into a whiteness and a wideness that is like God's mercy—and when once the mind has caught the poet's purpose, one knows that the infinitely beautiful subjective vision has been seen.

Who save Katherine Hale could have spoken of the Path and the Gate that lead to the flower-heart of Silence, as she has done in the sonnet, "At Noon":

Thou art my tower in the sun at noon,
The shaft of shade upon my golden way,
In painted space the healing note of gray,
The undertone in Nature's pagan rune;
And like a wave lashed to the dying moon,
When old desire is haunting its old prey,
Thy strength subdues the forces that would slay,
And soft withdrawal brings, all starry-strewn.

So doth the soul return to Truth's strong tower,
Pilgrim secure at last of its abode,
Hearing that voice as beautiful as morn:
'Come to the heart of Silence, O my flower,
Out from the coloured heat the gleaming road,
Into the place where deathless light is born!'

One can see the "line of life" leading to the top of the Mountain—that "gleaming road" indeed, which runs out of the "coloured heat" of objective life up and ever up so that there be few who ever find it!

I have in mind, also, many remarkable figures of poetic imagery—figures of John Davidson and Stephen Phillips; figures of Keats and star-crowned Shelley—but I do not know anyone that exceeds the silvery magic of this picturing phrase:

".....like a wave lashed to the dying moon."

(Continued on page 47.)

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By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

Our Need of Music is Increased Because of the War.

At the time of writing, musical circles in the United States are very much perturbed over proposals that the American Government treat music as a luxury to be dispensed with until after the period of the war. The nature and details of these proposals have not met the eye of the writer; but it is clear that most of the leading musicians of the United States are seriously alarmed and are asking the musical profession in every city to organize agitation against any steps in this direction. The scheme no doubt originates with a group of people who have no interest in music whatever, but wish to deprive the rest of the public of something as a "war measure," with no resultant sacrifice on their own part. On this continent there are a large number of influential people who not only care nothing for art in any form but actually hate it. A former Speaker of the House of Representatives, Hon. "Joe" Cannon, was a type. He not only wanted to make the duty on works of art coming from Europe prohibitive, but actually fathered a proposal to destroy the architectural beauty of the various administrative buildings at Washington by turning them into sky-scrapers, instead of erecting new and beautiful edifices as the need for more accommodation arose. There are probably many Cannons left in American politics, and from them the proposal to inhibit music, as a war measure, no doubt comes.

What form it could take is not clear, but President Wilson's administration, if it were sufficiently perverse,—or carried away by the faddists who wish to win the war by every other means than the plain business of building ships, saving food, and equipping large armies—no doubt has power to do pretty nearly what it likes. It could practically stop the business of making musical instruments of all kinds, from the pianoforte to the gramophone record. It could enjoin municipalities against making musical expenditures, which have become an important item in some cities where the idea of community music has taken hold. It could close up music halls and prevent the public expending money on song recitals or symphony concerts. It could put a special income tax on the humble music teacher, which would compel that individual to adopt some other pursuit. That it will do any of these things is beyond belief, but the situation is sufficiently serious to alarm many of the leading musicians of America.

It is probable that when the matter comes to the issue American officialdom will find the art of music sufficiently entrenched to repel any serious assaults upon it. Few of us stop to realize what an ever-increasing part music plays in the religious and social life of the community, and how many people would be affected by the unnecessary tyranny of putting a ban upon it. In the first place, as to the theory that such a step would be useful as a war measure, it certainly would not help to augment the armed forces of the United States or any other land. Musicians, of all classes, have been by no means backward in voluntary enlistment, and we have yet to learn of a draft tribunal on either side of the border exempting a man of military age on the plea that he was a musician.

The manufacture of musical instruments has, of course, been automatically affected by the scarcity of materials, and already trade regulations give a first preference to necessary industries. But above all, the effect of such a step on the social life of the community must be considered. A ban on music would, the writer is convinced, deprive national life of one of its best stimuli, would reduce intellectual vitality, and tend to promote the malady of "war-weariness," which both Canada and the United States are employing large numbers of lecturers to combat.

If we turn to the countries which have really felt the stress of war, by close contact with the actual battlefields, we find that so far from putting a ban on music they have done their best to encourage it, from a scientific belief that music has a definite influence in strengthening national buoy-

ancy and serves as a sedative for the sorrows and sacrifices that the people had to endure. German citations are not popular, but there is no doubt that a great factor in Germany's strength has been the wonderful social organization of her people, deliberately stimulated by government action. Needless to say, music has for many decades been an integral part of Germany's social life, and her most commendable feature in the minds of all enlightened outsiders. Thus, while her militarism made her widely unpopular long before the war, her "musicalism" served as an antidote, and made friends for her in many neutral countries who proved valuable until she sacrificed them by her own base acts. When the war started, the German Government, so far from placing music on the list of her war economies, ordered that the prices of admission to concert halls and theatres, which are largely state-aided, should be reduced so that the people might be encouraged to avail themselves of the delights of music to a greater extent even than in the past. When a year or two after the war started Germany was anxious to cultivate the good-will of the Norwegian people and combat the growing pro-Ally feeling, her efforts took a singular form. She offered to send the Berlin Royal Orchestra on tour through Norway to give complimentary concerts, and thus promote a sympathetic state of mind among the people of that country. Her other sins had been so gross, however, that the Norwegian Government politely declined the offer. The inference is plain, however, that Germany, though enforcing all kinds of sacrifices on her people, recognizes music as a valuable aid to national aspiration.

The same is true of most of the Allied nations, who took the same view as the leading minds of their formidable enemy. In Russia, music has always played a very important part in national education, and continued to receive very strong government and popular support so long as Russia was actually fighting. Only when complete disorganization resulted from the anarchical rule of the Bolsheviks were Russia's musical institutions compelled to close. This has had an interesting side-development of sending a large coterie of brilliant Russian musicians to this continent. Italy is another land where music plays an immense part in the business and social life of the people, and where it receives both state and municipal aid. Since the war began the writer has received many letters from persons identified with music in Italy, and no abatement of activity is discernible. At the great opera houses music has been used as a definite aid to stimulating public enthusiasm for the war, and periodically programmes are arranged for the purpose of firing the war-like impulses of the nation, and reminding the public of the historic greatness of the Italian people.

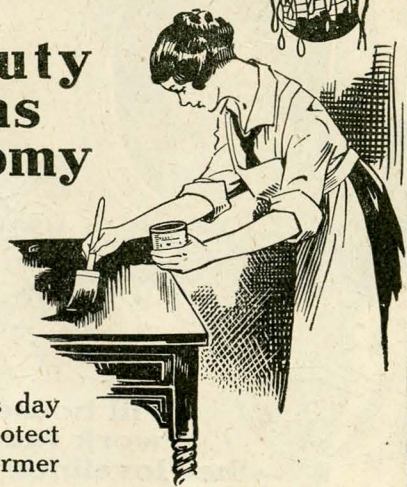
When we come to France there is the same story to tell. Its Government also has long ago encouraged musical enterprise by handsome subsidies, and despite the enormous sacrifices the war has entailed on the French people, the Government has made definite efforts to keep alive music and to encourage its people to patronize it more freely than ever. This very year a special effort was made to give performances at the Grand Opera, the leading state-aided institution of Paris, save perhaps her famous Conservatoire, on a scale as fine as in its palmiest days. This does not betoken frivolity in the face of the gravest danger that has ever assailed the fair land of France. It means that French thinkers are fully convinced that music is a great aid in maintaining national vitality, and they have written very convincingly to this effect. France even proposed to send her Conservatoire orchestra to the United States last year with the propagandist purpose of combating the belief that all the musical culture of the universe was centred in Germany; the scheme was only abandoned because of the shipping problem. For the same reason she induced the doyen of French composers, Camille Saint-Saens, to cross the ocean in his eightieth year and serve as her commissioner at the San Francisco Exposition of 1915.

(Continued on page 27.)

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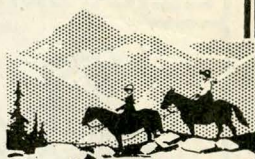
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Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"I like those backward Springs
That kind o' haggle with their greens, and things;
And when you most give up, without more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves and birds;
That's Northern natur', slow, an' apt to doubt,
But when it does get stirred, ther's no gin out."
Bigelow Papers.

THE YEARLY BUDGET.

This page of all the year I delight in most. It seems to bring me in close touch with my readers. Some letters have been answered privately that I fain would give a place here with the rest because of the beauty of thought they expressed, and the breadth of vision they would inspire. But that, of course, is not permissible, so the answers have gone forth in their own stamped and addressed envelopes.

Truly I have been flattered with the confidences reposed in me. Several letters were on very vital subjects, laying bare the innermost thoughts, and it has thrilled me with a blessed responsibility—that of entering into the sanctuary of other souls, and to the best of my ability making plain their pathway. To be entrusted with the secret meditations of a heart that is in doubt, or burdened with care, is a mission I accept with deep humility.

The following letters have dropped in since we handled the yearly budget last May, and are allowed "free for all" answers. They are a diversified bunch, but withal interesting and genuine, and so we proceed to guide and direct in our best way the inquiring minds of our readers who have looked this way for help and advice.

"DEAR JENNIE ALLEN MOORE.—Having read many of your answers to different letters in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, I thought I would like to ask you a question on what you thought of servants frightening children, as I think the practice is a common one.

"When I was a child a servant frightened me so that I never got over it as long as I remained at home. She had cleaned a bedroom, and childlike, I wanted to run in and out of it. She told me if I would go in again, a man would jump out from behind the door and grab me.

"The result was that I never went to bed in that room, or any other, until I had grown up, that I did not look behind the door, in the closet, under the bed, anywhere that a man might be hiding, before I got into bed, and then often imagined one might have eluded my search. I would just like to have your opinion, as I don't think you have ever touched on the subject.

"A CONSTANT READER."

Yes, friend, it is a common practice, alas! It makes my blood boil when I hear of such cases. My very earliest memory in life was one that left its impress until now. I was ordered to stop crying for my mother, or be put out in the kennel with a huge brute of a dog that had always inspired me with terror. I have always been afraid of dogs, am perfectly horror-stricken when they run towards me barking or growling. I attribute much of my fear to that incident.

I believe that the common threat, "A man will get you," is responsible for the dread that many people have of meeting a man in a lone place. It is most unfair and unjust to use that threat, for a child should be taught that a man means protection and a safeguard instead of a wicked ogre.

One of our little boys talked very early in life. Seated on my knee one day close by an open door, he said, "Mamma, shut that door." I asked why.

"Big bear in there."

"Who told you so?"

"Hannah say big bear under bed, eat baby."

Needless to say, Hannah had the "Riot Act" read to her in summary fashion.

The dear boy passed away at thirteen, but he never went into a room alone when he was small, and when he grew older, tried to conquer his fear by bravely whistling when required to go alone upstairs or into the basement.

The habit is most reprehensible, and any person who is guilty of inspiring fear in the mind of a child is surely lacking in the moral principle that should be paramount in dealing with children.

"DEAR EDITOR OF AROUND THE HEARTH.—I am a stenographer. Three other girls are in the same office. They all

dress much better than I do. What I mean is they are dressed up in the fashion, with the shortest of skirts and highest of boots, and lingerie waists. One girl especially wears very fussy waists with wide embroidered collars, and her hair done up with many fancy pins, which contrasts very strongly with my plain attire. I believe in dressing quietly for my office work, and for going hither and thither, so do you think my taste is at fault when I wear a plain dress or skirt and tailored blouse at my desk, or should I try to compare favorably with the others?"

"A SHADOW CHILD."

Dear Child, hold fast to your own ideas in this matter. There are occasions when fancy clothes can be worn, but certainly not at our work. To be clean, neat and suitably dressed is the proper thing, so avoid making comparisons. Clothing of good material, of perfect fit, and well made, carries weight in a business office, where, after all, competence is the real essential.

Several years ago, when willow plumes were fashionable, I remember going down town in a large city on a cloudy, drizzly morning. I noticed from the car window the hurrying crowd of girls on the streets hastening to their positions in stores, shops and offices. On many hats the graceful willow plumes hung with a bedraggled appearance—even white ones—and it seemed such a pity to wear anything so expensive to one's work, and in the dampness that prevailed. How much more suitable a plain little shape that could defy the elements than to destroy the beauty of an ostrich plume, or any dressy style of hat!

"DEAR MISS MOORE.—Do you think men should help with the housework?"

"NORA MACHREE."

Shure, yer mishtaken there, Nora, darlint. Oi'm not "Miss," but a decent married woman. Tut, tut, what wud ye be askin' the poor man to be doin' about the house?

Yes, I think men should help with the housework in cases where necessity demands it, just as a woman should help out her husband's work if an emergency required it. I have always advocated teaching boys to be helpful in household ways in case it should be necessary.

Listen to what my boy wrote—"Say, mother, give me a tin can and a fire, and I can make these army rations taste like a King Edward menu." On the battlefields in France, he is experimenting with his culinary knowledge picked up while he helped mother.

But, chile dear, don't worry. After the war is over shure the work will be all muddled up higgledy-piggledy, and the men will be working indoors, while the women will be running trains and street cars. (Whisper, Nora, if ye jist use a bit o' the blarney wid yer man, shure he'd be afther helpin' ye wid yer housework.)

"DEAR EDITRESS, AROUND THE HEARTH.—Did you ever receive a chain letter—so called—asking you to write the contents and send to a certain number of persons within so many days? If you obey the request, some great joy will come to you, but on the other hand, some awful trouble will overtake you. What do you do with the letters? Are you brave enough to disobey, or do you feel it right not to break the chain? People differ in their opinion, so what do you think?"

"ENQUIRER."

They are sort of uncanny things, those letters, with their threat of a misfortune over your head, but I never have obeyed them. With me they just last while I read them, and raise the stove lid, calamity or no calamity. There are too many real calls in my life to heed the behest of a shadow that seems to have no substance back of it.

"DEAR MADAM EDITOR.—Once before I came to you, and you helped me in suggestions for entertainments to raise Patriotic funds. Can you tell me something new and striking that would catch a town of four thousand? Everybody seems tired of home talent now,

and we have not much chance of securing outside performers. Thanking you in advance, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"L. M. S."

Have you ever heard of the Cantata called "The Courtship of Miss Canada"? It is "catchy," although your home talent would be required.

This play and several others have been written by Mrs. Gertrude Cornish Knight, of Port Arthur, and have been staged from the Yukon to Prince Edward Island. They have raised over eleven thousand dollars for patriotic and church purposes, and her latest production—"The Hour Before the Dawn"—raised a thousand dollars in two nights in her home town. Write to her and obtain information. I really do not know of anything else new at present.

"DEAR MADAM.—In reply to your request for opinions on dancing, I will say that I learned to dance very early in life. Now a woman in the thirties, married, and a mother, I still dance, and love it.

"It has always been for me the very pleasantest form of exercise and amusement, and the easiest way of entertaining. My husband agrees with me in this. We are both very fond of music and have a Victrola in our home, but it is almost impossible to find a group of people who will listen quietly to even the finest artist's work, so we inevitably end up with dance music, and then everyone is happy, and the better music we enjoy when alone.

"There really is no harm in dancing. It (the harm) exists solely in the minds of those looking on, and of a very few performers themselves. Public dances are merely like everything else public. There one rubs up against all sorts and conditions, and naturally can pick flaws.

"As for the women's dresses affecting the appearance of a dance—well—I have seen dresses across the dinner table that made me wish the wearer would get up and walk or dance, so that I could see what else she wore besides two slender chains of brilliants. Why will women be such fools, I wonder?

"No, there is no harm in dancing, but if mothers would be more interested in their boys' and girls' friendships, encouraging them to bring their friends home and allowing them to dance there if they must dance, then they would never need to worry when their children went out to public affairs, for the home influence is a child's best guide and protection always."

"MY DEAR JENNIE ALLEN MOORE.—On your page of questions and answers last May you asked your readers for opinions of dancing.

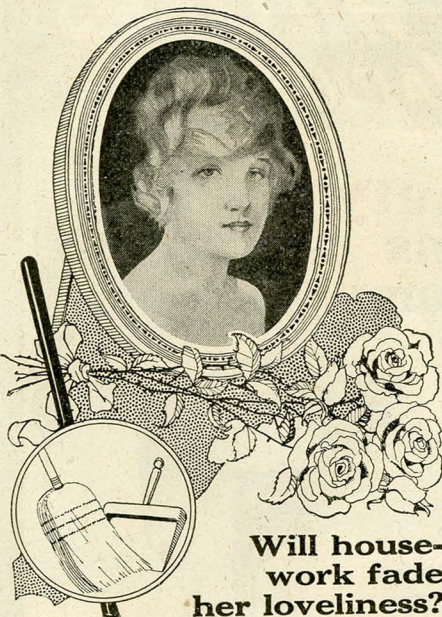
"Well, mine is a very unfavorable one, because I decided before I was twenty that for me dancing was wrong. Now, I had no father to prohibit it, and my church did not interfere, so my conclusions were self-formed. Living in the country, as we did then, there was the jolly sleigh-load of young folks, in the long winter evenings, going from home to home, and there it was I learned to dance.

"I first noticed that it was a real dissipation, for, as a rule, we danced on to the 'wee sma' hours,' and we were unfitted for our work next day. It is so alluring that one keeps on dancing even when physically worn out with the long evening's exercise, often in an ill-ventilated room.

"I liked dancing to music, but, young as I was, I objected to the abuse of the liberties allowed in the dance. The familiarities that are permissible soon led me to see why such personal contact could be condemned by persons looking on.

"The very freedom of manner between the boys and girls as they danced together seemed to license the same easy intimacy in the sleigh-ride home. And right here let me say that public dances are very often denounced, but there is one thing in their favor against the house dance—there are not

(Continued on page 29.)



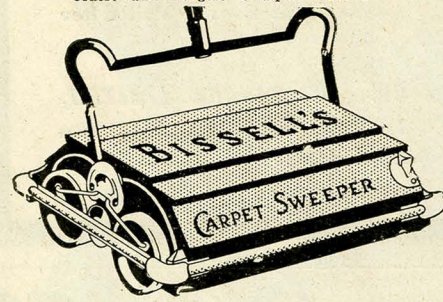
Will housework fade her loveliness?

The wasteful broom is symbolic of the household drudgery that so often fades the roses blooming in the cheeks of health. All so needless too, because such labor-saving articles as the Bissell sweepers make housework a pleasant and easy accomplishment. Housewives with Bissell sweepers, etc., are not enslaved by home tasks, but find leisure for patriotic duties.

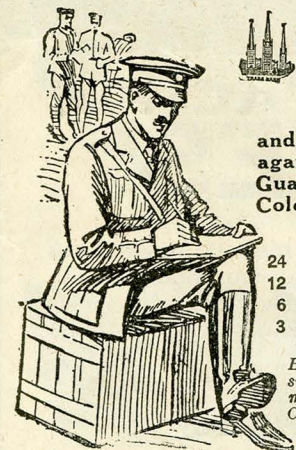
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Feathered Stars of Song

By ETHEL BAIN

If You Are a Bird Lover, or Wish to Become One,
You Will Enjoy This Story.

"March winds, April showers, bring forth May flowers," chattered Bushy Squirrel, as he busied himself sweeping out the entrance to his tree house one glorious sunshiny morning in May. But not only Bushy was busy, for an insistent whistling began in the depths of a wild cherry tree which was covered with rich pink blossoms. Such a whistling that the Squirrel cried, "I do wish you'd stop. I can't hear myself think," and dropping his tiny broom, covered his ears with his paws. The song ceased as a merry voice replied, "Didn't think you thought at all, Bushy," and suddenly there was a flash of golden flame through the air and a gorgeous Baltimore Oriole alighted on the branch beside the squirrel.

"Good-day, neighbor," he gaily cried. "Glad to see you, Mr. Oriole, but you're so dazzling in the sunlight I can scarcely see at all," replied Bushy Squirrel, winking and blinking his eyes.

The Baltimore Oriole laughed as he answered, "My coat is better than ever this year," and started to preen his orange colored feathers, his black head and partly black throat, back, wings and tail contrasting sharply against the rest of his rich plumage.

"Why, you're nearly as big as a robin," chattered the squirrel.

"I consider myself just as valuable as a robin, even if I am a wee bit smaller," retorted the Oriole as he drew himself up to his full eight inches.

"Of course you're just as valuable," quickly replied the squirrel. "Look at the great number of leaf eating caterpillars and beetles you destroy. The fruit farmer, too, knows you're worth your weight in gold. You eat moths, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the Baltimore Oriole. "Half of our food consists of moths. You know that few or no birds care for those hairy caterpillars, so we catch and eat the lady moth that lays the eggs which later hatch into the nasty, hairy caterpillars. We destroy hundreds of Tent caterpillars too, and the farmer who invites us to live in his orchard is well repaid. It will be a wonder if he has to spray his fruit bushes, for as soon as we see that worms have started their work of destroying the bushes, we set to work too, and then it's goodbye Mr. Worm and family."

Bushy Squirrel nodded his head, and chuckled to himself as he thought of wriggly worms, getting the worst of the battle.

"Thinking again, Bushy?"

"Yes. When is Mrs. Oriole due to arrive?"

"Oh, she'll be here soon. You know the lady oriole birds always travel alone."

"Must be suffragettes," suggested the squirrel.

"Oh no, they like to come along slowly in flocks, sort of want to do a little window gazing, as it were, to see the spring fashions. Although Mrs. Oriole is not so gaily colored as myself, she is clever and builds the most wonderful nest. You've seen it, of course?"

"Indeed I have," the squirrel answered. "Why, it's lovely," he went on. "It's a real cradle in a treetop, sometimes ten inches long, swinging to and fro with every breeze; so pretty it looks, with all the bits of gay colored string and wool woven in with the grasses and fibres. Oh, she's an expert builder," finished the squirrel.

"You're right," the Baltimore Oriole replied and away he flew, whistling for all he was worth.

Bushy Squirrel watched him as he disappeared, then began his sweeping all over again. "I never saw such a bird," he said to himself. "He's all fire and music, but I like him, for he is so very useful." At last the sweeping was finished and Bushy sat down to rest. "The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra-la-la," he sang as he looked at the cherry tree.

"Tra-la-la," mocked a voice above his head.

The squirrel looked up but there was nothing to be seen. Then there came a long drawn out mia-w-w. "Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed Bushy. The whining cat-call was repeated as a dainty, smooth, grey-feathered Catbird flew down to greet the squirrel.

"Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Catbird," he cried. "You're looking well," he went on.

"Oh, yes. We had a lovely time in Panama, but say, Bushy, what do you think I've found? A red mulberry tree. I do wish people would plant more of these trees, because birds love them, especially the robins, mockingbirds and we catbirds. We always get accused of stealing strawberries and cherries, but, then, one does like a change sometimes, for you know that we eat nothing but insects day after day."

"I know," said Bushy, "and I'm sure that I'd get tired too. What did you have for dinner to-day?"

"Thirty grasshoppers, several beetles and a few moths."

"Thirty what?" gasped the squirrel, but the Catbird wasn't listening for suddenly he sprang into the air to seize a passing fly, then flew off to his nest which was hidden in a tangle of cat-brier. So friendly and intelligent the Catbird is, and one would think he had stepped out of a bandbox to see his neat coat without a ruffle. See him a short time afterward and you wouldn't know him, for he looks just as if he had tumbled out of bed. Feathers all puffed out and dragged, tousled head and drooping tail. He is just like "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," for he is the most contrary bird there is, and does the most unexpected things. Hiding in the thicket he will sing the loveliest songs, and no grand opera singer could do better trills than his, which ripple like silver bells. All at once he will stop and the next moment you hear that whining cat-call which has given him his name. Many a person has searched the roadside thicket or wood for the distressed pussy, when all the time it is the dainty bird in a nearby tree that is playing a joke upon them.

The Catbirds like to live close together, and, if during late May or early June, one of the nests should be disturbed whilst they are raising their families, they will all join in the outcry of mews and cat-calls—a regular cat's concert they hold. The lady catbirds make most devoted foster-mothers to any baby catbirds that are left orphans. They look after the wee helpless birdies, feeding and caring for them lovingly until they are able to fly and look after themselves.

So as March winds with April showers bring forth May flowers and beautiful singing birds too, look about as you wander through the woods, along the country roads, beside the brooks, through the ravines, in the orchards and meadows and you will be rewarded. Look for the Redstart, that pretty black and salmon pink bird; the yellow Warbler, who is truly a bright yellow color; his cousin, the Blackburnian Warbler, which no tree is thick enough to hide. You would almost think he was a Baltimore Oriole only he is so small, being a little over four inches long. With his black head striped with orange flame color, his orange breast and throat, black wings and white markings on his black back and tail, you cannot mistake him as he darts through the shadows like the flame of a candle. Along the dusty roadside you will find the Indigo Bunting bird, and the color of indigo is a deep rich blue. His little wife wears a brown dress, rather sparrowlike, but they are members of the finch family.

Then there is the brilliant Scarlet Tanager bird, but you will have to search the woodlands for him, for he has been hunted so much for his gorgeous feathers that he has become shy of mankind, and only the patient bird lover succeeds in finding him. If only vain women would realize how much more beautiful a live singing bird is, pouring out his love song to his mate, than a dead bird is upon their hats, we would have many of these lovely creatures for neighbors. Happily for the fate of the young birds, Mother Nature provides them with dull colored clothes, and ever you will find that the mother bird wears quiet plumage. It is always the male bird which wears the brightest colors, but at migration time, he, too, changes his gay suit for one of sombre hue; by doing so he does not attract the attention he otherwise would if he kept to his bright feathers, and in this way does Mother Nature protect her children.

There are many more beautiful and useful birds that come to sing and work when May flowers bloom, but search for these, get to know them, love them, and above all, protect them.



Doing Your Share at Home

WOMEN'S greatest patriotic service today is to conserve those foods which are necessary to win the war.

The wheat must be saved and every housewife can do this by "the use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours." This has been recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration of the United States.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

not only makes the recommended coarse flour breads light and palatable, but insures their wholesome quality.

Try these New War Time Recipes:

Prune Cake

1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups brown sugar or
1 cup corn syrup
1/2 cup milk
1 cup rye flour
3/4 cup white flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 lb. prunes (washed, stoned
and cut into pieces).

Cream shortening, add sugar or syrup and milk. Mix well and add the flour which has been sifted with the spices and baking powder. Add the prunes and mix well. Bake in greased loaf pan in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Oatmeal Fruit Cookies

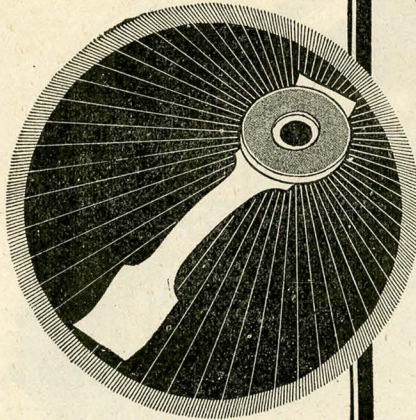
1/2 cup oatmeal
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup seeded raisins,
grated peel of half orange,
chopped citron

Put oatmeal through food chopper, add flour, baking powder, sugar and salt which have been sifted together. Rub in shortening, add milk enough to make soft dough; add raisins and grated peel of orange; roll out very thin and sprinkle over with chopped citron and grated orange peel. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Excellent results may be had by reducing the eggs in most recipes one-half or more, or often leaving them out altogether, by adding a small additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try it with your favorite recipes and remember you must use Royal to obtain the best results.

Send for our new book, "55 Ways to Save Eggs."—Mailed free. Address—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
4 ST. LAWRENCE BOULEVARD
MONTREAL, CANADA



This magic spot ends corns

PLACE it on your throbbing corn tonight. It takes but a second. Relief will come instantly, because the felt ring relieves all pressure.

The medicated spot of wax soothes while it works.

You will wonder why you waited so long.

Tomorrow your corn will not hurt as it has today.

And within 48 hours the corn will come out easily, painlessly.

Blue-jay is the gentle, certain way, discovered by a great chemist. Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, famed for surgical dressings.

Paring Is Extremely Dangerous

and only a makeshift. Infection is possible. Harsh and mussy liquids are disagreeable.

Blue-jay is irresistible to the average corn. Once in a while an old and stubborn corn requires a second treatment.

Tonight prove these truths yourself. It costs so little. Then you will never let a corn hurt again.

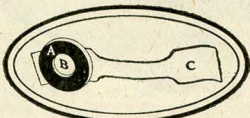
At All Druggists—
25c a Package

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Makers of Surgical Dressings
Chicago Toronto New York

B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely

25c Packages at Druggists



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

A New Kind of Puzzle for May

By TOM WOOD

The puzzle in each of the first four pictures is to find the name of the town or city—as indicated by the directions beneath.

If you study carefully, you will find the name spelled out correctly. It may require parts of several words—for instance, the first is "Stratford."

Numbers 5 and 6 each represent "square words," i.e., words which read the same from top to bottom and from left to right, as M A Y
A P E
Y E W.

Each little picture represents one of the words which comprise the "square word," and if guessed correctly and placed in proper order—one below the other—may be read quite easily.



How many words can you make out of "nothing"? Write them plainly with your above answers.

Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE MARCH PUZZLE.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. Skirt | Sandwiches. |
| 2. Coat | Muffins. |
| 3. Stitching | Layer Cake. |
| 4. Facings | Cookies. |
| 5. Dome Fasteners | Ice Cream. |
| 6. Buttons | Pop-corn. |
| 7. Folds | Maple-buds. |
| 8. Style | Salted Nuts. |

The first prize is won by Mrs. W. Merritt, West Lorne, Ontario; the second by Miss M. McGuire, 340 14th Street N.W., Calgary, Alta.

Address all answers to puzzle, the Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

14C

From a dentist's letter
—name will be furnished on request.

"A powder possesses the best antiseptic and cleansing qualities. The necessary ingredients to liberate Oxygen in the mouth are contained only in

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

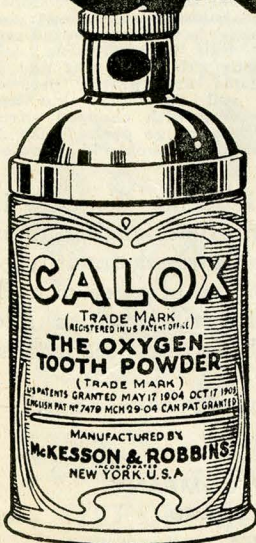
Cleans-Whitens-Preserves

A package sufficient for one week's trial and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Powder is Better Than a Paste" will be sent free on request.

30 and 50 cents everywhere

The large size contains more than twice as much as the smaller size.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
Incorporated
New York



"Your 32 Teeth are 32 Reasons"

Training Boys and Girls for War-Time and After

BY THOMAS BENGOUGH,
Secretary, Toronto Vocational Committee.

The Need and Cry for Leaders—How Education Would Help Solve the Labor Problem—Views of an Industrial Expert—Reform Needed in Canadian Educational Methods—Britain's New Education Bill a Revolution—The Mother of Democracy Leads the Way.

"We have not many leaders in Canada; we develop a high grade of average man, and some people call that democracy!"

Dr. George H. Locke, Chief City Librarian of Toronto, made this statement at the memorial service to Rev. Dr. Burwash. He added that there was a monotonous sameness among Canadians, due to a large extent to the methods of education. He declared that education is a process, and not a state of being. The more varied the process, the better for the production of genius.

How We Are Losing Possible Leaders.

Dr. Locke's remarks were probably suggested by the serious statements of Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University, a few days previously. Here are the terrible facts and figures:

In the year before the war there were about 10,000 men in attendance in all the Universities of Canada in any one year—in arts, in medicine, in applied science, and other faculties. Last August (1917) there were 12,000 graduates and under-graduates of the Canadian Universities on active service—2,000 more than all the under-graduates in any one year.

In Toronto University at present there are only 150 students in applied science (600 fewer than before the war); in arts there were 440 last year, against 1,300 before the war.

Many who had gone overseas will never return; many will return wounded in such a way that they can never resume their professions or continue their work leading to their professions; and others will enter four years late, or not at all.

Think what these figures mean in relation to the training of leaders, especially in industrial sciences like chemistry, which should receive special impetus now, when such a splendid start has been made with munition work. Think also of the loss of these thousands of young men who were training as leaders, in relation to the development of Canada's natural resources—a development that is essential for the payment of our enormous war debts. What will it mean, also, when we seek to develop in this country those ideas of democracy, liberty, fraternity, which are being released in the world to-day as one result of the war? What will it mean to our ideas and ideals for greater production, more vital education, better social conditions, improved relations between capital and labor, the larger view of national questions, the equalizing of opportunity, the application of the democratic motto: "Live and let live"? How will our boys and girls be able to get along without the help, guidance, leadership of these thousands of splendid young men, whose patriotic zeal and sacrifice mark them as our choicest spirits. Even in the cases of those who return, as the "Globe" says:

"This drain upon the professional leadership of the country will raise a difficult problem after the war. Four years will have been blotted out of the lives of thousands who contemplated professional careers. They will have missed four years of study in the normal period of studentship. It will be difficult for many to overtake this precious time and renew civil life at the point at which they left it."

The Urgent Call for Leaders.

Sir Robert Falconer dealt with the problem of leadership in these strong words:—

"This will produce a great gap just at the time when our new population enters after the war. How are we to meet the professional demands that will then arise? Think of it. We speak of the development of Canada, we speak of the development of its resources. How many men will you require to develop those resources? Your experts, where will you get them; where are your chemists to come from? You know chemistry is to-day the science that is ramifying into innumerable branches. We don't allow our chemists to-day to enlist. Where are your geologists to come from, your metallurgists? Where are your botanists to come from to tell you about the immense forest resources, and your bacteriologists to tell you how pests are to be overcome? The United States will need her own experts, and England can't supply any. We must produce them ourselves. Only thoughtless men talk about closing Universities during war time. They don't know what they are talking about. They don't realize the crisis that will be on this country unless, when the war is over, our Universities are ready forthwith to resume at full pressure the work which they reduced for other more pressing duties during the period of the war. We must not only get back to where we were, but we must look forward and be ready for what is coming."

The Labor Problem Looms Large.

Another very serious and complicated problem, which must soon be settled in Canada, is that of the relations of capital and labor. In England this question has been tackled by the Whitley Commission, and a working basis has been found that is acceptable to both of these great sections of society. This new basis for co-operation between capital and labor has put Britain a century ahead of the world.

As this question involves that of the education of the coming workers, it is appropriate that I should deal with that phase of the problem.

I am extremely fortunate in being able to quote from an up-to-date authority on this matter as it relates to Canada—Mr. C. V. Corliss, now of the Mond Nickel Co., Coniston, Ont., who was a successful teacher in this province before taking a special course in McGill University. He therefore speaks with authority from the school as well as the industrial standpoint.

In a recent address before the Royal Canadian Institute Mr. Corliss dealt with "Educational Reform: its relation to a solution of the Industrial Deadlock." He clearly outlined the situation, and offered the solution. In order to get the proper setting of the matter, I quote as follows:—

The Antagonism of Capital and Labor.

"While nearly all institutions in free countries have become democratic—that is, controlled by the consent of the constituents—in industry the autocratic method still largely prevails.

"There is no possibility of this condition remaining permanent. The continual strife between capital and labor in the industrial field is rooted in this. On the one side we have capitalists lined up in combinations to look after what they believe to be their own interests; on the other, we have labor combining more and more in trade unions. Each of these works secretly for what it conceives to be its own ends. Neither realizes clearly that the aims of both are, or should be, one and the same. Capital has dominated and in most cases autocratically controlled the situation. No concerted action has been taken by both sides to get together and study the business of production as a co-operation of capital, intelligence and labor, which it really is.

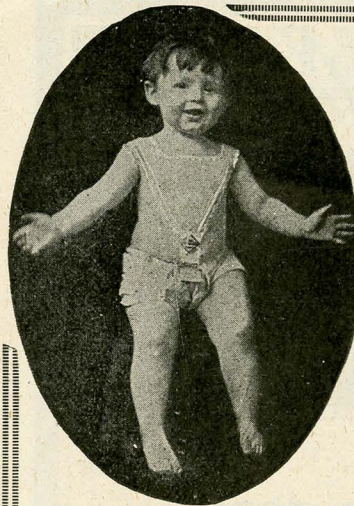
"We are all vitally interested in this situation, for the existence and welfare of all society depend on the efficiency of the co-operation of these factors of industry. Society cannot forever continue to allow the capitalist to jeopardize the welfare of us all by insisting on an antiquated, autocratic attitude towards labor in production. A way out must be found."

The Solution of the Problem.

Mr. Corliss says that the difficulty arises from two errors—(1) a deep misunderstanding of the economic purpose of industry, which is, to contribute to human welfare; (2) lack of good-will.

The remedy must therefore be two-fold:—(1) Thorough social and economic training—for which our educational institutions must be held responsible chiefly, if not entirely; (2) methods must be found for employers and employed getting together and adjusting differences of opinion.

The solution depends chiefly on the social training. The existing atmosphere of suspicion and antagonism will gradually give place to increasing confidence and understanding if this social training is "coupled with and arises out of such reformed educational programs and methods as will make it a natural outgrowth of real experience—a much more scientific practical and thoroughly democratising education than that imparted under the present educational regime—



Let Us Send You a Box of Turnbull's "M" Bands for Your Baby

Every mother we know of who has tried them would not be without them for anything.

Turnbull's "M" Band is a little garment that is worn next the skin by the baby. They are very finely knitted from the softest and cleanest Australian merino wool. Over each shoulder and meeting like a "V" front and back are two linen tapes; these tapes are attached to a linen tab front and back. These tabs are used for pinning the diaper to.

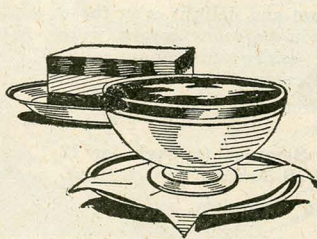
This method keeps the diaper firmly and snugly in place making the baby comfortable

all the time and preventing soiling clothes.

In addition the fine soft wool next the baby's skin serves as an abdominal band keeping the body warm and at an even temperature all the time. Good dealers sell these or we will send you a box by mail for \$1.50—Each box contains three garments.

Give age of baby when writing and send to-day.

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited
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Use Benson's for Custards

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Nameless brands, even though lower in price, are more expensive in the end.

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BY A HUNDRED THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY, FOREST AND STREAM, PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN—RICH IN AGRICULTURE, TIMBER, MINERALS, CLIMATE AND COMMERCE—

And through British Columbia by a solid, well-constructed line along the lowest grade and among the mightiest mountain peaks in America—Jasper and Mt. Robson National Parks, the Yellowhead Pass, the Cariboo Country, and for hundreds of miles through the famous North Thompson, Thompson, and Fraser River Valleys to Vancouver and the Pacific.

Lowest rates, through tickets and reservations everywhere—descriptive literature, time tables—any C. N. R. Agent, or write General Passenger Department.

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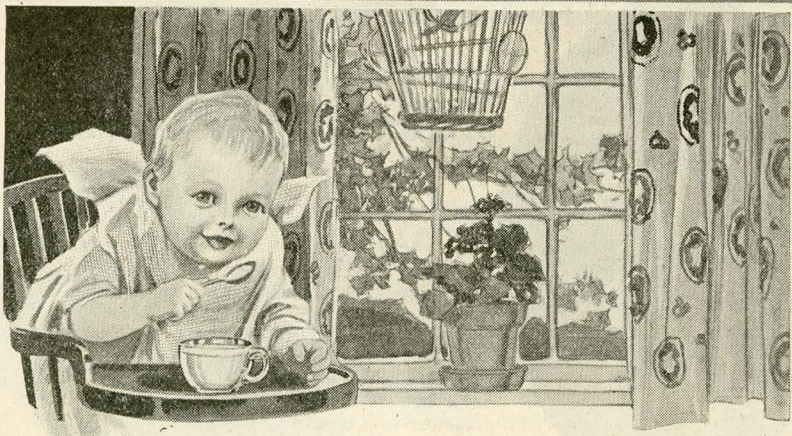
REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt

MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

180

(Continued on following page.)



MILK IN A BETTER FORM

Junket is simply milk that is more enjoyable and more easily digested. That is why it is such an excellent food, especially for children.

That is why physicians and nurses recommend it so highly; and why your mother and grandmother served it—as a food for the little ones, as a dessert for grown-ups.

Junket

MADE with MILK

And Junket is so good as to attract and delight even those who do not care for milk. It can be made into a wide variety of dainty desserts, quickly, easily and economically. Frozen, it makes an excellent ice cream.

Serve Junket. See how the children enjoy it! Give them all they want, as you would milk.

Send 3c for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package of 10 Tablets.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory,
Dept. C, Toronto, Canada.

"Nesnah" is Junket prepared with sugar and in 4 flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10c.



Training Boys and Girls for War-Time and After

(Continued from preceding page.)

and if it is extended downward through all our educational institutions so as to reach all future employers and workmen."

"But if such a social foundation is not laid by our general educational programs and methods, so as to form in all, or in the great majority, a basis for this saner economic and ethical understanding—this truly democratic spirit which must characterize both sides—such organization will be certainly a partial, and probably a complete, failure"; for organization will not originate, though it may express, the disposition to get together.

Education Must be Broadened.

"Just here," Mr. Corliss thinks, "lies the greatest necessity for reform in our whole present educational system. Our system has aimed too exclusively at developing individuals as such. If I may speak unreservedly, I would say that it is failing almost utterly in training each youth to understand his economic and social place and responsibilities in our present, highly-organized, industrial, democratic society. This is no reproach. The present situation is a natural result of educational history and tradition.

"But we have reached the parting of the ways.

"If industry is not to drift more and more towards deadlock—the signpost that marks the down-hill slope to revolution—a great readjustment in industrial relationships, based on a complete change of view, must gradually be brought about as to the proper economic and ethical principles which should underlie the relations between capital and labor.

"Without the forward vision, which can be given only by a clear discernment of economic and ethical principles, there can be no steady social progress—there will result only patchwork and makeshifts.

"Hence we must look to our educational system as a whole to form in each student that knowledge and breadth of mind in economic matters—that saneness of view regarding industrial and all other social relationships—that sense of justice—that humaneness of feeling—that desire for the practical application of the "golden rule" in all our communal affairs—that general ethical sensibility—those psychological condition and groundwork on which any final settlement of the industrial dispute must be based.

"For it is not the symptoms, but the cause, of this chronic ailment of the social body which we wish to root out. And all relationships in human society, whether good or bad, desirable or undesirable, are but outward expressions of those psychological realities, those mental states—those understandings, ethical dispositions, mental attitudes—which it should be the fundamental purpose of education, in the broadest sense, to create, and of which it is the business of our educational institutions, viewed in the narrower sense, to lay the foundation."

Britain's Great Advance in Education.

Mr. Corliss is concerned for the great things in education—the great currents of its influence—its great heaving tides—its power in evolution, if not revolution, towards better, saner, safer social conditions. In a later article I hope to deal with the big educational problem which the above quotations foreshadow, and show how it could be worked out.

In preparation for the broadening of education in Canada, it will be invigorating to look across the ocean, and see how Great Britain—the Mother of Democracy—is bringing about a "revolution in education," as it has been called, as well as a democratic settlement of the labor question.

While the war has been raging just across the English Channel, and while Britain has been disturbed in every phase of life by the various dangers and incidents of the conflict which threatened the very existence of the motherland, the friends of the rising generation have been diligently pre-

paring for the new days that will come after the war.

Powerful Organization and Expert Minister.

For fifteen years the Workers' Educational Association—an unsectarian, non-political and democratic federation—has been persistently working, teaching, talking, organizing, until now it comprises 2,336 organizations. These include 861 trade unions, trades councils and branches, 409 co-operative committees, 205 adult schools, brotherhoods, etc., 11 university bodies, 12 local education authorities, 93 working men's clubs, institutes, etc.; 182 teachers' associations, 57 educational and literary societies, 75 classes and study circles, and 431 various societies, mainly of work people.

The "W. E. A." has been one of the chief factors in bringing to pass Britain's new Education Bill, which has been hailed by educational reformers as "the dawn of a new era, a pledge that the England of to-morrow will be better equipped for competition in the arts of peace than the England of the past, and will rise to a higher cultural level."

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the President of the Board of Education (i.e., the Minister of Education of Great Britain) is an old friend of and worker in the "W. E. A." By the happy conjunction of this powerful association and its friend and co-laborer, placed in the position of spokesman for the British Government, the motherland is taking an educational step forward that will prove even more revolutionary than the compulsory public school bill of 1870.

The Workers' Educational Association contends that the child must not be stunted by premature labor if the adult is to win the opportunities for freedom of thought and self-expression which should be the birth-right of every human being. This noble declaration has now been embodied in law, and is really the keynote of the new Education Bill, in which the provision for establishing continuation classes is introduced in these words:—"With a view to continuing the education of young persons and helping them to prepare for the freedom and responsibilities of adult life it shall be the duty of the local education authority," etc.

Britain is fortunate, at this juncture, in having a Minister of Education who is an expert educationist and at the same time an ardent democrat.

How Britain is to Train Boys and Girls.

The British Education Bill is quite long and comprehensive, but I am sure it will be helpful to my readers—especially those who, in groups, are using my articles as a basis for study of educational problems—to give an outline of its chief provisions.

In order that full benefit may be derived from the system of free public elementary schools, local education authorities (similar to our school boards) are required to make full provision by means of central schools, central or special classes, or otherwise, for including in the course of studies, at appropriate stages, practical instruction suited to the ages, capacities and circumstances of the children.

This "practical instruction" covers cookery, laundrywork, housewifery, dairywork, handicrafts, gardening, and such other subjects as the Board (Department) of Education may declare to be subjects.

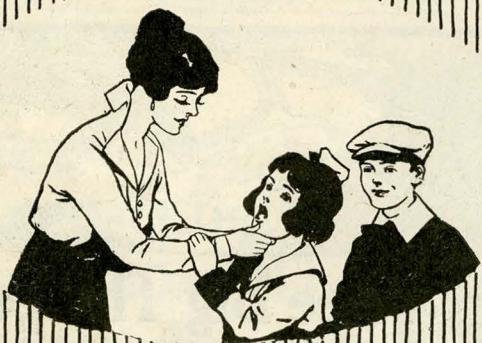
Local authorities must also organize advanced instruction for the older children, including those who stay at public elementary schools beyond the age of fourteen; they must prepare children for further education in schools other than elementary; must maintain sufficient continuation schools for all young persons, within their area who, under the Act, are obliged to attend such continuation schools to provide suitable free courses of instruction and physical training.

Compulsory Education Between 5 and 14.

No exemption from attendance at elementary schools shall be granted to any child between the ages of 5 and

(Continued on page 44.)

"—the only
and original
FRUIT
SALT."



Mothers! Watch your Children's Health

THE sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks and bright vivacity of childhood can only come from perfect health. Mothers! Watch carefully your children's health and train them into regular habits. There is no safer corrective or preventive of children's ailments than—

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Not only a delicious and cooling drink but a mild natural tonic-aperient. It acts gently upon the stomach and cleanses and purifies the system by natural means. Insist on "ENO'S"—the only genuine "FRUIT SALT."

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J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, LONDON, Eng.
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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED
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(9)

Beware of Substitutes



My Best Idea

Contributed by Our Readers

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.

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. Give your name and address.

To Keep a Grinder from Slipping.

Before screwing down your meat grinder to the table, place under it a piece of sandpaper and you will find it will stay more firmly and will not slip.

Miss Esther James,
Macdonald, Man.

To Keep Black Straw Hats Clean and Like New.

After wearing, rub briskly with an old piece of black velvet. Dust cannot make straw look gray and old if this is kept up regularly.

Weston, Ont.

To Clean Paint Brushes.

To economize these days let us use our old paint brushes that have been tossed aside without being cleaned. Take an old can that does not leak, fill with water, and slice up a little piece of soap, enough to make a good suds. Put the dirty paint brush in this and place on the stove. Let it boil for an hour, working the brush often to soften it up. Some brushes need this treatment twice, but I find it makes the brush as good as a new one when it is rinsed off in cold water.

Mrs. H. R. Fox,
Roslin, Ont.

A Child Who Waits on Himself.

I have saved myself many steps, and at the same time planted the seeds of order in my little boy's mind, by having him do many things for himself. I bought several child-size coat-hangers. They can be procured almost anywhere at two for five cents. I placed several hooks in the closet within his reach, so that when he comes in he can hang up his coat without assistance. Low on the closet door I hung a little shoe-bag, for his shoes only, where he puts his shoes, bedroom slippers and rubbers instead of throwing them on the floor when he takes them off. For the bathroom I bought an extra glassholder and screwed it just "hand high" for a four-year-old. A white enamelled cup without a handle just fits the holder, and will stand many knocks without breaking. Now he can get his own drinks of water and also those for his little friends without having to climb on a stool. He takes pride in having things for his "very own," and loves to show me that he can wait on himself.

First Aid to Small Boys.

Being at present in the throes of raising a family of small boys, I have been much troubled not only by dirty towels, but by dirty hands. The latter had been washed boy-fashion, but the result was far from immaculate. Three very useful toilet accessories have come to my rescue: liquid soap in a stationary fixture; wash cloths labeled "for hands," and paper towels. Small hands washed with a well-lathered cloth are really clean. And paper towels are easily destroyed, while the liquid soap does away with a muddy soap-dish.

How to Keep Brown Sugar.

Some housekeepers complain that brown sugars harden in the pantry, making them difficult to serve or to measure out for cooking.

Grandmother, who used brown sugar all the time, knew just how to keep it moist. She never allowed sugar to stand in a paper bag, but emptied it at once into a stone crock with a tight cover, which she kept down cellar or in a cold pantry.

Modern housewives do not like to take extra steps for their supplies, and many of them have no cellars or cold pantries in which to store provisions. Under these conditions brown sugar should be kept in a tin canister, but more preferably in a stone crock, and some artificial moisture provided. A clean white cloth moistened with water and placed in a cup or dish on top of the sugar will keep it in good condition for many weeks. If a large supply of brown sugar is kept on hand, a small colander or sieve should be secured to the top of the can or crock as a permanent holder for the moistened cloth.

If brown sugar has already become hardened, it can be made soft by wringing a large cloth out of warm water and placing it in a colander in the container in which the sugar is kept.

Hint for Home Dressmakers.

To get the correct waistline when sewing a skirt on a blouse, put the blouse on, take a cord about a yard long, and draw it through a crayon; cornstarch or flour would do if colored goods. Now tie firmly over the waist line where the skirt is to be sewn, pull gently each way a little, untie, and you have the correct line to baste the skirt on.

Mrs. Wm. J. Patterson,
Barrie, Ont.

The Utility of Music

(Continued from page 21.)

In Great Britain, as on this continent, music is largely a matter of private enterprise, although the municipalities of the north of England give it considerable attention. Since the war, however, music has flourished in the motherland, and any attempt on the part of the Government to put a ban on it as a war measure would be scouted. There, as in other lands, an attempt has been made with more or less success to make music a stimulus to further exertions in the war against Germany. It is clear that those persons in the United States who have taken up the cudgels against music know nothing of the views of the powers which were in the war long before the United States, and whose difficulties have been incredibly greater. Their views would not have the slightest chance of acceptance among those who have really learned what war means, from the daily presence of danger and the ever-increasing casualty lists.

We find, then, that among those best entitled to speak music is not regarded as a luxury, but as a national utility in time of war. But when we take up the question of music in the abstract, apart altogether from its utility or negligibility as an aid in war, the proposal to ban it or penalize it becomes all the more fantastic. It is every day becoming more and more a part of the life of the best elements of the com-

munity—and one uses this phrase in no snobbish or narrow sense. It is one of the cleanest and most tranquillizing of cultural forces—a definitely steadying element and an antidote to that hysteria which always lurks under the surface of all communities affected by war. In a general sense it is one of the most certain factors in promoting that enlightened family life which is a potent influence in making a people strong for resistance. Considering it in the abstract, let me quote the following words of Dr. Edward A. Rumley, writing on "Music in the Home": "The first interest in music comes during the earliest years of childhood. An unmusical childhood cannot produce a musical adult. Music in the family circle builds up the intimate family relations between parents and children, between brothers and sisters, that are the basis of the finest feelings in life."

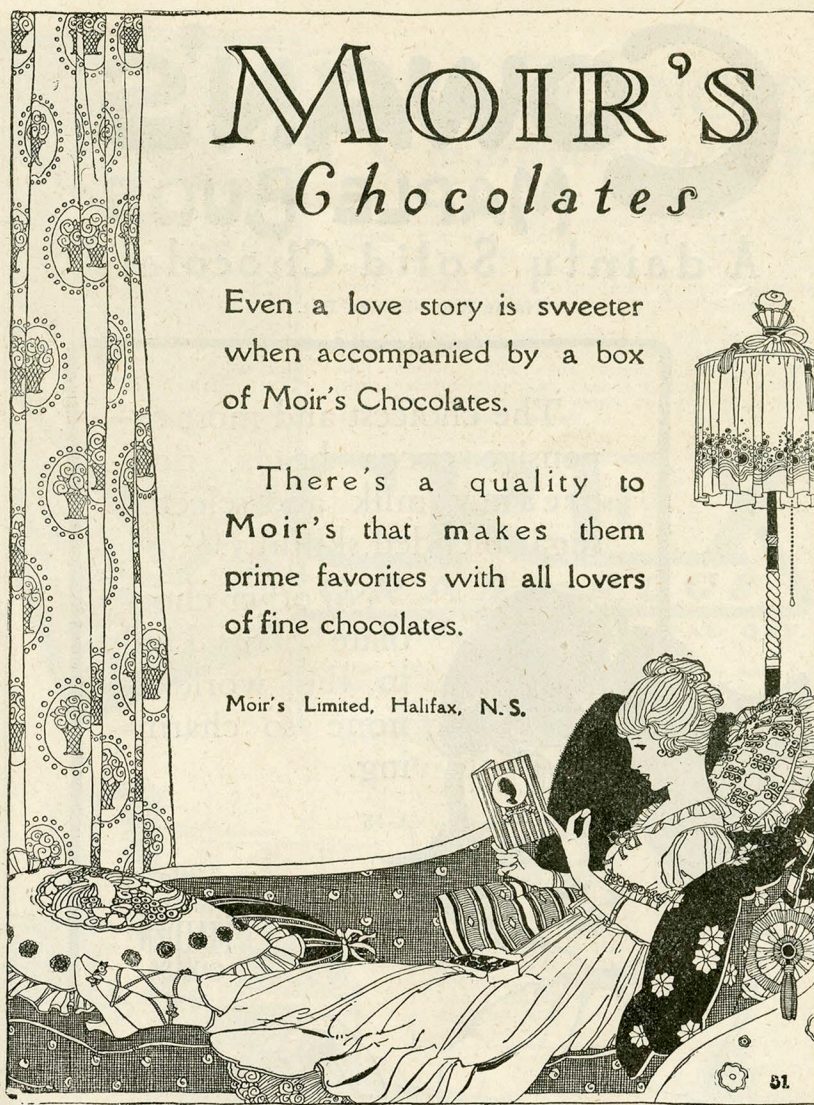
It is plain that those thoughtless people who under the pretext of war would strike a blow at music would (unconsciously perhaps) strike a blow at the future well-being of the people of this continent. Music needs all the encouragement it can get in English-speaking countries, which have progressed far more rapidly in a political sense than in the humanizing arts of civilization, and it is to be hoped that the musicians of America will prove influential enough to nip the conspiracy in the bud.

MOIR'S Chocolates

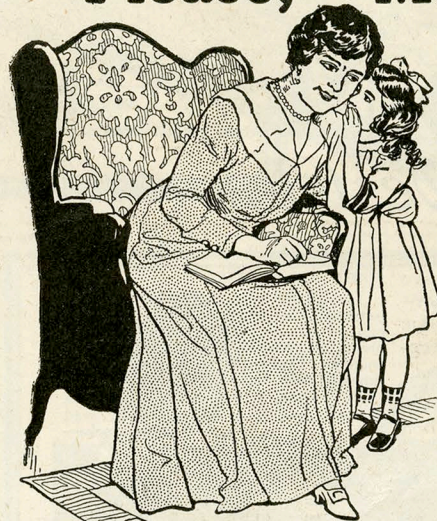
Even a love story is sweeter when accompanied by a box of Moir's Chocolates.

There's a quality to Moir's that makes them prime favorites with all lovers of fine chocolates.

Moir's Limited, Halifax, N.S.



"Please, Mother



may I have some more Jersey Cream Sodas? They're awfully good."

No wonder the little tots like these delicious biscuits—they're made from rich creamery butter, sweet milk, high-grade flour and pure shortening. You'll like their delicious, appetizing flavor, too.

Always Fresh and Crisp

Sold Everywhere in Different Sized Packages



McCormick's

JERSEY CREAM
Sodas



Meet me at the TULLER for value, service, home comforts.

New Hotel Tuller

Detroit, Mich.

Center of business on Grand Circus Park.
Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$3.00 Up Double.
200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$2.00 Single, \$3.00 Up Double.
100 Rooms, Private Bath, \$2.50 Single, \$4.00 Up Double.
100 Rooms, Private Bath, \$3.50-\$5.00 Single, \$4.50 Up Double.

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.

Two Floors-Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

A dainty Solid Chocolate

Name Reg.—Design Pat.

The choicest and most expensive cocoa beans, rich, creamy milk and selected sugar blended skilfully.

No other chocolate of its kind in the world—none so charming.

A-45



Little
Miss
MAIDEN
CANADA
Registered

Sleep-Meter of Westclox

THE strongest recommendation Sleep-Meter could have is the family name—*Westclox*—on the dial. *Westclox* is the badge of alarm clock quality. Sleep-Meter is proud to wear it.

Sleep-Meter is made by Western Clock Co.,—makers of Big Ben and other *Westclox* alarms—and

is easily the best medium-priced alarm you can buy.

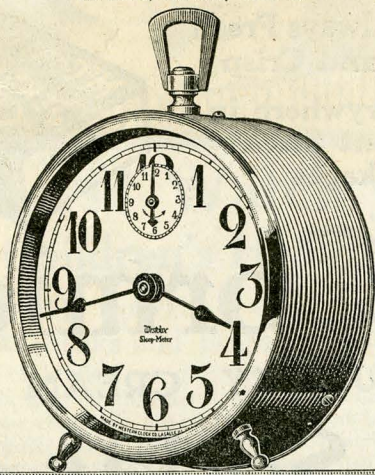
Like all *Westclox*, Sleep-Meter has the patented *Westclox* construction—a better method of clock making: Needle-line pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. That's why all *Westclox* run on time and ring on time.

Sleep-Meter is five inches tall, has a cheerful-toned gong and an easily read dial. You'll want one of these clocks—more likely two.

Western Clock Co.—makers of *Westclox*

Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Sleep-Meter—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.



A *Westclox* Alarm

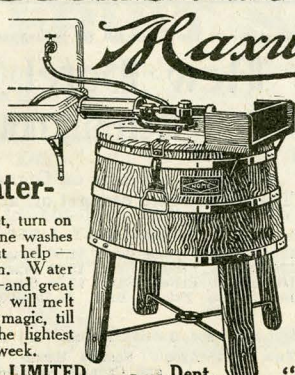
If you have running water in your home, you should have a Maxwell Water-Motor Washer.

"Home" Water-

Attach it to the faucet, turn on water, and the machine washes the clothes—without help—without any attention. Water and suds, that's all—and great piles of dirty clothes will melt away as though by magic, till wash-day becomes the lightest working day in your week.

MAXWELLS LIMITED

Maxwell



other things you can be doing meanwhile! Here is a

Motor Washer

that makes special appeal to thrifty housekeepers—no gasoline to buy or current to use—just plain, cheap water! And it will clean the clothes just as carefully as you would do them by hand. Saves work—saves time—saves backache—saves the clothes! Ask your dealer.

Dept.

"J" St. Marys, Ontario 39

How to Use the Versatile Banana

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

Author of "Canning, Preserving and Pickling"

The Banana Has Twice the Amount of Tissue-building Elements of the Orange, and Four Times That of the Apple.

The banana is really a species of plantain. It is an herbaceous plant related to the cinnamon, ginger and arrowroot, but which rises under favoring conditions to the dignity and height of a tree. After maturing its fruit, which it produces in immense clusters, the plant dies. The banana is enormously productive, more so to the acre than anything else in the entire range of food products. It may be eaten raw or cooked. When eaten raw, well-ripened fruit in which the skin has become darkened, even shriveled a little, should be selected. This is because these changes in the skin indicate the activity of the ferments inherent in the banana, and prove its digestibility.

In relation to heat-producing energy, it has one-third greater value than the apple, and twice the value of the orange. It is these elements which raise it to the rank of a food.

The amount of tissue-building material is identical with that of milk, while it is estimated that one pound of banana meal is equal in nutritive value to two pounds of wheat flour. The sugar it contains is a valuable asset.

Let the fruit be well selected, red or yellow, with a good, fair skin absolutely intact, and under no circumstances cut at the ends. It must not be over ripe nor yet too green.

BANANA SAUCE.—Peel four bananas and rub them through a sieve. Put one cupful of water, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the grated rind of one orange or lemon into a saucepan, and allow them to cook for fifteen minutes. Now add the banana pulp, the strained juice of the orange or lemon and one-half cupful of fruit juice. Simmer for eight minutes longer. Serve hot or cold with puddings, fritters or ice cream.

BANANA PIE.—Line a pie plate with plain pastry. Line the crust with paper, fill with raw rice or beans and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. When cooked, remove the rice and paper. Slice ten bananas, place them in the pastry case, with the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, cover with boiled custard and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes or until the top of custard is nicely browned. The rice or beans may be used over and over again.

BANANA ICE CREAM.—Mix two cupfuls of evaporated milk, one cupful of cream and one cupful of water, add one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and the pulp of five bananas. Freeze and serve in dainty glasses with wafers.

Or make a boiled custard with three beaten eggs, add two cupfuls of boiling milk and one-fourth cupful of sugar, stir over the fire until it thickens, then add the pulp of five bananas. When cold, add the strained juice of one lemon and one and one-half cupfuls of whipped cream. Freeze and serve in glasses.

BANANA SANDWICHES.—Peel ripe bananas, cut them in thin rings, and sprinkle with a little lemon or orange juice. Prepare thin brown or white bread and butter it, and sprinkle the pieces with chopped preserved ginger. Put a layer of the sliced bananas between two pieces of bread, and press well together. Cut into neat sandwiches. Or, cut slices of bread into neat pieces, dip into a little milk, then into one beaten egg, and fry or bake in the oven. When brown, have ready ripe bananas, mashed with a fork. Pile on the toast, and top with evaporated milk whipped to a stiff froth and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract to flavor.

BAKED BANANAS.—Fill a greased fire-proof dish with bananas which have been peeled, cut in halves, lengthwise and crosswise. To each banana allow two tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful of syrup, one teaspoonful of melted butter substitute, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Bake often and cook in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot.

BANANA COMPOTE.—Peel eight bananas, and with a silver knife cut them in one-inch slices. Place these in a saucepan with one-half cupful of honey or syrup, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon or orange, and one

tablespoonful of cocoanut. Put on the lid and cook gently for twenty-five minutes. Serve hot.

Or, pick and wash one cupful of currants or raspberries, put them into a saucepan with one-half cupful of water, one-half cupful of honey or syrup and one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered mace or nutmeg, and cook until tender. Then rub them through a sieve and return the puree to a saucepan and add six peeled and diced bananas. Cook until the bananas are soft, and serve cold.

BANANAS WITH CORNSTARCH.—Mix one cupful of milk with one-half cupful of cornstarch to a smooth paste. Put two cupfuls of milk into a saucepan with one-fourth cupful of sugar, and bring to the boil; stir in the cornstarch. As soon as it thickens, add two well-beaten eggs and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Stir over the fire until the eggs are cooked. Rub three peeled bananas through a sieve and mix this puree into the cornstarch and cook for a few minutes longer. Pour this mixture into a wet mold and when cold turn out and serve.

BANANA FRITTERS.—Sift one-half cupful of barley flour, one-half cupful of flour, with one-eighth teaspoonful of salt into a bowl, add one egg, mix with a wooden spoon, add one tablespoonful of salad oil and one teaspoonful of sugar. Beat the mixture for fifteen minutes, and let the batter stand for thirty minutes or longer, then add one teaspoonful of baking powder. Select six firm but ripe bananas, skin the bananas, cut each in half lengthwise, then each half across. Dip these pieces into the batter, drop them into smoking hot fat, and fry a golden brown. Drain the fritters on paper and serve hot, sprinkled over with a little sugar and lemon juice.

BANANA TIMBALES.—Cream one-half cupful of butter substitute with one-half cupful of sugar, then add two eggs, one at a time, and beat the mixture thoroughly. Then add one-half cupful of barley flour, one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Peel three bananas, cut them in very thin slices, and mix into the preparation, stirring lightly. Grease some small molds, fill them one-half full with the mixture, cover with a greased paper and steam for thirty minutes, or they can be baked in a moderate oven for the same length of time. Turn out on to a hot dish, and serve with any preferred sweet sauce or hot milk.

BANANA WHIP.—Dissolve two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of hot water. Peel four bananas and rub them through a sieve, then add the gelatine, two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of honey or syrup, strained juice of one lemon and three drops of red color. Beat until the mixture begins to stiffen, then pour into a wet mold. Turn out and decorate with slices of banana, and serve with milk.

BANANA CROUTES.—Cut sponge cake into pieces, one inch in thickness and three inches in length. Heat one cupful of fruit juice and pour it over the cake and keep hot. Peel five bananas, slit them in halves, and cut them the same length as the cake. Put these into a saucepan with one-half cupful of syrup, and cook for five minutes, taking care not to let the fruit get too soft. Arrange the cake croutes on a hot platter in the form of a ring or star, place a banana on each piece of cake, and pour the syrup over. Serve hot.

BANANAS WITH RICE.—Peel one lemon very thinly, put it into a saucepan with three cupfuls of milk and one-fourth cupful of honey or syrup. As soon as the milk boils sprinkle in one cupful of rice, cook over the fire until the rice is tender and the milk has been absorbed, stirring constantly. Remove the lemon rind, and pour the mixture into a well-greased ring mold. Keep hot until required. Heat one cupful of syrup, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and as soon as hot add four peeled bananas cut in slices, and cook gently for a few minutes. When ready to serve turn out the rice on to a hot dish, and arrange the pieces of banana in the centre. Pour over the hot syrup and serve.

Refinishing the Old Floor

The Painter's Secret for Making the Old Worn Floor Look Like New.

If the following list of things you'll actually need in refinishing an old floor seems formidable, you must remember that an old floor is in itself an exasperating thing. But if you have the courage and the patience, you'll be able to bring about a miracle, writes John B. McKillen in "Delineator." The many coats of paint of many colors and varying degrees of hardness will finally melt away and you will be rewarded by a mellow, glowing floor that will be a great joy to you.

You will need:

One gallon of varnish remover. Some varnish removers can not be used where there is an open flame, so before purchasing the remover make sure that it can be used in the way you intend.

A putty-knife.

A wire brush made for floor scraping.

Two wool sponges of fairly good size.

Two pails—one to contain clear water, the other a very strong solution of about equal parts of washing soda and washing powder in hot water.

One pound of oxalic acid put into about three pints of water and allowed to stand for about twenty-four hours to dissolve. Put it into a large bottle and shake it occasionally. The water will only take up a certain percentage of the acid, so as long as there are undissolved crystals at the bottom you will know that the solution is of proper strength. More water can be added from time to time until all the acid is dissolved.

One gallon of white or orange shellac. You can purchase this prepared ready for use, or make it up yourself by dissolving three pounds of shellac in one gallon of wood alcohol. If you use white shellac, never purchase more of the gum than you are going to dissolve at one time, as it absorbs moisture and then becomes insoluble in alcohol. After once being dissolved, however, it keeps indefinitely.

Some old newspapers upon which to wipe the putty-knife as you scrape up the old varnish or shellac.

A few sheets of No. 1½ sandpaper.

A pint of linseed-oil and a pint of turpentine mixed together in a bottle.

An old paint-brush about two and one-half inches wide for applying the varnish remover, and another clean brush about the same size to apply the bleach—the oxalic-acid solution. If you have to get a new brush, get one either glue-set or rubber-set, as the remover will dissolve the shellac in a shellac-set brush, causing the bristles to come out. For similar reasons the brush with which the bleach is to be applied must not be glue-set, for the water would dissolve the glue.

Lastly, two old tin cans or dishes, one for the remover and one for the bleach. By having everything ready before starting work you will save yourself time, unnecessary steps and annoyance.

The first thing to do is to remove every particle of the old varnish or shellac from the floor. This is best done by the aid of the varnish remover. Apply it with a brush, as if you were painting the floor. Do not try to cover too large an area, as the remover evaporates rapidly.

After going over the space once with the remover, go over it again; then the varnish or shellac can easily be scraped off the wood with the putty-knife. Start scraping at the same point where you first applied the remover, as the varnish will be softer there, the remover having had more time to act.

After scraping off the greater part of the dissolved varnish with the putty-knife, apply another coat of the remover and scrub briskly with the wire brush. This will loosen everything not removed by the knife. Now dip one of the sponges into the washing soda solution and go over the spot upon which you have been working until it is thoroughly cleaned. Then rinse with clear water, using the fresh sponge.

When the entire floor has been gone over in this manner, give your attention to any spots of the old finish which still appear, and which will readily show as the floor dries. The floor is now ready for the bleach, which is to be applied with a brush. Be careful to go over the floor evenly, and do not leave the smallest spot untouched.

When the floor is thoroughly dry, the next thing to do is to sandpaper it to smooth the grain of the wood, which has been raised by the water, and to loosen the particles of acid which upon drying have crystallized and adhered to the wood. The windows should all be opened, and a moist sponge, or three or four thicknesses of cheese-cloth wrung out in water, should be kept over the nose and mouth during the process of sandpapering, for the air will be filled with the particles of acid crystals. Painters rarely bother with anything over their noses or mouths, but it is rather irritating to inhale these particles.

After sandpapering, the floor is ready for the linseed-oil-turpentine mixture. This is applied by rubbing it on with a piece of cheese-cloth. It acts as a filler, and at the same time the acid and dust caused by sandpapering are wiped up.

If you are going to finish the floor in the natural color of the wood, apply the oil and turpentine as mixed. If you wish to stain the floor a darker shade, add enough burnt umber ground in oil to get the desired shade. Enough stain must be made for the entire floor before beginning to use it, otherwise you will probably have a different shade from each mixture. There are many brown stains already prepared, if you don't want to mix your own stain.

After applying the oil and turpentine, allow the floor to dry overnight. If you finish the floor in the natural color, use a white shellac; if it is to be stained dark, use the orange. The shellac should be applied with a rapid stroke of the brush.

Three coats of thin shellac are preferable to two heavy coats. One coat should be thoroughly dry before applying another. If varnish is used, each coat should be rubbed down with rottenstone and water, using a piece of felt for a rubber. After the last coat has dried, go over the floor with a piece of cheese-cloth dipped in the linseed-oil and turpentine mixture, to which has been added about one-fourth of its bulk of vinegar.

Around the Hearth

(Continued from page 22.)

the cosy corners and sitting-out places to tempt those who prefer each other to the company, and so cause remarks of criticism on their behavior.

"By degrees, my mind revolved the principles of the dance as it was then, and I decided it was wrong. Had I witnessed some of the performances as seen now, it would have required less time to convince me.

"Now, my ideas may sound like those of an old fogey, and out of date, but, nevertheless, my impression of dancing is that its chief charm lies in the magnetism between the sexes, because women are seldom seen to get up on

the floor together, even with enticing music, and men would flout at dancing with men. I would like to see it vanish into the past, as the old kissing plays of a generation ago.

"AN ELDER SISTER."

* * *

These two letters are the only ones received on this subject, so the controversy ends here. A voice has been heard on either side—one in favor, the other not. One claims positively that there is no harm in the dance—the other says there is. And there you are!

RUG ECONOMY

in attractive patterns

It's a duty you owe to yourself and to your country to economize in every possible way during these war times. You are "doing your bit" when you buy CREX grass rugs instead of wool or cotton rugs which take away much-needed material from war-work. CREX rugs are made from long, pliant wire-grass not adaptable for use in other purposes.

CREX Rugs give satisfaction not only in their practical economy, but in their attractiveness, durability and comfort. The wide range of beautiful designs and tasteful colorings makes it easy to select exactly the right rug for every room in your house—for use the year 'round.

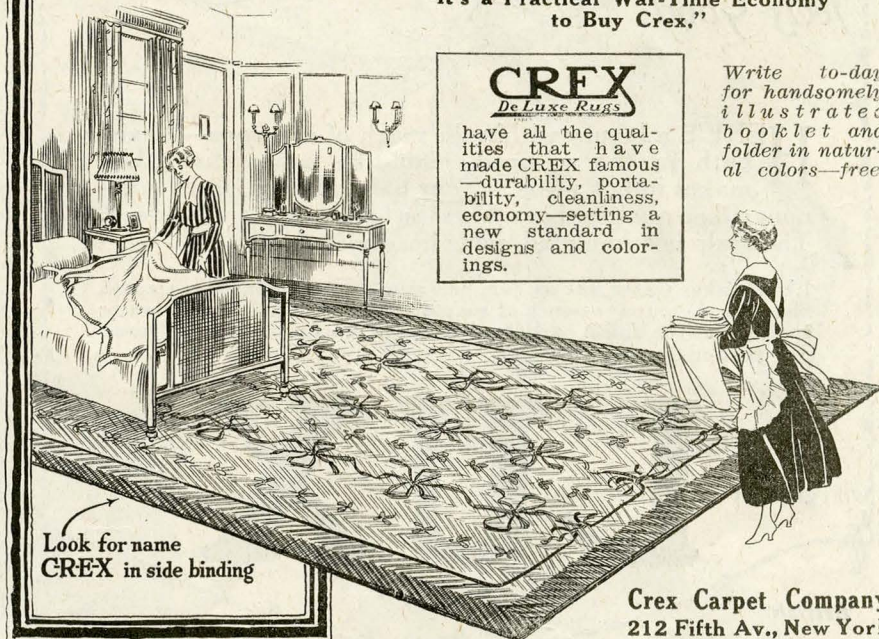
CREX

GRASS RUGS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

There is but one genuine CREX rug, with the name C-R-E-X woven in the edge of side binding. Look for this identification mark—the symbol of CREX quality, workmanship, value—when you buy. Refuse all substitutes—there are many inferior imitations on the market.

"It's a Practical War-Time Economy to Buy Crex."



Look for name CREX in side binding

Write to-day for handsomely illustrated booklet and folder in natural colors—free.

CREX
De Luxe Rugs

have all the qualities that have made CREX famous—durability, portability, cleanliness, economy—setting a new standard in designs and colorings.

Crex Carpet Company
212 Fifth Av., New York

The Waltham Watch

A LADY'S watch, while necessarily very small and dainty, should also possess the quality of unfailing accuracy. The Waltham Ladies' Convertible Bracelet Watch answers these requirements. An exclusive feature of its construction is the "disappearing eye" which enables the watch to be worn in several different ways, as the caprices of Dame Fashion may dictate. Waltham quality in every detail assures enduring satisfaction.

"Your jeweler will show you"

Your jeweler will show you the Waltham range of high grade watches including many exclusive models for both ladies and gentlemen.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL

Changes the Springtime Suggests

Contributed by Housewives Who Have Tried Them

Frames for Recipe Cards.

Nearly every up-to-date housekeeper uses the card filing system for keeping recipes—and many find that the cards most often used become soiled. To overcome this difficulty purchase a piece of glass slightly larger, and a stiff piece of cardboard. Place passe-partout around three sides, leaving the one open, through which the card may be slipped, to be protected by the glass. Cut a small thumb hole in the cardboard so the card can be easily slipped in and out.

Rolling Plant Stands.

After lifting heavy plants every sweeping day, small stands on which they may be placed, fitted with casters, will be heartily welcomed. These little stands may be very simply made—a round piece of wood, on the bottom of which are screwed three or four ball-bearing casters. The plants may then be placed on these wooden plates and easily rolled about from one room to another.

An Oilcloth Spread.

When spring rains make the sleeping porch almost impossible, causing the bedding to be damp and cold, take a piece of heavy white oilcloth the size of the bed, and bind it well with cloth. At each corner sew heavy muslin straps, in the ends of which make large buttonholes. These button on large buttons sewed to the mattress. The spread stays in place very well and keeps out all mist that would otherwise beat in. It is also handy to keep dust from bedding during the day.

An Inviting Kitchen.

Have your kitchen a pretty room and you will find that there is a pleasant side to the labor. The choice of utensils has something to do with making the room attractive, and as you replace articles select either the turquoise blue and white enamel ware, or articles that are all white. If the floor covering is a blue-and-white tile pattern, if there are simple white curtains at the windows, if the serving-table is covered with white table oilcloth, and the white utensils are hanging up, the room cannot fail to be inviting, and the care of it will be a pleasure. If the woodwork is a stained pine, yellow on the walls would look well and also would harmonize with the blue-and-white color scheme.

A Workstand from a Camp Stool.

Remove the canvas from the stool, and enamel or stain the frame. Then make a large bag of cretonne measuring 30 inches by 24 inches, and line it with sateen. The shorter sides of the material are then seamed two inches from the edges. The other sides are turned over into a hem of the same width, leaving two inches at each end unstitched. Through each of the two hems last made thread a piece of tape which, when it is brought out of the hem, should be fastened around the side pieces of the frame. The short sides of the bag which were hemmed two inches from the top should then be attached. Put the material on the outer side of the top bar of the frame, and the lining on the inner side. Then turn them both in and make a neat hem at the top of the bar. The ends where the other hem touches need to be cut down and turned in, to enable them to pass around the top rails. A few small brass-headed nails should be tacked along the sides to keep the bag in position. Two handles made of cretonne and sewn one each in middle of the longer sides of bag will be useful for carrying it.

Sandpaper for Cleaning.

Get five cents' worth of the coarsest sandpaper and rub stone steps or stone window sills briskly until all marks are removed, then simply dust them with a duster or a rag. They will stay white much longer by using this method than scrubbing them with water.

No More Pinning.

When the windows of the bedroom are opened at night the curtains brush back and forth, and become soiled from rubbing against the casings and screens. To prevent this, sew snap fasteners on the curtains, one in each lower corner on the inside of curtain where it will not show, and the other

half of snaps about three-fourths of the way up, one on each side of curtain. In this way the curtain can be quickly caught up and held in place, yet the fasteners are almost invisible.

To Keep Goldfish Healthy.

Goldfish may be kept healthy by giving them a salt bath about every two weeks. Do it in this way: Put a teaspoonful of salt in a quart of clear water and place the fish in it for fifteen minutes—no longer. When changing the water in the aquarium a small wire strainer will be found a great convenience. Pour all the water from the goldfish bowl, with the fish, into a basin. Rinse the bowl, dry it, fill it with fresh water, and, with the wire strainer, pick up the goldfish and drop them back into the bowl. Aquariums should be kept in a cool place and not exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Feed the fish every other morning, allowing six or eight fish one-fourth of a sheet of food cut in small pieces. Sick fish have often become strong and healthy after a few salt baths, as described.

A Water Service Yields Large Returns in Conservation of Women's Health and Strength.

Only two and one-half per cent. of the 400 farmers visited in connection with the Agricultural Survey of the Commission of Conservation in 1915 had the complete service of water on tap, bath and toilet in their houses. Five per cent. had automobiles; 38 per cent. had pianos, 32 per cent. had organs, and 22 per cent. had gasoline engines on the farm. While it is well that 70 per cent. possess sufficient musical interest to have either a piano or organ in the house, it is regrettable indeed that 39 out of 40 have not installed the water service and bath.

No investment yields more in conserving the women's health and strength, in creating greater home comforts, and in elevating the general tone of the material side of living than the installation of water service and the sanitary conveniences in the home. Thousands of farmers who could well afford to do so have not put in the service for various reasons—because they have not thought of it, or because they do not know how to go about it, or because they think it too expensive. The cost is not so great as many imagine. A bath tub can be purchased for \$10.00, a sink basin for \$3.00, a closet for \$16.00, a 30-gallon hot water tank for \$10.00. Various means are employed in obtaining pressure at the taps, such as a force pump to elevate water to a tank in the attic or the pneumatic tank in the cellar, and the cost of piping and installation will vary according to circumstances.

One farmer had the hot water attachment, tank, bath and dry closet installed for \$50.00, the farmer himself helping the plumber to do the work. The complete service, which would be used 365 days in the year, can be installed on the average farm for less than the farmer pays for the binder he uses for a few days at harvest time and which stands idle for the balance of the year. The man on the farm thinks he cannot get along without the many labor saving devices. How about a labor saver for the farm women? It is unquestionably a common-sense business proposition to have the water service and bath in the house as a comfort to every member of the family and a constant labor saving convenience for those who do the daily recurring work of the household, the farm women.

Potato Economy.

Now that potatoes are so high, it is well to remember that the waste in peeling potatoes is from three to four ounces a pound, approximately twenty-five per cent. of the weight going into the garbage can; but when potatoes are steamed in their jackets the weight of the peel is only an ounce a pound, and very little, if any, of the edible portion is sacrificed. So, when you pare potatoes instead of steaming them, you throw away from two to three ounces of every pound.

Brads for Picture Framing.

Discarded talking machine needles make excellent substitutes for brads when framing pictures at home. Having sharper points than brads, they are more easily driven in and hold the cardboard more firmly.



HERE'S a luxury within the reach of everyone—a hair-bath in the whipped-cream-like lather that LUX makes in hot water. Your hair takes on a soft, luminous silken quality that makes it a crown of beauty indeed. The scalp is stimulated, your head refreshed.

LUX makes water soft as summer rain. These wee satin-smooth flakes of the purest essence of soap dissolve absolutely in hot water so that not the tiniest particle of soap can remain to clog the pores. Try it to-night.

LUX Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

at all grocers

British

Made

Just a Wife

A number of little girls were discussing what they wished to become. A nurse, a milliner, a lawyer, a doctor followed in quick succession, until the youngest said "I want to be just a wife."

JUST a wife. This has too long been the attitude of young girls. Being a wife is the biggest "job" in the world, and requires the most training.

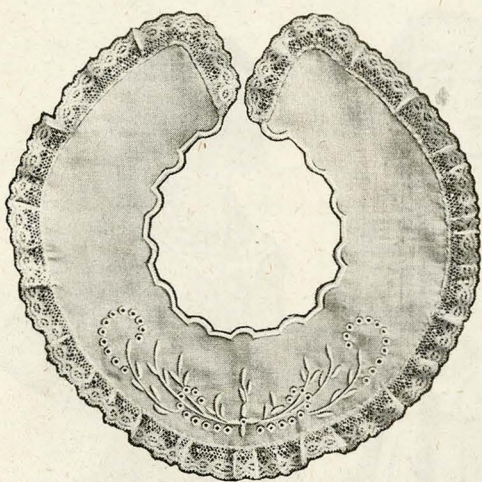
Have you ever thought how Alma College can help in this preparation? There are excellent courses in cooking, sewing, marketing, and nursing, practical as well as theoretical. The art course will fit the wife to furnish her home artistically and in good taste, even making many things with her own hands. Music is necessary in the complete home, therefore she should study that, and the wife must also know and appreciate the world's greatest literature. But with all these the supreme possession must be a strong body, and this too Alma has provided for to the fullest extent.

Thus is attained "the perfect woman, nobly planned," ready to take her important place in society as wife and mother.

For all particulars, write:

Alma College
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

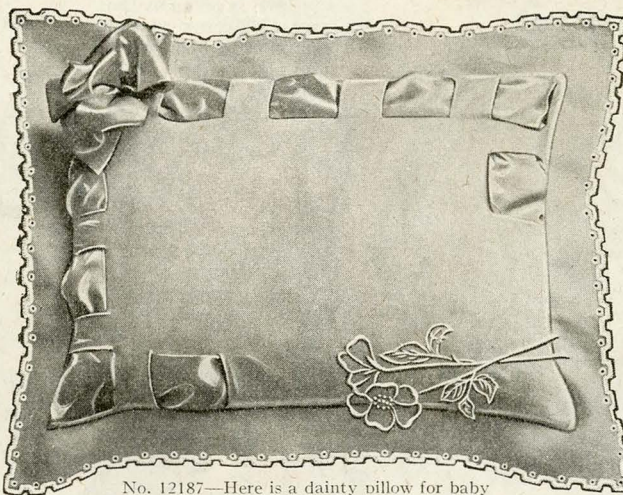
Embroideries of Dainty Charm for the Baby's Adornment



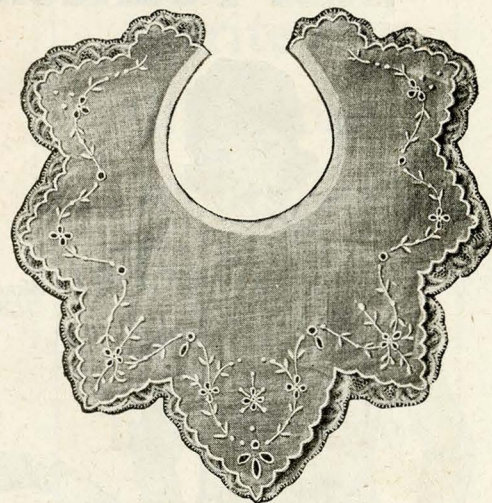
No. 12164—Embroidery on yoke of Dress No. 5742

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12164, blue, 10 cents. Embroidery for one round and one square yoke for a baby's dress is provided in this pattern. It is adapted to Infant's Dress No. 5742 (20 cents). Cut in one size only. The embroidery may be worked out in eyelet and satin stitches with the finest of embroidery cotton.

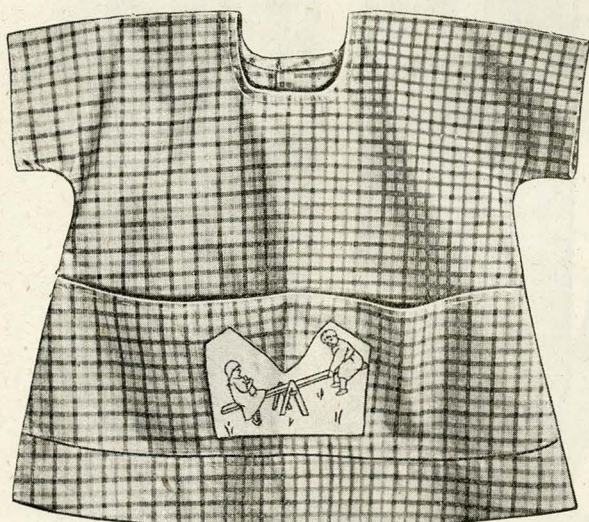
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12187, blue, 15 cents. Simple but undeniably charming is this embroidery design for a baby pillow. The design fits a pillow 16 by 19 1/4 inches. Stem, eyelet, and button-hole stitches are required for the working of the design. Blue or pink satin ribbon may be run through the slashes.



No. 12187—Here is a dainty pillow for baby



No. 12114—A—Embroidery for a pointed bib



No. 12429—Appliqué motifs on Apron No. 7250

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12429, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Seventeen different motifs for children's garments, crib quilts, carriage covers, etc., supplied in this pattern. Simple outline and chain stitches are principally used, tho French knot and satin stitches may be introduced. Illustrated at left side of page on Child's Apron No. 7250 (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years, at center of page on Child's Apron No. 6066 (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years, and at the right on Rompers No. 7193 (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years.

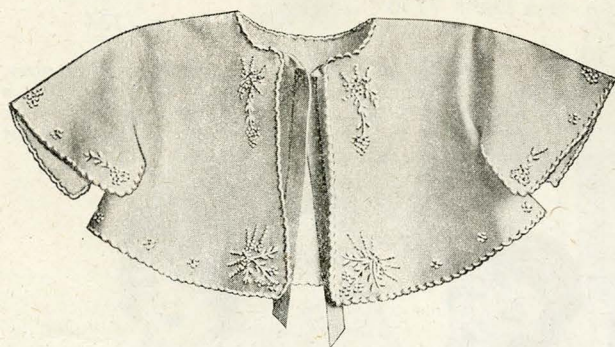
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12053, blue, 15 cents. Dainty sprays of embroidery are shown on drawers pattern No. 5783 (15 cents). Eight sizes, 2 to 14 years.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12114, blue, 15 cents. Shape and embroidery design for two bibs. Bib "A" illustrated at top of page (right). "B" at foot of same column. "B" makes a good eating bib.

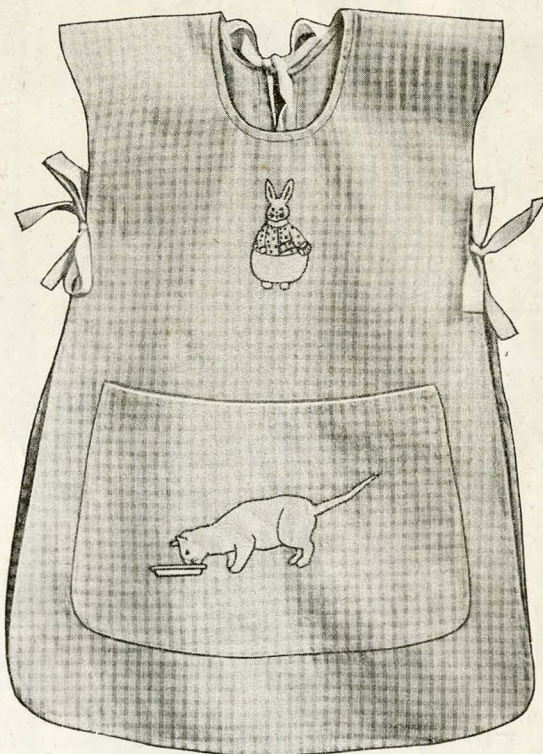
No. 12114—A—Stamped on white ratiné with white embroidery cotton, 30 cents.



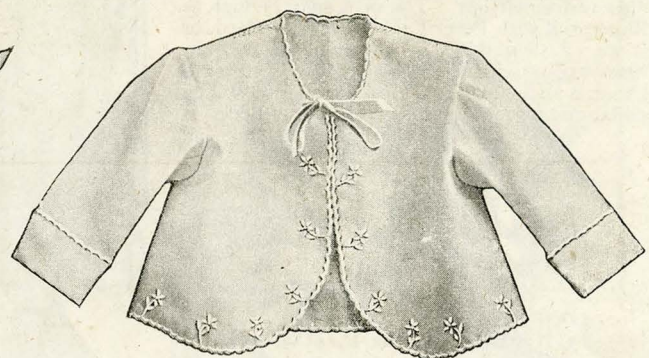
No. 12429—These motifs are appliquéd on Rompers No. 7193



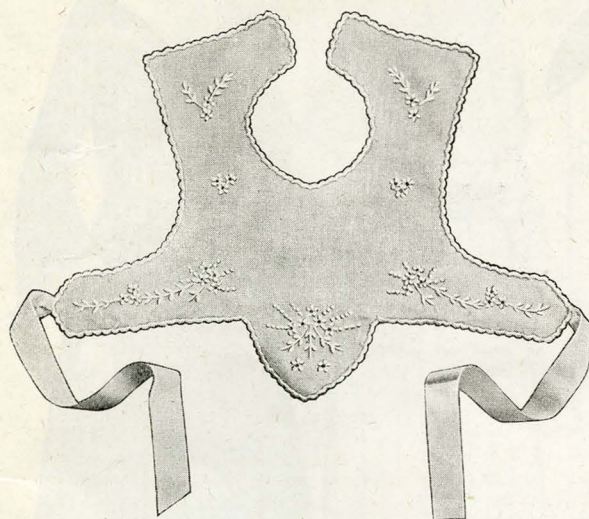
No. 11993—Embroidery for baby's sack



No. 12429—Motifs appliquéd on Apron No. 6066



No. 12414—Cunning floral sprays to adorn baby's sack



No. 11983—Embroidery for bib matching sack above

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11993, blue, 15 cents. This is a dainty little kimono sack for the baby. The embroidery on the sack matches No. 11983, illustrated on the bib below the sack.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11983, blue, 10 cents. Here is a cunning bib embroidered to match the sack illustrated above it. No. 11983, design stamped on soft white ratiné with white embroidery cotton, 40 cents.

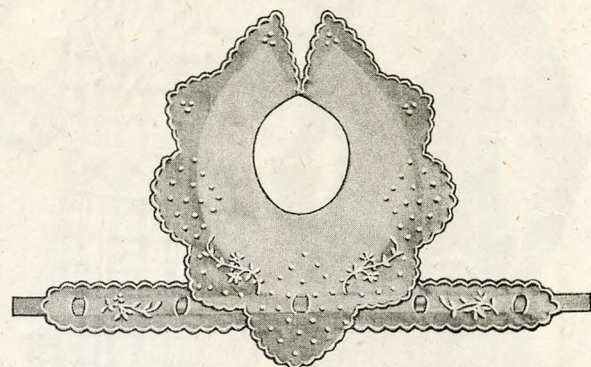
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11909, blue, 15 cents. A charming coat set embroidered in raised satin and eyelet stitches.

No. 12114—B—Stamped on white ratiné with white embroidery cotton, 35 cents.

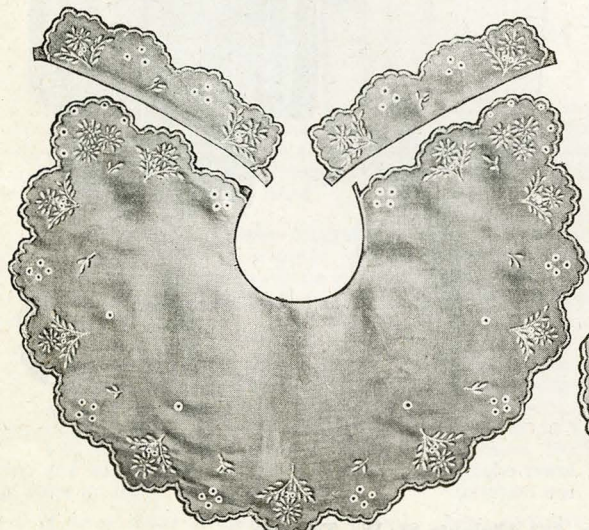
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12414, blue, 15 cents. The pattern includes the shape of the sack as well as the embroidery design carried out in raised satin stitch.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12415, blue, 10 cents. A dainty baby bib with band to attach it to the dress is provided in this pattern. It is embroidered in raised satin stitch with button-holed scallops.

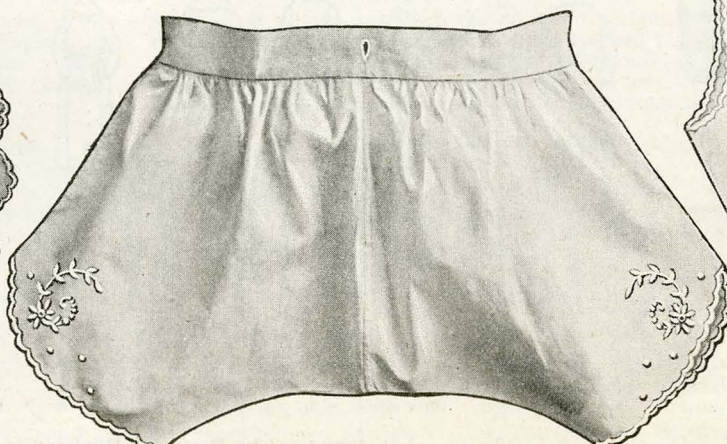
No. 12415, stamped on white ratiné with white embroidery cotton, 30 cents.



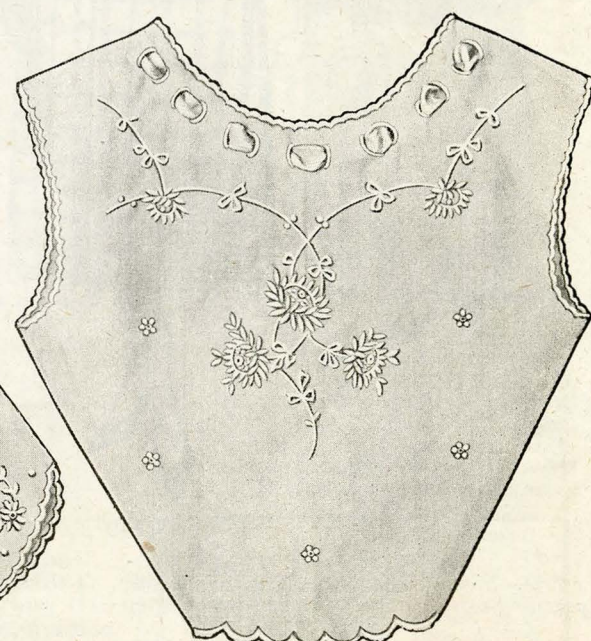
No. 12415—Here is a novel bib for the baby



No. 11909—Collar and cuff set for child's coat

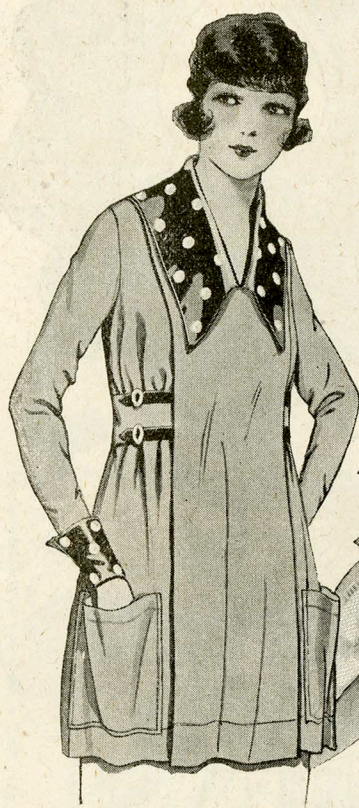


No. 12053—Dainty embroidery illustrated on Drawers No. 5783



No. 12114—B—This bib has armholes like a waist

Miss Fourteen to Twenty Will Surely Approve of These



Misses' Sports Blouse 7756

7763—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch foulard— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch taffeta. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. Foulard alone or in combination with satin or taffeta is very popular for Summer frocks. This model lends itself admirably to the combination of silks illustrated, as the front gore of the two-piece gathered skirt is in two sections, the lower section of foulard buttoning onto the upper section of plain silk. The dress closes at side-front. The neck may be high as illustrated with Peter Pan collar of foulard, or it may be cut down in V-shaping, as perforations are provided for this purpose. An extra collar is also given in the pattern, a long rolling collar ending in points, to finish the V-neck.

Blouse
7687

7730—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped voile—1 yard 27-inch white lawn for collar and trimming— $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. The simplicity of good style characterizes this frock of blue and white striped voile to which contrast is given by the vest, collar, revers, and trimming of plain white voile stitched in blue. The two-piece gathered skirt has straight lower edge, and closes at left side seam.



Dress 7730

Dress 7734

7756—Misses' Sports Blouse (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch Khaki-Kool— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch dotted satin for collar and cuffs. The closing of this blouse is on the left shoulder and left side-front under a plait.

Jacket 7716
Skirt 7714
Embroidery 12372Dress
7763

Dress 7747

Dress 7760
Embroidery 12184

7747—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch chambray—1 yard 36-inch plaid gingham for trimming. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The trimming of plaid gingham on this frock of pink chambray gives a smart touch of novelty. A vest is applied to the waist, and the large collar is attached to the revers. The dress is mounted on a front-closing underbody, and the two-piece skirt which closes at left side-front has a plaited panel front and back.

7760—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen for skirt, bolero, and sleeves— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch check voile for blouse, tucked chemisette, collar, and cuffs— $10\frac{5}{8}$ yards soutache. Embroidery No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. The Eton may close in surplice fashion or it may be open in front.



7734—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch rep— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard

27-inch check gingham for trimming. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. This dress is in one piece from neck to

lower edge, and is suitable for linen, gingham, or any cotton material.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Afternoon and Sports Clothes for the Young Girl



Middy Blouse 7620

Middy Blouse 7293

Dress 7523

Dress 7612

7612—Misses' Dress (20cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch foulard for tunic, bolero, and cuffs—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse, collar, and flounce—10 yards ribbon—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge 2 yards. The chic jumper gives a jaunty air to this afternoon frock of foulard. It closes on the left shoulder and underarm, over a front-closing blouse.



Dress 7526

Dress 7154

Dress 7535

Dress 6978

7620—Misses' Middy Blouse (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch plaid gingham—1 yard 27-inch chambray for trimming-band and collar. For sports wear there is nothing so convenient as the middy blouse. This slips on over the head.

7293—Misses' Middy Blouse (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch white linen—1½ yard 27-inch blue cotton crêpe for collar, belt, and pockets. A square collar finishes the open neck, and the sleeves may be shortened.

7523—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and trimming—¾ yard flet or shadow lace banding for edging collar. Width at lower edge 2¾ yards. The front and back of this smart frock form a

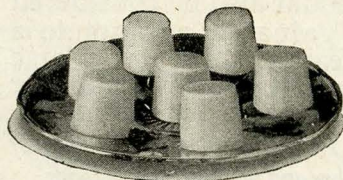
panel effect cut in one from the neck to the lower edge. At the sides there are separate skirt sections attached to the waist under the belt. The neck may be high with standing collar or square as illustrated, perforations being given for this. Full-length box plaits are applied each side of center-front and back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 61



7612 7523 7293 7620 7154 7526 7535 6978

—write for
this book
by Mrs. Knox
on "Food Economy"
—138 recipes
like this one



Cottage Pudding

Soak one-half envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of two cups milk, one-third cup sugar, a few grains of salt and two egg yolks. Add soaked gelatine to the hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, two-thirds cup stale cake crumbs and one teaspoonful vanilla. Turn into a mold or small cups, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Any left-over cocoa or coffee may be used instead of the milk.

THE above is just one of the many economical dishes included in Mrs. Knox's new book on "Food Economy." Most of the war-time recipes contained in this book show how to make delicious dishes out of "left-overs"—new and inviting uses for inexpensive foods—all of them approved by the leaders of the food conservation movement.

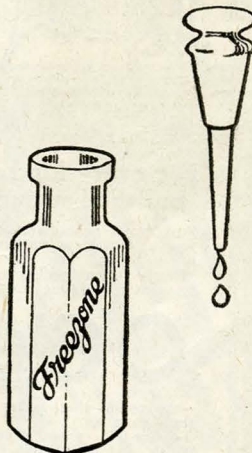
If you have not yet received your copy of "Food Economy," send for it today. A post card will bring it if you mention your dealer's name and address.

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GELATINE

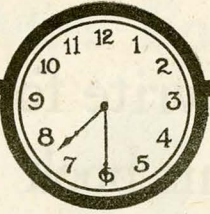
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For the Spring Wardrobe Needs of Little Maids

6387—Infants' Set (15 cents). One size only requiring for sack $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch or 36-inch cashmere— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard extra for cap. Embroidery No. 11742, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11979, blue, 15 cents.



Infants' Set 6387
Embroidery 11742
Scallop 11979



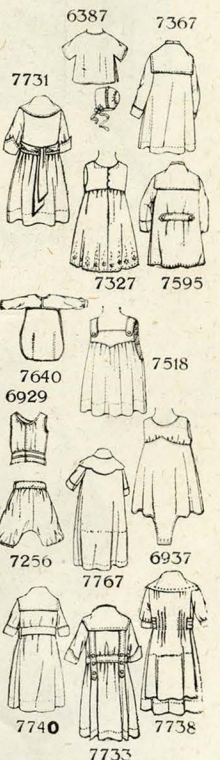
Child's Coat 7367

Child's Coat 7595

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7731
Emb. 12081
Scallop 11661

Child's Petticoat 7327
Embroidery 11741

7731—Dress for Girls and Juniors (20 cents). Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch foulard for dress— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard organdy for guimpe. Embroidery No. 12081, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11661, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. An adjustable bolero is crossed in surplice effect over the tucked front-closing waist of this chic frock.



Child's Apron 7640
Emb. 12429



Apron 7518
Emb. 12422

Underwaist 6929
Bloomers 7256
Emb. 12175

Girls' and Juniors' Slip 6937
Emb. 11339



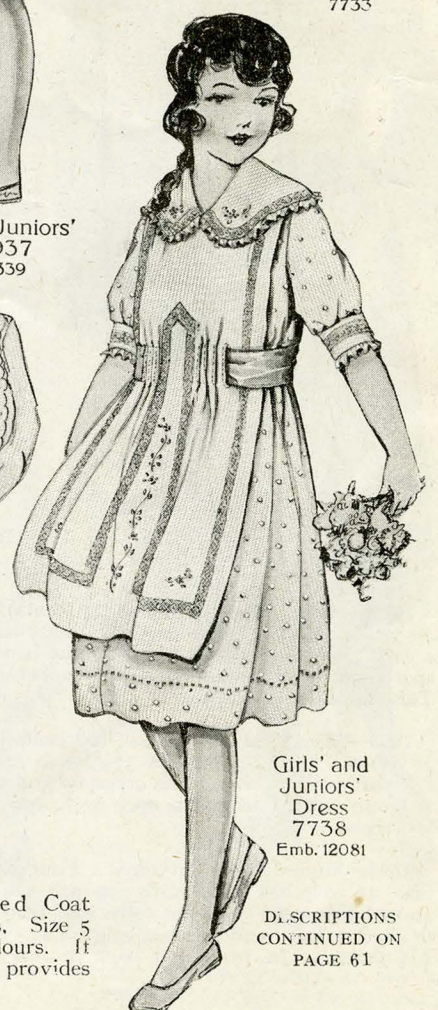
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7740

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7733



Infants' Coat 7767
Cap 5021
Dotted Scallop 11747

7367—Child's Double-breasted Coat (15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 2 yards 54-inch check velours. If high neck is desired, the pattern provides a shield with standing collar.



Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7738
Emb. 12081

DESCRIPTIONS
CONTINUED ON
PAGE 61

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Preparing for Equal Suffrage

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.



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Middy Blouse
7235
Skirt 7587

6856—Child's Dress (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch plaid gingham— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain gingham. Long sleeves are provided, with perforations for shortening.

Child's
Dress
6856

Infants' and Child's
Kimono 7368
Scallop 12363

Infants' and Child's
Kimono 6784
Cross-stitch 12094

7368—Infants' and Child's Kimono (15 cents). Four sizes, infants', 1, 2, and 4 years. Infants', 8 yards 27-inch albatross. Scallop No.

size requires 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 27-inch albatross. Scallop No. 12363, blue, 15 cents. Suitable for flannel or cashmere or albatross.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

Girls' and
Juniors' Dress
7744
Emb. 11939

Boys' Suit 7722

7235—Child's Middy Blouse (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. No. 7587—Child's One-piece Side-plaited or Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch plain gingham—1½ yard 36-inch plaid gingham for skirt, collar, and cuffs—1½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody to which skirt is attached.

Girls'
Dress
7736

Child's
Dress
7724
Emb. 12236

Child's Rompers
7113

Child's Dress 7635
Emb. 12206

Juniors' Sailor
 Dress 7748

Infants' Set 6827—Dress, Nightgown, Kimono, Gertrude Petticoat,
Pinning Blanket, Shirt, Band, Bib, and Moccasins.
Embroidery 12081—Scallop 11747

Girls' and Juniors'
Coat 7765

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

How to make short work of dishwashing

HOW is it that some women make such short work of their dishes?

They have found that Gold Dust saves time.

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Now, Gold Dust dissolves grease. You have never used a soap that dissolves grease as quickly as Gold Dust does.

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Shoes From Strange Skins

Before many months the matter of purchasing new footwear may become quite an interesting event, for one may have codfish skin, walrus hide, shark-skin or ostrich leather from which to make a selection, according to Francis Hume Nichols, who writes a most interesting article on "Boots and Shoes from Strange Sources," in "The Forecaster," New York.

He tells us that in Germany leather is now reserved for army use. Civilians wear shoes with wooden soles and leather or cloth tops, or simply the wooden sole held on by strings. During last summer it became fashionable to go barefoot, and the Government had to warn people to harden their feet gradually before venturing thus on the public thoroughfares. The writer says:

"The skins of aquatic animals offer a practically undeveloped resource, and it is not unlikely that before long we shall be covering our extremities with the skins of the man-eating shark and the sacred codfish. They are experimenting with these skins at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and expect soon to give us shoes made from them. If we have not heretofore utilized the skins of aquatic animals for leather-making, it is not because they are not perfectly well adapted for such use, but only because the skins of land-animals have been so plentiful that it was not worth while to bother with those of the sea. Primitive peoples make extensive use of these materials, and also of the internal membranes of sea-animals, such as the throat lining, the stomach and the intestines, and among civilized folk many of them have been extensively used for fancy leathers, because of their beautiful markings. We may anticipate, therefore, that shark and codfish shoes will be entirely unobjectionable in looks and wearing qualities.

"The present scarcity of leather is affected by the same conditions that have led to the scarcity and high price of meat. Both products were growing scarcer before the war, and since the outbreak of hostilities there has been an enormous destruction of the world's stock of food-animals, together with an enormous increase in the demand for meat and leather. The condition has been aggravated, too, by the lack of shipping facilities.

"The demands of warfare for leather are enormous, for not only must the millions of fighting men be shod, but there is a tremendous demand for harness, gun-slugs, pistol holsters, bayonet scabbards, and aviation suits, which are sometimes composed almost entirely of

leather, as well as for many minor purposes. Early in the war the destruction of leather was enormous, but to-day the waste is considerably less. In England, discarded army shoes are now cleaned and repaired. Nevertheless the destruction of leather must still be very great and the sources of supply are rapidly diminishing. The food-animals of the Allies have been reduced by 33,000,000 head, and the slaughter is still going on at an ever-increasing rate.

"Under the circumstances there are three things that we can do: We can make better use of the leather that we have. We can utilize the skins of aquatic animals. And we can use any available leather substitutes.

"Since there is no question of the excellence of aquatic leather, it is likely that there will be a considerable development of this source of supply. One company, which manufactures leather from the skins of sharks and other fish, besides turning the other parts of the animals into human food, glue, gelatine, oil, chicken scrap, and fertilizers, has established itself in Pittsburg, and announces that it will shortly open branches in Seattle and Florida. It states that there is as much value in a shark as in a cow, and that the cost of taking the animals is trifling compared with that of raising cattle. Another company has been catching white whales in Alaska for the purpose of utilizing them for hides, meat, and oil. The hide of this animal is one of the best of all skins for leather-making, because of its durability, strength, and pliability.

"Two other valuable suggestions for saving leather have been made by the Council of National Service of the Shoe and Leather Industry. One is that low shoes should be worn as much as possible, and the other that branding of range cattle should either be discontinued or limited. At the present time it is estimated that a loss of from four to five million dollars a year is entailed by this practice, and the money loss is less serious than the loss of leather. Some cattle change hands many times, and each change means a new brand. Some of these brands are so large that they can be seen for a long distance.

"The trade papers point out that there has been a falling off in the demand for civilian shoes, both because of their high prices and because people are trying to help win the war by economizing on leather goods. When the seriousness of the situation is fully understood no doubt there will be more such economy. To save leather is scarcely less important than to save food."

Gleaning on the Battlefields After an Engagement

"When the tide of battle has ebbed and the fallen fighters have found a soldier's grave there remains a vast amount of wreckage that well repays salvage," says "Literary Digest." How the work of weeding out what has value from what is worthless is carried out on the Allied front is told by the correspondent of the New York "Globe" and the Chicago "Daily News." He says:

The visitor to a recent battle-field or a freshly abandoned line of trenches is immediately impressed by the vast amount of rifles — broken and whole — bayonets, trench-and-field-cannon, unexploded shells and cartridges, steel helmets, rolls of barbed wire, broken carts, pots, pans, grenades, wood, and metalwork of all sorts used in war, that lies scattered helter-skelter about, and one deplors that so much useful material should go to waste. But visit the same spot a few weeks later, and one is even more impressed by the speed with which the debris has been cleared away, and the order which reigns where once seemed but hopeless confusion.

The work of clearing up battle-fields is systematically organized, special formations of men being regularly detailed for it, and is ranged in two categories:

First, gathering up of portable arms, machine guns, trench-mortars, cannon, munitions, and supplies captured from or abandoned by the enemy; secondly, salvaging of the material existing in the shelters and defensive organizations from which

the enemy has been driven or from which he has retreated. Special measures to assure this work are taken after each attack, or after an enemy retreat, such as took place at the Oise and the Aisne in March, 1917.

The material and munitions belonging to the first category are assembled in army parks, where they are examined; everything that looks interesting because of its novelty is sent at once to a special establishment, where it is studied in detail; reports concerning these studies are made, which permit the general staff to be efficaciously informed concerning the technical progress realized by the enemy, and in consequence to take necessary measures to annul the effects.

The material of a kind already familiar is partly sent to establishments in the interior and placed at the disposition of the war-ministry. Other elements of this material are sold to the Allied armies, who are able to use it; still others are saved as trophies or sent to the foundries or destroyed. Another part is conserved for the time being by the French armies where it serves for teaching the officers and soldiers how to use against the enemy during an action such material as may be captured in good condition. There are numerous instances of men thus instructed saving the day by turning against the foe his own machine guns or hand-grenades captured in the course of the action.

The material belonging to the second category is gathered from the shelters and defensive works by special crews;

(Continued on page 61.)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from page 14.)

twisted columns, only a few of which were still upright. The court was surrounded by walls of grayish-white stone, which were only partly uncovered—or perhaps the sand had drifted over them again during the months that Davis had been away. It was at this sand the laborers were working, filling their baskets, hoisting them with a quick swing to the shoulder, and toiling up out of the excavation by what seemed a double stair, for the returning laborers, their baskets empty, were descending at the same time. I walked over to it and found that it was a double stair, with an inclined plane between the two flights of steps. And then I remembered that I had seen it in one of the photographs.

"Why the inclined plane?" I questioned.

"Tomb entrances were always built that way," Davis explained, "so the great stone coffins could be got up and down."

"But how did you ever know where to begin?" I asked, looking about at the stretch of tumbled mounds.

"Oh, I probed about until I found the staircase. Those are my exploratory ditches out yonder," and he pointed to the great gashes we had seen first. "When I found the stairs, I knew I was at the starting-point. What's the matter with Allen?" he asked suddenly.

I turned quickly to find that Jimmy had sunk down on a mound of sand and was holding his head in his hands as though he feared it might burst. There was something in his attitude—so lax, so abandoned—that sent a thrill of fear through me.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" I cried, running toward him. "You're not ill?"

He looked up at me with a sort of haggard stare; his face was livid, with great drops of sweat standing out across the forehead.

"I don't know what's the matter," he muttered huskily. "My head's whirling..."

"It's the sun," said Davis, who had hurried up. "You'll have to be careful till you get used to it. I'll have a couple of my men help you back to the tents. You'd better lie down for a while."

But Jimmy was already better. He straightened up and wiped away the sweat, and a little color came back into his cheeks.

"I'll be all right in a minute," he protested, and rose shakily. "I can't imagine what came over me!"

He was staring down into the excavation as though it fascinated him.

"It's the sun," Davis repeated: "one doesn't realize how hot it is. I've seen a lot of men taken just the same way. You go back and lie down."

"I believe I will," said Jimmy, tearing his eyes away from the excavation by visible effort and turning toward the oasis.

"You're sure you don't need my help?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I'm all right," and he clambered slowly down the mound.

We followed him with our eyes, and I, at least, was very anxious; but in a moment his shoulders straightened and his pace quickened.

"He'll be all right with a little rest," said Davis; "but he'll have to be careful not to overdo it, or he'll have a regular stroke. It's evident he can't stand the sun. Were you going to take a picture?" and he nodded toward the camera.

"I was going to try out the light," I said.

"Can I be of any help?"

"Oh, no, thanks. Don't let me bother you."

"If you need me, just whistle," he said, and sprang down the steps three at a time.

I ran through a few feet of film with various apertures, and then descended into the excavation and did the same thing there. Then I sat down and watched the men working, and presently Creel appeared at the top of the mound, and came down the steps and joined me. His face was radiant.

"It's great!" he said. "I wasn't looking for anything half so good. We'll start this afternoon."

"I've been testing out the light," I said. "I don't want to over-expose."

"You'd better develop the film right away. I'll be ready for you by three o'clock."

"You'll have to be careful how you

work Jimmy Allen," I said. "He had a little heat-stroke a while ago."

"The deuce he did!" said Creel, and the light went out of his face. "You don't mean to say he's sick!"

"No; but Davis says he will be if he overdoes it."

Creel took off his helmet and ran his fingers through his hair.

"We can't have anything like that happen!" he said. "That would be awful."

"It isn't so bad as that," I assured him. "Jimmy will be all right, I guess. Anyway, he'll work as long as he's able to move."

"Yes," Creel agreed, "Jimmy's no quitter. I'll shield him as much as I can," and he walked over to Davis to arrange the work for the afternoon, while I went back to the supply-tent, and in a dark corner I had rigged up for myself, developed my scraps of film.

As I had expected, the ordinary aperture was far too large for the brilliant desert light; even at the bottom of the excavation, a shade smaller size gave the better film—which was all to the good, because, of course, with the smaller aperture I got a cleaner picture with more brilliant definition. If the film was a failure, I told myself, it wouldn't be the fault of the photography. In fact, the photography ought to go a long way toward saving it, however bad it was. And it wouldn't be the first time the camera-man had proved more important than the director!

Creel had decided to start with some caravan scenes, and Jimmy donned the very becoming khaki suit which was to be his costume as an explorer and excavator; though Davis remarked cynically that he had never seen a real Egyptologist in such a rig. Creel got into a similar but less striking suit, for he was to be Jimmy's companion and assistant—a sort of chorus, as it were; the camels and donkeys and goats and natives were mustered in; Mustafa donned an unusually voluminous burnous; and we plowed out into the sand, and I took a string of pictures—first of the caravan in the full desert, and then with the oasis in the background; and then I panned right up to its edge, with the camels disappearing among the palms.

After that there was a hundred feet or so of the camp, with Creel and Jimmy sitting at the table examining maps of the ruins, and eating dinner, and discussing plans, and so on. Then the whole lot of them dived indoors to change their costumes, while Digby and Mustafa brought out a lot of trappings for the camels; and then Digby went in to change his costume, and Mustafa and the astonished natives adjusted the trappings, the camels protesting lustily, for they couldn't in the least understand what was going on.

Presently old Digby came out again in full war-paint as a priest of ancient Egypt. Mustafa had quite a time preventing the natives from bolting; but after he had harangued them for a long time, they seemed to understand and quieted down. Then Mustafa picked out a dozen of the most striking of them, and made them stand still while he and Digby dressed them as warriors. Mustafa himself was to be prime minister or something, and when he got into his togs he certainly looked the part. Ma Creel and Mollie, as the attendants of the king's favorite, were not so convincing, and Creel sent them back to put on another layer of bronze.

"I ought to have brought along some native girls," he said; "but I probably couldn't have made them act! And they've got to do considerable acting. Isn't Mustafa gorgeous?"

And just then Jimmy came out, and I heard the gasp which ran around the group of natives when they saw him. Indeed, I gasped myself, for if anybody ever looked like a king of ancient Egypt—at least, as I imagine they looked, and as they should have looked, whether they did or not—it was Jimmy Allen. He struck an attitude in front of the tent, and I saw the natives shaking; but Mustafa spoke to them sharply, and then Jimmy grinned and came forward. The grin broke the spell, for there was nothing Egyptian about it. It was pure Irish.

"Great, Jimmy!" said Creel. "Couldn't be better. Only for heaven's sake, don't smile!" Then his wife and Mollie came out again and presented themselves for inspection. "You'll do," he said, looking them over critically. "But stay in

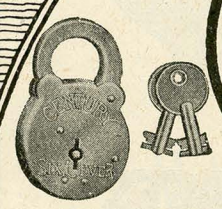
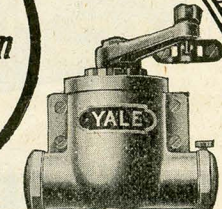
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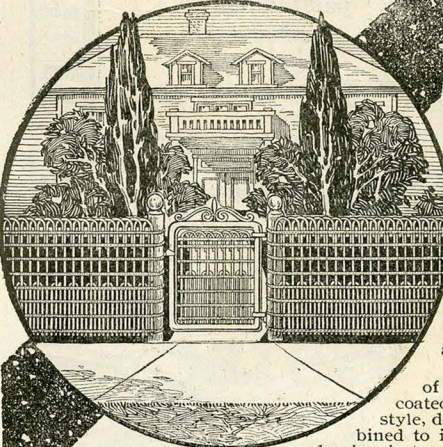
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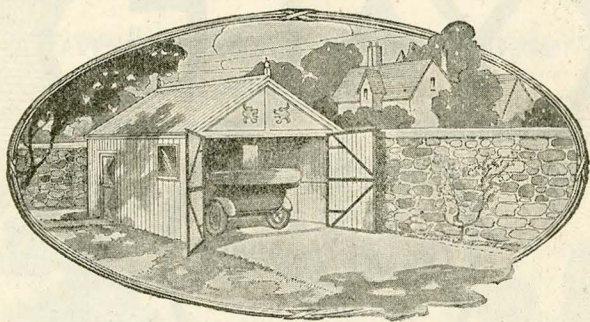
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A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

profile as much as you can. Where is Mlle. Roland?"

"Coming!" cried a clear voice, and she stepped out from the tent.

For an instant there was silence. Then, with an inarticulate cry of fear and stupefaction, the natives dropped to their knees as one man and touched their foreheads to the ground. I could see Mustafa staring with open mouth; I saw Jimmy, after one long look, sink slowly to one knee; I felt my own legs shaking . . .

For there before our eyes was something more than an embodiment of ancient Egypt—it was ancient Egypt itself, its very spirit, risen from the dead in amazing resurrection! It wasn't through the eyes alone I sensed it—it was through some instinct far more subtle and convincing. There was an aura—a perfume—an exhalation as of grave-clothes and opened tombs . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

IT passed in an instant—that sense of strain and weirdness and unreality. It was Mlle. Roland herself who broke the spell.

"Will I do?" she asked, and swept a beaming glance round upon us.

Jimmy got hastily to his feet, and I dare say he was blushing under his makeup. But it was Creel who first regained the power of speech.

"Do!" he echoed. "Why, you're the real thing! Just look at those natives!"

At the sound of her voice, the prostitute fellahin had looked up dazedly; but they did not rise from their knees. They crouched there, staring stupidly, with wide-open mouths, as though not knowing whether to believe their eyes or their ears. Their eyes told them that they were in the presence of a veritable princess of ancient Egypt—yes, and perhaps some more subtle sense confirmed it; while their ears bore evidence that it was only one of the company of mad foreigners, whose strange actions passed all comprehension.

But Mustafa, who had recovered in a moment, spoke to them, telling them, I suppose, not to be fools, and they got slowly to their feet. Creel watched them regretfully.

"Too bad we didn't have the camera ready when they went down like that," he said. "We can never get them to do it again!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" broke in Davis, who was combing his beard feverishly with his fingers. "All you need is a sceptre. Maybe we'll find one before we get through with these excavations."

He had never taken his eyes from the girl since the instant of her appearance, and I had never before seen him so excited.

"I hope we do," said Creel. "Now let's get busy. Bring up the camels, Mustafa."

"Vurry good, saar," and Mustafa sprang to obey.

Five of the caparisoned camels were brought up and, by impassioned oburgation and jerks and kicks, compelled to kneel. Seeing what a job it is, I don't blame a camel for not wanting to kneel!

"This one is yours, Princess," said Creel, indicating the most gorgeous beast and giving Mlle. Roland the title which we all instantly felt to be appropriate. "We'll help you up."

She came forward smiling; but she didn't need any help—at least not Creel's; for she turned to Jimmy and held out her hand with a gesture truly regal; and he sprang forward and caught the hand, and supported her as she stepped up into the awkward seat as easily and gracefully as though she had done it a thousand times!

"Wait!" roared Creel. "We must have that! Billy, bring up your box—put it right here. Get down again, Princess!" He took a rapid survey of the scene to be sure everything was all right and that there would be no false note—trust Creel for seeing all that at a glance! "Bring those warriors up a little closer, Mustafa; put the rest of the natives back under those palms; now you two women stand over here. Digby, get there by the camel's head. A little more to the right, Jimmy. As the Princess comes forward, you will all bow—slowly, like this! Get out of range, Professor—we can't have you in this! Now let's try it! Splendid! Are you ready, Billy?"

"All ready," I said.

"All right! Now, Princess! Now, Billy!"

She came forward regally, with eyes only for the King—for Jimmy—and heaven knows, his eyes were only for her!—and gave him her hand. It thrilled me to see how the natives bowed before her—no acting about that. And with a single graceful motion, she stepped up into the seat.

"Hold her hand an instant, Jimmy, as though you couldn't let it go," Creel commanded; but Jimmy didn't need to be told—he had the actor's instinct for such things! "Now let it go—make the camel get up, Mustafa—lead him off, Digby—that's right. Now get on your camel, Jimmy! That's it! Splendid!" for Jimmy had stepped into his seat with simple dignity. "Off you go! Now you two women on the next ones—oh, no, no! Stop, Billy, stop!" for Mollie and Ma Creel were floundering desperately in their efforts to reach their seats. "We'll have to cut just when they turn toward their camels," he said to me. "What's the matter with you two lobs, anyway?"

"Seeing that this is the first time I ever rode a camel," retorted Ma Creel, "I don't know what else you could expect! Oh—oh!" she screamed, for the camel had begun to rise, tossing like a boat in a stormy sea. Mollie didn't scream; she just clenched her teeth and hung on for dear life—she hadn't served her apprenticeship as a movie actress for nothing! But it wasn't till I saw how awkward they were that I realized the finish of the performance which Jimmy and the Princess had given us!

"It's the first time for all of us," said Creel, and I wondered if he realized how remarkable it was; "but all right—you're up now! Come along, Billy," and he led the way under the palms and out into the desert.

To walk through red-hot sand up to your ankles, with a heavy camera over your shoulder, and a burning sun blazing down upon you, isn't exactly a pleasant job; but I never thought of it, I was so uplifted and excited, as I toiled along after Creel. I could see that he was excited and uplifted, too, and didn't feel the sun or mind the sand any more than I did! Verily, enthusiasm is a mighty thing!

Well, we got some scenes of the caparisoned caravan out in the desert, and then approaching the oasis from the same point that the other caravan had, so the audience would at once spot the fact that it was the same place. And when that was done, Creel dismissed the players.

"I'll want you in the morning early, Jimmy," he said, "in your khaki, I don't think I'll need you, Princess, until afternoon. Put your box away, Billy, and come with me—we've got a lot of work to do yet. I'll want four of your natives, Mustafa."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, who was divesting himself of his gorgeous raiment with evident regret, while Digby and Ma Creel, still in costume, checked up the trappings which had been worn by the camels and the natives.

It developed that what Creel wanted the four natives for was to carry the fake papier-mache coffin containing the fake papier-mache mummy over to the ruins, and when we got there, we found that Davis had already put to work all the rest of the natives and that the debris was pretty well cleared away.

"We'll be ready to start real work in the morning," he said, coming forward when he saw us, and I noticed that he had discarded his pistol. Then he saw the men with the coffin. "What the deuce is that?" he asked.

"That's a mummy," said Creel. "We've got to plant it somewhere so that Jimmy can dig it out in the morning. We'll tear out a piece of that wall, and put the coffin behind it, and then put the wall up again."

"My dear sir," Davis objected, "a coffin like that would be found only in a regular tomb, and protected by a sarcophagus. Why, it's a royal coffin!" he added, taking a closer look at it.

"It's a copy of one in the Met," Creel explained.

"But to suppose that it would be stuck anywhere behind a wall . . ."

"Its occupant was only a slave girl," Creel explained.

"Then there wouldn't be any coffin. Coffins weren't wasted on slaves."

"Oh, there's got to be a coffin!" said Creel. "Nobody ever heard of digging up a mummy without a coffin!"

"But any Egyptologist will tell you . . ."

(Continued on following page.)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"We'll have to do without the Egyptologists," said Creel cheerfully. "I don't imagine there are over a dozen or so in America—not enough to affect our receipts. Carry it down into the hole, boys."

They didn't understand the words, but they did the gesture, and they lugged the coffin down the double staircase, and set it down at the bottom of the excavation. Davis followed, combing his beard uneasily.

"See here, Creel," he said, "if you'll wait a few days, maybe I'll find a tomb for you, with a real mummy."

"We can't take the chance," said Creel. "In motion pictures, you've got to know just what you're going to find before you start to find it—also just how long it will take. There's the footage to consider. I want to do this job in about two hundred feet—that is to say, three minutes. Besides, a real mummy wouldn't do. It's too fragile. This one is built to stand a lot of handling."

"Let's take a look at it," said Davis.

"Sure," assented Creel, and raised the lid proudly.

The natives, who had been standing curiously about, took one look at what lay inside the coffin, and then, with a whoop of terror, raced up the steps and out of sight.

"What the deuce is the matter with those fellows?" Creel demanded, staring after them. "One would think they had seen mummies enough . . ."

Davis, who had been gazing down at the weird figure and combing his beard excitedly, broke in with a laugh.

"Why, it's the Flinders mummy!" he said.

"Flinders?" questioned Creel. "That doesn't sound like an Egyptian name."

"It's the name of the man who found it—at Nebesheh. It was never in a coffin. It had been buried alive."

Creel stared at him an instant with shining eyes; then he struck his thigh a ringing blow.

"Buried alive!" he cried. "Whoopee! Professor you've given me the one word I needed! I've got the story now! Oh, gorgeous, gorgeous!"

It was Davis's turn to stare.

"I don't get you," he said.

"There was one weak point in the story," Creel explained, more and more elated, "and it bothered me. But buried alive! It's perfect—it's consummate! It rivets the whole thing together into a water-tight, unsinkable bit of logic! But come on—let's get to work. We'll put it behind the wall without any coffin—I hope the Egyptologists will be pleased, Professor—they ought to give us some testimonials! We can get the buried-alive idea across in an insert—no, by George, we'll show it. We'll show the Princess being buried alive by her ruthless lover!" He looked around the excavation and saw that it was empty. "Get those natives back here, Mustafa, and set 'em to work on that wall."

"I am feared, saar," said Mustafa slowly, "dat perhaps they will not."

I looked at Mustafa and saw that he himself was plainly disturbed and uneasy.

"Why not?" demanded Creel.

"It iss what iss called *mamnua*—forbidden—unclean," explained Mustafa, with a gesture toward the coffin.

"Why, man," said Creel, and jerked the figure upright by one arm, "it isn't really a mummy—it's just a lot of papier-mache. Come here and feel it."

Mustafa obliged unwillingly, but the instant he touched the figure his face cleared.

"I understand, saar," he said. "I bring dem," and he hurried up the steps.

Davis, too, had felt inquiringly of the mummy.

"A clever piece of work," he commented.

"Isn't it!" agreed Creel proudly. "But let me get the dope about this burying alive business. Was it often done?"

"It was the usual punishment for certain crimes," said Davis. "This woman probably committed blasphemy—desecrated an altar, or something like that. That is the reason mummies of this sort are considered unclean; and the superstition comes down even to the modern Egyptians, as you have seen. Besides, it isn't a real mummy—it hasn't been eviscerated or wrapped. It's just a dried-up human body."

"I see," said Creel. "A king might

inflict such a punishment upon a favorite whom he had tired of, or had grown to hate?"

"Yes, I suppose so. A king could do about anything he pleased in those days."

"And his conscience might trouble him about it afterwards?"

"No—I don't think a little thing like that would trouble a king of ancient Egypt. Besides, if the punishment was deserved . . ."

"But suppose he found out it wasn't?"

"He might regret his haste. I doubt if he would go farther than that!"

"My king did," said Creel positively. "You see he was an unusually enlightened and conscientious monarch, far ahead of his age. It got to weighing on his mind; and finally, as a kind of penance, he had himself buried out here in the desert beside the place where he had walled up the woman—we can use the mummy-case for him! And then, four thousand years later reincarnated as a young and handsome Egyptologist . . ."

"There aren't any young and handsome Egyptologists," objected Davis. "They're all old, dried-up cranks like me!"

"Yes—there is one," said Creel, "and his name is Jimmy Allen—and some mysterious influence draws him to this spot—and he digs up the mummy of his four-thousand-year-old love . . ."

"And of course recognizes her at a glance!" scoffed Davis.

"No!" yelled Creel. "But she recognizes him! Gorgeous! Gorgeous!"

And just then Mustafa came back with the natives, and Creel refused to tell us any more. But Davis confided his opinion to me in a brief aside.

"He's crazy!" he said.

I confess I didn't see myself how a mummy that had been dead four thousand years could recognize anybody; but my faith in Creel was absolute, and I knew that in some way he would put it over!

CHAPTER XV.

MUSTAFA, with vociferous argument, brought his men up to the coffin and demonstrated to them that the mummy was a fake by the simple expedient of making each one of them take hold of it. Once convinced that they had nothing to fear, they went cheerfully to work tearing down a section of the wall which closed in one side of the court. It was merely a rough retaining wall, built of squared blocks of white limestone, fitted together without mortar, and it didn't take long to make a hole in it. Then an excavation was scooped in the sand behind it, some stones piled up to keep it from caving in, the mummy stowed away between them, and the wall carefully replaced. Then a lot of debris was piled in front of it and covered deep with sand, and Creel finally expressed himself as satisfied.

"That's all right," he said. "We'll get some stuff in the morning that will make people sit up. Give your men something extra to eat to-night, Mustafa—they've done well to-day."

"Vurry good, saar," agreed Mustafa. "Perhaps a little tobacco, also?"

"Yes—a little tobacco, also," Creel assented. "Come along, you fellows," he added to Davis and me. "I'm as hungry as a bear! By George, it's nearly dark!"

Davis looked up at the sky and then at his watch.

"The sun hasn't set yet," he said.

He and Mustafa glanced at each other, then, by a common impulse, they turned and hurried up the stair. The natives streamed up behind them, chattering uneasily. As they came out above the excavation, I saw a sudden blast of wind catch their cloaks and whip them about.

"What in blazes is the matter now?" asked Creel, staring after them. Then he looked down at the mummy-case. "I was going to have this carried back to the tent, but I guess it will be safe here."

"Yes," I agreed. "I don't know who'd touch it."

"Come on, then," said Creel. "Let's find out what the trouble is," and he started up the stair.

As we reached the top, a savage blast of wind whirled a sheet of sand into our eyes; and then we saw Davis and Mustafa standing on the highest mound, clinging to their clothing and staring away toward the south. We scrambled

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The Kaiser's Greatest Enemy--The Y.M.C.A.

A Glimpse of What This Organization Means to the Men Over There.

Has religion failed? Let the soldiers answer, the men who have looked death in the face day after day, and they will state that while old creeds have gone, forms and doctrines have been thrust aside, yet in the army the real things which count are "God, the Bible, Christ and Eternity." The Y.M.C.A. has not failed. This has been its glorious opportunity, and the splendid spirit and fine morale of our men "over there" are largely the result of the magnificent work of its secretaries. Their efforts are varied; in the navy; the army; right up at the front line; in some seaport—any place where men need the helping hand, a branch of this organization may be found.

A very interesting account is given of two concerts conducted under their auspices, first, for outgoing soldiers, and, second, for those returning. "Canadian Manhood" tells the story as follows:—

"The Y.M.C.A. launch slips from the wharf and heads towards certain dim shapes a mile away. A concert party in the stern discourse on the beauty of the night. The sea is molten silver under a full-orbed moon.

"We slip past a trim barque, new from keel to masthead, her graceful lines and spars shining fairy white against moon-bathed shore and sky. From the funnel of a liner lazily curls a plume of smoke, making the one faint cloud in all that lustre filled firmament.

"Our motor stops its 'phut-phut,' and we glide alongside the police-boat. Passports approved, we proceed. As we enter the wider stretch of water a neutral liner passes out towards the sea. Her smoke stacks are set at a rakish angle, as though she felt slightly superior because of her alleged immunity from the sea-wolves, and her imagined independence of disguising paint.

"Several low-lying, swift-looking craft, their sides flaunting the sign, 'Belgian Relief,' await the time when the authorities are satisfied that their mission is charity pure and undefiled.

"Our objective is the largest of three transports swinging at anchor in that little inland sea. We make fast to the gangway platform, and the 'Y' secretary goes aboard. A dozen men line the steps, and bundles of magazines and stationery pass from hand to hand to the deck.

"We follow and find ourselves in a dense crowd of khaki-clad boys, tall, clean-cut, well-knit.

"The piano has been placed on the bridge, and from that platform the concert is given. Down below are the boys, a dense pink and khaki crowd, packed into the bow of the vessel. There is not room for another man to hold on by his eyelids. Every square inch is jam full. The boys roost on the hatchway covers. They hang from the ratlines like bees on an apple bough. Their talk and laughter is like the sound of a waterfall somewhere at hand. The brown of their dress and the pink glow of their faces under the soft overhead lights is hazed over with the blue smoke of cigarettes. Tiny rifts of white teeth flash from all parts of the laughing crowd.

"The programme is ended, and the

ship's chaplain calls for cheers for the concert party. The salvo sends the seagulls with shrill cries circling into the moonlit air. All join in singing 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'God Save the King.' We step warily down the steep gangway to the launch. One more cheer from the long line that smiles down at us from the concert deck; a waving of hands; 'Good-by and good luck' and we are churning and frothing our way back to the wharf.

"Barely have the transports and their convoy disappeared hull down when a whisp of smoke is seen on their left. She is a hospital ship. It is evening when she drops her anchor well within the bar. Her white painted hull contrasts pleasantly with the grey camouflage of neighboring vessels, but her funnel is not rakishly inclined. A long row of green lights from end to end and in the centre an illuminated red cross, give her a gala appearance.

"As a concert party steps on board they are conscious of a marked contrast compared with that other ship. Here are no crowds of physically perfect manhood. The decks are almost deserted.

"We are conducted to the largest ward 'tween decks. Our appearance at the door is the signal for a blast of welcome that is startling.

"The large room is crowded with boys who have something to tell their children's children. The long line of beds are loaded with men who have come on crutches, who have been carried, who have crawled into the hall of song. On all sides is the buzz of talk and the ripple of laughter.

"Song sheets are handed out, and the boys are asked to name their choice.

"'Smile, Boys, Smile!' they roar, and before the pianist can strike the notes they are into the chorus with a swing.

"'Mother o' Mine' and 'I Love a Lassie' are next demanded. Irish melodies are prime favorites, also Scotch, and the limits of the song sheet are almost reached before the 'Y' man calls a halt to give the artists a chance. Their songs strike the right note. They are of love and home; of warriors back from the war; of the girls and mothers waiting for them.

"So we sing to them as we could not sing to those other boys in the spick and span new uniforms, with whole bodies and sound nerves. And these boys who have come back sing to us as the others cannot sing until they too have had their baptism of fire and pain. This concert is not what we are giving. It is the choruses, the jokes, the lilting laughter of the blind, the halt and the maimed singing their heart out because they have come home."

Mr. John L. Love, Naval Y.M.C.A. Secretary, gives a very interesting account of the Y.M.C.A. at Halifax. He says:—

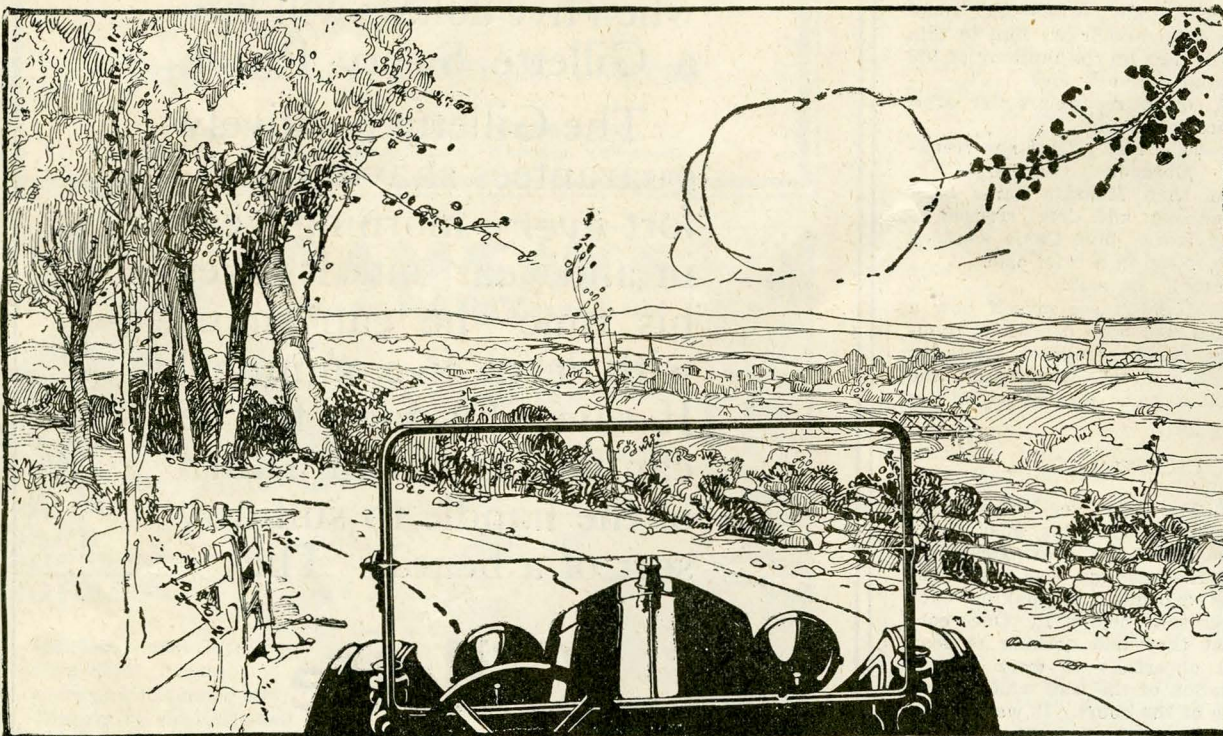
"The visitor to the Dockyard at Halifax cannot fail to be impressed with its air of bustle and activity. Marines and seamen hurry in all directions on business bent. Constant streams of men clad in blue serge pass in and out of the two gateways. Through an open doorway a group of cadets can be seen learning the finesse of the sledge hammer, whilst through the glass front of the machine shop their companions are observed probing the mysteries of the reciprocating engine.

"At the coaling wharf is moored a grim, grey cruiser which has just conveyed a fleet of merchantmen safe to port. She is loading up with bunker coal previous to escorting another fleet, of transports this time, on their way to England. Close at hand is a trim, snug building, in the bungalow style, bearing on its front the sign of the Red Triangle. More congenial surroundings might have been secured for the Y.M.C.A. hut, but none more convenient for the boys for whom it was built. Like a true home, the real environments of a Y.M.C.A. 'hut' are inside the building, not outside.

"If you have carried coal for ten hours at a stretch, and afterwards had to conduct your ablutions in a small bucket in any corner that you might be lucky enough to discover, you can appreciate the luxury of a hot shower in the Naval Y.M.C.A. Night and day, there is a copious supply of piping hot water, a concrete bathroom where the boys can splash to their hearts' content, a comfortable and commodious dressing room, and an ample supply of towels and soap.

"Adjoining the bathroom is the canteen, where hot drinks are served; and bathed, warmed and refreshed, the boys can enjoy the attractions of the large central room where piano, gramophone, billiard table, games, reading matter

(Continued on following page.)



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The Kaiser's Greatest Enemy--The Y.M.C.A.

(Continued from preceding page.)

and stationery are supplied for their use and entertainment.

"Compare this with the old conditions where, after coaling, a man had to clean up as best he could, and then content himself with the discomfort of a crowded ship, built for business of the sternest kind, and not, designed as a pleasure yacht, and you have some idea of the value of this particular phase of Y.M.C.A. activity.

"The fact that the Halifax Naval Hut is located inside the dockyard—the only Y.M.C.A. building in the Empire so situated—makes its service of inestimable value. The men do not always want to run up to town; frequently they cannot get leave to do so. Here, beside them, are fine, large, beautifully furnished premises, giving them privileges that many of the most exclusive clubs afford, and absolutely free of cost. Here are no irksome rules and regulations. The boys are free to forget such experiences as coaling, dirty weather, long watches, and close, uncomfortable quarters. And they do forget.

"As a class navy men are highly educated and accomplished. Every ship has its musicians of above average merit. One man in particular who can give a delightful hour's recital at the piano, when he is not on a drifter sweeping for mines, is the ex-organist of an English Cathedral. Another was a footlight favorite, and he can 'make up' and entertain his mates for an hour at a time. And his audience know what constitutes a good turn."

"A vast majority of the men have joined the Canadian Navy, as a means of 'doing their bit.' Their previous callings range over almost the entire gamut of human endeavor. They have not been accustomed from youth up to the discomfort of a seafaring life. To all of them the Y.M.C.A. Hut is a boon and a blessing; a buffer to break the hard shocks of their lot; a place where they can retain their boyhood and strengthen and develop their manhood.

"The disaster that laid waste such a large section of Halifax in December of last year did not spare the Y.M.C.A. building in the dockyard. It had been opened only a fortnight when it was laid low by the blast, a mass of quivering splinters.

"The place the building, and all that it stood for, had secured in the hearts of the navy boys was seen in the tearful lament of one Jack Tar as he stood on the morning of the disaster gazing upon the ruin. He said:

"I knew it was too good to be true."

"However events are proving that the Naval work of the Y. M. C. A. is not 'too good to be true,' for out of the ruins even now is arising a finer building to render still better service for the fighting police of the seven seas, the men of the Imperial and Canadian Navies."

A very interesting conversation is reported by William Stidger in the Pittsburg "Christian Advocate," which took place between a young lieutenant and a Y.M.C.A. secretary, showing clearly Christianity is permeating the army:

"I myself heard the commanding officer set this standard for the officers in the new army. He said, 'no man need expect to be an officer out of this training-camp if he is known to drink. No man need expect to be an officer out of this training-camp if he is known to frequent a house of prostitution. Further, no man need expect to win a commission here if he is known to be a panderer in dirty stories.'"

"That sounds good to me," replied the secretary. 'At that rate of going this new army is the greatest army that was ever raised as far as size is concerned; and more than that, it is the finest army since Cromwell's army.'

"You're just right, sir! I used to read that stuff about Cromwell's army praying before it went into battle. I remember one prayer especially that impressed me. It was, 'O Lord, we're going into battle now. It's a hard battle, but it's for the rights of the common people. We'll have much to do. We may forget you, but, O Lord, if we forget you, don't you forget us!'"

"The young lieutenant waited a minute before continuing, then he said: 'That's the kind of an army I have the honor to be a humble officer in. I'm proud of it.'

"Then the secretary, thinking to get down closer home, said: 'Now, lieutenant,

ant, you have been talking a lot about the army in the abstract, may I ask you just what your own feeling is to be about going into the trenches?'

"I think that I can best tell you how I feel about going into war by a story I read while I was out in the training-camp in San Francisco. You know that the boys who are in training read everything they can get their hands on that comes from the trenches. This was a book by a young college chap. I think his name was Hankey; killed in action; and all that, you know. This young chap told of an English lad.

"That lad had always been a praying boy, but praying had never meant anything vital to him. It had been a mechanical sort of thing to him. He had prayed, but the God to whom he prayed was a far-off sort of God. He was not warm, vital, close. This fellow Hankey said that this English lad's greatest religious experience had been a "spasmodic loyalty to the Christ man," but that was about as far as it went. And so he continued after his enlistment. He prayed in the camps. It was hard at first, for the fellows made fun of him. But he prayed even though prayer didn't mean much to him. Then he got to saying his prayers

in bed, and finally forgot them entirely.

"Then came a hopeless charge in which he was forced to a prominent part, and he had fallen between the lines in broad daylight, wounded near to death. He lay there until night fell. One thought filled his mind—Would he be found or would he be left there to die? At last he awoke to find that the sun had set. Shots were being fired over him. A light flared now and then. He had lost a lot of blood, but he felt no pain; that had ceased."

"The secretary did not interrupt this story, for minutes were precious again.

"He lay there feeling strangely peaceful. Above him he could see the stars, and the moon, although low in the heavens, gave a clear light. He found himself vaguely wondering about the meaning of everything. The stars seemed to make it all seem so small and petty. All this bloodshed—what was the good of it? It was all so ephemeral, so trivial, so meaningless in the presence of eternity and infinity. It was just a strife of pigmies. He suddenly felt terribly small, and he was so very, very weak. He looked up into the stars. They were cold and far away. He was greater than they because he could suffer; he could feel. There was that in him which was not in them—unless—unless it was in everything.

"Then the dying soldier, looking up into the skies again, said: 'God!'—whispering softly, 'God! God everywhere.' Then this man Hankey added that a new phrase came into the dying

soldier's heart, a phrase that he had learned in the church of his boyhood somewhere, "And underneath are the everlasting arms." He sighed like a contented child as this phrase repeated itself in his mind, "And underneath are the everlasting arms."

"The soldier-train was called. The secretary and the lieutenant faced each other. The lieutenant added: 'And sir, since I read that phrase I am not afraid. "Underneath are the everlasting arms" is to be my comfort, too, whatever happens.'

"And the secretary had learned another thing about the soldiers: that after all, the simple things, the true things, such as babies and home and religion, make their universal appeal everywhere, always."

Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to the association work in France is that of Germany. Rev. Dr. MacRossie, on his return from the front, asserts that Germany is turning her hate against our Y. M. C. A. all along the battle-front. Realizing the strengthening of French and British morale all along the battle-line through Y. M. C. A. work, Germany now strives to wreck the huts. Every effort is now being made by the German gunners to blow these huts to pieces with high explosive shells.

All hail to the Y. M. C. A.! Three cheers and a tiger for them in their 2,000 centres now working under our flag! And let us include in our daily prayers these heroes who minister to heroes under every flag!

Penmans Hosiery

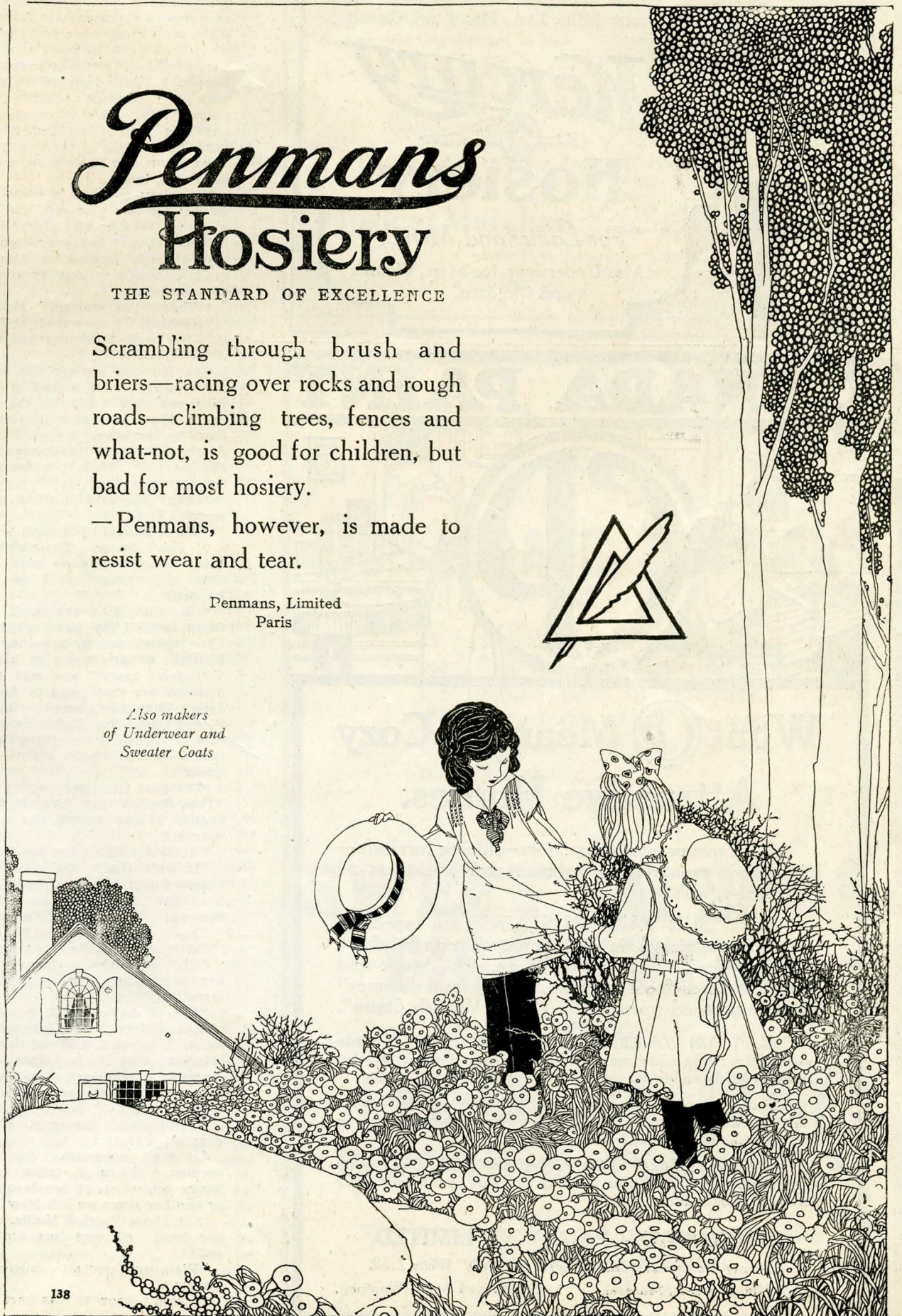
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

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While it is only a little more than a year since we started knitting this new Mercury Fashioned Seamless Hosiery it has achieved a wonderful success. Women who have worn one pair invariably purchase more Mercury Hosiery. Such sightly, shapely hosiery has not hitherto been obtainable even in the finest imported lines now off the Canadian market on account of war conditions.

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A King in Babylon

(Continued from page 39.)

up beside them, half-blinded by the flying sand, and found them looking at a blue-black cloud—a most peculiar-looking cloud, for it reached right down to the earth, and whirled and eddied and swayed from side to side in the most terrifying way.

"What is it?" gasped Creel, after a moment.

"It's a sand storm," Davis explained. "We're getting just the edge of it—the centre's going south of us. Good thing, too. I'd have had all that excavating to do over again!" and after another look to assure himself that the danger was past, he started down the mound.

Creel and I paused a moment to watch the cloud. It was travelling rapidly away toward the south, and its eddies and gusts and serpentine twinings were horrifyingly fascinating.

"Lord, if we could get a close-up of that!" said Creel, at last. "I guess there wouldn't have been much left of this outfit if it had passed over us," he added, as we turned to scramble down.

We found the rest of the party gathered at the edge of the trees watching the cloud, and it was rather a subdued crowd which sat down to dinner half an hour later. We felt a good deal as the passengers must feel on a ship which has just shaved past an ice-berg.

It may have been that this sense of peril escaped Mollie to an unaccustomed tenderness; at any rate, when dinner was over and I got out my pipe, I chanced to meet her eye; and a moment later, without knowing how it happened, I found myself walking away with her through a little group of palms. We walked on, without saying anything that I remember, until we came to the edge of the oasis; and then I sat down and lighted up, and she sat down beside me.

The night was like a piece of purple velvet; the air was soft and balmy as a baby's breath; the stars were more brilliant than I had ever seen them. I leaned back against a hummock of sand and drew a long breath of sheer contentment.

"What's the matter?" Mollie asked. "Nothing," I answered. "That's just it! I'm perfectly happy and contented. Aren't you?"

She did not answer for a moment, and I turned and looked at her. Her face was only a blur in the darkness; but I knew somehow that there were tears in her eyes. I moved closer, and reached out and took her hand—and she let me! Then I knew there was something wrong!

"Billy," she said in a low voice, "I'm worried."

"What about?" I asked. "I don't know. There's just something that weighs on me. A feeling that something awful is going to happen."

"Oh, come!" I protested, and ventured to hold her hand a little tighter. "You aren't one to have the megrims, Mollie! What's going to happen?"

"I don't know," she said again, and brushed her free hand in front of her eyes. Then she turned to me quickly. "I don't like that Roland woman," she said. "There's something about her that's—that's not right—something queer . . ."

"It's just temperament," I protested. "The French are like that—so I've heard. If she wasn't, she wouldn't be normal."

But Mollie shook her head. "It isn't that," she said. "I know temperament when I see it. Great heavens! I've been an actress long enough! But she's—different!"

"Yes, she's different," I agreed. "That's what makes her interesting."

"Oh," said Mollie sharply, and drew her hand away; "so you find her interesting!"

"Yes, I do," I said, boldly. "Most things different are interesting. Besides, I haven't had anything else to interest myself in since this trip started. I had sort of hoped I might see something of you; but not having a uniform . . ."

"Don't talk nonsense, Billy!" she snapped.

"It isn't nonsense. I'm in deadly earnest. When I think how many hours you've spent beside one uniform or another since we left New York . . ."

"Oh, those!" cried Mollie, and tossed her head. "I was just amusing myself!"

"Well, you weren't amusing me!" I retorted.

"I didn't know it was part of my job

to amuse you," said Mollie. "Anyway, you didn't lack for amusement after the Roland arrived!"

"I was lonesome," I admitted. "She seemed to like me."

"And the shamelessness of her!" Mollie panted on. "Those uniforms, as you call them, were crazy to meet her—silly fools! And I tried to arrange it! And she turned me down! Said you were quite enough for her!"

"Did she?" I said grimly. "That's the first I knew of it—but I admire her good taste!"

Mollie half-started to her feet; then she dropped back again into the sand, and, to my utter stupefaction, put her head in her hands and began to sob.

"Oh, look here, Mollie," I cried, and tried to take one of her hands again. "I didn't mean anything—really I didn't! I take it all back. I agree with you about Mlle. Roland—there is something queer about her! All the interest I ever took in her was—well—detached, you know. And I don't think she ever had any special interest in me. In fact," I went on, with a burst of inspiration, "I shouldn't be surprised if she took me on just to torment you . . ."

"How would it torment me?" Mollie demanded, looking at me with a steely eye.

"I don't know," I stammered; "but Creel was blabbing around about my being in love with some girl—I could have killed him!"

"So could I!" said Mollie.

"Anyway," I concluded, "it's evident that she's lost whatever sort of interest she ever had in me!"

"She's a cat!" snapped Mollie, as though she resented Mlle. Roland's indifference even more than her interest.

"No she's not," I protested. "Let's be fair to her. She liked me well enough at first—perhaps still does; but she's got something else to think about. I fancy she's growing fond of Jimmy—she certainly acts as though she were."

Mollie turned and stared at me in speechless astonishment.

"Blowing hot and cold, you know," I explained. "That's the way girls do, isn't it?"

"Not nice girls," said Mollie. "They don't torture people."

"Oh, don't they!" I commented.

"If you mean me, Billy Williams," she protested hotly, "it isn't so! I've never drawn you on—I've never given you any hope!"

"Isn't there any hope, Mollie?" I asked huskily.

She did not answer, and a sudden panic seized me.

"Don't answer right away," I hurried on. "I hadn't expected to ask that till we were ready to go home. I sort of felt that—that out here in the desert, we might get to know each other better—not that I need to know you any better—but you don't know me very well . . ."

"What makes you think so?" Mollie asked, with a queer little laugh.

"You've only seen me now and then—you've been away so much . . ."

"I've seen you as often as you've seen me, haven't I?"

"Yes," I admitted; "but it isn't only seeing—it's thinking; and I've done so much thinking . . ."

Mollie, who had been leaning back against a sand-hummock with a certain languor, sat erect with a sudden start.

"What's that?" she whispered, staring out across the sand.

"What's what?" I asked, staring too, but seeing nothing but the empty waste.

"There—over toward the ruins—there's something moving."

I followed the direction of her pointing finger.

"I don't see anything," I said, after a moment. "What was it like?"

"Just a—sort of gray shape."

She was breathing quickly, and I could see that she was really frightened.

"If it was anything at all," I said, "it was just one of the natives. Don't be foolish, Mollie!"

"I'm not foolish!" she gasped. "I—I saw it last night! That's what I brought you out here to tell you!"

It wasn't till afterwards I reflected that I hadn't been conscious of her having brought me out—I had thought it sort of spontaneous—for her words sent a distinct shock through me.

"What did you see last night?" I demanded.

(Continued on following page.)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

She paused a moment to get her breath, and I felt her groping hand seeking mine, and seized it and held it fast.

"I don't know what time it was," she began; "but I had been sleeping a good while, and suddenly I woke, with cold sweat standing out all over me and simply shaking with fear."

"You had been dreaming," I said. "Nightmare—this Egyptian coffee is enough..."

"No, I hadn't been dreaming—at least, nothing horrible. But suddenly I woke up, with a sense of something ghastly standing right there by my cot."

"Well, was there?" I asked.

"I didn't dare look for a moment, I was so scared. When I did look it was gone."

"There was never anything there," I said; "just your imagination."

"Yes, there was something—I saw it go out."

"What did you see?" I demanded, exasperated.

"I saw the tent-flap fall behind it—and I thought I saw a flash of something gray."

"Nonsense!" I protested. "See here, Mollie, don't you get to seeing things, too!"

I could have bit my tongue the instant the words were out, but it was too late.

"Do you mean that somebody else has been seeing things?" she demanded intensely.

"I mean that one of the natives was wandering about the camp the other night," I said, "and Jimmy saw him and thought it was a ghost. You didn't really see anything—only your tent-flap swinging in the breeze; in fact, I don't know how you could see that in the dark..."

"It wasn't dark—we have a night-lamp in the tent. And that wasn't all."

"All right," I said, wearily; "let's have the rest of it."

"I was so scared," said Mollie, "that I felt I must talk to somebody, so I got up and... you know our tent is divided by canvas partitions—and I peeped in first at Ma Creel, and she was sleeping so sound I didn't have the heart to disturb her; so—I raised the other flap and looked into—her room—and—she wasn't there!"

"Wasn't there?" I echoed.

"No—her cot was empty."

"Well, what of it?" I demanded. "If she couldn't sleep—if she wanted a breath of air—why, don't you see—that was it! She got up and peeped in to see if you were asleep, and you woke up just as she let the flap fall..."

"Why should she have done that?" asked Molly. "I don't like it!"

"I'll bet she had a date with Jimmy," I said. "Those two are fixing things up when nobody's around! And they never so much as look at each other when anybody is!"

Mollie rose with a little unconvinced shake of the head.

"I don't believe they're fixing things up," she said. "I don't believe the Roland cares a cent for him. I've thought of all that—but it's too simple. Besides, the awful feeling I had..."

"Listen, Mollie," I said; "the feeling that I'm interested in is in regard to myself. How about it?"

"I don't know..."

"Mollie..."

But she held me back.

"No," she said; "I'll have to do some thinking first! Look—there's the moon!"

"Confound the moon!" I protested. "It rises every night..."

"Hush!" she said, and laid her hand on mine, and I saw that she was searching the waste of sand before us for some sign of the gray shape she had fancied moving there. But it stretched away to the horizon blank and empty—and vaguely menacing.

"You see," I began.

But again she stopped me.

"It's there!" she breathed. "I know it's there. It's watching us! I can feel it! Come—let's get away!"

And she hurried back toward the tents.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CAMERA-MAN'S first glance of a morning is always at the sky, his first thought always of the weather. Perhaps if I lived in Egypt long enough, I might break myself of this habit, for one day follows another—or did while I was there—as brightly and blandly as though there were no such things as rain or storm.

Creel routed us out of our beds at dawn on the morning following my talk with Mollie, for he was anxious to take quite a string of pictures that day, and Davis had convinced him of the wisdom of sitting quietly in the shade during the hours that the sun was high. If he had had only himself to consider, I am sure he would never have thought of such a siesta; but the natives wouldn't work during the heat of the day, and it was evident that Jimmy couldn't; so thenceforward, perforce, he had to permit those hours to be wasted.

I had seen nothing of Jimmy the night before. He had been nowhere in sight when Mollie and I reached the tents, nor had he appeared before I turned in, and I took it for granted that he was mooning around somewhere with Mlle. Roland. In fact, the more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that there was an understanding between them. I don't know at what time he came in, but he was sleeping away soundly enough when Creel called us, and grumbled lustily at being shaken awake at so ungodly an hour!

I had been too busy dressing to look at him then; but when we gathered around the table for the coffee and rolls which constituted our early breakfast, I saw that he was very nervous. The hand which raised his cup to his lips shook visibly. Creel noticed it too.

"How do you feel?" he asked, lowering his voice so as not to disturb the women, who were to be permitted to sleep as long as they liked.

"Oh, all right," answered Jimmy carelessly.

"It takes a few days to get accustomed to the desert air," remarked Davis, who had turned out with the rest of us, perhaps in the hope of getting some excavating done at odd moments. "It is very dry and exhilarating. You'd probably all be better off for a sedative."

"Tobacco is the only sedative I need," said Jimmy, and lit a cigarette; and just then we saw the natives, under Mustafa's guidance, filing out of their camp toward the ruins.

"Come on," said Creel, jumping up. "The sun will be up in a minute, and I want to catch the long shadows."

We got to the excavation just as the sun rose, and we had to wait till the natives had finished their orisons. Luckily Mohammedan prayers, though frequent, are brief and we were soon at work.

(To be continued.)

My Neighbor's Gas Wagon

(Continued from page 11.)

Ruggles rattled around among the handles, and suddenly the machine began to move slowly forward. Our joy was soon nipped, however, because as we slid for the second time over the flower bed we stopped as near in the middle of it as we could get.

After that things happened so fast I couldn't keep track, and even the bulldog got tired and lay on the steps with his tongue on guard.

"I shall telephone for the police," finally screamed the owner of the genteel house.

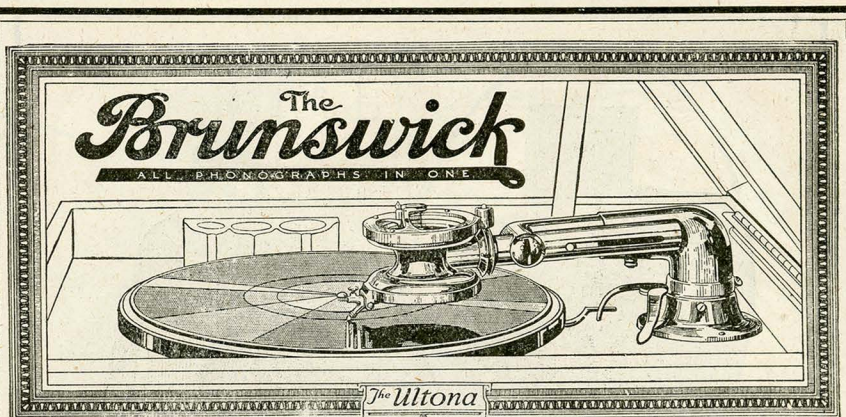
"I wish to heavens you would,"

growled Ruggles, coming up from somewhere under the car, "but it'd be more to the point if you'd phone the garage. Some fool forgot to fill the gas tank, and we're here till help comes."

Ruggles had at last made a right guess, and there we camped for what seemed like a young month.

I stood for the dinner that night, but it was weeks before Ruggles let on he knew I had motor-fever. Even now when he takes me out in his car, he always suggests that I attach an elastic to my hat and buckle it under my chin.

THE END.



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Here, at last, is the supreme phonograph achievement of recent years—the Brunswick Method of Reproduction—the ULTONA, our new all-record reproducer, and the new Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

These give tone values a naturalness hitherto unattained.

The Ultrona is an amazingly simple

contrivance—not a make-shift; not an attachment; but a distinctly new creation. It plays all records according to their exact requirements. The proper diaphragm is presented to each record, whatever make, the exact needle, and the exact weight. By the turn of a hand you adapt the Ultrona to ANY type of record. A child can do it.

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projection comes in our all-wood Tone Amplifier, built like a violin. All metal construction is avoided, thus breaking away from the usual custom.

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You cannot afford now to make a choice until you become acquainted with the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Examine the Ultrona and note how simply it adapts itself to each type of record.

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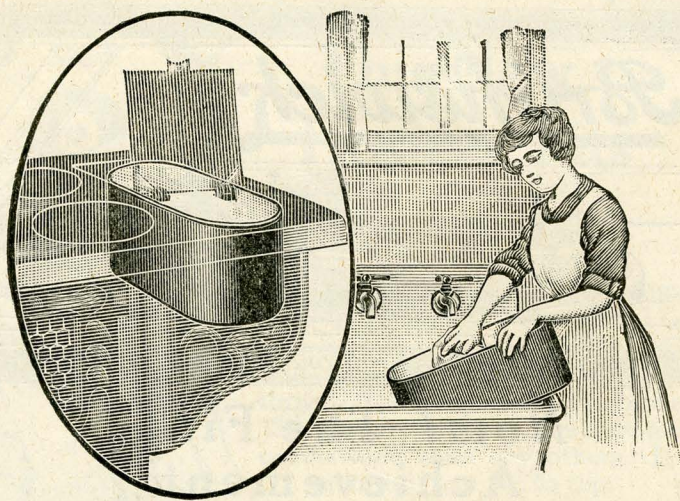
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OLD CHUM SMOKING TOBACCO

The homeland favorite brands are always the most appreciated.



Pandora Range Reservoir is and does—

One thing a hot water reservoir should do—heat water.
And one thing it should be—easy to clean.

The Pandora flue system does the one—heats the water by carrying a continuous steady volume of heat to and along the length and depth of the reservoir.

The Pandora reservoir is easy to clean because it is seamless porcelain—enameled white, with round ends. It can be lifted out with ease and washed as readily as a vegetable dish.

Different from the old-time, dark, built-in metal “tank” that had to be emptied with a dipper and cleaned by guess.

But the reservoir of the Pandora Range is modern, convenient, sanitary and good to look at, just like the Pandora is in every other way.

“The Magic of the Pandora”—Booklet Free

This is one of the many features of the Pandora Range described in “The Magic of the Pandora,” a little booklet full of information that every woman will want before she buys a range. Write for it to the nearest McClary branch.

McClary's Pandora Range

London St. John, N.B. Toronto Hamilton Montreal Calgary Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver Saskatoon

52

Training Boys and Girls for War-Time and After

(Continued from page 26.)

14 years. Local authorities may by by-law fix the maximum at 15 years. The terms “child” and “children” are applied up to 14. A “young person” is one who is no longer a “child,” but is under 18.

All young persons must attend such continuation schools at such times, on such days, as the local authority may require, for 320 hours in each year. (If the period be less than a year, the number of hours is fixed by the local authority, who have power also to increase the hours over 320 after five years' trial. Young persons are exempt from attendance if over 14 when this Act comes into force; or if over 16 and matriculated into a university or equivalent; or if shown to be under suitable and efficient full-time instruction, or to have been so until 16; or if they have spent the necessary hours in suitable and efficient part-time instruction.)

As explained by Mr. Fisher:—

“The time spent at school must be taken out of the employer's time, and provision is made to insure that the young person who is required to attend continuation classes shall not be worked unduly long hours during the days on which the classes are held, and that he or she shall be given a reasonable interval for food, rest, and washing between work and school. The classes are to be held by day, and the pupils are to come to the schools in a fit condition to benefit by the instruction. It is further provided that the classes are not to be held on Sunday or any holiday or half-holiday which the young person is accustomed to enjoy. The proposal comes to this: that any young person who has to undergo half-time for instruction will be liberated from industrial toil for three half-days a week during forty weeks—two half-days to be spent in school, while one will be a half-holiday.”

The local authority may require that any young person's employment shall be suspended not only for the special schooling hours on any day, but also for such other period of that day (not exceeding two hours) as the authority consider necessary for the young person to be in a fit mental and bodily condition to receive full benefit from schooling.

“Employment” refers to any labor exercised by way of trade or for the purposes of gain, whether the gain be to the child, the young person, or any other person.

No young person shall be required to attend a continuation school between 7 p.m. and 8 a.m., or on a Sunday, or during any holiday or half-holiday he is accustomed or entitled by law or agreement to enjoy.

If a young person fails in attendance, except through sickness or unavoidable cause, he is liable, on summary conviction, to a fine not exceeding five shillings. A parent who connives at non-attendance is liable to a fine of a pound, and after first offence, five pounds.

The local education authority can prohibit or regulate employment of

any child if satisfied that such employment is prejudicial to health or physical development, or renders the child unfit to obtain the proper benefit from schooling. Any parent or employer refusing full information or wilfully giving false information about a child's employment is liable to a fine of two pounds.

Social and Physical Training; Nursery Schools.

Local education authorities are given power to supply, or aid in supplying holiday or school camps, specially for young persons attending continuation schools, or centres and equipment for physical training, playing fields, school baths, school swimming baths, and other facilities for social and physical training in the day or evening for young persons, or persons over 18 who are attending educational institutions.

Ample provision is made for inspection of schools and educational institutions.

Children over two years and under five (or such later age as may be approved) whose home conditions are such that attendance at a nursery school is necessary or desirable for their healthy physical and mental development, may be provided for by the local education authority, including attention to the health, nourishment and physical welfare of such children.

Local authorities have power also to provide for children in exceptional circumstances, such as distance from home or home conditions, by arranging for board and lodging, or any method that will give such children efficient elementary education.

Teachers and students may be aided in carrying on research work to increase efficiency in teaching.

A Charter of Freedom and Opportunity.

The Toronto “Globe,” commenting on the provisions for part-time instruction of young persons, says:—

“This is a charter of freedom and opportunity for the boys and girls of England, drafted by an educational statesman. Naturally it has aroused a storm of opposition from selfish employers and parents. Many thousands of children between twelve and fourteen, particularly in Yorkshire and Lancashire, divide their time between work and school. Their parents covet the wages and employers covet the cheap labor. The Fisher Bill will give these children their educational birthright. It decrees that no child under twelve shall be employed for profit, and no child under fourteen shall work before 6 o'clock in the morning or after 8 o'clock on any day at night.”

Dealing with the British educational reform as a whole:—

The Fisher Bill will put England greatly in advance of Ontario in the education of adolescents. The reports of the Director of Industrial and Technical Education in Ontario, Dr. F. W. Merchant, have repeatedly presented arguments for compulsory attendance at part-time or full-time day schools beyond the fourteenth year. In Ontario, as in England, many parents and employers are opposed to any measure which will restrict child labor, but in Ontario, as in England, the welfare of the young and the highest interests of the State call for a radical change of system. Enlightened employers must see that the proposed reform, which will greatly widen the scope of vocational training among adolescents and raise their educational standard, will make for industrial efficiency. Public opinion should be educated to its necessity, and the Education Department should be given the lead without delay.

CHURCH DESIGNS GARMENT PATTERNS.

The American Society of Friends, whose headquarters is in Philadelphia, has had special and distinctive patterns manufactured for the making of garments for French, Belgian, Serbian, and Russian refugees. These patterns are sold to women in the local churches all over the United States. The articles are then finished and sent to France.

QUEEN MARY'S SILVER WEDDING SHOWER.

The Queen Mary's Needlework Guild in Ontario earnestly asks the people of this province to contribute to a shower of Soldiers' Comforts, supplies for hospitals and trenches, or money with which to buy them. Donations may be sent in until the last week in May and should be addressed to Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, 80 King street west, Toronto, during which week a meeting will be held in the Parliament Buildings, when the shower will be on view and reports made of the contributions received—immediately after, shipments will be made to England, to arrive in time for Her Majesty's Silver Wedding Day, on July 6th, 1918.



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for her correspondence, her letters convey the desired impression.

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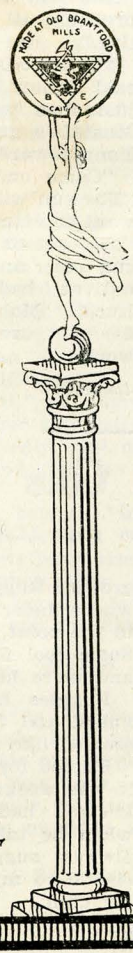
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Buy a pound to-day—you'll be back for more.

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TORONTO CANADA



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IF it's snappy, catchy music that you want to hear again and then some more—it's on a Columbia Record.

That tantalizing tune you whistled for a week before you got the name—it's on a Columbia Record.

That weird, close harmony the boys were singing at the club last night—it's on a Columbia Record.

THAT jazz dance riot that they encored seven times—it's on a Columbia Record.

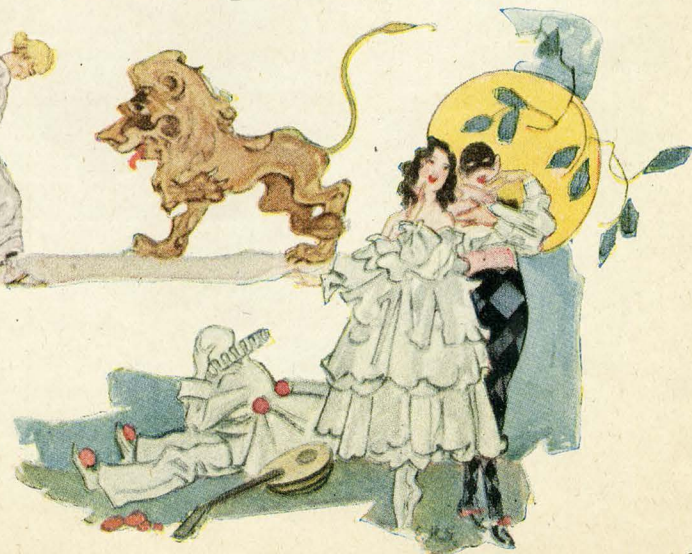
Spring song, love song, musical comedy, pirate chorus, opera air, or oriental dances—if it's music that's *alive*, Columbia's got it. If it's music that you like, the Columbia Grafonola will make you like it better.



Columbia Grafonolas are priced at \$24.00 to \$300.00.
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Food will win the war.
Don't waste it.

Columbia Graphophone Company, Toronto



Making for Success in The Vacant Lot or Home Garden

(Continued from page 16.)

many, and particularly good for making soup. The flower heads of the Globe artichoke are eaten. The Jerusalem artichoke is a "Sunflower," as its growth indicates. It often yields useful crops year after year without attention, but those who want fine tubers and to have the crop under control should lift it every year, making fresh plantings each spring. The Chinese artichoke is palatable, but not very important; it is a tuber.

Under the heading, Special Crops, there are numerous edible fungi, but for practical garden purposes there is only one—the mushroom. Excellent crops may be grown in dark sheds, frames, or cellars with the aid of sweet manure. But the crop is a little fastidious, and may not yield its succulent and toothsome "buttons" without the experience born of experiment. Study should be devoted to it, for it is both delicious and nutritious.

Chicory should be grown for forcing, because in spring it is every whit as enjoyable as seakale. Our brave Belgian Allies were great growers of it before the war, and will be after it is over. They treat the crop in summer as we do carrots, and lift the roots in winter for forcing.

Shallots are invaluable, because they can not only be put to all the uses of mature onions, but in small state are admirable for making pickles.

Red or pickling cabbages need not be grown in quantity, as half a dozen good plants will yield a large mass of material. Get the plants early, and transplant as soon as soil is fit, so as to give them all summer to grow into large, solid heads.

Cucumbers of the ridge or gherkin type may be grown between peas, beans, or corn, or in any other selected places in the garden, but the larger varieties luxuriate in the close, moist heat of a frame or pit.

Aromatic herbs, such as mint, sage and thyme, are familiar to everybody. It is fairly well known that they can be raised from seed, and, in the case of mint and thyme, increased also by division. But there are many herbs besides these which are worthy of cultivating. The French make great use of basil, marjoram, and savory, principally for flavoring. Chervil is employed in salads. Fennel, in addition to parsley, is used for garnishing. Marigold is employed for flavoring, and rampion in salads. Sorrel is pressed into service, not only for soups and salads, but also for a major dish. Every representative kitchen garden should have its bed of herbs, and they should be thoroughly cultivated, not allowed to run into a tangled mass, as is very often the case. Neat clumps of each kind, in a bed edged with curled parsley, form a pleasant finish to a well ordered garden.

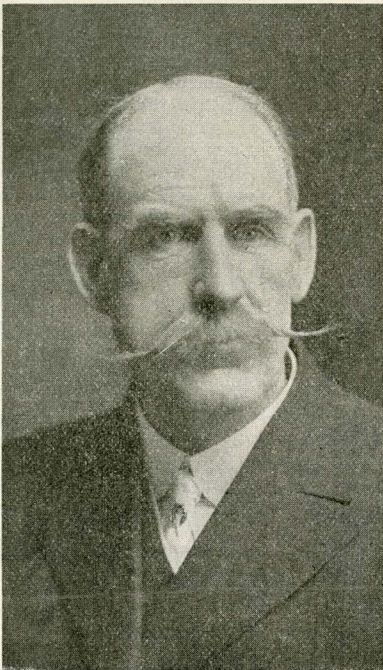
Peas and beans must have consideration,—the delicious marrowfat varieties growing but two or three feet high, and therefore only calling for short sticks, and not taking up much room. Scarlet runners may be given preference over any other class of bean. They may be grown on fences, arbours, stakes, verandahs, and other supports; and I have seen that they may be kept dwarf by pinching. There is one thing in connection with the cultivation of this splendid bean: you must not pluck the beautiful flowers, if you want the beans.

Fruit.—There is but one hardy fruit which can be grown quickly and cheaply into productiveness, while at the same time occupying only a small area of ground, and that is the luscious strawberry. This delicious fruit can be planted out of pots at any time. Its

culture is easy, and its rewards are great. But where there is space available, young gooseberries, currants, black, white and red, can not only be grown as bushes in the open, but also as cordons against walls and fences; and raspberries, Cuthbert being the very best variety, can be grown on wires or stakes. Loganberries can be cultivated successfully on fences of the roughest kind. As for apples, pears, plums, and cherries, while they give their heaviest crops when grown as bushes, pyramids and standards in the open, they yield splendid fruits of the finest appearance and quality when they are managed as cordons, or espaliers; and this type of tree can be trained on a wire framework in a small garden quite as successfully as on a wall in a large place.

To improve your lawn, carry out the following directions at once: Procure for a lawn say 40 feet square, 1 lb. of Kentucky blue grass; ¼ lb. white clover, and 3 ounces of red top; 1 lb. nitrate of soda, three parts of a pail of sand or garden soil; mix the whole well together, then take a sharp toothed rake and score the lawn from end to end; scatter the mixture on when the wind is not blowing a hurricane, then get at least a 600 lb. roller, and give it a good rolling, after which let the sprinkler play on it for two or three hours, and roll it again.

If you intend getting a few clumps of herbaceous perennials this spring, the following varieties of the several flowers may help you in making your choice: Paeonies—Festiva Maxima, Marie Lemoine, Humeii, Madame Duce, Golden Harvest, Asa Gray, Felix Crousse, and Therese. Iris—Pallida Dalmatica, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Horace Darwin, Black Prince, Maori King, Amas, Victorine, and Madame Chereau. Phlox Perennial—Jean d'Arc, Iris, Coquedicot, Eclairer, Antonin Mercie, Wm. Robinson, Tragedy, and White Lady. Rudbeckias—Newmanii, Herta, Nitida, Fulgida, and Echinacea Purpureum. Helianthus—Miss Melhuish, Daniel Dewar, Rigidus and Orgyalis.



GEORGE BALDWIN, F.R.H.S.

Director of Toronto Horticultural Society and Secretary and Superintendent of the Toronto Vacant Lots Cultivation Association. Mr. Baldwin is writing the articles on "Gardening" appearing each month in "Canadian Home Journal." See article on page 15 of this issue.

Vision—An Appreciation of Canadian Poetry

(Continued from page 18.)

I hasten to point out that this is a purely symbolic picture. And yet—how vivid! There is in that the love of beauty—the dazzling beauty about which it is easier to think than to write. . . .

So then, at the other pole of Vision stands Katherine Hale, the Dream always in her eyes, the life-current of sacrifice glowing in each line she writes. Here is the teacher making manifest; here is the illuminator; and here is the mystic compassionator;

here are all, writing in careless or exact phrase, as the god rushes up for utterance—entirely subjective, yet wholly real; a very ghost of a poet, and yet a ghost with the clearest kind of good art and high spiritual discernment.

Group all your poets, greater than these and less than these in the two classes. Leave criticism to the critics, and pedantry to the pedants. All poets live by virtue of far-seeing and clear-seeing—in Canada at least!

RENNIES SEEDS

For HIGH Production

LOOK FOR THE STARS

Every page in the Rennie 1918 catalogue is a guide to War-time production. But there are a number of outstanding values and these are called to your attention by a star border such as encloses this.

SEEDS of high productive power are a vital War-time necessity. Not only must every square yard of available ground be made to produce, but Rennie's Seeds must be sown to ensure the finest possible crop. It is a War-time duty. When buying from dealers insist on Rennie's. The following seeds can be obtained from dealers or by mail.

PLANT THESE VARIETIES!!

	Pkt.	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.	5 lbs.
BEET —Crosby's Egyptian.....	.05	.25	.85	2.50	
CABBAGE —Danish Summer Roundhead.....	.10	.90	2.75		
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TOMATO —Bonny Best.....	.10	.60	1.75		
Blue Stem Early (King Edward).....	.10	.60	1.75		
TURNIP —Breadstone (Swede).....	.05	.25	.75	2.50	

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ONION SETS —Yellow Multiplier Sets.....	lb. 5 lbs. lb. 5 lbs.	
White Multiplier Sets.....	.30 1.40 .20 .90	.50 2.25 .40 1.85

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FLOWER SEEDS	
New Giant Asternum—Mixed.....	.15
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Don't Wait for Legislation--You May Make These Changes In Your School Now

Not long ago I stood in one of the largest power houses which the province boasts and watched a huge electric generator being synchronized and "switched in." A very simple process it seemed to the uninitiated—the pressing down of a key or the throwing over of a lever. Yet it meant so much more than that, that we watched with breath held and eyes intent on the dial of the synchronizer or, as the time drew near, on the operator's face. The hands on the dial swung round—up—up; the fingers of the operator were on his lever, his eyes on the dial. The monotonous sound of the great machinery droned on. Seconds lengthened as we watched. Then the lithe fingers moved on the lever and the eyes of the operator left the dial. There was a check—a start, ever so slight, in the monotony of sound and the same roaring purr went on as before, barely intensified by the added ally. The new generator was at work. It had swung in perfect time with its fellows; it was working with them and not against them. We, who watched, drew breath freely. For the thing that seemed so little and unimportant had in reality been of the greatest moment. A mistake ever so slight in the time would have brought in the big machine unsynchronized, pulling against its allies rather than working in unison with them; and would have resulted not only in loss of power but in the wrecking of at least some part of the machinery.

Not long after I watched the "switching in" of another kind of machinery—the re-opening of a rural school. It was in the centre of a progressive farming district, and around it life moved to the agricultural interests of the world. Harvest was almost over. Already a few farmers had started their fall ploughing. The township fair was to be held next day, and the section boasted of at least two of the most successful stockmen in the district. Teams passed on the dusty road, and a group of cattle driven to the fair. The clank of a binder came in with the sunshine through the open windows while the tired History class "wrote brief notes" on William the Conqueror or Magna Charta and the Crusades; and Fourth book glibly recited the countries and capitals of Asia. They knew their work—these youngsters—and the order was splendid; a very model school as schools go.

Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Grammar, and Composition—the long day crept itself through and school was over. School was over and life began!

"I'm not comin' to-morrow, Teacher, please," Archie announces timidly. "Dad says I c'n stay home and drive the binder."

"Teacher" looks worried, though all the pride in the world is in the boyish voice.

"You'll miss our lesson on the products of Central Asia, Archie," she says wearily, "And I don't know how you'll keep up with the class in fractions if you stay away so often, do you?"

"No, Ma'am," answers Archie blithely, and is gone. To him the products of his own oat field are of much more interest than those of Central Asia, and fractions are unlinked with anything in the real life outside of school. He has never considered that the price of those same oats may come in halves and quarters.

But here comes somebody who feels differently. Mary with her hair in two long curls and eyes of worship on her teacher, announces with satisfaction that her composition is "done and copied." She did it all last night. She didn't have to wash the dishes. That's her work, but she hates it so mother did it for her that once. She's not going to do nasty messy housework when she's a woman! She's going to be a school-teacher like Miss Anderson. Daddy says if she gets on real well and passes the Entrance next year she may go to High School, so she just studies all the time!

Then at last everybody has gone and their teacher and I laugh over the dear funny ways of them, and then talk again of school and life. She heaves a discouraged sigh over her work. Her school is really too small to get the best results. There are nineteen on her roll, but last year the average attendance was eleven. All the children of school age in the section are enrolled—oh, yes, there is supposed to be compulsory attendance, but most of the boys are out spring and fall to help at home, and they don't seem to mind missing a day here and there at any time through the term. Whose fault? The boy's or the parents'? "Well, both," the teacher thinks. "The farmers around here seem to think that work is more important than education; and most of the boys would rather stay home and work, even at hard work, than come to school." The girls do better. Mothers, the teacher wisely avers, care more for learning than fathers do. Most of them, she says, are better educated themselves.

"You say 'school age'?" I question, "aren't there boys and girls in the section who are over school age and haven't had all that the school has to give?"

"Indeed there are," the teacher agrees. "In the three years I've been here, eight children have stopped school who weren't out of third book. They come to school so irregularly that they can't do the work. Of course they don't like school, and they never want to come back once they are old enough to stop. It was different with us. Father always made us come regularly, boys and all."

(The teacher's home is in the section, hardly half a mile from the school-house).

"Were there a big family of you?" I ask.

"Oh, yes; I have four brothers and two sisters. We all went to public school, and high school, and three of the boys to University."

"Where are you all now?" I asked with interest, and the teacher with a glow of pride tells of a trained-nurse-sister in Toronto, and a stenographer-sister not married, of brother-a-doctor, brother-a-college-professor, brother-a-preacher, and brother-a-city-merchant. (Where is brother-a-farmer, think you, and sister-a-farmer's-wife?)

Our interest thus aroused the teacher and I go over the names of the boys and girls she went to school with, and those of her neighbors whom she knew both before and after her own school-days, and find to her surprise that of all the boys who went to school and

working co-ordinately, they are pulling against each other. And just as in the case of the huge electric generators, they are not only losing power but in the process both machines are being wrecked. Witness even in your own section abandoned farms, rented farms, farms run by old men whose sons come home only for holidays, and homes where the elderly mother keeping the house has no aid save the precarious one of "hired help." Other causes there have been, I grant you, for this state of affairs; land exploitation, lack of social intercourse, the lure of newer and richer fields of labor, have all had their share in it. Yet are not these in large measure only an outcome of lack of agricultural education in agricultural communities?

And on the other hand, for the same lack of synchronization the school itself suffers. The boy sees no connection between the life he is to live and the learning of his school. In too many schools there has been no attempt to show him this. Why should he hesitate to miss a lesson on fractions or on the products of Asia? Nor does the father, himself, too often lacking in education, find any practical value in the schools. "Learning is all right for city people," he says. "A country boy gets on just as well without it. Let a boy once get to college and he's done as far as farming goes."

Now, once we consider the problem at all, most of us recognize this lack of synchronization, and much has been written and many plans put forward to correlate the life of one rural school to that of the rural community. In the United States many hundreds of agricultural schools (both elementary and high schools) have been established and very wonderful work has been accomplished along this line. Our own Provincial Legislature has taken a great step in this direction in the establishing of school fairs and the encouraging of school and home gardening projects, and also in their free courses in elementary agriculture for teachers. We have our dreams as to the ideal country school and its value as a centre of community life, a sort of experimental farm or laboratory for the district, not lacking in cultural education, but rather cultural along the lines of life. It may be a long time before we see what we desire—the school farm, the teacher's residence, the salary which enables the man or woman to make the teaching of a country school a work to which he may bring all his enthusiasm and in which he may without risk invest the labor of his best years.

No doubt these things will come, and

Suggestions parents may carry out at once to the great advantage of the rural school.

high school from that section only five are now on farms in the section or its vicinity. The girls are harder to keep track of, but we decide there are more of them—a very few more—who have stayed at home or married country men.

And we agree that country children, roughly speaking, may be divided into two camps: children who are interested in the life of home and the community in which they live, and feel that school is alien to all this; and children who love the work of the school, are proud of their successes in it, and scorn the work of home and farm as a commonplace drudgery where brains have no place.

And we finally conclude, though not exactly in these words, that the rural school has been "switched in" to the life of the agricultural community without any attempt at synchronization. School interests are utterly divorced from community interests. There is no point of contact. Instead of being smoothly running generators of power,

sooner, perhaps, than we dream. But they will not come to-day, nor to-morrow. And it is of to-day and to-morrow that I would speak. For while we wait, through the to-days and to-morrows our boys and girls grow up and go out from us, lost to the communities and the interests of which they have formed a part; or finding no key to the correlation of learning and life they choose a poor and unsatisfactory second-best. To overcome this we may stand in need of a change in our curriculum, a change in our teachers, in our schools, in our school-boards, even in the size and location of our school sections, but we need not wait for these in order to begin.

Nor need we wait for the teacher to be the first or prime mover. Aren't you rather unreasonable to expect the teacher to care more and work harder for the welfare of your community than that you do yourself? How long has she been in the community? How long does she expect to stay? How many years could she afford to stay at the

salary which you are giving her? Aren't you rather unreasonable to suppose that she has thought out all the reasons why your girl or your boy in a few years will want to leave your home for city occupations and city pleasures? She wants to teach your school, of course, and in the best way possible, but she is not likely to risk your approval and friendship by introducing innovations which she has no reason to believe you desire. Ten to one she is just beginning. Suppose she got the name of being "faddy," and—most terrible thing for the little new teacher!—was asked to resign. Why then she thinks everybody would conclude she was no good, and she might never get another school. She is ready to do her level best to give you what you want, but how is she to know that you want anything different from what you have been having for the last twenty years?

It is surely easier for you to take the first steps toward making plain the relationships between living and learning, for yours is the larger domain. Don't think your teacher will not gladly co-operate. She knows all these things. She is probably wishing with all her heart to do them, if only anybody in her section seemed the least bit interested.

And it is not hard to accomplish. Mr. Ames has just put in an hydraulic ram which drives the water from the spring at the foot of the hill to his house and barn. It is the only one in the district. Now, suppose he should offer to explain just how it worked to Miss Teacher's Entrance Class if they will come over to the field where it is at four o'clock some afternoon. Suppose while they are there he gives them an estimate of the cost of its installing, calculates the labor and time he used to spend in hauling and carrying water for his stock, and concludes by asking "How long will it be, boys, before my new venture pays for itself?" There's a chance for Arithmetic, the real thing!

Mr. Benson has an old and neglected apple orchard and is getting an expert to come and put it in shape. Suppose he should promise that for one hour he would go around with the older boys and girls and let them ask the pruner questions as to his work and the reasons for its being done. That's a practical demonstration which the boys are not likely to forget. Won't they look with critical eyes at their own orchards? Won't they be proud if Dad will listen to their advice as to pruning and spraying? And don't you suppose that Tom Smith who stopped at fourteen in third book will wish he might go back to school again for that lesson at least?

Why shouldn't Mr. Collins give the whole school an invitation to go through his big new barn? Why shouldn't he walk through it with them, telling them why he chose to have wooden floors for his stalls instead of concrete, and why he likes one system of ventilation better than another, explaining why he has decided on just the special style of roof; and pointing out all the little improvements which are "new wrinkles" in the district. Why shouldn't next day's drawing lesson be a plan of that barn or a picture of it? Why not let the pupils draw plans and send for specifications and make an estimate of costs. Here is Arithmetic with a punch in it, a live, vital thing!

Mr. Dunn has a piece of "sour land" which needs a lime treatment. Why not ask the pupils to come and see just how this is accomplished? It will be just as good a subject for a composition as "The Aboriginal Inhabitants of North America." Suppose Mr. Evans, who has the best herd of Jerseys in the county, would let the older pupils come some day to his stables and would demonstrate to them the points of a good milch cow. Suppose Mr. Farr should present the school with a little pig on the promise of payment when it was sold in the fall, and should let the bigger boys visit his piggery to get ideas on the subject of the pen they

(Continued on page 50.)

My Garden for 1918

"She also serves who only stoops and weeds"

THE woman in the home never had such a magnificent opportunity to serve her country by producing and conserving food as she has this year. There is a world-wide shortage of food. You have heard that many times, but do you know what it means? People are starving in Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Italy and other quarters of the globe. Do you know what it means to see little children starving for food? They know it in France.

The holy cause for which Britain and her Allies fight, hangs in the balance with food the trembling counterpoise. Canada and the United States must produce the needed food or not only our Allies' civil population but our own troops at the front must droop through hunger. Shall we fail them? NO!

What can the women in the cities, towns and villages do to save the situation? They can cultivate a home or a community garden and so mightily increase the food total—and in this way release vast quantities of commercially grown food for export. Do not consider profit. Think only of

able aid to health, since it takes one out into the fresh air and warm sunshine.

Digging in the earth is one of the most invigorating of exercises, especially for those who suffer from tired minds and overworked nerves.

It has been said that the homes from which men and women of sterling qualities come, are the homes which have gardens full of growing things from which the children learn early the wonders and lessons of life.

The backyard garden added hugely to the food production of Canada last year, and was also of great importance financially. It

very high in nutritive value, containing more tissue building material than our best cuts of meat.

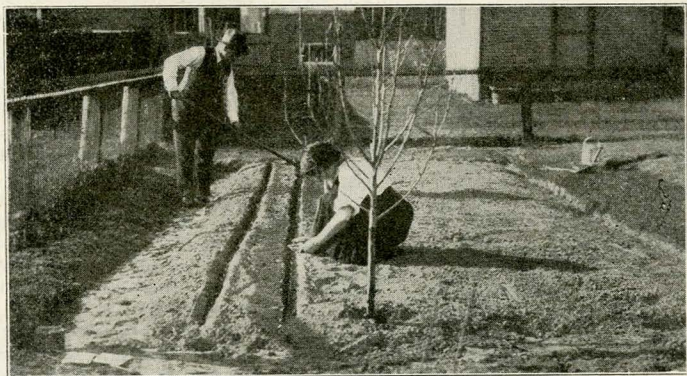
The Women's Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture is prepared to assist in establishing community canning centres in those districts where the necessary co-operation of Women's Institutes and the municipality can be secured. A community canning centre is simply a canning kitchen equipped with steam kettle, vats, etc., where the women may come together to make jam, jelly, soups, pickles and every kind of food, with a view to insuring a local supply and contributing to patriotic organizations and institutions.

We Pay for the Equipment

The Institutes Branch will pay for the equipment, install it and send an expert to inspect available accommodation and give directions as to necessary alterations. A demonstrator will be sent to assist in starting the work, and will render further assistance as occasion demands from time to time.

Further particulars regarding canning centres and the furnishing of instructors in the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables may be secured by writing the Women's Institutes Branch.

If you haven't read these very interesting bulletins:



Many a juicy, healthful meal—in the making.

the good you produce and the ordinary farm labour you release for producing grain, wheat and bacon—the great needs at the Front. Your garden will also reduce the labor required in transportation, storage, and delivery of foodstuffs to your home.

The Transportation Problem is a Serious One in Canada.

Every Fall vast quantities of exportable foodstuffs accumulate at inland points which must be moved as the market demand—your demand, in fact—calls for them. This year every available freight car will be required to carry this material to our ocean ports. And, of course, coal and raw materials of all kinds for munition-making, etc., etc., must be brought into Canada. Every Home Garden—yours, Madame—by producing food where it is to be consumed will be of tremendous assistance in solving this problem of transportation. You can see that, can't you? And of course you get better, fresher food—and the boon of healthful exercise as well.

A Few Points to Remember About Your Garden

The care of the garden is an invaluable

helped many people to invest in Victory Bonds.

Do not worry if you cannot get your garden in as early as your neighbor.

Work it over and over again until the earth is well warmed—the germinating temperature of

all seed is between 75 degrees and 80 degrees—and by thorough cultivation your garden may soon surpass your neighbor's.

Have you used the lighter tools, the triangle hoe, the adjustable rake, the hand cultivator? Remember, children should not be expected to use the heavier ones. They may injure themselves if they do.

There need be no fear of vegetables spoiling because of over-production mark this year; all vegetables can be "STORED, DRIED, or CANNED."

Carrots, cabbage and parsnips can be stored in our cellars for winter use. In fact, dried peas, beans and lentils are



Cutting seed potatoes: willing workers.

Bulletin 252—"The Preservation of Food," Circular No. 3—"A Vegetable Garden for Every Home,"

Circular No. 11—"War Time Foods and Cooking,"

may we not send you copies to-day? They will help you solve many a war-time food problem. Write us to-day.

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

SIR WM. H. HEARST,
Minister of Agriculture.

DR. G. C. CREELMAN,
Commissioner of Agriculture.



ONTARIO

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 48.)

might erect in the far corner of the school ground. Suppose Mr. Hall, who is a carpenter, should offer to "boss" the job of building that pen on Saturday morning. Wouldn't it sound like a happy fairy-tale to the boys and girls rather than like school? And yet it might so easily be! And so usefully in so far as the welfare of the community is concerned.

Mr. Gordon has especially fine graded seed-wheat. He might give the school enough to sow a little plot in their school garden, provided they promise to contrast its yield with a similar plot sown with ordinary seed, cleaned as usual by running through a fanning mill once or twice. Here is an object lesson on graded seed.

Now these seem to be all ways in which men may help; but men, I notice, are very apt to carry out the plans their women folk suggest. Hence it's well worth discussing the man's side of things even on a women's page. Beside all of which it is an open secret that men always read and like the women's page.

But it isn't all man's work. Women can do much the same sort of thing. Have you an acknowledged precedence in some certain preserve, cookie, shortbread, or pickle? Why not let those girls in third and fourth classes come to your kitchen for an hour some morning and watch its making?—or better still, help in its making? Or if your modesty won't let you suggest that you can do that thing better than your neighbors, then never mind your own wisdom but demonstrate somebody else's. Mrs. Lane won first prize for her bread at the county fair. Why not suggest that she show the girls how she concocts so delicious a commodity? Or if you still think that there might be jealousy or dissatisfaction why can't your Women's Institute arrange for demonstrations from several of its members and invite the teacher and the girls of the school?

Mrs. Barnum has "the best luck" with her chickens; maybe she would talk for half an hour at the school house on Poultry Feeding in War Time—or, perhaps, show the school her model hen-houses and her incubators and brooders, and give a practical talk on their use.

Perhaps the children of the school might have a hen and brood of chickens for their own, to care for and dispose of in the autumn. By that time they might even have decided to keep a few hens over the winter, and manage a respectable hen-house. Why not?

Somebody has a guest who is a trained nurse. Wouldn't she give a demonstration in bed-making, in disinfecting, or in cooking food for invalids? This latter might even be given in the school-house if it is heated with a stove.

Now these are only some of the hundred ways in which you can aid—ways that differ with the individual and with the section. Nor are these things so far removed from the recognized school work as you suppose. Why not study grammar and do language work and composition around such interesting subjects as these? Here's a chance for the study of climatic conditions, of exports and imports. Here's a chance for really interesting arithmetic and literature, as well as for agriculture and nature study. And reading, spelling, writing and drawing may be related to just such lessons.

Here, above all, learning goes hand in hand with life. The pursuits and interests of the community are not barred out by the closing of the school-house door.

LOUISE RICHARDSON RORKE.

EIGHT HUNDRED ATTEND CONFERENCE IN EDMONTON.

With about four hundred women registered and as many more in attendance at the sessions, the fourth annual conference of the Women's Institutes of Alberta opened under the most auspicious circumstances of its history.

Conservation.

Never had there been a better opportunity to prove patriotism than in the work of conservation, said His Honor, and to the women are given the greatest opportunity to help the boys at the front. But withal, the speaker believed, we were not yet alive to what we could do in the great war. He wished to impress on everyone the duty of the individual.

He particularly emphasized the splendid spirit demonstrated by the organization. As conservation was the topic of the day, the speaker wished to specially mention the conservation of the young life. His Honor cited the fact of the children in the schools laboring under some disability which was not through any wilful neglect, but from causes unknown and which could be remedied if there were some method of systematic examination. Here the speaker brought out the importance of rural schools being examined by medical officers just as in the city. The speaker appreciated the fact that any innovation was as a rule frowned down, but this could be put in the propaganda of education to point out to the women the need of examination either at school or by family physician. Everything along this line which could be undertaken by the Legislature would be done.

The moral and social reform league might introduce laws such as changing the marriage laws for instance, where every man and woman would have to produce a health certificate. This might be considered revolutionary, said His Honor, but it was advice to think over and consider. If it were the right and proper thing to do, this body of women so influential would have a great power to bring about the things which would be a benefit to the country and for the best interest.

Premier Stewart Speaks.

As the women represent 75 per cent. of the electorate, the Government wished to present a good case, said Premier Stewart, humorously, in beginning his address, and, therefore, he could not venture into the fields so delightfully and easily trodden by the preceding speaker, who did not fear an election.

Women undertook the pioneering and the hardships and why not share the privileges along with the men, was a potent query of the speaker. "Franchise has come to stay," said Mr. Stewart. The women members of the Legislature were sizing up the Government now and the speaker hoped the Government would not come second best, when they made their decision.

"Men and women are vitally interested in the affairs of the country, and never has there been placed greater responsibility on the shoulders of the men and women than at the present," continued Mr. Stewart. Production and conservation were the great questions of the day. To raise all that could be raised would mean work for all. The speaker said he was putting it, not collectively, but individually.

Mrs. R. B. Wells, president of the Women's Canadian Club, brought greetings of this group of women to the members of the Women's Institutes. She told of the inspiration she had received from reading the report of work of the Institutes. She considered that the women of the rural districts had banded together to give the highest service.

Mrs. Wells then made an announcement regarding the service flags that they were selling, and gave a short history of their use. She considered that they would act as an incentive to service. In concluding her address the speaker congratulated the women on the work of the last four years, and esteemed it a privilege to bring the greetings of the Canadian Club.

Greetings of U.F.W.A.

Mrs. Ross, of Duhamel, vice-president of the United Farmers of Alberta, women's section, brought, in the absence of Mrs. Walter Parlbay, the greetings of the U.F.W.A. She told of the aims and objects of the organization she represented, medical inspection in rural schools, nurses and hospitals that would be convenient for the farm women, provision for healthy amusement for the growing boys and girls on the farms, and spoke of the co-operation they were lending to the sending of delegates to the girls' conference that was being held in the city in April. These girls would get training that would fit them to become leaders in their communities. They were also trying to reduce the household work to a minimum so that when seeding operations came on they would be able to give every assistance out of doors.

Mrs. Ross also thought that if the women of the country were willing to

make the sacrifices they were, in sending their boys to the front, if they were willing to conserve food and do extra work, they surely had the right to ask the Imperial Government to prohibit the use of intoxicants for the boys who went overseas. She also spoke of the dangers that surrounded the girls of the community.

Miss Roberta MacAdams, in beginning her address said that until her return to Canada she had never heard of the false stories about the Red Cross which had been circulated here. It took a great deal of zeal to work for a cause and be six thousand miles away. Miss MacAdams was most delightful in her splendid talk on the phases of the work of the British and the Canadian Red Cross. She gave graphic accounts of the work also of the Y.M.C.A. and other organizations immediately connected with the soldiers and the war work. She brought home to the imagination the hospitals in the camp, the men on Christmas day, or out with the nursing sisters in their recreations. There was more talk of Canada than any other country in the world just now, said Miss MacAdams. She told of how the supplies were distributed to the patients and the excellent system carried out in placing those supplies with the patients who need them.

It was not only the Red Cross which helped in supplies, but individuals in private donations, continued the speaker, and proceeded to illustrate how the use of a gramophone had a great deal to do in very many cases with the recovery of a patient. In spite of the liberal offerings and the generosity of the private individuals, it would be impossible to get a gramophone for every ward, but in the hospital in which Miss MacAdams had worked and where there were 48 wards, there were now 48 gramophones provided by the kindness of thoughtful friends.

When on duty the nurses or other helpers never thought of sympathy for themselves, said the speaker, but it was when in this country that the seeming luxury and indulgence made it sad to know that a man with both limbs gone had to do without a wheel chair, and from this remark Miss MacAdams went on to tell about the cost, the use, and the comforts of a wheel chair to the badly crippled patients. Next touched upon was the recreation places for the patients where there were always obliging self-sacrificing people to amuse and entertain.

Donations could never be limited, and as time went on, must become greater and greater. Of two thousand or twenty-two hundred in a hospital, there were always five or six hundred "up" patients, but whether up or down, there was always the jovial spirit exhibited.

Supplies that were sent to Canadians were not always distributed to just Canadians, but also to the poor "other fellow" who wasn't fortunate enough to have something sent in. They couldn't all be Canadians, though many were looking forward to becoming citizens, said Miss MacAdams. There was the warmest fellowship between the men, and where wrong impressions had existed of each other's nationality, they were fast disappearing. "After all," said the speaker, "we are all very much alike." The opportunity to get together and exchange ideas and the interchange of thought promoted comradeship of the very best sort.

The Red Cross in France was carried on very similarly to that in England, under the direction of Colonel Blaylock.

Books Carefully Kept.

The speaker was permitted to inspect the perfect system of bookkeeping just before leaving, and could ratify the fact that the books were audited by most reliable accountants and that nothing was sold.

Miss MacAdams then spoke of the work done by the women who were not paid and who wore the Red Cross uniform. The work was heavy, valuable and interesting. The hospitals, too, she described, and the recreation huts, where some of the funds were spent. There were 30,000 men in the hospitals at one time, and girls did all the motor driving for that number, except four men motor mechanics in the convoy. Five of the girls were Canadians. These drivers were always cheerful. Miss MacAdams at some length described the ambulances, by whom donated, and the surprise she had had when she realized how very many came from Canada, and the sacrifice this meant.

The Red Cross was useful in trac-

ing missing men and in giving valuable information of all kinds to inquiring friends and relatives.

It also took care of the relatives of the wounded, said Miss MacAdams, in conclusion. Lives were often saved by having the relatives present at the crucial moment, which only for the Red Cross could not have been possible. These, the speaker said, were some of the uses and some of the activities of the Red Cross. It was only on this side that any suspicion or utterances of doubt were entertained. To "carry on" was the urgent message brought by the speaker.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy

Dr. Helen MacMurchy took for her subject "Food Conscience." Dr. MacMurchy brought greetings from the 30,000 members of the 900 branches in the East. The same motto and the same devotion to the Red Cross made the organizations very near each other. To stand behind the Food Controller meant the unifying of the patriotic sentiment of the country—"carry on." It was the good neighbor, she said, who struck the chord in the hearts of all. Canada was the good neighbor to whom all were looking for part at least of the succor needed.

It was while watching the beautiful sunrise on the prairies coming west that Miss MacMurchy saw a grain elevator outlined against the sun and it came to her as an inspiration that the elevator was the centre of the earth, the hope of the world. Bread was the thing needed, and the thing God provided in the beginning. "I was anhungered," quoted the speaker. The wonderful thing we did in supplying our families was transfigured when we helped to feed the needy, said the speaker. The grains of wheat were not more innumerable than those dependent on us for bread. In other words, it was for us to look after the production of the food.

Dr. MacMurchy, with statistics, made a comparison between the products of beef, pork and mutton in Canada and the United States. Taking into consideration area and population, the percentage for beef produced by Canada was only one-ninetieth, pork one-sixteenth and mutton one-seventieth.

"The biggest thing that goes to waste is land," said the speaker. There was one fact she wished to impress upon her hearers, and that was the importance of the proper amount and quality of food given to children. "Stinting means stunting." Children must not be stunted when growing.

Canadians ate more wheat per head than any other nation, was the astounding fact brought out by the speaker. Nine bushels as against five and two-fifths was the ratio of wheat consumed by Canadians as compared with other nationalities. The speaker then enumerated the objections heard against conservation, which she said were a fertile crop. Using the words of Hon. T. A. Crerar, "Unless the extreme limit of production is reached, it means disease and death." This alone showed the seriousness of the case and should be a warning. "To co-operate as much as possible will see us through," was the message left by the speaker.

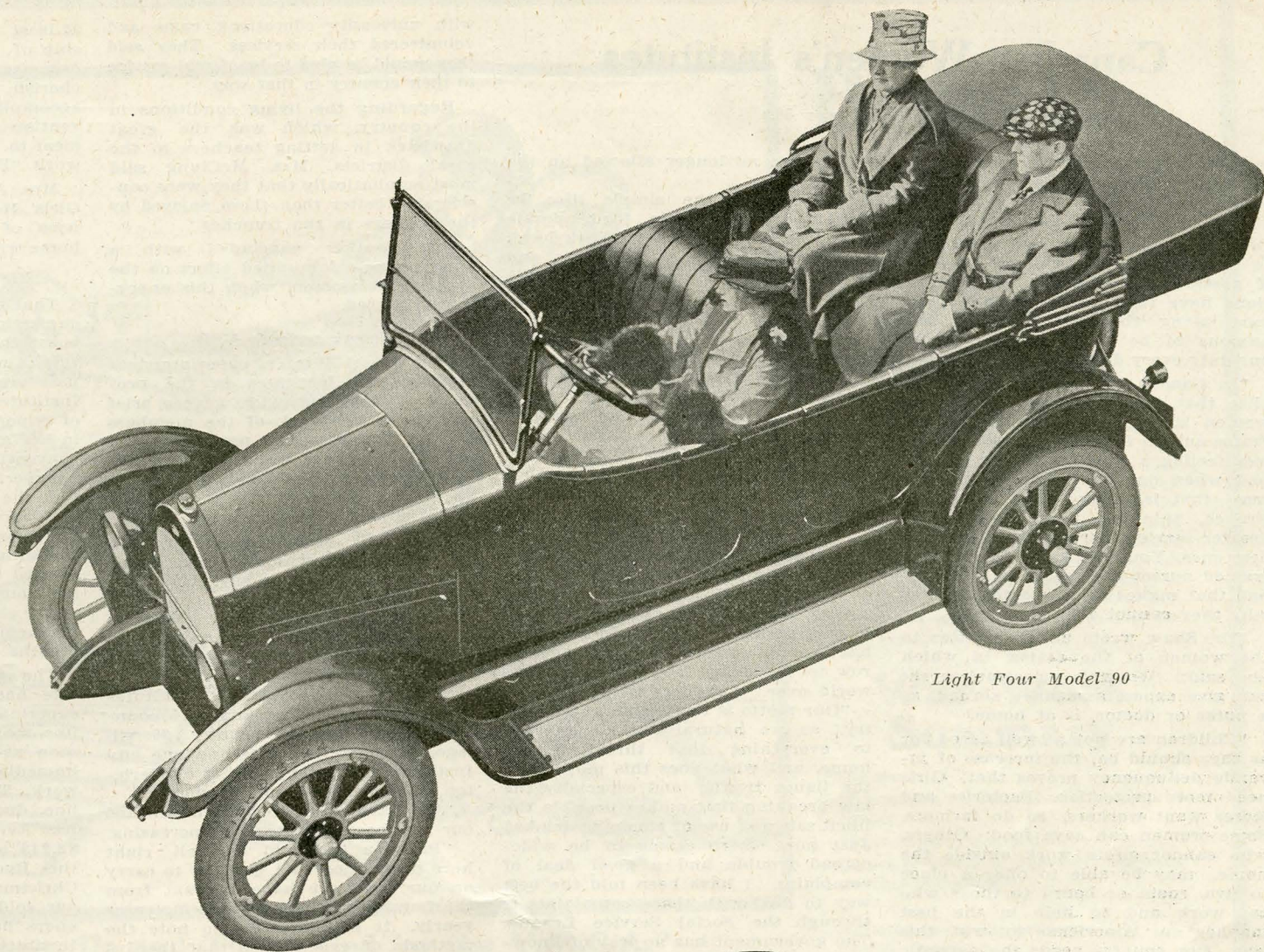
The president, Miss Isabel Noble, brought word of the work that is at present under way by the American women, and pointed out a splendid vision of work that was possible for the members of the Women's Institutes of Alberta. Miss Noble has been president of the Alberta organization since its inception and sees every endeavor in its relation to Institute work.

Practical encouragement for girl gardeners was one of the constructive suggestions of the president. She spoke of girls' problems generally and again with special reference to her influence on, and her associations with the boys in khaki. Miss Noble had just returned from a three months' visit to the United States, which she had apparently spent in getting useful suggestions for the women of Alberta Institutes. Following are some of the extracts from her address:

"Canada's praises are sung on all sides and every one is desirous of learning some of the things our women in Canada are doing.

"I visited many clubs, art clubs, domestic science clubs, musical clubs, literary clubs, psychology clubs—clubs of all sorts—and found that while they are trying to retain interest in their special works, for they feel they will later on need the diversion, still they realized the war work

(Continued on page 52.)



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Branches: Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Sask.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 50.)

is their first and greatest need and in the cities every club is an auxiliary to the Red Cross.

"We here have been doing Red Cross work for over three years, but to help win the war we will have to, if possible, 'speed up.' Our institutions have from the first done their part along this line and all are anxious to be home soldiers, doing our duty every day.

"In Canada we have grown to realize that the place for most of us women is at home — while in the States quite a few have the same restless feeling a number of our women had when our boys first went overseas—that is, they want to go to France, thinking they may be of greater service there and nearer their dear ones. You may know that 37,000 trained nurses are yet to be sent over and that makes other women wonder why they cannot also be used.

"Dr. Shaw wrote an open letter to the women of the States, in which she said: Woman's place, unless she can give expert assistance abroad, as a nurse or doctor, is at home.

"Children are not so well cared for as they should be; the increase of juvenile delinquency proves that. Girls need more protection. Factories and stores want workers, so do farmers. Some women can save food. Others, who cannot go to work outside the home, may be able to offer a place to live, room or board to those who can work and so help in the best manner our Americans to win this war. Our country needs the patriotic American woman who can do things, and she has only to look from her front door to see the necessary work which is going undone.

"I discovered the women of the States are enthusiastic over gardening and are pushing gardening and canning to the utmost. In fact, it is considered not quite patriotic not to have a garden, and can the staple vegetables.

"The Civic Clubs are offering large prizes to further best gardens. The Mother's Garden Clubs have also stimulated the work. A mother from each club is appointed to visit a certain number of boys' and girls' gardens—report on the three best and encourage the children to raise more. Canning, of course, is not neglected and I saw some exhibits, the work of the boys and girls, that were truly wonderful. It made me feel more and more that our institutions should offer three scholarships for our girls. It could be easily managed for our government is willing to send judges to inspect the gardens and canning.

"The best canned goods from vegetables preserved from home gardens should be exhibited from the south in Calgary, from the north in Edmonton and after the final judging the three girls scoring highest in our province should be given scholarships and one sent for a term to Claresholm, one to Olds and one to Vermilion. I certainly feel we will be letting an opportunity slip from us if we are unable to see our way to carry out this idea.

"I was more than delighted to have the opportunity to see this collection of Indian work and to hear the many interesting stories relating to the Indians, and have told you of it for it occurred to me we too have many tribes in our provinces and know comparatively little concerning them and their art. Members of our institutions ask me often to suggest an interesting line of study. I feel we have a live history right here in Alberta and some club could make of our Indian history a truly interesting work.

"In order to get somewhere in Germany soon we must 'grub stake' our allies or they will starve, and often it seems that some of us are only half awake, while we should all be entirely awake, alive and alert, and forever keep in mind each day, each hour, it is necessary for us to help win this war by conserving the wheat and meat.

"The time has come for sacrifice of the most strenuous kind and we know little of what that really means yet.

"The following law is one passed by the U.S. food administration and people are, I believe, living up to it:

"Each day one wheatless meal, each week two wheatless days on all hotel menus (Monday and Wednesday). Each day one meatless meal. Each week one meatless day (Tuesday), and Saturday is porkless. Hens and

pullets are no longer allowed on the market.

"Go back to the simple life; be contented with simple food, simple pleasures, simple clothes. Work hard, pray hard. Work, eat, recreate and sleep. Do it all courageously. 'We have a victory to win,' says Hoover.

"In going about the provinces I have been asked by many women if there was no stand our Institute could take in regard to prohibition. I have thought about this seriously, talked with many men and women concerning the matter, and as it is one of the biggest world problems of the day, I cannot see why an Institute member should not use her influence to bring about laws that will eventually mean the downfall of liquor.

"I was proud to learn what a big advance the U. S. had made in this direction, and I heard men say: 'In a very few years no one will be able to sell, make, or take the water that has brought shame, disgrace and sorrow to the many thousand homes the world over.'

"Our motto is for 'Home and Country,' so we naturally stand opposed to everything that threatens the home, and what does this more than the liquor traffic, and especially the law breaking that makes possible the illicit sale and use of alcoholic drinks? Just now, there seems to be widespread trouble and a good deal of complaint. I have been told the best way to deal with these complaints is through the Social Service League. The government has no way of knowing conditions in the province except as people send in information and people hesitate because they don't want their names mentioned. By sending through the office of the Social Service League one is sure that information reaches the departments and is equally sure her name is kept strictly confidential, as that is not sent to the department at all.

"Report often and if conditions in your district are known by you to be bad, report again and again, for our police department wants to know just what conditions are, and this gives them the best possible aid in effecting a remedy, so do your part.

"I have related these little things I noticed while away, realizing I have brought you no new thought for the coming year, but feeling sure you would be glad to know that in the two powerful countries of North America, our women are undertaking the same good work."

Mrs. Nellie McClung

Mrs. McClung said that the time had come when the women had to, and would, do more than in the past. She then referred to the immense potentialities and possibilities of using the woman power of the country. There was plenty of sentiment in the country, all that was needed was the machinery to make use of it. Canadians had not been a united people, but in the great movement for the registration of women, the speaker hoped there would be one great united stand on the part of the women.

Mrs. McClung then made an appeal to the women from the country districts for the city Y.W.C.A., which was chiefly needed to give a safe home for the country girls coming to the city. Over one hundred girls were being turned away each month from the Y, owing to lack of accommodation and when the campaign was launched for a new building, she hoped that the women of the country would give it their unstinted assistance.

Referring to the registration of women as it was proposed at the Ottawa conference, she said that it was expected to take three months to get it into operation. But to meet the immediate and pressing needs of the farm women, Miss E. Cora Hind, of Winnipeg, who was closely in touch with farm conditions, had suggested a sort of exchange by means of the daily and other newspapers. A slip would be attached wherein a woman could offer her services for this class of labor or the farm woman could ask for such help. It was a sort of simple get-together movement with the least amount of red tape.

Mrs. McClung also spoke of the appeal she had made at a public meeting in Ottawa recently when she had told them of the need in Alberta for teachers for a thousand schools. After the meeting several women, some

with university educations, came and volunteered their services. They said they would be glad to be of real service to their country in that way.

Regarding the living conditions in the country, which was the great drawback in getting teachers to the rural districts, Mrs. McClung said most emphatically that they were considerably better than those enjoyed by the soldiers in the trenches.

The speaker concluded with a strong appeal for united effort on the part of the women, when this opportunity offered.

Greetings from N. B.

Miss Hazel Winter, superintendent of Women's Institutes in the province of New Brunswick, gave a brief resume of the work of the members in the far Eastern province. She brought greetings not only from her own province but from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Her address in part was as follows:

"June, 1911, brought to our province an organization which, I have heard both men and women say, 'Has done more to promote sociability, raise the standard of housekeeping, improve home, school and community conditions,' than any other non-sectarian body in Canada.

"We have 94 Women's Institutes fairly well distributed in the 15 counties. There are 50 country, 30 village, 13 town Institutes and one city Institute, the latter being at Fredericton, the capital of our province.

"We have about 2,600 members and our numbers are steadily increasing.

"Perhaps it would be well right here to mention that in order to carry on our work we have a grant from the Dominion subsidy, which increases yearly. It is interesting to note the methods of expenditure that the Institutes may receive the greatest amount of good.

"Once a year each branch is given a five dollar bonus on condition that certain rules are lived up to. Then, as each branch is organized and gives proof that it will live, the department presents a gift of six volumes, four from the 'Library of Home Economics,' one on cooking and the other an encyclopedia of housekeeping. These books are given as an encouragement for the new Institutes to establish libraries in their communities and develop the educational side of our organization."

Miss Winter then told of their scheme of a short course in Home Economics.

As an encouragement, towards greater food conservation, the Department offered to the Institutes prizes in a canning contest amounting to \$243.00, the prize money based, however, on the number competing. This was held in October, at the time of our convention. Forty-three Institutes competed and there were 467 jars containing a variety of fruits, vegetables and meats included in the rules.

At the annual meeting of the school boards, the Institute women attended to show that they are interested in the school. Two of our Institutes have secured medical inspection and several others are agitating it so strongly they are hopeful of gaining their point.

Local Improvements.

Notwithstanding the generous support given to the many patriotic appeals, some of our Institutes have interested themselves in local improvements. Public halls have been built and equipped and made the social centres of the communities. Excellent libraries have been presented.

"New Brunswick women had also done their share of the war work," said Miss Winter.

The Baby Week campaigns held last year were so successful they are being conducted again this year. We are planning a three days' campaign in the interests of the kiddies, June 2, 3 and 4. Literature giving all the necessary information as to how to carry out Baby-Week Campaigns was mailed to each Institute and addresses of several organizations where more information might be obtained were furnished. We hope the results will mean less wastage of mothers and children, wiser parents, healthier babies, happier homes and improved community sanitary conditions. We read with delight of the noble work you are doing in Alberta and we have visions of having the organizations in the various provinces engaged in similar work but not all known as Women's Institutes, being nationally organized under a name that will do for the entire Dominion. A large women's organization such as ours, with

at least 1,500 societies and a membership of 100,000, should be nationally organized. Let us work for it and cherish the dream that once this is accomplished, a Dominion-wide convention will be held where we may meet to make even more effective our work "For Home and Country!"

Mrs. Askew, matron of the Beulah Girls' Home, also spoke of the problems of girls, and the solution her home was finding for some of them.

Thursday Morning

That there is no other women's organization in the province which can boast the rapid increase of membership and new branches during the past year than the Alberta Women's Institutes has shown in the statement of Superintendent Miss Mary McIsaac in her annual report presented to the convention on Thursday morning.

Superintendent McIsaac points out that the organization has increased in membership from 3,700 to 8,000 and has grown from 135 to 212 branches. Not only have 77 new Institutes been formed but there has also been a tremendous increase in the membership of the old ones. One Institute increased its membership of 30 to 130 in two months.

The scope of the Women's Institute has been wide and varied, the superintendent points out. Of course like many other organized bodies, as soon as the great war broke out it immediately swung into patriotic work. To show its energies along this line, during the past year, \$30,116.87 has been raised for war purposes, 32,243 articles have been donated to the Red Cross and C.W.C.A., 627 Christmas boxes have been sent to our soldiers overseas and many prisoners have been adopted by various Institutes.

During the year, 35 short course schools in home nursing, first aid, and cooking have been given. Ten of these were given in conjunction with the agricultural short course school. Fifty demonstration lectures in the home canning of vegetables and fruits were also given by the assistant superintendent, Miss B. McDermand, at as many points throughout the province, and forty demonstration lectures in home nursing and first aid were given by Miss A. McKenzie of the agricultural schools staff. Ten thousand copies of the Home Canning Bulletin prepared by Miss McDermand were also distributed during the year. During the tour of the demonstration train, 43 Institutes were organized, fourteen of them in the north.

One very practical feature about this train was the Women's Institute nursery car. This car was in charge of competent nurses, with whom the mothers could leave their children while they attended the lectures, and visited the various exhibits throughout the train; 2,341 babies were taken care of during this trip. Because of the crying need of facilities for taking care of the sick in the rural districts a great many Institutes have taken this up as their special work.

What Institutes Have Done

One Institute secured the co-operation of the business men in the district and have erected a building where they also provided headquarters for a district nurse.

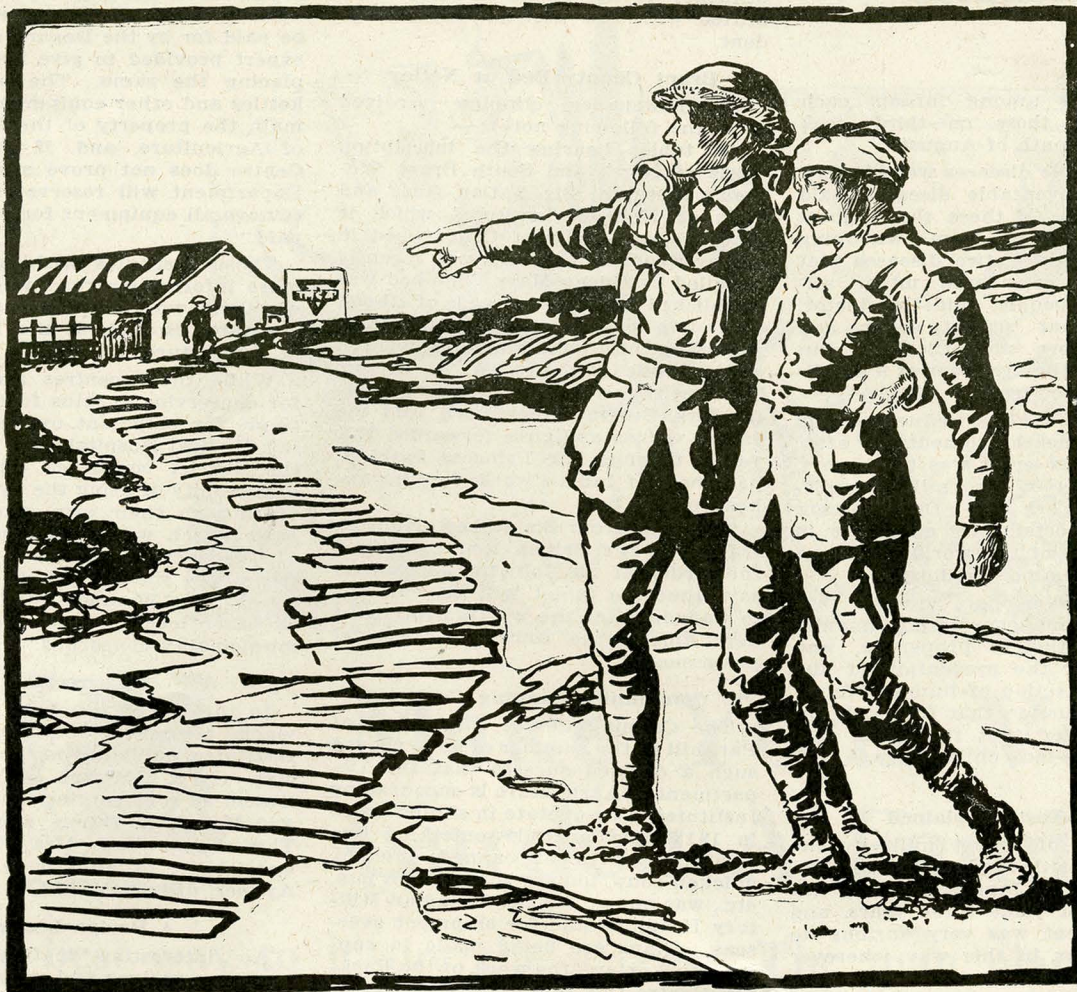
Another Institute has worked for the scheme of having a municipal hospital in the district and the plans are just about completed and still others are taking up the matter of medical inspection in the schools.

Another Institute, in a small town, engaged a doctor, guaranteeing his salary and providing free treatment for outlying country districts. Hot lunches for school children has been a very active question in rural communities. One Institute asked the school trustees to provide a school kitchen, which they did, and now the children in that district not only have the hot lunches but are taught some simple rudiments of domestic science.

Twenty Institutes, these in the smaller towns, have provided rest rooms wherein the country women when in the town can rest and enjoy a few hours of relaxation. Other lines of activity of the Institutes will be commented upon in the constituency reports.

The outlook for the coming year is of particular interest. It is hoped that a Dominion Federation of Women's Institutes may be consummated to the end that the work may be strengthened and systematized with a view to economy in executing urgent work of national importance, such as the proposed scheme of compulsory

(Continued on page 54.)



"Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A."

Boys!!

Here's your chance to do a fine stroke in the big war! Help the Y.M.C.A. to help your big brothers overseas by joining in the

"Earn and Give" Campaign

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars (\$10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means \$60,000 in all! Splendid! Five thousand dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China; another \$5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and \$50,000 to help big brothers in Khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

War Work Summary

There are:

- 96 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France.
- 79 branches in England.
- Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.
- 300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. overseas buildings.

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Men

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed, you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever-present "big brother" to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity."

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale," or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.

The Y.M.C.A. is **everywhere**. You first met the helpful, manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King!

* * *

Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfort him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it **for you and for him**.

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least \$2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boys' sake be **GENEROUS!!**

- \$135,000 needed for athletic equipment. (Helps morale of soldiers.)
- Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.
- Over 100 pianos in England and France, also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.
- Y.M.C.A. helps boys in hospitals.
- More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, \$48,000.
- 150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost \$15,000.)

Y.M.C.A.

Red Triangle Fund

\$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9

Canada Wide Appeal

- \$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.
- Concerts, sing-songs, good-night services and personal interviews energetically conducted. Concerts, lectures, etc., cost \$5,000 a month.
- Thousands of soldiers decide for the better life.
- Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.
- Service to boys in Camp hospitals.
- Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John and Montreal. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.
- Out of Red Triangle Fund, \$75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

National Council, Young Men's Christian Association

Headquarters: 120 Bay St., Toronto

JOHN W. ROSS (Montreal)

National Chairman of Red Triangle Fund Campaign

G. A. WARBURTON (Toronto)

National Director of Red Triangle Fund Campaign

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 52.)

registration of man and woman power.

Miss McIsaac also submitted a report of the recent women's conference held in Ottawa, when resolutions were formulated and presented to the Cabinet.

Fuller and more complete organization for Women's Institutes in the province and health of infants were the two chief subjects under discussion at the Thursday morning session of the Women's Institutes. Hon. George P. Smith, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Public Health, explained the work that was being undertaken by his department in regard to the health of the province, and Dr. Jamieson, who is in charge of the provincial laboratory, spoke specifically of the causes of infant mortality.

Dr. Jamieson

Mortality among infants had varied in Alberta from 48 out of 1,000 in the Lethbridge district in 1916 to 30 out of 1,000 in the High River district the same year. Calgary and Edmonton ran about 105 to 110.

The proportion of deaths among infants was greatest under one year and in that the greatest proportion was under one month. In fact, said the doctor, if the death rate continued as high for the rest of the year, there would be no children left. The rate was higher in cities than in rural districts. The doctor showed charts to prove the very high rate for Alberta cities as compared with American cities. The causes were poverty, ignorance on the part of parents, improper feeding and bad housing.

From cholera infantum alone in the province of Alberta, there are 300

to 400 deaths among infants each year, and of these one-third took place in the month of August.

Communicable diseases were for the most part preventable diseases, said Dr. Jamieson. Of these the highest death rates were from whooping cough and measles, two diseases that were usually considered minor ailments. Most people, said the doctor, considered that scarlet fever and diphtheria were more serious, but especially for the first year of a child's life this was not true.

Still-births could be reduced by 22 per cent. and deaths immediately after birth by 28 per cent. was the report, said a member of the "milk committee" in New York City. Dr. Jamieson gave further details of endeavors in different parts of the world to reduce the death rate among children.

He produced a chart showing that Edmonton spent considerable monies in the protection of properties, and very little for the prevention of disease and protection of human life.

In the discussion that followed, Dr. Jamieson stated that the death rate among breast-fed children was extremely low.

Free Tests Explained

Free tests of breast milk by the Provincial Health Department were explained by Dr. Jamieson. This has been done for some three years, and the Department was very anxious to assist mothers in this way wherever possible.

Change in Organization

The special change in organization as outlined by Superintendent Mary McIsaac at the Wednesday morning

session was the election of one representative from each Institute in a constituency to act as an advisory committee with the district superintendent.

Brant County Bed at Netley

(A newspaper clipping received gives the following note):—

"A tablet bearing the inscription 'Girls of North and South Brant Women's Institute: Six Nation Girls and Girls of Mohawk Institute,' which is placed over the Brant County bed in Netley Hospital, England, was recently unveiled by Queen Mary. The bed was established with the proceeds of a book of Indian poems and scientific facts regarding the Indian language, written and compiled by Mrs. M. A. Brown. The Institute women who are supporting Mrs. Brown in her work, and the Indian women and girls, forwarded \$300 yearly through the Princess Patricia, patroness of Indian work, for the upkeep of the bed.

"A letter from Sir Robert Hudson, G.B.E., of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, says that the tablet will be sent out to Canada after the war is over to be kept among the country's historical possessions."

Community Canning Centres

The Canning Centre established at Parkhill in the summer of 1917 proved such a decided success that the Department of Agriculture is encouraging Institutes to co-operate in similar work in 1918. At Parkhill, something like \$4,500.00 worth of canned chicken, chicken-soup, tomato-soup, peach jam, etc., was put up for the Canadian Military Hospitals and for shipment overseas. Plans are being made to considerably extend the work of the Parkhill Centre this season.

The Department is offering to put in equipment where the community concerned will provide a suitable building and bear the expense incurred

in putting it into proper shape for the work in hand, which includes water supply and one-half the cost of installing sinks. All other equipment will be paid for by the Department and an expert provided to give instruction in placing the same. The boiler, vats, kettles and other equipment are to remain the property of the Department of Agriculture, and, if the Canning Centre does not prove a success, the Department will reserve the right to remove all equipment for which it has paid.

Those Institutes wishing to secure more information regarding this most excellent work should write to the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

While these centres are primarily for conserving surplus food, providing goods for shipment overseas and for our Medical Hospitals, the residents of the district concerned will have an opportunity of using the equipment for putting up their own goods, upon a basis which will be left in the hands of the local committee. This local committee should include representatives of the Women's Institute as well as other local organizations and the municipality concerned.

A Correction

In the list of members of the Provincial committee of Ontario Women's Institutes, published in the April issue, Mrs. G. F. Edward of Komoka is named as representing district No. 16, and Mrs. J. G. Dawes, district No. 17. This should read: Mrs. J. G. Dawes, district No. 16, and Dr. A. Backus, of Aylmer, district No. 17.

A Recipe Leaflet

An interesting leaflet containing war-time recipes and suggestions prepared by the Institutes Branch, for the Home Exposition held in Toronto during the week of April 15th, is available for Ontario Institute members who may make individual application for the same.

Subjects for Discussion

The following are some of the subjects which have been discussed at recent monthly meetings of Institutes and may be suggestive to Institute programme committees when arranging their programmes for 1918-19.

"What the Women of England Are Doing," "What Makes a Successful Institute," "A Girl's Present Day Possibilities," "A Young Girl's Creed," "Conservation of Food," "A Woman's Kingdom," "Advantages of Country Life in Bringing up a Family," "Community Work That Might be Attempted," "The Home and School," "Child Welfare," "A Broader Outlook for Women," "The Best Thing in Life," "Living a Life is More Than Making a Living," "A Woman's Possessions," "Instructive Reading for Girls and Boys," "The Kitchen—the Laboratory of the Home," "The Ideal Kitchen," "Perennials for the Lawn," "The Care of House Plants," "The Legal Status of Women," "The Women of Russia," "Books—Our Friends," "Literature and Life," "Current Events," "Canadian Women of Note," "Popular Books Worth Reading," "The All-Round Woman," "Woman and Her Present Responsibilities," "Home Bookkeeping," "The Well Rounded Life," "Growing Mushrooms," "Habits and What They Lead to," "School Lunches," "The Country Woman's Problems," "How Women Are Helping to Win the War," "Textiles," "Careers for Girls," "Women in Industry," "The Social Evil," "The Development of Canadian Resources," "Women and Wages," "The Story Hour," "Side Lines of the Farm," "A Shelf of Good Books," "Community Canning," "Women as Food Controllers," "Training for Motherhood," "Medical School Inspection," "Children's Play," "The New Future."

Canada Food Board Educational Division.

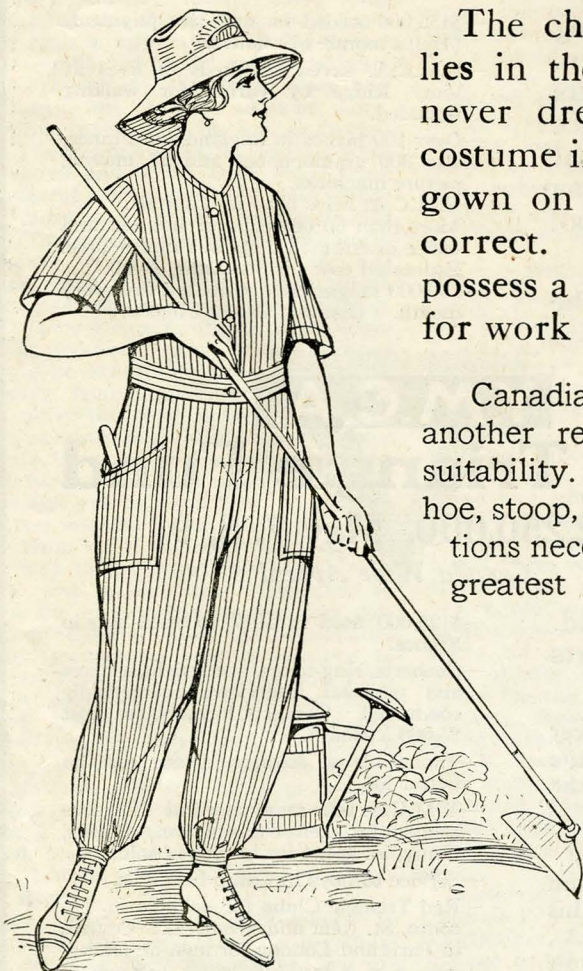
Punishment for Hoarding or Waste.

If there is one phase of food conservation more than another that comes within woman's immediate sphere it is the question of waste. When she is saving on the little things and straining every nerve to make the most of what she has, wholesale and indiscriminate waste of food-stuffs through hoarding or storing naturally incenses her greatly.

It has been a sore point for some time past with many women that they have known of cases of waste on a large scale without being able to do anything to alleviate the situation. Even among themselves there has been a certain tendency to lay in large supplies of food-stuffs. For instance,

(Continued on page 56.)

Dress the Part



The charm of the French woman's clothes lies in their absolute suitability. She would never dream of wearing a severe tailored costume in the drawing room, or a beautiful gown on the street. In short—she is always correct. And if she were fortunate enough to possess a garden she would be correctly clad for work there also—in overalls.

Canadian women wear these useful garments for another reason than their appearance or perfect suitability. Overalls are comfortable. One can dig, hoe, stoop, climb and do the thousand and one operations necessary in the making of a garden with the greatest ease when clad in Carhartt Overalls.

They are, without doubt, the most efficient garb for women working around the house. A practical and serviceable overall, appreciated by every woman who wishes to keep her clothes in good condition while scrubbing, washing and housecleaning.

Made in standard sizes, 34-44 bust.

Colors, Khaki, Blue.

The price is reasonable, too.

If your dealer cannot supply, write direct to

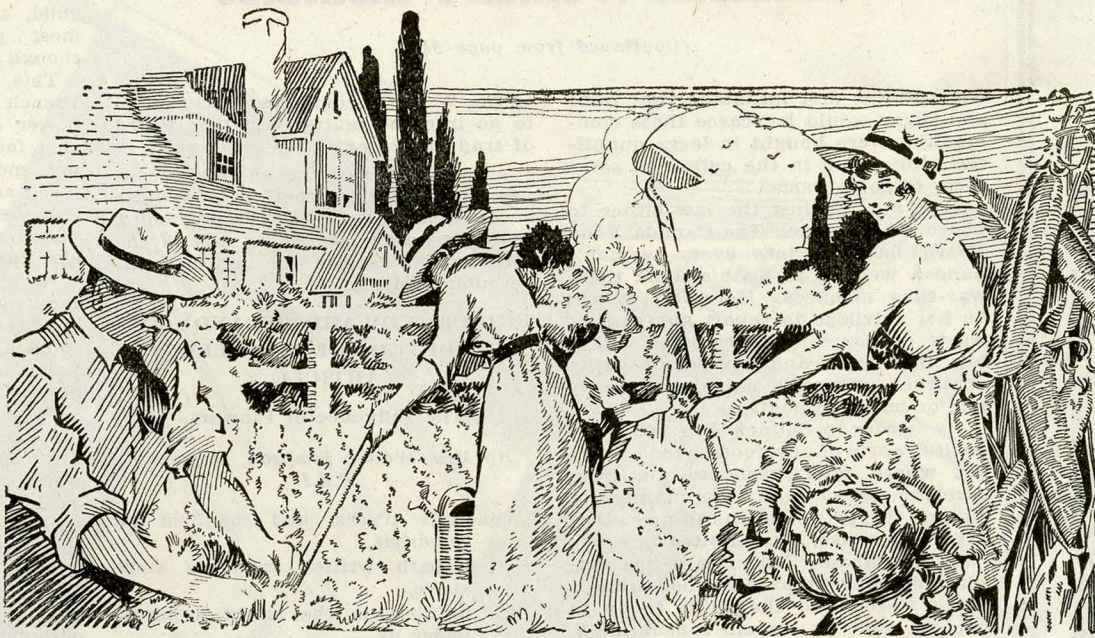
Can you imagine anything more absolutely practical, comfortable, economical, sanitary, efficient or more handy to put on or off?

These garments are beautifully made of high quality assorted Galateas in attractive patterns, dark blue Denim and Khaki materials.

Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Limited

Toronto Unit

Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Liverpool, England



Make Your Vegetable Garden A Family Affair

The best way to insure the success of your vegetable garden is to get every member of the family interested in it.

Don't put the whole burden upon father and mother. Any child over the age of ten years can, and usually will be glad to help, if his interest is encouraged; and even younger children may be shown how to help.

The way one family cultivated a very successful vegetable garden last year was as follows:

The husband and wife planned the garden. The man spaded up the soil and manured it as he went along.

Then he and his wife and their two eldest children raked it all over thoroughly and put in other fertilizer. In this way they got the ground into good condition.

The man planted the potatoes, the corn, the tomatoes and the cabbages. The woman attended to the beans, peas, green onions, spinach, radish and lettuce.

The children looked after the late onions, parsnips, beets and carrots. And they all helped one another with the hoeing.

What was the result?

There grew up in that family a friendly rivalry and an interest in the garden such as no person would have believed possible had the experiment not been tried.

The family had plenty of salad vegetables during the summer. They preserved sufficient tomatoes, beans and pickles to last all through the Winter and they took off enough potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips and onions to carry them through until March of this year.

What this family did your family should be able to do. The way they went about cultivating their garden is described in a booklet entitled "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home." This book has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for distribution to any householder who will send for a copy. It is full of helpful, practical suggestions, including plans for various sized gardens. You can get a copy free by filling out and mailing the coupon below.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a copy of your booklet "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Name.....

Address.....

3

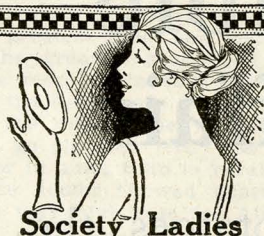
Save Food

In a time needing food economy, many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food.

It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-18a



A number of the most noted Beauties of Society have obtained their pure, soft, pearly-white appearance thru the use of

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 10c for the trial size. Purifies, beautifies and preserves your skin and complexion.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON,
344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.
Mfgs. of Gouraud's Medicated Soap.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



Stop !!

If you are aiming for New York, why not strike the centre? This is where the HERMITAGE is located.

In the middle of the Times Square district. The HERMITAGE touches elbows at once with the great amusement and business centres of the metropolis.

Rooms as low as \$1.50 and up to \$3.50 per day. No higher.
FRANK C. HURLEY, Proprietor.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 54.)

when it was first intimated that flour and sugar would be scarce these commodities were bought in large quantities and stored in the cellar, in some cases to go to waste.

It is now against the law either to hoard or to waste. The Canada Food Board has put into every woman's hand a weapon to fight against these war-time menaces. Hereafter it will be her privilege to report any case of waste or hoarding that comes within her knowledge, and any person guilty of either offence is liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment.

By Order-in-Council No. 597 the "wilful waste of any food or food product where such waste results from carelessness, or from the manner of storage thereof, or is due to any other avoidable cause, is prohibited."

If the Canada Food Board has reason to believe that any food-stuff is being stored and that it is likely to become unfit for human consumption, it may notify the owner to immediately sell or otherwise deal with it so that no further loss of the commodity may be involved. If this course is not followed the Food Board may seize the food and sell it, the loss to be sustained by the owner.

Again, the Board has the power from time to time to make orders prescribing the amount of any kind of food that may be purchased or held, irrespective of the purpose, and if the amount is exceeded it may be seized and sold. This law should make it possible to prevent food which has been stored too long from having to be thrown out or destroyed.

It is now the duty of each municipality in Canada to enforce this regulation within its municipal limits. Where conviction is obtained, a fine not exceeding \$1,000 and not less than \$100 or a period of imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both fine and imprisonment, will be imposed. The fine will be paid to the treasurer of the municipality or to the provincial treasurer according to whether municipal or provincial authorities instituted proceedings in the first place.

The Food Board expects that the women of Canada will be useful agents in bringing culprits to justice. Whenever they have reason to believe that waste is going on as a result of hoarding or improper storage they can notify the provincial or municipal authorities and the case will be investigated.

Waste in war-time is one of the greatest of crimes. Every pound of food-stuffs must be used to the full advantage. If we, who have so much of everything in Canada, conscientiously allow any waste, our iniquity is twofold. The women are especially guardians of this phase of the food problem and it is expected that they will give practical assistance in the enforcement of the new regulations.

Nursing Class at Blackstock

The nursing class that was held, during the month of February, in the village of Blackstock, under the auspices of the Victoria Women's Institute, was a great success. About twenty ladies of the township availed themselves of the opportunity to take this course, which was so ably conducted by Miss Didsbury of Toronto.

A Report From British Columbia

Creston Women's Institute met Feb. 8th with an attendance of thirty-one. Mrs. Knott gave a very interesting and instructive paper on "How Prohibition Has Affected Canada."

During the meeting the members hemmed 66 handkerchiefs, which were donated by the W. I. to the local Red Cross. 10c tea was served which brought \$4.50 for the Prisoners of War Fund.

At the March meeting Miss F. Erickson of Cranbrook, who is just recently back from two years' work in the military hospitals in England, gave a highly instructive and entertaining talk on that phase of the overseas war effort.

Mrs. Henderson read a paper on the "Artificial Feeding of Infants," accompanied by a chart showing the food values in milk and patent foods, which was equally appreciated.

During the session the matter of co-operating with a committee of the Board of Trade, which is canvassing the possibilities of having a fall fair at Creston this year, was taken up and the decision reached that the proposed exhibition was a move in the right direction, and warranted the support

of the W. I. A committee was named to go into the matter with the board of trade representatives.

A book and magazine shower in connection with the meeting was quite successful, a generous supply being received, which are to be sent to the Balfour Sanatorium for returned tubercular soldiers.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND CONTRIBUTED THIS EXCELLENT ARTICLE.

The Influence of Flowers.

By Mrs. Walter Simpson, Bayview, P.E.I.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,

God hath written in those stars above,

But not less in the bright flowerets under us,

Stands the revelation of His love."

I was reading some months ago a beautiful reverie on the origin of flowers, and it has so taken possession of me that I will give you a sketch of it:

The writer, Mrs. Denison of Ontario, pictures the completion of Creation; a Sabbath day in Heaven and the Creator sitting with folded hands surveying His work, and "saw that it was good," while angels lingering near asked the object of it all. Then it was that He unfolded his plans, and told of beings with which he intended to people the earth, and asked that each one of them do something to brighten and beautify it for the coming of man.

The angels smiled. It was work they loved, for they were "Ministering Spirits," and when the Sabbath was ended they were eager to begin their task. But what could they do? As they looked down at the beautiful world beneath them, what more could they do to add to its beauty?

Should they place glittering ornaments of gold or silver to brighten up the waste places, or drape the hills and curtain the valleys with wonderful tapestry woven with jewels and precious stones? But there was no real beauty in all this; only a cold glitter. They silently thought as they viewed the Creation—all of which told of the provident care of the Creator for mankind—but nowhere could they see anything that spoke directly to the heart of man of the love of God.

Then spoke one bright little spirit,—"I have it," she cried. "I know what is lacking now," as she snatched a long banner of rosy, satiny mist that trailed across the bars of sunset. In a moment her deft fingers had fashioned it into a thing of wonderful beauty. As she lifted it for the rest to admire, her lips touched it and unconsciously some of their sweetness was folded deep down, in the heart of the rose.

"Let us all see what we can make," they cried, and a tall, stately angel drew down a handful of fleecy white which was floating by. "Mine shall be white," she said, "a rebuke to sin, and everything unpure and unclean." Into it she wove her own personality and stateliness, and so we have the lily.

One thoughtful little spirit wandered down the valley where some of the purple and gold of the sunset lingered in the velvet dusk. She gathered a handful to begin her task, and her thoughts wandered out into the future, and in fancy she saw the faces and features of the people yet to be. And as she worked she wove something of those features into the purple and gold pansy that grew under her fingers. "See!" she said, as she held it up for her companion to look at. "It is very beautiful," said her companion. "I am afraid I can never make anything half so lovely." She breathed a soft little sigh as the other floated away, and gathered a few bits of the purple scattered around. "I am not clever or quick like the others," she said, "but I will do my best," and the little white fingers worked patiently and carefully, and lovingly they fashioned the little purple flower. When finished she gazed pensively at it. "You are not so beautiful or brilliant as some of them," she said, "but I have done the best I could," and she raised the little blossom to her lips, and the breath of the angel still lingers in the soul of the violet.

We sometimes wonder why some things in Nature were created, and it

takes years of thought and investigation to find out their use. Not so with the flowers. They appeal to the little child, the uneducated as well as the most profound student of Nature, though in a different sense.

This reminds me of a very poor French lady I once took to look at my flower garden. I wish you could see that face as it is indelibly stamped on my memory—such an expression of love and admiration, as in broken English she tried to express those feelings. "Look at their little faces," she said as she knelt before the pansy bed. "See their eyes, they talk to us." And do they not? Do they not tell us of the inexpressible love of a Creator who could have planned everything for our sustenance without all the beautiful flowers.

To me they are divine. Nothing so lifts me above the cares and worries of life. Farm life with all its drudgery would be unbearable without the flower garden. To my mind nothing gives such a personal touch of refinement to the whole surroundings as the flower garden. It brings things up to its level. The rubbish heap and the broken fence have to find where they belong, and the outbuildings have even been known to get a new coat of paint or whitewash through its silent influence.

It is true there is generally no money in it, and plenty of work, but in the depth of my heart I pity the man or woman who looks at everything from a money standpoint, and misses the inspiration and education arising from the study and culture of flowers and starves their own souls and the souls of those around them, because it does not pay. The children love flowers. Let them have them. Encourage the school gardens, and the home plots; help the teachers with seeds, and encourage them with your sympathy.

I have in mind a beautiful school garden perhaps two years old, but for miles around there is not another flower to be seen. Still it will come. I have enough faith in those children to know it will soon spread to the homes, and inside of five years that settlement will be all abloom. This has been my experience, and I have interesting experiences along this line.

Yes, the children love flowers, from the little tot that hunts for the first May flower, violet, or spells her name in the border of elysium and pansy that a loving mother has planted, to the young man or woman, and the memory of mother's garden lingers long after they have left the home nest. And how the little bouquet that we enclose in our letters is prized and lovingly acknowledged. Tender memories are awakened, and the influence is uplifting.

Their beauty and fragrance brighten the poorest home or richest palace. We twine them around the marriage altar. Sad and weary hearts are gladdened the world over by their loveliness. They carry the message of love and forgiveness to and fro over all the earth, and when the toll is over and our loved ones are at rest, we nestle them among our choicest flowers, a visible link of love between Heaven and earth. We decorate our tables, our churches, our schools. We send them to the sick and shut in; to our friends who have none; and so we are helping Nature to brighten and beautify this old world for all with whom we come in touch.

Let us do still more, Institute Sisters. If you have flowers, pass them on, pass them on to the children, to the schools, and from them they will spread till every home on our "Bonnie Isle" has its flower garden, and an army of our worn-out, nervous wives and mothers will be ready to testify to the benefits received from the odd moments spent in the flower garden. Moments that they once thought they could not afford. Have your little beauty spot as near as possible; where at every turn you can get a glimpse of the handiwork of the Creator in its most uplifting form and where you work side by side with Him. All the cares and worries of life seem to vanish, the tired nerves are soothed, "and you know not why."

I cannot close without referring to the work of the "National Plant and Flower Guide," of New York City. It was started by a little slum child asking a lady, who was carrying a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers to decorate a mission church, for a flower. The eager, wistful face of the child so impressed the lady that she could not forget it, and the thought came of the thousands of just such children, who never had a flower to call their own. So, through her efforts, other ladies were interested and a committee was appointed to wait on some of the leading express companies. They found

(Continued on page 59.)



In Honor of the Boys Over There

This is The Canadian Service Flag—Red Border, White Panel, Blue Maple Leaves

THIS FLAG is a mark of honor that thousands, yes hundreds of thousands of relatives, friends and employers will hasten to show to those who have answered the call.

It will be hung in homes to denote that some member of the family has gone overseas.

It will be displayed in business places, churches, lodges, banks, schools, stores, offices, factories, restaurants, depots, hotels—to do honor to employees in Khaki.

The Canadian Service Flag is simple. It is beautiful. Yet it will not be confused with any flag that flies. The broad margin is red—blue maple leaves on the white centre indicate the number of men or women on active service for Canada and the Empire—red leaves those who have fallen.

For long it has been felt an emblem such as this should be adopted to mark the homes of brave men and women who have joined the colors. Even before it was known that the Service Flag had been registered hundreds of requests were made for service flags. Now these flags may be purchased in stores in all parts of Canada.

Huge banners are being made for societies and churches. Thousands upon thousands of small and medium sizes are already obtainable. From one end of Canada to the other, in an incredibly short time, the emblem of service will meet the eye from every window, every public corridor, on the streets, in the homes, in churches, theatres, offices and factories. The Canadian Service Flag design has been fully registered at Ottawa, and will be in every case the same, no matter what the size of flag or the fabric used may be.

The following firms are authorized to manufacture and sell Canadian Service Flags:

JOHN LECKIE CO., LTD.,
77 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

THE TORONTO TROPHY CRAFT CO.,
1710 Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

Special Prices Quoted to Patriotic Organizations.

Local Societies can add substantially to their funds by introducing the Canadian Service Flag into their Communities.

CANADIAN SERVICE FLAG COMPANY

57 Queen Street West, Toronto

Canadian Service Emblem Button or Pin

Actual
Size



CANADIAN Service Flags have also been designed in the form of a beautifully enameled gold pin or button, in order that each person may, by wearing this pin, show that either a father, son, brother, sister or husband is on active service.

These pins are made with one, two, three or four maple leaves. They are now for sale at hundreds of stores and news-stands. If you have not seen one, ask your dealer to obtain them, or write to

THE TORONTO TROPHY CRAFT CO.
1710 Royal Bank Building
WELLINGS & CO.
67 Richmond Street East
GOLDSMITH STOCK CO.
50 Yonge Street, Toronto

Lord Leverhulme on the Menace of a German Peace

By HAROLD BEGBIE
(In London "Daily Chronicle")

No Just Terms Can be Got Till Germany Confesses Herself Beaten—Lancashire's Motto:
"Hold Fast."

"Would you," I asked, "go to a peace conference with Germany at the present time?"

Lord Leverhulme, long known as Sir William Lever, opened his eyes. "Before she is beaten?"

"The theory is—," I began.

"Never! Never! Why, is there a single man holding a responsible position who would suggest such a thing?"

"You mean that Germany in her present mood—"

"I mean that Germany in any mood, until she is beaten, is not to be trusted."

"But you know what the argument is: suppose we go to a peace conference, and suppose that Germany comes out from that conference in

warlike mood, we should be able by the economic weapon to bring her to reason."

"You will never get Germany to entertain just peace terms until she is beaten. She might agree to terms which seemed just, which seemed as if they promised peace, but she would never honour her signature. I can imagine her delegates going out from such a conference shaking with laughter and hugging themselves with joy, because they had fooled the English. How can a man in his senses believe for a moment that Germany would keep her word? She has told us that treaties are not binding. She has said categorically that she would break a treaty that is not in her interest. She has not only said these things, she has

done them. The greatest of all her crimes is this burglar morality which she has introduced into Europe. Would a business man trade with a firm which proclaimed Germanic principles? Would it be safe to deal with such a state of mind? Nothing in the modern history of Europe is more menacing to the civilized life of democracy than this Germanic state of mind—this state of mind which repudiates treaties and dishonours a solemn word."

Change of Mind Necessary

"But there are reasonable men in Germany."

"Many, but they don't control the Government."

"Don't you think that when peace is established and German democracy finds that it is ruined, don't you think that then the war caste will be broken and a new system of government will be set up?"

"That change will only come when Germany is convinced that war does not pay."

"Exactly. And the argument is that you can only bring home to Germany the fact of her economic ruin by establishing peace on the basis of a league of nations?"

"But you will never be able to dictate terms to Germany till she is beaten. The argument you mention is

Canadian Home Journal founded on the dangerous fallacy that because Germany is sick of this war she is sick of war in general. She isn't. I doubt if her Government is even sick of this war. You've read the speech of that old brigand Hertling. Is there any sign of repentance in that speech? Is it a chastened speech? Is it the speech of a statesman who wants disarmament and a league of nations? No! Germany is back in her mood of 1914. She believes she is winning the war. She believes she has won it now. And if we talk of peace to her she has won it. Yes, Germany has won, and England is beaten. Why, it would be better a thousand times that every man in England should be dead than that Germany should issue from this war with the feelings of a conqueror. You hear people use the phrase 'to the last man, and the last shilling,' and you think it is only a bit of rhetoric; but to my mind it's the most solemn and absolute truth. I mean it when I say that it would in very truth be a million times better for the people of these islands to be dead, every one of them, rather than live on as the serfs of triumphant Prussia."

Meaning of Hertling's Speech

"We must hold fast, you mean, till Germany says she has had enough, never mind how long it may last?"

"Certainly. The salvation of the world depends upon it. We are back to 1914. We are confronted by a Germany which believes itself to be the lord of the nations. Russia is out. Rumania is out. Italy has received a hard blow. France and England are the only enemies left who remain to be crushed. Germany means to crush them before America gets into her stride. She believes she can crush them. All this talk of peace heartens her. She thinks we are war-weary. She thinks she can endure longer than we can. She is flushed with triumph. She is absolutely cock-o-hoop. Why, look at Hertling's speech! Dare a man suggest that we should surrender Malta and Gibraltar, and all the rest of it, if he were not confident of victory? Think of the mere audacity of it! When have we ever used Malta and Gibraltar for the oppression of nations? Look at our Colonies! They are free to all the Germans who choose to go there. Any German can go to our Colonies and buy raw material or set up for himself in business. We have used the British Empire for the good of the human race. And this Germany, whose colonies are bolted and barred against mankind, who no sooner got Heligoland than she transformed it into a menace against England, whose whole spirit is tribal and selfish and arrogant, this Germany dares to speak of the British Empire as a danger to humanity! What hypocrisy, and what confidence! Why, she was never in more truculent mood. It was never more necessary than it is now for England to hold fast. England with her Allies must go on fighting until Germany comes to her senses and realizes that free men really mean what they say when they declare that death is better than enslavement."

Next German Attack

"You have no misgiving as to a German onslaught in the spring?"

"None whatever. All we've got to do is to dig our heels in. I should say that with machine guns, wire entanglements, trenches and our overwhelming supply of shells, one man in defence is as good as three men in attack. I've no doubt we can break any mass attack the Germans may bring against us. We must dig our heels in, as the French did at Verdun; we must hold fast, as we have done before. We can outlive the German in food, and we can outfight him. When he knows that, he'll ask us for peace."

"And when he asks for peace, you'd admit him to the league of nations?"

"I'll trust Germany when I know she is convinced that war does not pay. Till then I would as soon think of trusting anything she says as I'd trust a forger or a thief. Out and away the most dreadful thing she has done is to shake men's confidence in contracts. That is a crime of the greatest magnitude. She is a confessed brigand. The moral law means nothing to her. She herself has proclaimed to all the world that she is above the moral law. She has introduced anarchy into the society of nations. She has pulled civilization to pieces. She has dragged the whole earth back to tribal barbarism. The very suggestion that we should dream of conferring with such a nation

(Continued on page 60.)

"Ideal" Lawn Fence Gates and Flower Bed Guards

Freight-Paid Prices to your nearest station.

Below we give freight-paid prices to any station (except electric) in Old Ontario on orders of \$15.00 or over. Prices for New Ontario quoted on request.

Quebec and Maritime Provinces

We have opened a warehouse and office at Montreal to handle Eastern shipments and correspondence. Ask our branch, 14 Place Royale, Montreal, Quebec, for "Ideal" prices, freight paid to any station in Canada, east of Montreal.

Style No. 278 "Ideal" Lawn Fence

Uprights No. 9, crimped, securely held in place by two No. 13 gauge horizontal galvanized wires twisted together. Uprights 2 3/4 in. apart, horizontals, 6 in. apart.

Price per Running Foot.

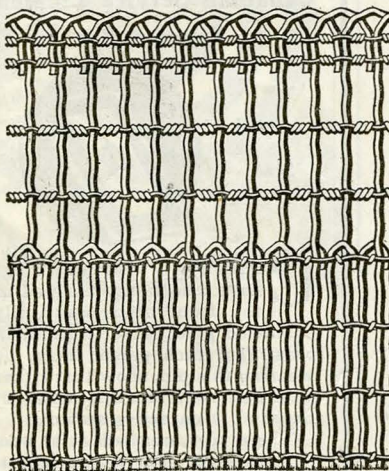
Height.	Galvanized.	Galvanized and Painted.
36 inch	10 cents	11 cents
42 inch	11 cents	12 cents
48 inch	12 cents	13 cents

Style No. 138 "Ideal" Lawn Fence

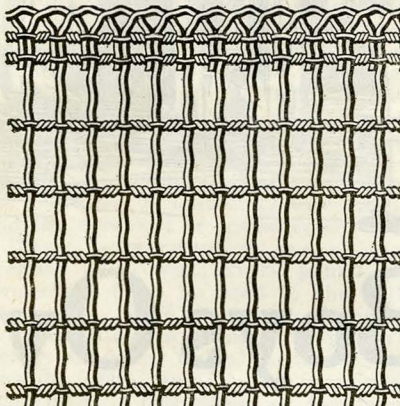
Similar in construction to Style No. 278, but made with pickets 1 3/8 in. apart at bottom.

Price per Running Foot.

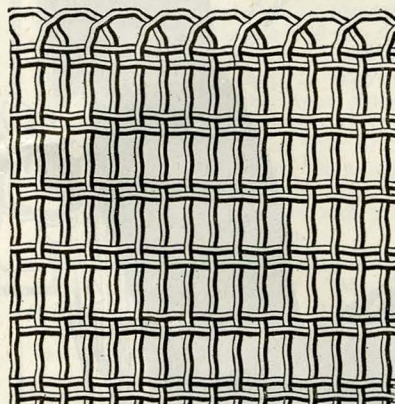
Height.	Galvanized.	Galvanized and Painted.
36 inch	14 cents	15 cents
42 inch	15 cents	16 1/2 cents
48 inch	16 cents	17 1/2 cents



STYLE 138, "IDEAL" LAWN FENCE.



STYLE 278, "IDEAL" LAWN FENCE.



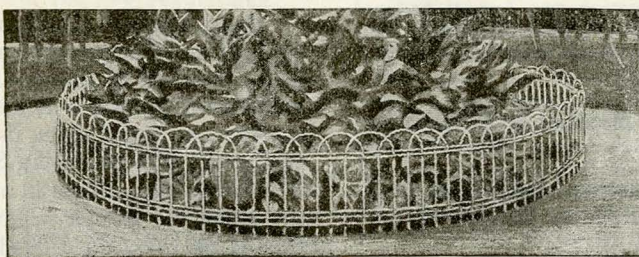
STYLE 225, "IDEAL" LAWN FENCE.

Style No. 225 "Ideal" Lawn Fence

Made throughout of No. 9 hard steel galvanized wire. All wires being crimped, interlaced and locked with each other so they cannot slip. Uprights 2 1/4 inches apart, horizontals 6 inches apart, supplied in any length roll wanted.

Price per Running Foot.

Height.	Galvanized.	Galvanized and Painted.
36 inch	13 cents	14 cents
42 inch	15 cents	16 cents
48 inch	16 1/2 cents	17 1/2 cents



"IDEAL" FLOWER BED GUARD.

"IDEAL" LAWN GATES

With filling to match any style "Ideal" Lawn Fence.

	Length.	48-inch.	42-inch.	36-inch.
3 feet long	\$3.25	\$3.15	\$3.10	
3 1/2 feet long	3.50	3.25	3.15	
4 feet long	3.75	3.50	3.25	
10 feet long	7.00	6.75	6.50	
12 feet long	8.00	7.75	7.50	
13 feet long	8.25	8.00	7.75	
14 feet long	8.50	8.25	8.00	

For Scroll Top Gates less than 6 feet long, add 50 cents to above same size plain.

For Scroll Top Gates, 6 feet and over, add \$1.00 to above same size plain.

"IDEAL" FLOWER BED GUARD

Design and construction correspond with the style numbers of "Ideal" Lawn Fence.

Price per Running Foot.

	Galvanized	Galvanized and Painted.
12 in. high.	12 in. high.	12 in. high.
Style No. 225..	7 cents	8 cents
	8 cents	8 cents
	8 cents	9 cents

PLACE YOUR ORDER AT ONCE.

"Ideal" Lawn Fence and Flower Bed Guards will be supplied in any style and length of roll wanted. If a more complete description of gates and fence is desired, send for free catalogue. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Express Money Order.

The McGregor-Banwell Fence Co., Limited
Walkerville, Ontario

Hoch der Kaiser

(Continued from page 8.)

crops were confiscated, and now our work in mines and factories is stopped, while the public works arranged by the Relief Commission are absolutely prohibited. Now, they say, to remedy the idleness and want which they have deliberately caused, they are deporting the people wholesale to Germany.

"At Aertseleer we were all ordered to report at a certain date, under penalty of three years' imprisonment. There the breadth of our backs and the strength of our arms were ascertained, as was done in the olden days of the slave trade. Then those satisfactory were ordered to sign a contract—in German, which hardly any of us could read—to go to Germany and work for eight cents a day. Some signed, most didn't. It made no difference; we were all packed in here, and the good God only knows where we are going. We would not really mind so much about ourselves—it is those we have left behind, with no one to provide for them at all. Jan has four little children; their mother is dead. He was taken a month ago, leaving them entirely alone, so he ran away, found that one had died, two were starving with neighbors, and little Lucie had disappeared. I think it was that more than the punishment that sent him mad."

"Hoch der Kaiser," said Jan suddenly. "Hoch der Kaiser."

"I wonder if God hears him," said Jan's friend, "and will remember why he says that? Jan was set by the Germans to help bury some of the persons they executed for attacking them two years ago—several of these were under two, and it terrified Jan so much that he taught Lucie, his baby, to say 'Hoch der Kaiser' whenever she saw a stranger, hoping it might make them spare her when they next felt like drawing their swords against infants. Ah, this is no world to have children in. I have two—God pity me—and their mother was sick when I left her."

Sick with the jolting and evil smells, Ted remembered the child who had strayed to his quarters, but he said nothing. He knew he could not make Jan understand him, just now at any rate, for the journey was a nightmare of horror.

Then the train had stopped, and their prison doors were opened at last, and they were ordered out. Many were so weak from the strain of the journey that they stumbled and fell, to be savagely punished by heavily booted feet and leather thongs in pitiless hands. At last they were all out on a platform—a filthy, ragged crowd, shivering in the cold air, as they waited herded together among the soldiers, who taunted them with mocking laughter, when they were not shouting orders at them and striking when they were not instantly obeyed.

Backward and forward they were driven, seemingly just to amuse their guards, then beyond they saw women and a few men gather to look at them, with fear and pity in their pinched, white faces.

"We are still in Belgium," said the engineer; he and Ted were keeping Jan between them. The unfortunate miner was quite quiet now, but he did not seem to understand anything that was said to him. "Yes," repeated the engineer, "we are among Belgians still, for a German crowd would be jeering at us—Christian charity has all been killed in Germany by kultur—they

THE END.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 56.)

them willing to co-operate with any scheme by which the waste of the country might meet the wants of the city, and so the "Free Label" was born. It is a bright yellow label bearing the magic words, "approved label."

In its first year the label carried free 2,000 bunches of flowers. In 1914 in New York City alone, it carried 3,000 bunches of flowers, 500 bushels of fruit and vegetables, 2,000 glasses of jelly, and over 5,000 potted plants and bulbs. In its twenty years of existence the Magic Label has carried six million bunches of flowers to the sick and poor of the cities, and thousands of bushels of fruit and vegetables that otherwise would have decayed on the ground.

One dollar per year makes you a member of the Guild. This fee barely pays for printing the labels.

would be throwing stones at us instead of bread. Ah!"

The women, starving themselves, were throwing hard lumps of dark bread as near as possible to the prisoners, and the engineer dropped down and snatched at a crust that lay almost between the feet of a soldier. But instantly he was set upon, and kicked and beaten into unconsciousness.

"God! O, God!" moaned the man as he fainted, and Ted clenched his fists tightly, with a red passion to kill in his soul. But Jan said unsteadily: "Why does he call on God? He is too far off to hear anything."

"Can you understand me?" said Ted in his slow French, and as Jan nodded, he told of the stray child that he thought must be Lucie. But he was not sure the man did know what he meant until they were driven to another car, not so crowded this time. The engineer was coming back to sick consciousness on the filthy floor, and Jan said softly: "Say it over again, monsieur. My Lucie has food, plenty of good food, and is sheltered in some kind woman's arms this night. If it is true, then surely there is a God who still cares for us."

Patiently Ted repeated the story, only not describing the poor baby's condition when they found her in the rabbit hutch—how she got there only some Providence that watches over straying babies knew.

"Safe," repeated Jan. "Safe, with all your strong soldiers and their guns between her and the terrible ones. Monsieur, I can think a little now—you have given my soul wine that has saved it, for I can believe in God again. Now listen before I forget again. I know this part of the country well; soon it will be dark, and we shall be going slowly over a bridge. Then I will scream so that the guard will open the door to beat me. I will attack him, and you can surely dash past us and dive into the river. You will see two lights side by side in a house on the bank; swim for them, monsieur; the people who show them will hide you and smuggle you across to Holland, and you can fight again, in the beautiful fight for freedom."

"Hardly," said Ted. "And leave you to be shot for helping me, or hitting a guard, or both. Why don't you do the dive yourself?"

"Because," Jan answered in a low voice, "they have broken something in my soul with their punishing. They have made me a coward—afraid of them. But you are strong and brave; you must escape to fight for us. And, oh, monsieur, tell your people to come, all of them, and help your England to break through quickly to us, for we die, we die. And, monsieur, please remember my two little boys in Aertseleer. Their names are Victor and Donatus, and don't let them die of the starvation the Germans have brought, or grow up German slaves."

He sprang at the door furiously, and before Ted fully realized it, he was grappling, an unarmed, half-starved man, with the stout soldier. And Ted instinctively dived past them both and down into the blackness below. The next minute he was swimming strongly towards the two lights, knowing that the train had stopped. And then through the heavy darkness he heard a man cry out as if in mortal agony, "Ah! God! remember! Understand why I have to say 'Hoch der Kaiser.'"



It's Good

Every Carton Bears the following Stamp



Order a Carton To-day

Swift Canadian Co.

Limited

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"VIYELLA"

FLANNEL

The Queen of English Flannels for Spring 1918

"VIYELLA" is specially adapted for
WOMEN'S SHIRT WAISTS, SUITS, DRESSING
GOWNS, CHILDREN'S WEAR AND
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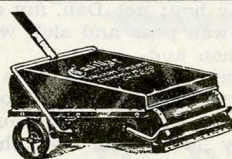
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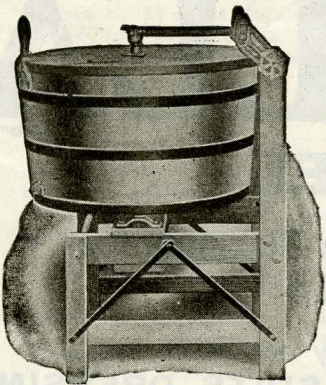
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Canadian Home Journal
71-81 Richmond St. W., Toronto

Hester Murphy's Mother-in-Law

(Continued from page 10.)

to put on the cameo brooch her Dan had bought with his first month's wages as driver of the baker's wagon. Then a big man was holding her right hand in both of his, and telling her, over and over, how happy he was to see her.

"John," in her soft, old brogue, "it's niver yourself, John Lewes! Niver the slim young gossoon used to hang about the kitchen till me cakes came from the oven!"

"The very same," and, being a poet as well as a preacher, maybe his eyes were dim too, for a minute. "My trip to the city was taken partly on your account. Soon as I shook hands with my host and hostess I cried: 'Where is Mother Murphy? I'm longing to put eyes on her.' They told me you'd be here. You're acquainted with all these people I suppose? If not, they can't afford to miss knowing you."

Dinner over, Dr. Lewes sat in the drawing room and directed his conversation to his old friend.

"All the neighbors sent messages to you," he told her in tones which carried, "They're wearying to see you. The Lindsays have sold the store and bought the Smith cottage on the hill. The Johnsons have invested in a woolen factory; the Harpers in a little fruit farm. Yes, Libby and Albert Harrison still run the confectionery shop, and Hull the bake-shop. By the way, you remember Sylvia McLean?"

"I do that," answered Mrs. Murphy, Sr. "I wouldn't be apt to forget her, seeing she boarded with me for four years after my man died. Ah, she had the bright smile, and the kind heart had Sylvia! She kept company with my Dan for quite a while. It's wedded they'd have been if Dannie hadn't—hadn't gone away." Her voice was shaky. "I doubt if she ever marries now, ochone!"

"Don't you believe it, I've been invited to perform the ceremony—a fine young fellow he is too, honest as the sun, and liked by all," confided Dr. Lewes.

Mrs. Murphy, Jr., felt horribly ashamed. How dared her mother-in-law rake up those old days of keeping boarders! Oh, it was humiliating! There, they were discussing the old house now.

"Yes," Dr. Lewes was saying, "it certainly is looking its best these days. The verandahs are newly painted, the roof repaired, and the high fence has been removed from the lot. A good thing, too. It was a sin to fence in that garden. The lilac hedge, and all the old fashioned flowers were too lovely to be hidden behind boards. I was there last Sunday. The crocus beds were a glory, and the buds in the lilac bushes so big one could smell the breath of them. The flowering currant by the kitchen window, and—"

"John, dear, tell me no more," she broke in with a sob. "I'm that homesick for my flowers, and—and everything—that my heart hurts. Just lately bought, you say? It wouldn't be anyone I knew in the old days, John?"

John Lewes almost turned his back to the others. Being a poet-preacher he did not have to observe the conventions so scrupulously as the common kind. "Mother Murphy," he said, grasping her hand and holding it fast, "what is the sweetest story in the Book?"

She gave him a startled glance. "Tis yourself knows well what it is, John. So long as there are mothers with ears to hear, and hearts to hunger, the story of the Prodigal will be the sweetest of all; it will so, John."

"Mother Murphy, I'll give you exactly three minutes to discover who it is that has bought the old place. He has been to the far country, has come a long, long way, and—"

"Not—not my boy; not Dan, my own Danny! He was poor and sick when he wrote Stephen and—"

It was his turn to interrupt. He did it joyfully. "That's Dan all over. Can't you see, he wanted to find out if anybody really loved him enough to give him a welcome."

"For why should he be that humble?" faltered the mother.

"Because he ought to be. There's something wrong with the prodigal who forgets to be humble," flustered John to hide his emotion. "Dan is meek enough in spite of his success. What? Yes, I said success—a man among men, by the grace of heaven, is he, and well to do. I've a secret to tell you, Mother

Murphy, such a secret! The homestead is in your name, he would have it so. 'The home is mother's and all in it is hers,' he kept saying. Here," delving into a breast-pocket, "is his letter to you. There is no use my pretending I don't know its contents, for I do. He is wanting you to pack up and come home as they can't get along without you. Sylvia declares—yes, it is Dan she is marrying, who else could it be indeed, and the two of them in love for the last ten years? Yes, as I was telling you, Sylvia declares that having to teach school all her life has kept her from learning how to keep house, and that she's afraid to begin the new life unless you promise to take a poor young couple to your heart and home."

THE END.

Vacation Pleasures in the Algonquin Park of Ontario

When the breathless days and glaring heat of summer make life in the city a burden, the Algonquin Park of Ontario is a place of refuge and enchantment. This great reserve of nearly four thousand square miles is on the very ridge of the "Highlands of Ontario." Its altitude above sea level averages 1,700 feet, while some of the lakes in the Park are 2,000 feet above the sea, and many interesting climbs can be made to rugged little hills which will take the climber well above that level.

The lake-land breezes which sweep over the Park are impregnated with the life-giving fragrance of the pine woods. The days are unusually long, with warm, balmy sunshine, and in the evening coats and warm wraps are required out of doors. The fragrant bush, through which good roads and trails are constantly being extended; the tranquil tree fringed lakes, disturbed only by sportive bass or trout or the swish of the paddle; the health-giving air; the serenity, the impressiveness; and the beauty of it all combine to place the visitor under the spell of this wonderful natural domain.

The Park makes an especially strong appeal to the fisherman and canoeist; the excellence of its sport draws anglers from every part of the Dominion and from every state in the Union, while the canoeist can travel for hundreds of miles in his light craft and be in a veritable kingdom of his own. The accommodation in the Park is such that the most varied tastes can be pleased. There are hotels for those who want to be in the wilderness—yet enjoy all the comforts that good service and social companionship can bring; there are groups of log cabin camps, comfortably furnished and ideal for family parties, with central lodges containing recreation and dining rooms where you may dine and find everything ready for you on your return from the tramp; or, if you have planned to camp under your own canvas, you may step into a canoe at one of the little railway stations, and after a short paddle find a site unmarred by the hand of man yet within easy reach of the Park outfitting stores.

The hotels in the Park are peculiarly fitted to their wild environment. The largest of these, the "Highland Inn," is situated at Algonquin Park Station (the Park headquarters), and overlooks beautiful Cache Lake. The hotel has recently been improved and enlarged and will accommodate one hundred and fifty people. The Grand Trunk Railway has built in picturesque spots in the Park two log cabin camp-hotel enterprises, similar to those of Maine of world-wide fame.

The two camps bear Indian names—"Minnesing" and "Nominigan." In the Ojibway language "Nominigan Camp" means "the camp amid the balsams," and it is a very appropriate description, for the region is rich in this aromatic growth. "Nominigan Camp" is situated on the easterly shore of Smoke Lake, seven miles by stage from the "Highland Inn," one of the largest and most attractive of the park lakes, and faces south, affording beautiful vistas of land and water. "Camp Minnesing," or, in Ojibway, "Island Camp," is on the shore of beautiful Island Lake. The camp is reached from the "Highland

A silence had fallen on the room, a silence pregnant with sympathy. Not a soul there, unless it were Hester, but shared something of Mrs. Murphy's rapture. "John dear, do ye remember the verse ye wrote in my old album long since?"

"Let us not weep when shadows deep about our pathway closely gather, But go our way without dismay, for children we and God our father. The sunbeams gay are out to-day, and by and by the stars will glimmer, The lamps that swung when earth was young yet have not older grown or dimmer."

"The lilac's in bud, you say John, making the world sweet each break o' day, and every window smiling a welcome. God bless us; it's too much. When can I go home? When can I go to Danny, and to my own place—mine?"

Inn" by stage (ten miles), the road winding by hill and dale through a lovely hardwood brush.

The Algonquin Park is easily accessible by the Grand Trunk Railway from all parts of the United States and Canada. It is about two hundred miles north of Toronto and one hundred and sixty-nine miles west of Ottawa.

[Advertisement.]

Lord Leverhulme on the Menace of a German Peace

(Continued from page 58.)

strikes me as madness. Germany herself has told us she is not to be trusted."

These views of Lord Leverhulme are quite general in Lancashire. There is no noticeable element of extreme pacifism among the workers. Every man I meet in the great industrial centres of Lancashire feels that it would be a confession of defeat to discuss peace with Germany in her present mood. I have discussed the matter with Labour men holding advanced views, and they are as adamant as Lord Leverhulme.

It is important for the Liberals of Germany to realize that even those extreme pacifists in England who would welcome a conference as a way out of this horrible carnage and most bitter suffering are entirely convinced that no peace terms would satisfy British democracy which did not ensure the dethronement of the German war caste.

The one thing which silences the intellectual pacifist in England is the argument of Lord Leverhulme that Germany by her own word is not to be trusted. I do not think the Liberals of Germany can be aware of the tremendous force of this argument. It is the sole cause of all their suffering.

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SEEDS

Newest Fancies in Fashions

(Continued from page 32.)

7687—Juniors' Blouse (15 cents). Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years.

7716—Misses' Semi-fitted Jacket (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. This jacket is perforated for shorter length. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. Lower-edge width, 1½ yard.

7749—Misses' Long Coat (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years.

7739—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 12 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 2 yards. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7689—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 1½ yard.

(Continued from page 33.)

7526—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 2¾ yards. Bordered serge is among the Spring novelties and is very attractive made up in tailored frocks.

7154—Misses' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 2¾ yards.

7535—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 2 yards. A sailor or notched collar may finish the open neck of this frock.

6978—Misses' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 2¾ yards.

(Continued from page 34.)

7595—Child's Single-breasted Coat (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years.

7640—Child's One-piece Apron (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Embroidery No. 12429, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7327—Child's Empire Petticoat (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Embroidery No. 11741, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7518—Child's Apron (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Embroidery No. 12422, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents.

6937—Empire Slip for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Seven sizes, 4 to 16

years. Embroidery No. 11339, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

6929—Child's Underwaist (15 cents). Six sizes, 2 to 12 years. Embroidery No. 12175, blue or yellow transfer, 10 cents. No. 7256—Side-closing Bloomers for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Nine sizes, 3 to 17 years.

7740—Dress for Girls and Juniors (20 cents). Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

7733—Dress for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

7767—Infants' Long Coat (15 cents). One size only. Scallop No. 11747, blue transfer, 15 cents. The cap is part of set No. 5021.

7738—Dress for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Embroidery No. 12081, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

(Continued from page 35.)

6784—Infants' and Child's Kimono (15 cents). Five sizes, infant's, 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Cross-stitch No. 12094, blue, 15 cents.

7722—Boys' Suit (20 cents). Four sizes, 8 to 14 years.

7736—Girls' One-piece Dress (15 cents). Five sizes, 4 to 12 years.

7724—Child's Dress (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Embroidery No. 12236, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7635—Child's One-piece Dress (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. Embroidery No. 12206, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7744—Dress for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Embroidery No. 11939, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7113—Child's One-piece Rompers (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years.

7748—Sailor Dress for Juniors (20 cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

6827—Infants' Layette (25 cents). One size only. Dotted scallop on Gertrude petticoat No. 11747, blue transfer, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 12081, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7765—Double-breasted Coat for Girls and Juniors (20 cents). Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years.

Gleaning on the Battlefields After an Engagement

(Continued from page 36.)

it is taken to depots behind the front, where it is completely sorted. The woods and iron in good condition are used for resupplying the army, the materials which can not be utilized are considered as wreckage and shipped to one of the numerous sorting centres which exist all over France.

The work of salvage is so splendidly systematized that nothing is overlooked and anything that can have any possibility of use is carefully preserved and shipped to an appropriate supply-depot. The writer continues:

Because of the increasing needs of the industries working for the national defence and the difficulty in securing the necessary supplies of first-hand materials it has been necessary to intensify the sending from the front to the interior of all useless materials, of all bits of metal, and in general of all objects likely to be used again after repair or transformation. In every sector of the front special crews gather together all abandoned objects and materials and assemble them in depots, where a summary sorting is made. As soon as a sufficient quantity of material is on hand it is transported by wagons or trucks to stations designated for the purpose and sent to one of the sorting establishments in the interior.

The salvaging of this material is very important as to tonnage, and the nature of the objects is diverse. The organization which cares for the work comprises a numerous personnel of officers and men. The sorting centres are arranged to receive and care for large numbers of car-loads of material; the sorting of objects is done as rapidly as possible. The material sorted is then either forwarded to workshops, which can put it in shape or utilize certain elements in the construction of new materials, or, for the metallurgical materials, sent to the industrial centres, where they are sold to metal-working establishments and sent to the foundry.

Finally, in connection with the preceding services, the minister for armament and war-manufacturing has instituted a service of requisitions and evacuations which has for its purpose

the protection or evacuation of all material and objects existing in places or factories located near the front and exposed to destruction by the enemy's fire. This work is accomplished by accord between the state and the proprietors or the municipalities if the proprietors can not be located. The material requisitioned is utilized by the industries working for the national defence; the material simply evacuated is stored in warehouses in the interior, where the proprietors will find it at the end of the war. These measures have been taken to avoid the useless payments to proprietors of large indemnities for war-damages, as the expenses of evacuation and storing are much smaller than the indemnities payable for total loss. This salvaging work goes on daily all along the front and becomes more and more important. An average of 7,800 tons of used shell cartridges alone are sent monthly to the sorting centres, and the amount of various irons runs about 4,500 tons in the same length of time. The salvaging crews are to be seen at their work no matter how bitter the cold or how hot the sun.

"GRANDMOTHERS—GOD BLESS THEM."

In the praise and sympathy given so generously to wives and mothers of soldiers in this war, grandmothers are not often mentioned, but still, in France at least, the grandmother is the soul of the country, according to the Foreign News Service of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence. "They are the women who gave to France the men at Verdun, and they are now making it possible abroad for the women to take the men's places in factory and business, to be the breadwinners for the children. It is the women of the last generation who are taking care of the little children, caring for them while the mothers are at work, arranging for or superintending their education, being, at advanced age, mothers all over again for the good of their country."



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in
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By MARION HARRIS NEIL
Author of "Canning, Preserving and Pickling."

A Variety of Good Suggestions When Something New is Wanted in the Menu

The housekeeper who wishes her family to reap real benefits from the early vegetable season, markets as soon as possible after sun-up, before heat, dust and handling get in their deadly work. If she is among the first at the store she has the double reward of serving her family well and feasting her own eyes on the array of dewy, crisp spring colorings.

There are no such things as bargains in vegetables. Green things which lie until wilted are sold at reduced prices, but the cook throws away more than the marketer saves. Vegetables should always be crisp and firm. The freshest of vegetables may be ruined by slovenly cooking. These general rules should always be borne in mind:—If vegetables show the slightest trace of wilt, drop them in cold, clear, unsalted water for thirty minutes before cooking. All vegetables should be plunged into water that is boiling briskly. To lie for a moment in lukewarm water or water that is just coming to a boil means they will become soggy and stringy.

For all green vegetables, add one teaspoonful of salt to every one-half gallon of water. All vegetables grown underground, such as potatoes and turnips, should be boiled in unsalted water, as salt makes them tough and hard.

Spinach is abundant in most markets now, and there is no vegetable more wholesome, while watercress, celery and lettuce are all good for tired nerves and the peculiar listlessness sometimes called "spring fever." Spinach is despised by many a family because it is not well cooked and served. Properly combined with a meat dish and daintily garnished, it should have a frequent place on the spring dinner table. Prepare the spinach carefully, as a suggestion of grit is extremely unpleasant. In cooking spinach cut off the stalks, pick over the leaves, discarding the yellow and discolored ones, then throw into a large pan or tub of cold water. Plunge the leaves up and down, to remove the sand, then lift the leaves out into a second pan of water. Do not attempt simply to drain off the water, leaving the leaves in the same pan that holds the sediment that has sunk to the bottom. Rinse yet a third time, then throw the leaves into a large saucepan with two or three spoonfuls of boiling water and plenty of salt. Cook uncovered for twenty minutes, turn into a colander, and run cold water through it until cool, then drain. To press out all the water, make a mound of the leaves on a flat plate, cover with another and press out as much moisture as possible. Chop fine, then set aside until needed for the table.

Now the method of preparation may vary according to taste. For instance, blend together in a small saucepan two tablespoonfuls each of butter substitute and flour. Add the spinach, cook a few moments and add one cupful of cream in which one-half teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved. Cook a few minutes longer, and season to taste with pepper and powdered nutmeg.

Rhubarb is recognized as one of the best spring tonics, and its cheapness certainly brings it within the reach of all. It is the only instance of a vegetable being used in every respect as a fruit. The puddings and pies made with the stalks of the plant are equal in juice-giving properties to any made from fruits and equal also in acidulous power.

Do not strip the stalks until the skin begins to get tough, unless it gets bruised. For children it is the best medicine that can be taken.

RHUBARB FOOL.—Cut up two or three bundles of fresh rhubarb into short lengths, and cook quickly with sugar until quite soft, then rub through a sieve. Whip one-fourth pint of cream and the whites of two eggs together, with one tablespoonful of sugar, and lightly whisk these up with the fruit. Heap all in a glass dish and serve.

LAMB PIE.—Three pounds breast or neck of lamb, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two cupfuls of water, one chopped onion, one blade of mace, and seasoning of salt and pepper. Bone the lamb and put the bones to stew

with the water, onion and mace for one and one-half hours. Mix the flour, salt, pepper and parsley on a plate and divide the meat into small pieces about two inches long and one inch wide. Roll them in the seasoned flour; then roll up each piece and place them in a fireproof dish. Add one-fourth cupful of water, cover with pastry, brush over the top with milk or beaten egg, and bake for one and one-half hours. When done strain the gravy from the bones, then pour it into the pie. Serve hot or cold.

DATE AND NUT SANDWICHES.—Remove the stones from one-half package of dates, and pass them with one cupful of nut meats through a food chopper, then moisten with the strained juice of one orange or one lemon. Put this mixture into a small bowl, and press it with a weight for an hour or two. Then turn it out and cut in thin slices, and place these slices between thin bread and butter and cut with a fancy

all the milk. Stir occasionally, to prevent it sticking to the pan. When ready, remove the pan from the fire, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of chopped preserved cherries, and two well-beaten eggs. Pour the mixture into a greased mold, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily until firm to the touch. Lift the pudding from the pan, and allow it to stand for a few minutes. Turn out very carefully on to a hot plate, and decorate with a few preserved cherries. Serve with hot milk.

CANARY PUDDING.—Rub one-half pound of lump sugar on three lemons to get off all the rinds, place it in a saucepan, add the strained juice of the lemons, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine, and one cupful of water, dissolve over a gentle heat, let it cool slightly, then pour on to three well-beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Pour into a wet mold and

place in refrigerator over night. Turn out, and if liked decorate with a little whipped and sweetened cream.

VEGETABLE CUTLETS.—Make a thick white sauce with one-half cupful of butter substitute, two-thirds of a cupful of flour and two cupfuls of milk. Season highly with salt, pepper, paprika and onion juice, and stir in two cupfuls of mixed cold cooked vegetables—peas, carrots, potatoes, cauliflower, turnips, beans—whatever there may be on hand; or use a bottle of vegetables jardiniere, draining until quite dry; stir in two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, and spread on a greased dish. When cold and firm form into neat cutlets, brush over with beaten egg or milk, toss in fine breadcrumbs and fry a golden brown in smoking hot fat. Drain and serve hot.

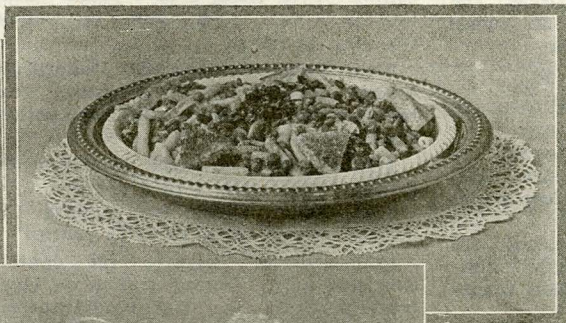
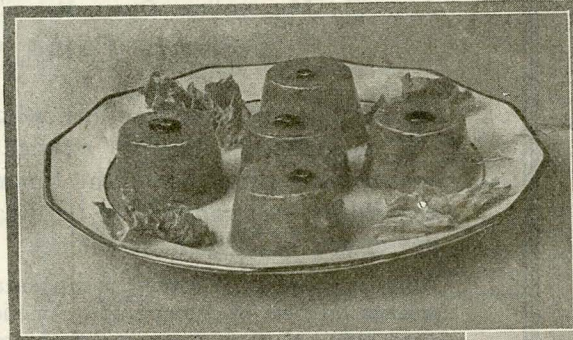
LEMON FLOAT.—To make lemon float cut four lemons in halves, discard the pips, scoop out the pulp of two and squeeze the juice from the other two. To the juice add one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water and bring quickly to a boil. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with one-third teaspoonful of salt and a little cold water, and when smoothly thickened draw to one side, cover and cook very slowly for forty minutes. Remove from the fire, add the lemon pulp and one orange peeled and sliced. Serve in a glass dish with cream and maple syrup.

FRUIT WHIPS.—A fruit whip is easy to prepare, but it must not be made until the last moment, or it will not be the fluffy article which its name implies. Have the whites of two eggs as thoroughly chilled as possible, add a pinch of salt and beat to a stiff froth. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, beating until it is a stiff, glossy meringue. Have ready one cupful of any fresh, canned or stewed fruit mashed to a pulp; it should not be too juicy but about like soft mush; in case of such fruit as bananas add a few teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Very lightly mix the prepared fruit with the meringue, using a lifting and cutting motion. Partly fill dessert glasses or cups and pour round a cold boiled custard made with one and one-half cupfuls of milk, the egg yolks and one tablespoonful of sugar.

WATERCRESS SURPRISE.—To one bunch of fresh watercress, washed and picked over carefully, add one finely chopped small pineapple, strained juice of one-half lemon and one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; just before serving add one cupful of mayonnaise and one-half cupful of whipped cream.

DANDELION SALAD.—Stem and wash well four cupfuls of white dandelions, arrange in a salad bowl with salt and pepper. Cut in dice two ounces of ham or tongue, fry crisp and add to the salad. Heat two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and pour over the salad.

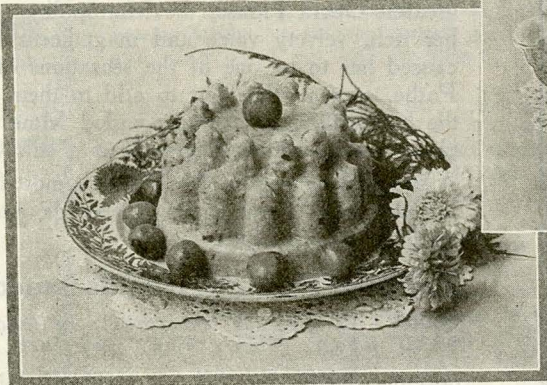
Rice and Cherry Mold.



Canary Pudding.

Date and Nut Sandwiches.

Macaroni and Lentils.



Prune Salad.



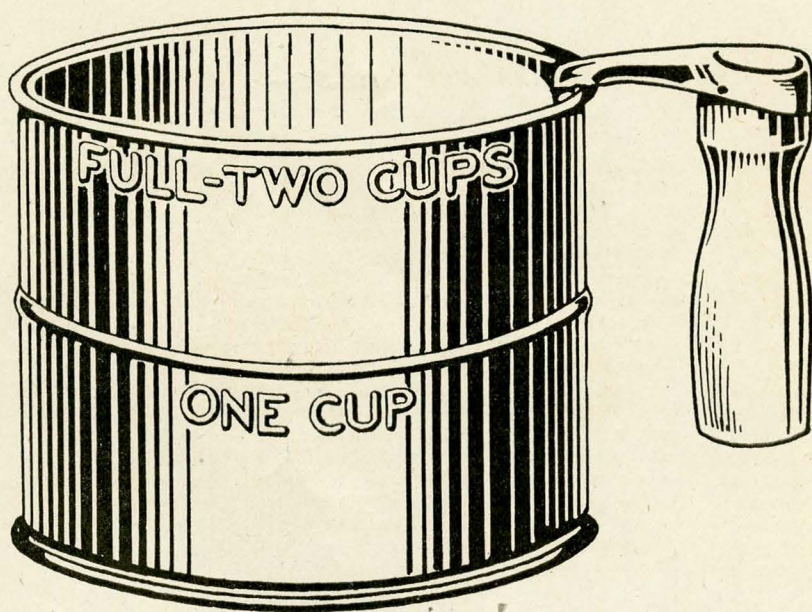
cutter into sandwiches. Decorate each with a stoned date which has been filled with chopped nut meats. Another filling is made as follows:—Choose ripe bananas, peel and cut them in thin slices, and sprinkle with a little lemon juice. Prepare some thin slices of brown bread and butter, and sprinkle the pieces with chopped nuts or chopped cocoanut. Put a layer of the sliced bananas between two pieces of bread, and press well together. Cut into neat sandwiches.

PRUNE SALAD.—Dissolve three-fourths ounce or one envelope of gelatine in two and one-half cupfuls of prune juice, add one-half cupful of sugar or honey. Remove stones from two cupfuls of cooked prunes and stuff with chopped nut meats. Peel and divide two oranges into sections, put into wet individual molds with prunes, cover with gelatine mixture and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing.

MACARONI AND LENTILS.—Cook one-half package of macaroni in plenty of boiling salted water until tender, then drain and cut into short lengths. Put the macaroni into a saucepan, add one-half cupful of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of made mustard, and two cupfuls of cooked lentils, and allow to heat thoroughly. Serve hot garnished with toast points.

COFFEE JELLY.—Dissolve four and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine with three-fourths cupful of sugar in three cupfuls of lukewarm water, then add two cupfuls of strong coffee. Pour into a wet mold and set away in the refrigerator to firm. Turn out and decorate with whipped and sweetened cream flavored with one teaspoonful of coffee extract, and blanched almonds.

RICE AND CHERRY MOLD.—Wash one-half pound of rice well in several waters, and then put it into a saucepan with one cupful of cold water. Bring to the boil, and cook for five minutes, then add four cupfuls of milk, grated rind of one-half lemon and simmer until the rice is quite soft and has absorbed



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	Page.		Page.		Page.
Brown Bread	17	Oatmeal Bread	19	Corn Bread	18
Rice Bread	19	Oat Bread	20	Rye Bread	20
Rice Biscuits	40	Whole Wheat Bread	21	Graham Buns	34
Corn Gems	41	Irish Potato Biscuits	39	Graham Gems	41
Belfasts	41	Oatmeal Scones	42	Oatmeal Muffins	42
Bran Muffins	43	Johnny Cake	43	Buckwheat Cakes	49
Corn Pancakes	49	Graham Pancakes	50	Potato Cakes	50
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Yorkshire Parkin	113	Oatmeal Jam-Jams	122	Bran Drops	122
Oatmeal Drops	125	Oat Wafers	126	Oat Cookies	134

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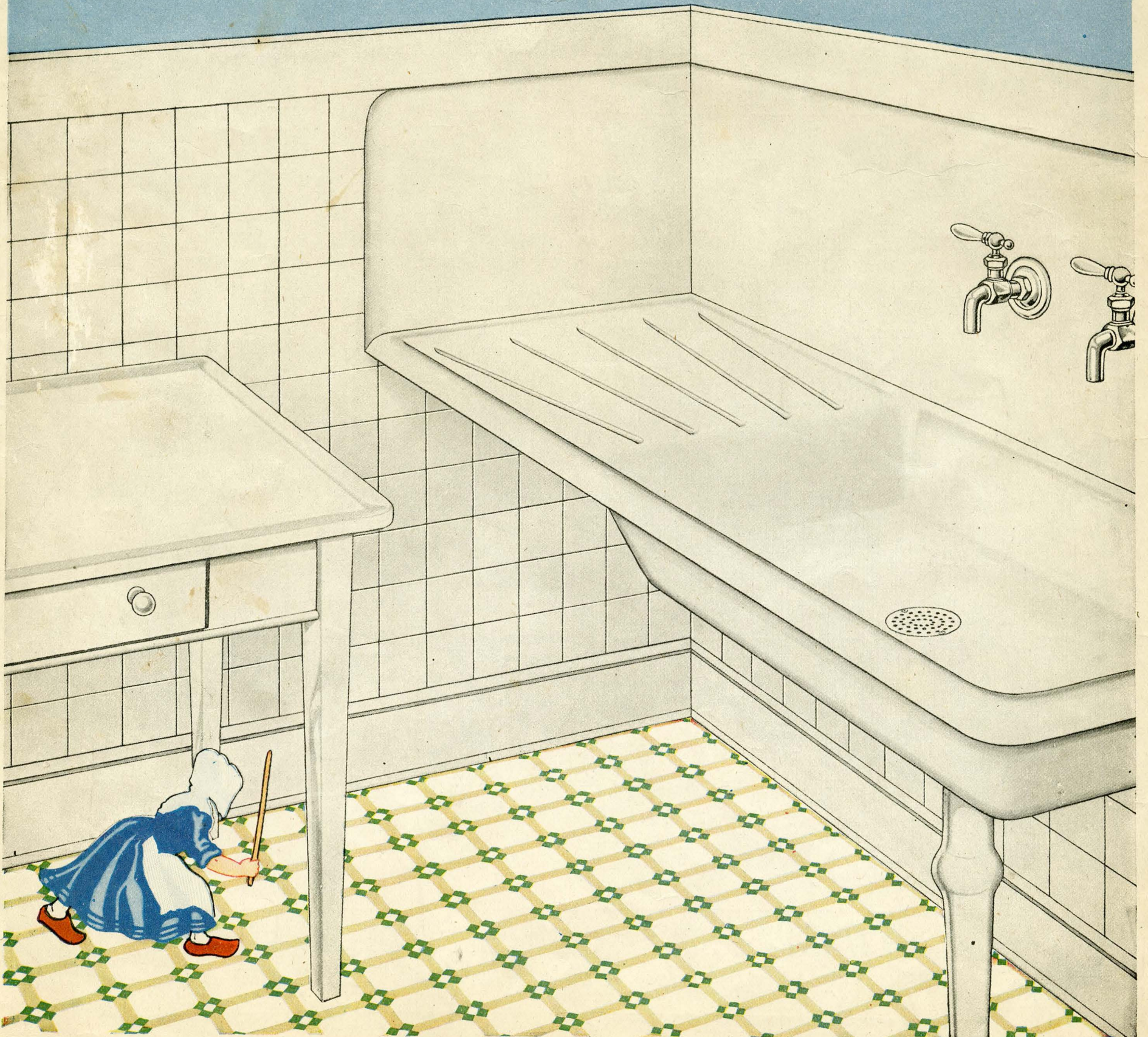


A Little
Old Dutch

Works Wonders

in the

Kitchen



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