

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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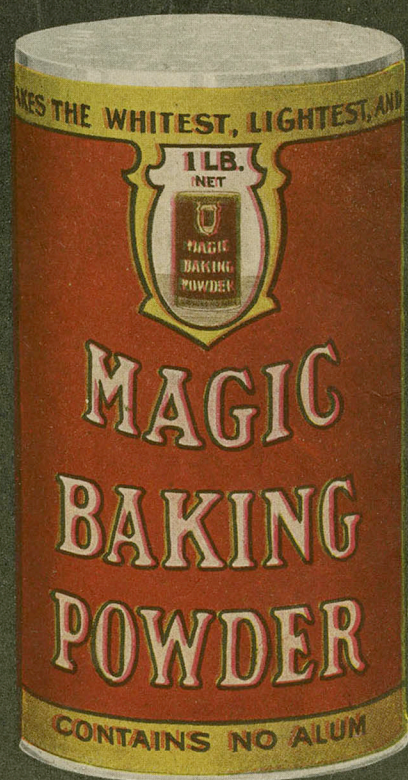
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The Canadian Home Journal

The Canadian Home Journal is published on the 25th of each month preceding the date of issue by
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Volume Sixteen

Toronto, January, Nineteen-Twenty

Number Nine

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Next Month is Valentine Number of Canadian Home Journal.

The cover, "Her First Valentine," painted by Norman Price, shows a very much perplexed little person of five scrutinizing a large, red, heart-shaped Valentine. The envelope, with its address in childish scrawl, bears also many significant X's, and, altogether, it is a matter of deep concern to somebody's little sweetheart. Her dollies and toys are quite forgotten in the thrilling experience of receiving her first Valentine.

"A Slip From the Code," a story by Eric A. Darling, illustrated by O'Carter, is one of the features in the February number.

Continuing the series of word pictures of Canadian cities, Katherine Hale has chosen Ottawa and its traditions for her article in the February number. Our Capital City has a wealth of material, and this should prove one of the most fascinating of the entire number.

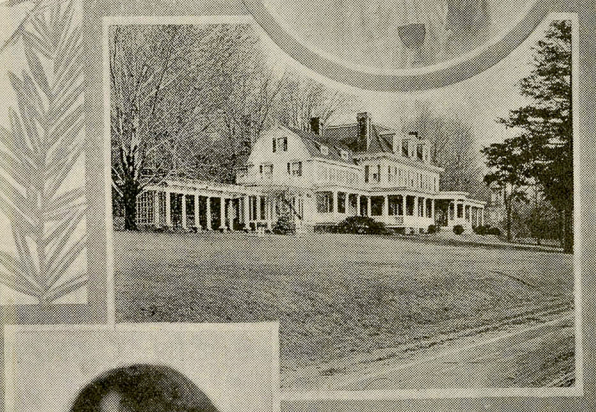
"Book Nooks," suggesting interesting shelves and racks for

*You have read their work!
 Now here they are!*

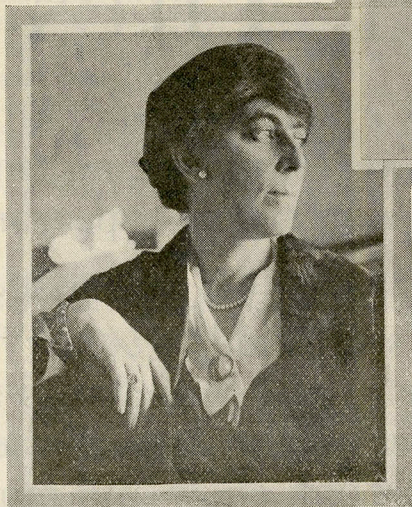
Five of the interesting people
 whose work will appear in
 your 1920 Journals



The friend of our little Journal Juniors, ETHEL BAIN.



MARION HARRIS NEIL
 and her beautiful home,
 "Greenacres."



EVA NAGEL WOLF
 whose articles on Interior Decoration appear
 each month.



MAZA DE LA
 ROCHE
 author of "Can-
 adian Ida and
 English Nell,"
 in this number.



All Canadians know, and love the work of
 L. M. MONTGOMERY, the creator of the
 never-to-be-forgotten Anne.

the placing of books, will be an article appreciated by the homelover; also "Camouflaging Ugly Chandeliers" will interest all who cannot content themselves with unlovely furnishings about them. There is little which cannot be changed if one but has the determination plus the knowledge, and this article and illustrations contain many valuable suggestions.

"The Cookery of Eggs," with illustrations, and "The Art of Making Soup," with photographs, are the subjects of the cookery articles by Marion Harris Neil in the February number.

Pictorial Review Fashions will start again in the February number. We believe every reader will welcome the coming of these splendid illustrations, for which patterns can be obtained. We commence with a varied assortment of children's, misses' and women's fashions, and the patterns may be chosen directly from the numbers accompanying the illustrations in CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

CONTENTS FOR THE JANUARY NUMBER

	Page		Page
Cover Design—The Blue Shawl	1	"The Prince of Wales and the Mayor of Crackburg"	15
Announcement and Contents	2	SPECIAL ARTICLES	
Editorial—By Nellie McClung	5	"The Household of Ontario's New Premier"—By Jean Graham	9
The First Snow Fall	27	"A Moderate Sized House for a Family with Moderate Means" Designed by Clarence Thetford	16
Clearing the Back Forty	29	"Literature and Journalism"—By Katherine Hale	18
FICTION		"Journal Juniors"	19
"The Flag of Truce"—By Blanche Gertrude Robbins. Illus- trated by Frank Downey	7	"A Holiday Skate"—By Emily Rose Burt	20
"Canadian Ida and English Nell"—By Maza de la Roche. Illustrated by Mary Essex	11	"New Year Candy Boxes"	21
"The Prestons"—By Mary Heaton Vorse. Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore	13	"As Between Friends"	22
		"The Hallway, Formal and Informal"—By Eva Nagel Wolf	23
		"The Childhood of Prima Donnas"—By Hector Charlesworth	25
		"Through the Looking Glass"—By Vain Jane	40
		"The Evolution of an Order"—By Jean Graham	41
		"The Land of P'raps"	52
		COOKERY	
		"Meals in One Dish"—By Marion Harris Neil	24
		"How to Fry Food in Fat"—By Marion Harris Neil	26
		WOMEN'S INSTITUTES	
		"Report of Federated Institutes"	48
		"Manitoba Institutes"	49
		FASHIONS	
		"Caring How One Looks"—By Charlotte Storey	31
		"Frocks and a Suit"	33
		"The Indispensable Suit"	34
		"The Uncorseted Effect a New Style Note"	35

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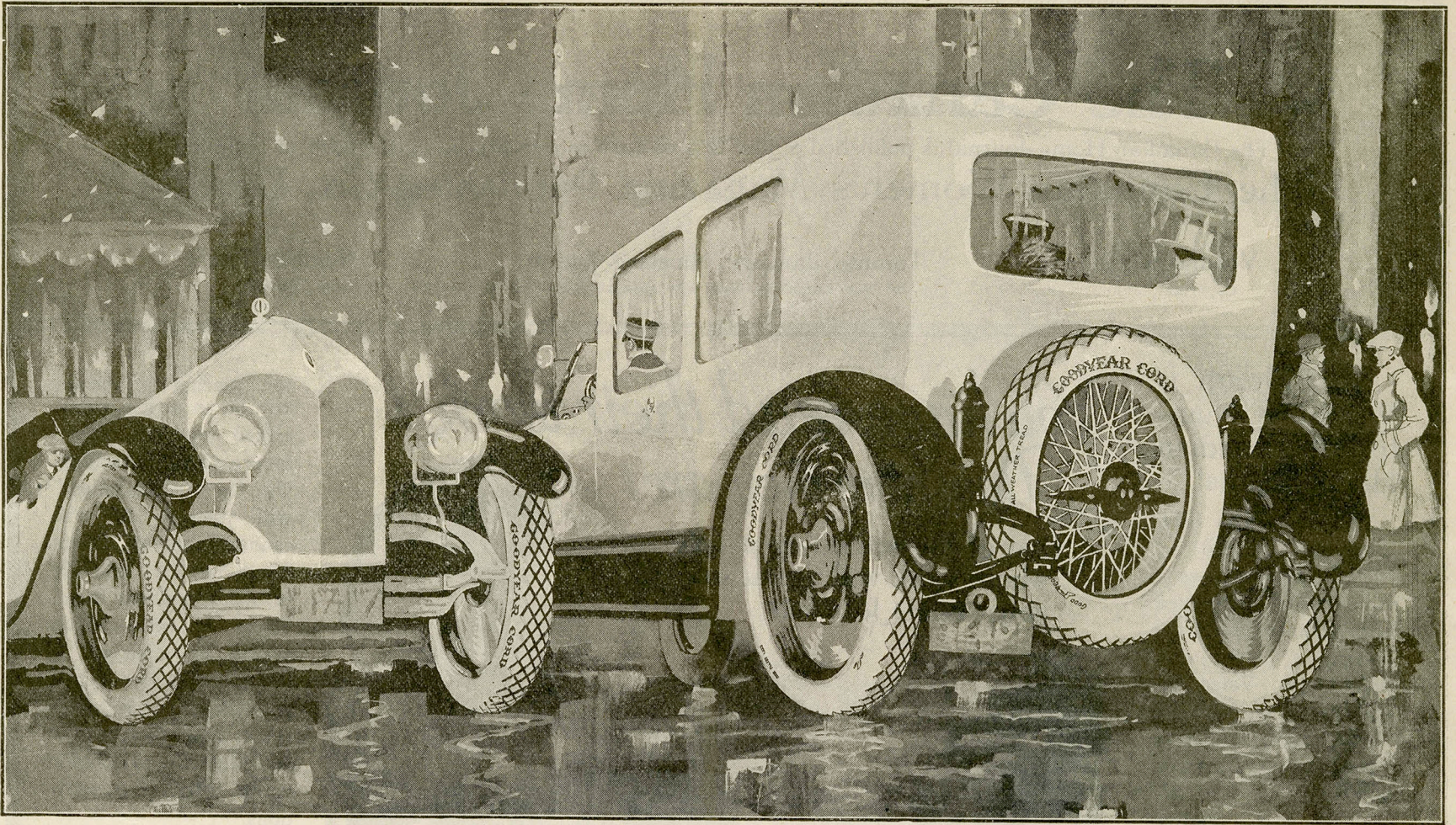
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Years of research have failed to discover a better tread for any wheel—front or rear—than the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

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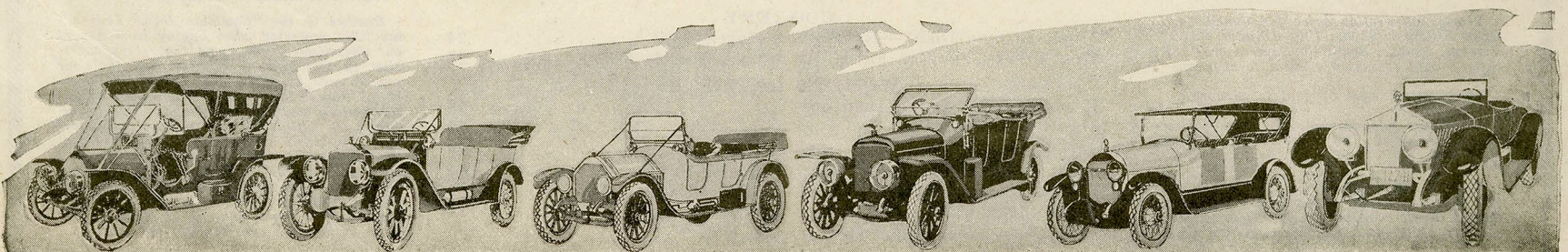
Its sharp-edged blocks of tough rubber resist skidding; carry you around corners; pull you across snow-banked car tracks and out of the ruts; dig down through snow and mud and get a grip.

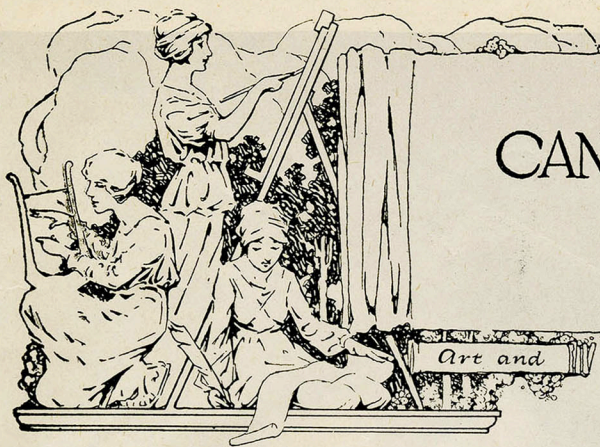
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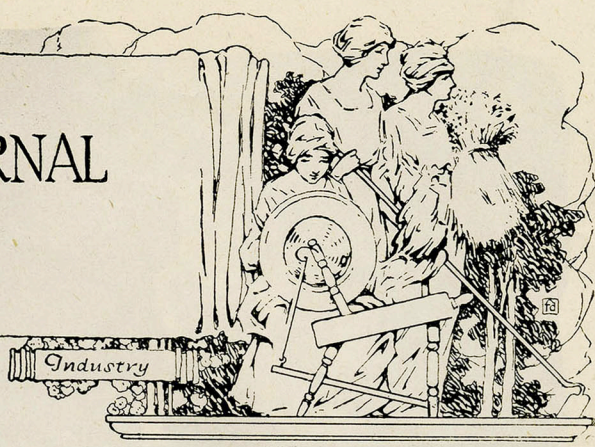
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1900-1920—Goodyear All-Weather Tires have dominated





CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL EDITORIAL



By Nellie L. McClung

BUILDING

We have told ourselves, and told the world, that women are more constructive than men—that it is their keen delight to mend, build and heal. We still say so, and confidently declare that women are going to be the greatest factor in rebuilding the world—and just because some woman may be wondering what branch of the building profession she may follow, we beg leave to submit a few suggestions.

The liquor traffic has been one of the destructive forces of life. It has weakened, blighted, saddened, many homes. It is not dead yet. It never will be dead until it is forgotten. So long as it is joked about, sung about, written about and talked about as if it were a humorous thing, it will not die. Drinking is not funny. It is nearly always a heart-breaking thing to someone, generally a woman or a child. For this reason women should not regard it as a subject for laughter. And a good piece of building right now for women to undertake is to create public opinion against drinking songs, stories and jokes. Let us write John Barleycorn's epitaph, big and black and plain—

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

THE OLD-FASHIONED LOVE OF WORK.

The war broke down some principles which it behooves us to rebuild as speedily as possible.

There is an underlying principle on which society rests (if at the present moment we may be permitted to speak of society "resting"), and that is that each able-bodied, full-grown individual must work at something. When people have the desire to work and are able to find pleasure in that work, the country is happy and prosperous, and, conversely, we can truthfully say that whatever destroys the desire to work in the individual, endangers the safety and well-being of society. The desire for work and the possibility of finding pleasure in it is often destroyed by starvation wages, poor conditions, or any other injustice which embitters the heart of the worker.

But there is another destroying element equally dangerous, and that is the poisonous belief that work is not necessary. The real estate madness which fell upon us a few years ago spoiled many an honest workman and destroyed his taste for pleasurable toil.

Then came the war, and its activity, its imperative demands for service, saved the country from the deadly reaction of the gambling bout into which the country had fallen. At least, it postponed the trouble.

Now the trouble has arrived, good and plenty. It has to be met and overcome; and women must restore to the world the sanity it has lost—and the first step is to develop the old-fashioned love of work.

But how can we teach our children the love and necessity of work when they see wheels of fortune and other gambling devices operated openly and without shame in the name of patriotism? Do you think any little lad of ten who works early and late, delivering papers for \$5.00 a week, is not upset and troubled and discontented when he finds that another youngster risked his one dollar and drew out a fifty-dollar Victory bond!

In the name of patriotism, grave crimes have been committed, and much harm has been done in lotteries, raffles and other gambling methods of raising money. And now it becomes the duty of women to make a protest against these things. While the war was on people were so burdened and anxious to raise money that they let down the bars, mistakenly, I think, but with the best of motives. But there is no excuse for it now, and here is a place for women to get busy and do some mending!

SET A GUARD ON YOUR TONGUE

Another fine piece of building that we can all do is to try to turn the tide of revolutionary talk into saner channels. It is customary, I know, to abuse the Government, and, generally speaking, a safe and inexpensive form of entertainment and part of our British birthright; but we must have a care that our words have not in them the elements of anarchy and lawlessness.

Words are things. The Germans knew this when they sent out their agents to poison

the minds of workmen everywhere. They simply talked—talked discontent, injustice, rebellion; and the poison took effect.

"Yes, indeed, words are things," one of the characters in "Lucille" is made to say. "And the man who concedes to language the privilege to outrage his soul is controlled by the words he disdains to control."

Now there is a tendency and a very real reason for discontent. People are nervous, tired, depressed and troubled. The problem of living decently under existing conditions is a heavy one, but the mental attitude toward life is, as always, the deciding factor. If we can keep sane and cheerful and optimistic, we will be able to bring about a better order. But if we go on talking class hatred, setting the rich against the poor, we will feed the flames of anarchy which will destroy us. In Russia, where despotism, misrule and ignorance have cursed the people for generations, we cannot wonder that a madness has fallen on them at last. There is a limit to the endurance of the human heart. But in our country, where we have free schools, free institutions, free speech (generally) and always a fair chance of success for the industrious and moral, we have little cause for bitterness of speech.

I do not mean that we should blindly submit to the rulings of Government and offer no protest against conditions which we believe to be unjust. Far from it. But an intelligent protest can be made along constitutional lines. Reformation does not need to be revolution. We women have in our hands that weapon which will gain for us our desires, if we use it intelligently and unitedly. In a country where everyone has the ballot there is no excuse for revolutionary measures or incendiary talk. Let us formulate our plans, put in words what we want done, and then if enough people want it, and want it badly enough to work with everyone else who wants it, it shall come to pass!

GLOOMERS!

We have all a certain amount of nerve energy—and most of us, adult men and women, need all we have! We try in various ways to increase it, by sane living, proper exercise and recreation—but sometimes I think we do not protect ourselves enough from the forces which have a tendency to deplete our stock.

They are many and varied in number. Let us consider one of them, viz., Gloomers!

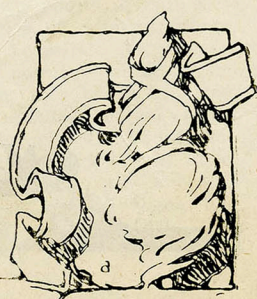
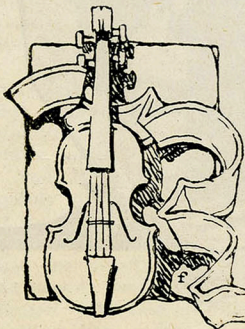
They are the people who sap our energy by making heavy claims upon our sympathy. I have just finished talking to one of them—I mean she has been talking to me—and I am mentally prostrated and physically as limp as a salty cucumber.

The lady in question has had a long and varied career, the incidents of which she recalls with painstaking and painful accuracy. Sad and long have been her days upon earth, and apparently she has not forgotten one disagreeable incident. She hasn't given herself a chance to forget; and to-day she had freshened her memory on a large number of them—and I was the victim. Her eldest daughter's eldest child was drowned in a well; her young boy ran away from home and has not been heard from for a year. Her second daughter married a man who beats her. (I reserve judgment in this case—maybe she deserves it—I believe there is something in heredity). Having exhausted the fatalities in her own family, she passed gaily on to the next zone and began some of her most blood-curdling paragraphs with "I knew a woman once."

The stories she told me were of people who are either dead or gone beyond recall. There was nothing to be done—nothing that could be done—but feel badly and sympathize.

I refuse to do any more of it. It is a sinful, foolish waste of the nerve energy that I need for my daily work. I will listen any time to the present wrong which can be righted, or the present sorrow which can be comforted. I am not heartless or unresponsive, but no old sorrow need come out of its grave and expect to fuss me up and make my nose red and my throat all lumpy!

To me, every tale of woe hereafter has to be dated!





To make your skin noticeably lovely—give it the regular care it had when you were a baby

When you were a baby, your skin was exquisitely soft—clear, delicate—daintily rose-pink and white.

People loved to touch your rose-petal cheeks, your soft, smooth hands.

Do you ever stop to think what kept your skin so fine and soft? What is keeping it now from being as fine and soft as it can be?

No matter how you have neglected your skin, you can make it exquisite in texture. You can have the glorious color of youth. You must begin at once to give your skin the tender, regular care it received when you were a baby.

Every night before retiring, cleanse it thoroughly—just as thoroughly as a baby's skin is cleansed every night. If your skin has lost its delicacy and clearness, use the particular Woodbury treatment indicated for its needs.

Do you want more color? Are your pores enlarged? Have you disfiguring blemishes or blackheads? These conditions are the result of neglect and the constant exposure to which your skin is subjected. The right Woodbury treatment, used nightly, will correct them.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and have your first treatment to-night. The feeling the first two or three treatments leave on your skin will tell you how much good its regular use is going to do you. In a week or ten days you will begin to notice a decided improvement—the greater clearness, smoothness, fineness and color you long for.

Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

The treatments in the booklet.

Wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch." It contains scientific advice on the skin and scalp, and successful treatments for the following skin troubles:

Sluggish Skin	Oily Skin and Shiny
Coarsened Skin	Nose
Blackheads	Skin Blemishes
Conspicuous Nose	Pale, Sallow Skin
Pores	Tender Skin

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size 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 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5201 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If you long for more color

Use this famous treatment for rousing sluggish skin.

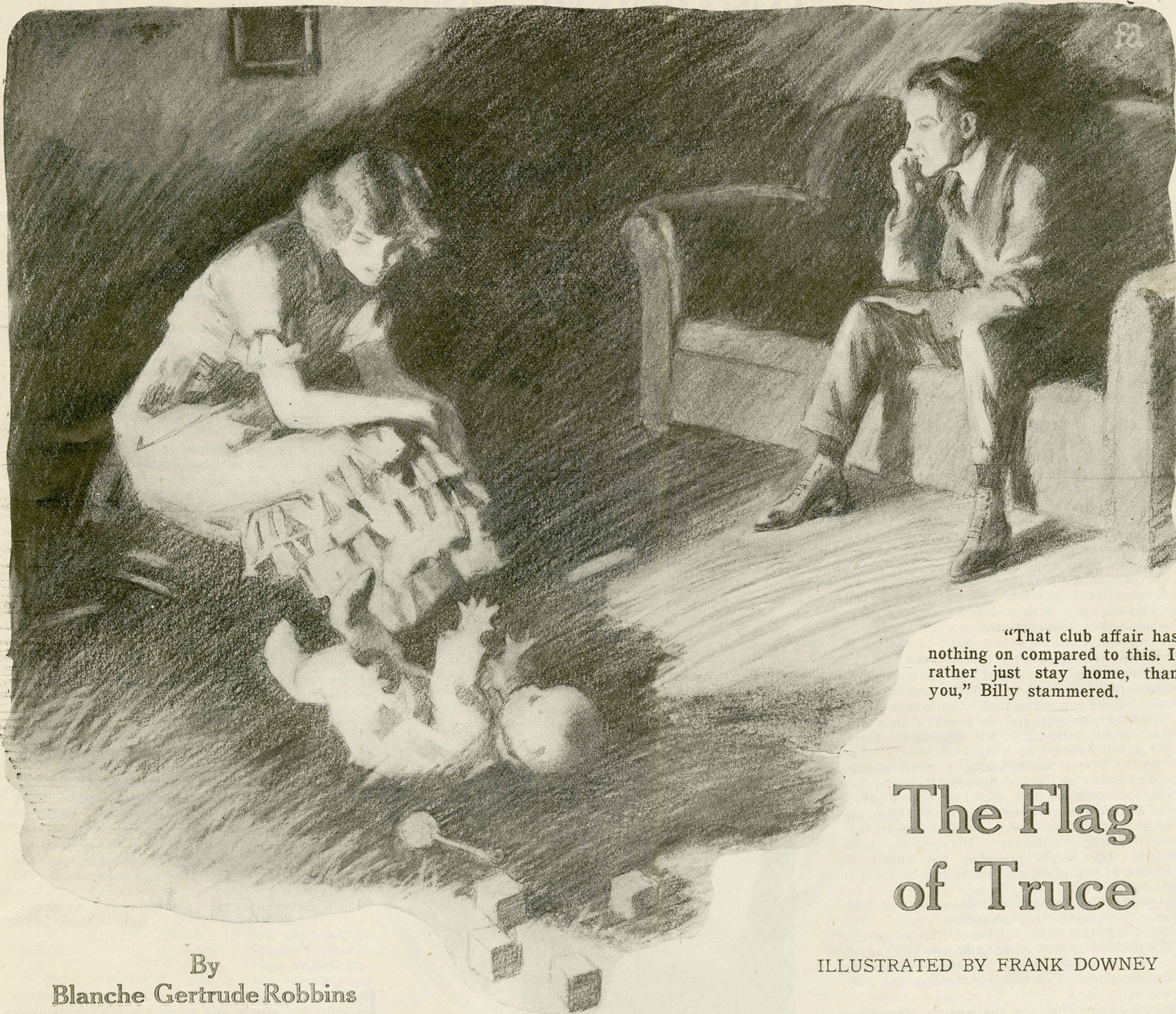
Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for five minutes with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

For pale, sallow skins requiring greater stimulation, use the new steam treatment. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If your skin has lost its fine texture, use this famous treatment every night.

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.





"That club affair has nothing on compared to this. I'd rather just stay home, thank you," Billy stammered.

The Flag of Truce

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOWNEY

By
Blanche Gertrude Robbins

A Baby, a Blizzard and a Blunder Combine to Work the Undoing of Billy Crofton ---Bachelor.



OUT through the revolving doors of the department store into the wind-swept dusk and blizzard surged the mob of eleventh-hour shoppers. Billy Crofton, hugging the great bundle that had overwhelmed him with such confusion to purchase, pushed on to the street curbing and the limousine waiting to carry him to his country home fifteen miles up the river.

Opening the door of the car, he hurled the bundle with well-directed menace into the inky blackness of the enclosure. Then climbing to the driver's seat, he took command of the wheel, plunging ahead through the avenue of parked motors, deftly clearing the mobbed traffic at the crossing and swinging out onto the main thoroughfare.

"Storm is brewing head on," muttered Billy, pulling his beaver cap down over his ears and brushing the snow out of his eyes. "Bet you the roads are drifted outside the city. Go to it, old girl, and make time. Aunt Lin is waiting for her flannel."

BILLY chuckled to himself, remembering how he—great hulking man that he was—had bolted into that vast, throbbing department store; pinned the little blonde, checking up her day's sales, in a corner, and demanded of her some flannel. Aunt Belinda, from her bed of feathers and rheumatics, had called petulantly to him as he had hurried downstairs to his breakfast that morning:

"Oh, Billy, if only you were a woman—if you were not just a mere man, I could get what I want. But the stores will not deliver out in the country, and I'm needing a roll of flannel bad for my rheumatic joints."

And Billy had grunted in response, picturing grimly himself shopping for Aunt Belinda. Then at the eleventh hour, as he emerged from the steam-heated atmosphere of the stocks and bonds office into the penetrating sleet, that cut clean through his beaver coat, he was reminded of Aunt Belinda's flannel. He had swung the car up a side street, stalling the engine close to a department store,

where motors jammed the parking corner. Never in all his life had Billy Crofton been so self-conscious—so affronted by his manly vigor and six feet of athletic build as at the moment, when he leaned across the counter demanding flannel of the little blonde clerk.

"What kind of flannel?"

Here was a sticker, but Billy met it with the shrewdness which he exhibited in business dealings, and responded promptly, "Oh, the kind that rheumatic old ladies like."

The clerk had deftly tossed a roll of downy, white flannel on the counter, and Billy, noting its woolly aspect, had nodded his head approvingly.

"How much?" questioned the clerk, whipping out scissors.

"I—I don't know—oh, let us say twenty-five or thirty yards," Billy had stammered, and wondered at the astounding propensity of the bundle.

ON the outskirts of the city, where the double trolley tracks merged into a single line, the car ran into the first drift. Billy's keen blue eyes scrutinized the chains, clinking dully with the motion of the wheels. He was well fortified, but it was going to be a hard pull to make Avondale this wild night. The ferocity of the wailing wind was drifting the roads alarmingly. But Billy Crofton's faith in his engine was steadfast.

The sleet cut across his cheeks and brought the blood to the surface, his eyes blinded with the snow sweeping in mad gusts down upon the earth. The motor chugged grimly on, furling her own path of glory. Once she thrust her nose into an appalling drift, and Billy swore under his breath. If the engine should stall in this forsaken—but no, she was grinding on, throbbing out her heroic service. Suddenly a tiny, flickering glimmer of light on a hill top caught Billy's eye, and he laughed aloud with sheer relief. He was nearing the home harbor. That glimmer of light was the lantern hanging in the cupola of the old Stairs' place. Betty had a pretty habit of lighting the lantern and hanging it there stormy nights. She had faith that it might light the way for some traveller.

"Sort of friendly, and the only guide I've had this long while past," mused Billy, opening the throttle and speeding the less drifted road of the country.

BILLY glanced up at the light on the hill top—a madly elusive gleam in the whiteness of the night. For all the world like Betty herself, a light beckoning to Billy, yet eluding him. Betty herself had severed their bond of friendship. But then Billy was not keen on mere friendliness with Betty Stairs. He wanted Betty for his wife more than ever he had craved anything else in life.

He would have expanded with pride, introducing Betty as his wife at the Club. Why, hang it all! There wasn't a chap in the social swing he knew who could sport a wife half as lovely as Betty—fresh with the vivacity of youth; winsome with the soft glow of dawn roses on her cheeks, and her eyes dancing with elusive lights, that Billy could not for the life of him understand.

For a few weeks—such a pitifully few weeks—they had been sweethearts; then the crash had come. To this day Billy was sorely mystified as to the cause of the estrangement. They had quarreled—quarreled bitterly—Betty gloriously defiant. Billy was a world's man, and he prided himself upon the footing he had gained with worldly men. He was eager that Betty should share this social prominence. And Betty—well, Betty had craved only Billy and a little homing-nest. She just wouldn't listen to palatial hotels, a dizzy round of club dinners and a never-ending series of entertainments. Betty—a little home mouse! Ye gods! Betty wasting her loveliness, buried in a country cottage? Her woman's glory hidden from the world in that fashion! All one evening they had battled—brain pitted against brain—ambition pitted against ambition. Then something had snapped. A little, heart-broken cry had escaped Betty, and she had recoiled from Billy as though he had stung her with the lash of a whip, the pupils of her gray eyes dilated with a sickening fear that gripped Billy's soul with a merciless pang.

"And I thought that I loved you, Billy Crofton—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

but—but I was mistaken—it wasn't you at all," she had choked out and run from his very presence.

That was the last time that Billy had seen Betty. And though he had searched his subconscious mind, had probed deep his memory, he could recall no single phrase that would send Betty recoiling from him. And he retained his right and ambition to strive for social prominence. Betty had turned from him, and Betty herself must make the first move toward peacemaking. Far be it from Billy to wave the flag of truce. Now was the time for Betty to bury all those hackneyed, old-fashioned ideas of wifely devotion, guardian of the hearth fires and the husband's home-comings.

THE storm was thickening, and the motor, rebelliously plowing her way through the drift, swept across the driveway of the Crofton home-stand. A light glowed in Aunt Belinda's bedroom. The blessed old lady must be keeping to her bed. A jolly good place for the poor, old, rheumatic soul this fierce night," muttered Billy, grinding down the brakes at the door of the garage.

Then running the car inside, he drew a long, panting breath of relief, sprang from his seat, and viewed the snow-clogged wheels with a whistle.

"Made your harbor after all, didn't you, old girl?" he chuckled, his blue, stiffened hands slapping the hood.

Snapping his flashlight, Billy threw open the door of the limousine, fumbling about for the roll of flannel, so painstakingly purchased for Aunt Belinda. The flashlight threw a fantastic glow over the upholstered interior. Billy's fingers clutched the bundle; then with a gasp, he threw the light full upon the cushioned seat.

YE gods and little fishes! What was that curious apparition? He glued his eyes—wildly projecting—upon the object. What was that great, woolly bundle snuggling with such manifest contentment on the deep-springy seat? Billy's hand stretched out falteringly, his blue-lined fingers probing the bundle curiously.

The bundle stirred, emitting a faint, rasping cry, and Billy Crofton sprang back from the door of the car. For one long, dazed moment he stood there, petrified with sheer amazement. Then the bundle stirred restlessly, kicking perilously toward the edge of the seat. Billy sprang inside the car, his hands grasping the object all shrouded in white angora and nailing it down to the seat with bull-like tenacity.

A youngster in undisputed possession of Billy Crofton's luxuriantly upholstered car! The mystery of the thing clouded Billy's usually active brain with confusion. And now the youngster was crying lustily, stormily protesting against the keen gale blowing through the open door.

Billy's hands clutched the angora wrappings in a panic of frenzy, and he stared stupidly into the little red, tear-trickled face puckered up with rebellious contortions. Well, this was one pickle!

"AND whence came you—may I ask?" questioned Billy sharply. "And pray how am I to dispose of you?"

An angora-mittened fist thrust itself into Billy's face. Ignoring its pugilistic intent, Billy shoved the fist down under the angora blankets.

"Well, sonny—if sonny you be—I guess I'd better hike you into the house and present you to my Aunt Lin. You ought to be a sure cure for the rheumatics—but—but how in tarnation do you get a grip on your draperies?"

Billy's fingers groped blindly in the fine hairs of the angora blanket; then cautiously, breathlessly he lifted the little, warm body from the seat, drawing it awkwardly within the hollow of his brawny right arm. A bundle dropped to the floor of the garage, and Billy caught a glimpse of blue ribbons strewn the garage floor.

"And now I'd like to know why for your mamma would dump you and her shopping bundle into my car," sputtered Billy, clutching the bundle of wriggling protest with the grip of a baseball fan.

Gingerly backing down the step of the car, the man with his burden, conscious of a straggling angora blanket and a pair of stout leggings bared to the mercies of Jack Frost, struggled across the yard, through knee-deep drifts, to the back door. His shouts and the stamping of his feet brought Amy, the wisp of a maid, opening the door. She cried out in amazement. But Billy, heeding not her evident curiosity, commanded sharply:

"Run on and open the doors going upstairs. I—I've something for Aunt Lin."

Amy obediently flew ahead. Billy, gasping and puffing, followed in her wake. A bright fire glowed in Aunt Belinda's grate, and Aunt Belinda, huddled under the coverings of many jerseys, knitted shawls and downy comforts, crouched among the pillows of her mammoth walnut bed. Billy stumbled into the room; then, with sweeping gesture of magnanimous generosity, he dropped the swaddled waif down into the depths of Aunt Belinda's feathery bed.

"THERE, Aunt Lin, there's a present for you—a sure cure for rheumatism," Billy gasped thickly.

Aunt Belinda lurched forward, then gasping, dropped back among her pillows, conscious of ugly, maddening twitches about her rheumatic joints.

"Billy, Billy, you will be the death of me yet. Take it away. Take it back to the place you found it. Its shrieks will split my head. Oh, my poor, poor joints!" gasped Aunt Belinda.

"Now come, Aunt Lin, you wouldn't turn a little orphan waif like this out into the garage to sleep this wild night. Now you couldn't be so amazing heartless," protested Billy, adding, "You see, I found it in my car, tucked up on a seat with a shopping bundle."

Aunt Belinda, with many a groan, struggled to a sitting posture, reached out her hand with its inflamed knuckles and patted the bundle of angora.

"Sh-sh-sh-there. Now, Billy Crofton, tell me every blessed thing. Explain yourself," commanded Aunt Belinda, her crippled hands fumbling with the knitted jersey suit, pulling off first the leggings, then the tiny white sweater coat, and last of all the stocking cap of angora, which fitted so snugly down over the head of black ringlets. And Billy, standing motionless with his man's utter helplessness, burst out with the story of finding the waif.

"WELL, you had better get hold of the police as quick as ever you can. What kind of a heartless mother have you got, sonny, who would be dumping you into a car of a bachelor like Billy? Oh, me! Oh, my! Those stitches have got me again. Billy, take it away. I'm perfectly helpless. I can't do a thing, I tell you, and hurry—hurry and get the police," gasped Aunt Belinda.

Billy quailed before the evident sufferings of Aunt Belinda, and grasping the waif, more appalling now devoid of his angora wrappings, settled him back at the foot of the mammoth bed.

"I'LL call Amy to keep him anchored till I get back from the telephone," muttered Billy, disappearing like a shot from the room.

"Hello—hello—hello—Central!"

Twice, thrice—over and over he repeated the ring with never a response to greet his ears. For ten minutes Billy stood at the telephone, banging the

receiver and imploring Central to hearken to his call. Then the horrible truth burst upon him. The telephone lines had broken under the stress of the blizzard, and there would be no connection with the city that night.

Billy turned to the door, flinging it wide open, battling with the increasing wind as he struggled out onto the porch. Should he take the limousine and the youngster and force a trip back to the city? The last train had passed the nearest station—three miles south—an hour ago. Then Billy turned back into the house, shaking his head dolefully, hopelessly. Only by a miracle had he made the trip through the storm. The heavy drifts would stall his engine before he had travelled a mile toward the city.

Very slowly, perplexedly, Billy climbed the stairs to Aunt Belinda's room. It was out of the question to expect Aunt Lin to arise from her bed of rheumatic aches and assume the care of the "orphan waif." And Amy such a child—utterly incapable of so tremendous a responsibility. Billy—a dramatically, resentful picture of martyrdom—stood awkwardly by the side of Aunt Belinda's bed. Amy crouched over the whimpering baby, who defied, with vigorous protest, her endeavors to hold him under the covers. Billy eyed him curiously—the plump, rosy cheeks pouting with rebellion—the eyes snapping with irrepressible rage.

"BULLY for the little shaver. I like his pep. Go to it, old feller. Fight for your independence," urged Billy, interested in spite of himself.

"He's hungry—feed him—do something to quiet him—only get him away from here," moaned Aunt Belinda. And her distress touched the heart of Billy.

He stooped over the bed, his arms clumsily reaching under the wriggling, kicking baby; then grasping the youngster firmly and raising him to his shoulder, Billy staggered out of Aunt Belinda's room across the hall to the den. He knew he could count on the open fire and the Chesterfield of this secluded sanctum. Amy followed with a woolly blanket, and between them they settled the waif on the Chesterfield.

"Hungry—Great Scott! What does he want to eat and how in time do you feed 'em?" Billy questioned in consternation.

Then was Billy fully aroused to the import of the tragedy. A great, healthy, lively youngster thrust upon him, and the storm decreeing that the baby should remain his guest for the night at least. Was ever mortal man placed in such an atmosphere of helplessness? Help he must have,

and that help must of necessity come from outside his own household. Whom of all the neighbors could he call upon?

THEN suddenly a pair of gray eyes—magnetic with tenderness and elusive lights—challenged him. Betty Stairs! Yes, she would understand how to handle the dilemma. She would not hesitate a moment if the call came to help care for the waif. But then Billy wasn't friendly any more with Betty Stairs. There was a great yawning gulf—entrenched with bitter misunderstanding—between them. He had determined that Betty, who had broken faith with him, must be the first to raise the flag of truce. A shrill, penetrating shriek of anguish came from the pillows of the Chesterfield. Billy was conscious of nerves—needle points—crawling up and down his massive, broad-shouldered back.

"It is hungry—that he is, sir. Shall I fetch him a drink of milk?" questioned Amy.

"Yes, yes, anything to stop this infernal howling," gasped Billy, jerking the springs of the Chesterfield into frenzied motion.

Amy came on the double from the kitchen, bearing a Crown Derby cup, well filled with creamy milk. Billy's clumsy arm raised up the wailing babe. He took the cup from Amy's hand and pressed it to the scarlet lips—all puckered and sobbing. Suddenly a red, antagonistic fist shot out, and Billy never could tell just how it all happened. But Billy himself was deluged in spilt milk, and Aunt Belinda's precious cup strewn the floor in a thousand fragments.

Billy Crofton pimpled all over with goose flesh, a great wave of crimson—born of indignation and despair—surging into his cheeks. He must weather the storm and hunt up a "Mother Pro Tem."

THE blustering sleet took his breath as Billy flung himself down the driveway. Blindly he staggered through the drifts. Whence should he turn? He could not even see the ghost of the framework of any neighboring house. Only one glimmer of light! Ah, the lantern in Betty Stairs' cupola! And that was the sole clue to any habitation in the wildness of the night. He staggered on up the hill, the glimmer of light alluring, fascinating. Then wading to his knees, he turned into the Stairs' driveway.

Breathing in short, heavy, gasping breaths, he swung himself up the Stairs' doorstep and pounded the bronze knocker madly. Betty herself answered

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47.)



His shouts and the stamping of his feet brought Amy—the wisp of a maid—opening the door.

The Simcoe County Residence of the New Leader has a Happy Family Circle to form a Home Guard

The Household of Ontario's New Premier by Jean Graham

"I F I could only pick up the house," she said, "I would not mind going to the city."

The wife of Ontario's new Premier looked about the spacious living-room as she spoke, and as I surveyed its lofty ceiling and exceeding comfort, and caught a glimpse of the wide lawn and the sweep of Simcoe countryside beyond, I did not wonder at the regretful sigh. The residence of the man, who is now the leader of the Government in Ontario, is an ideal homestead, with two-hundred-and-fifty broad acres, forming as attractive a country home as farmer or Premier could desire.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Drury, to an expression of sincere admiration. "I enjoy the life and am not anxious to make any change just yet."

As a rule, a woman is divided in mind when her husband wins political success. She is proud, of course, that he is the people's choice—though she cannot be much surprised at their recognition of his qualities of leadership—but there are so many considerations involved in his entering upon an active political career. The case of Hon. E. C. Drury, who was sworn in as Premier of Ontario on November 14th, is unusually sudden in the political jump to the leadership of a new party.

"Mr. Drury has always been interested in politics," said his wife. "I have not taken any part in these matters, as I have not had the time."

If the reader of this article will just turn the page and look at the pictured faces of the five bonny children—three boys and two girls—she will understand that Mrs. Drury's time and attention have been absorbed by more interesting affairs than studying the policies of various parties. Bringing up voters is an occupation which leaves little time for the consideration of such topics as free trade or representation by population. Mrs. Drury is not averse to her sisters having a part in public life, but is content to take rather a remote interest in political discussion, although she does not think it necessary to domestic harmony or national advancement that husband and wife should agree on political matters. But who wants to talk politics on a beautiful bright afternoon in early December?

There was a look of settled habitation, that indefinable air of having been an abode for generations about this Simcoe County home, and I asked Mrs. Drury if the homestead were known by any special name, as it certainly deserved something more significant than "the farm."

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply. "It is called Kenilworth." You see, all the Drury family came from Kenilworth in Warwickshire and more than one farm in Canada has been named after the home in the Old Country."

NOW, isn't that the most delightful form of remembrance—and was I not the happy visitor, to be talking to the hostess of "Kenilworth"—after worshipping Sir Walter Scott from school-girl years and reading about Amy Robsart, and Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, all over again, for the 'steenth time last summer? My interest in the Warwickshire ancestry was so keen that Mrs. Drury brought down the Family Bible, the unmistakable book of much reading and old records, with such leaves and binding as we do not see nowadays. There were the Drury names, dating back to the early years of the Nineteenth Century. The great-grandfather of the Premier of Ontario, owned two hundred of the acres which belong to the Simcoe farm, and there stands the record of the wedding of Mr. Drury's grandfather, who married a fair young Elizabeth at Kenilworth on April 4th, 1831. To this Richard Drury and his wife were born many sons and daughters, one of whom, an aunt, now lives with her nephew at "Kenilworth." Hon. Charles Drury, the father of the first president of the U. F. O., built the present home; but the older residence, which sheltered two generations, is near at hand, and is, by no means, forlorn or forsaken in appearance, merely wearing the resigned look of a dignified dowager.

THE latest records in the Family Bible, are those concerning the Premier's own household—the marriage in January, 1905, of Ella Albena Partridge

not, especially devoted to any particular part of the farm life," said Mrs. Drury. "What I like most about it is the freedom."

The freedom of the farm is what the city dwellers forget when they imagine that it is lonely or forlorn without the noise of street traffic and the crowds

of shoppers. Perhaps the anxiety of the present-day consumer has brought home to us the fact that the farmer is the most fortunate citizen of us all, in the matter of taxes and in the consideration of the High Cost of Living. The Premier of Ontario does not need to worry about the ascending prices of either food or fuel, and the restfulness of the household that is happily occupied, seems to dwell at this Canadian "Kenilworth." No wonder that its mistress has little of fret or strain in her expression, and that the children are merry as the day is long. Mr. Drury has announced that he believes in work—"and lots of it." What he and his wife evidently do not believe in is drudgery—for there are many evidences in their home of taking time for reading and social intercourse.

It must not be forgotten that the motor and the telephone have transformed farm life in its social aspects—and there is no need for isolation where the telephone puts you at once in communication with the neighbor on the next farm, while a twenty minutes' run in the motor car takes the Drury family to Barrie, the county town, where many men noted in the country's story, including D'Alton McCarthy and the Oslers, once went to school. It is a picturesque old town, even in the winter, and in the summer, it is one of Ontario's beauty spots, overlooking the blue waters of Kempenfelt Bay. Crown Hill is an up-to-date farming community, and the substantial red brick houses which are seen from the Penetang Road, which leads from Barrie are evidence of thrift and prosperity. There are no broken gates or ramshackle dwellings—everything is an indication that the farmer of Ontario is doing very well, thank you, and is enjoying freedom from worry over the price of eggs or the housing problem.

MR. and Mrs. Drury are, like all good citizens, interested in the community life, taking a part in the church work and the school entertainments. Mr. Drury's grandfather belonged to the Church of England, but his father, Ontario's first Minister of Agriculture, became a Methodist, and of the little church near by, Mr. Drury is "a well-deserving pillar." Mrs. Drury is especially interested in the work of the Women's Institutes, realizing their importance and value, especially in the rural community. There is an air of solid comfort, of "something accomplished, something done," in the Crown Hill neighborhood, which is comforting to breathe in these days of Bolshevik outbreaks and weekly strikes.

The life of out-doors is dear to the younger members of the household, and they have their farm pets to afford them such variety of companionship as their city brothers and sisters never know. Rover, a fine loud-barking dog, greets you on your arrival and is decidedly suspicious of anything like a journalist. Beth, Mabel and Harold are seen in one of the pictures with their favorite kittens, Charles is at home with all the "farm friends" and will even condescend to take a ride on the cow. Of course, we have all tried such a canter and we know how uncertain is the journey. Beth and Mabel are at home with the good steeds, which the motor has not yet banished from the farm, and Varley is seen bestowing his attention on a woolly sheep. It may be mentioned, by the way, that Mr. Drury, himself is as proud of the Shropshires as he is of the short-horns. It is a thoroughly jolly life that these happy young persons lead—and I do not think it will take any persuasion to keep them on the farm. Is there not a moral in this appreciation of their rural advantages? We are continually hearing about boys and girls leaving the farm. Perhaps it is because their parents have made the life unlovely. No such cruel blunder has been made by the father and mother of the household at "Kenilworth."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



MRS. E. C. DRURY.

Photograph by Mr. Lyonde, Toronto.

to Ernest Charles Drury, and the births of Charles (who was fourteen years old last month), Varley (now eleven), Beth (nine), Mabel (seven) and wee Harold, who is just two-and-a-half years old and very much a Drury. Mrs. Drury, like her husband was born and brought up in Crown Hill. Her family belonged to Devonshire, one of England's fairest counties, and have been settled for many years in Simcoe. Mrs. Drury attended the rural school, afterwards going to the Barrie Collegiate Institute and was a teacher for a short time before becoming the wife of an old playmate. It is a pleasant story of even tenor, this life of the Canadian boy and girl, who have known each other from childhood, share each other's tastes and are comrades in toil and pleasure. Mrs. Drury is essentially a woman of dignity and reticence and is a proof of the old saying that happy lives have no history. There are many such women to be found in the country homes of the land, possessing the sturdy virtues of their pioneer forefathers and yet in sympathy with all true progress. In manner and attire, the Premier's wife is highly attractive, while her comeliness has a quiet charm which makes for happiness and serenity. She is kindly, without being effusive, is a capable but not fussy housewife, and gives one the impression of a nature possessed of a large and comforting share of what Mr. Kipling calls "God's Own Common-Sense."

It is easy to see that the children of the household receive every care and attention, and their mother sympathizes with their desire to remain on the farm and also with their aversion to being "noticed" or unduly photographed.

"THE snapshots are the only photographs," she admitted, "I can't get the boys to have their photographs taken and they really don't want to be in the papers."

The boys are, even now, determined to remain on the farm and are interested in everything in the animal life, from the horses to the hens. "I'm

The Household of Ontario's New Premier

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

In these days, when we hear so much about this problem and that, especially so far as the bringing up of the Small Person is concerned, the evident comradeship between parents and children in this country household points the way of true happiness as well as progress. When a girl declares that she "simply hates" everything associated with the farm, we feel that there must have been a sad lack of brightness in her childhood days. When a boy sullenly turns from everything of the country life, clamors for the city and sneers at his former friends as "hayseeds," we naturally look to the home where he has spent his earliest years for an explanation of this pronounced aversion. We are not saying that the boy on the farm should invariably be his father's successor as a cultivator of the soil—but when he turns from the country life with sincere dislike and never expresses a desire to see the old home or his boyhood haunts—there must have been something wrong in the Small Person's surroundings.

I feel quite sure that no child of the "Kenilworth" household will ever have any but bright and wholesome memories of that red-gabled homestead and the fertile fields surrounding it. Everywhere is seen that happy blending of order and comfort which means the formation of good habits and the foundation of lifelong associations of peaceful and joyous days. There is an old proverb to the effect that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Such a programme makes Jack sad and sulky, as well as dull, and brings him to resolve, if his birthplace is in the country, to escape from the scene of toil as soon as possible, and never, never go near a barnyard again. The Drury boys show by their enthusiasm for every phase of rural life that their idea of the farm is fun as well as work. Those who remember the present Premier of Ontario when he was a boy in his early 'teens will recall the merry twinkle which has not yet died out of his dark eyes, and will understand that he has been a "boy" with his three sturdy sons. There is none of the stern and aloof parent, who is eternally finding fault, in his attitude towards these young Canadians—and their love of the life of outdoors, their willing sharing in the responsibility and toil involved in the possession of more than two hundred broad acres prove the wisdom of this spirit of comradeship. Make the boys the partners on the farm and our papers and magazines will no longer be filled with articles on "Why the Young Men Leave the Farm."

The two Drury daughters are just as fond of outdoors as are their brothers—quite in the nature of girls with English blood in their veins. Beth, the elder, was extremely cast down when informed of her father's acceptance of the premiership, and, it is recorded, cried herself to sleep because there was a fear that she would have a home in the city, instead of at her beloved Crown Hill. This is the voice of healthy childhood, which prefers coasting on a country hillside to the most thrilling of "movies," and finds a ride across the fields more attractive than the crowds of the city streets. What really wise little girl would wish to give up the kittens, the horses and the wide spaces of the "Kenilworth" lands for the unpicturesque highways of a mere city and the stuffy scenes of a shop with a bargain day in full swing? Evidently the freedom of the life appeals to the daughters, even as it does to the contented hostess of this country home, and Beth and Mabel will not easily be induced to leave the realm of rural play and work.

Mrs. Drury, although not personally interested in political matters, is not at all opposed to her sisters taking part in the campaign. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the wife of Ontario's Premier is a member of the local Women's Institute and believes in the value of that organization "for Home and Country."

As the motor whirled away along the shore near the waters of Kempenfelt, which were a chilly steel hue under the December sky, I could not help wondering what the old folk, long ago buried in the country churchyard, would say, could they come back to Crown Hill and look about them at the red brick farm-houses, the well-

filled barns, and above all at the motor cars which are putting good old Dobbin out of business. They were the best of British pioneering stock, those families that came out to the Canadian wilderness a century ago and cleared the forest, building themselves a sturdy habitation. They were not without their adventures, those men and women who literally hewed out a home and built a highway. There were wolves in that northern land, the winters were long and bitterly cold, and the Drurys of long ago had to fight for the farm—so it is no wonder that the descendants of these pioneers set a high value on the wide acres they hold. It is a far cry from the storied castle of Kenilworth and

the little village in Shakespeare's own county of Warwickshire to the broad stretch of the Simcoe County farm and the red-gabled homestead—but the spirit of the Makers of Ontario is with the men who are facing the New Canada. As the great dramatist said, those yeomen of England proved "the mettle of their pasture," and their descendants of to-day have a goodly heritage. Whatever perplexities and problems may confront the lately-called Premier of Ontario, he will find his country home a refuge from debate and dissension, and will enjoy the understanding and comradeship of a wife who is indeed a helpmeet.

The Children of the Drury Household



The central picture (upper) shows "Kenilworth," the residence of Ontario's new Premier. The topmost "snap" is of Varley, the second son, who is fondling one of the "Shropshires." To the left (upper) is Harold, the baby, who is very much like his father, but has not yet entered politics; to the right are Charles, the eldest son, and the daughters, Beth and Mabel. Charles is seen again, astride a bovine nag. Beth, Mabel and Harold are happily petting three small kittens, left from a group of five. On the right (bottom) are pictured Beth and Mabel with one of the trusty farm horses.

Canadian Ida and English Nell

By Mazo de la Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARY ESSEX



THE small, eager face of the girl peering through the rain-splashed window of the railway carriage and her tense grip on her little belongings showed her an unaccustomed traveler, though her weary eyes and wrinkled dress suggested that the journey had been long. When the brakeman, swinging down the aisle, pronounced with stentorian precision, "Acford! Acfor-r-d West!" she rose with nervous haste, and, clutching her bundles a little closer, hurried to the door, where she clang, swaying, while the other passengers craned their necks to see the traveler who was so keen to be at her journey's end.

Her dress showed her to be English, a working girl one would say; but she carried her small dark head with more spirit than most of these, and a Welsh mother had given her a pair of fine blue eyes.

With a final jolt the train drew up, and in a moment more the girl had stumbled down the wet steps and was on the station platform. She threw back her head and drew a deep breath of joy, for at last! at last! she breathed the very air that Albert breathed.

VERY muggy air it was on this November morning, and heavily freighted with the smell of the tanneries, to which Acford owed its being. But to the girl it was as wine and brought a flush to her cheek, for this was Canada, this was Acford, and yonder was a freight car being loaded with hides which Albert himself might have handled! She sniffed joyously and did not feel the rain that drenched her hair.

A yellow bus stood at the platform's edge, and the driver, lounging on a wheel, eyed her sarcastically.

"A fine morning it is for star-gazing," he said.

"I see a 'ole ship o' stars," answered the girl.

The man considered this a moment, but could make nothing of it, so he asked:

"Are you the new girl for the Acford House?"

"Is that where Albert boards—Albert Masters? If it is, w'y, I'm for there all right!" She laughed, happily.

"Albert Masters?" repeated the driver. "Ah, one of them little Cockney fellers! Sure! He boards there, or did. What's he to you?"

"Oh—a friend," she said, still smiling. "And I think I'll get in if you don't mind. I'm awfully wet."

"And I'm awfully dry," said the man, "so that's a good reason for both of us to hike for the Acford."

He mounted his seat and by loosening the door strap made it possible for her to enter and occupy one of the moist leather seats, where scattered crumbs of cake told tales of an infant passenger.

The bus pitched fearfully, and the seat was so slippery that one of her bundles was constantly on the floor, and she was obliged to brace her feet on the opposite seat to maintain her own balance.

"**G**ONE to sleep in there?" asked the driver, pushing his head in at the door. "We're here, because we're here, because we're here—"

"And I'm better here than there," laughed the girl, clambering out. "Wot's the price?"

"Nixie, when you've got a pair of eyes like them," he answered. "You tell Albert I said that. I ain't afraid of any Cockney!"

The Acford House had a deep stone porch, leading to a low hallway. The sound of men's laughter came through a shutter-like door.

The bus driver tapped on this and called, "Bill!"

The door swung open and a young man appeared, shirt-sleeved, with a cigar between his teeth.

"Say, Billy," said the driver, "this young lady wants to see Albert Masters. He boards here, don't he?"

"Not now," replied Bill, "but he'll be in at noon, sure. What's he to you?"

His eyes were bold, and the teeth that gripped the cigar very white, so the girl dropped her lids and said, demurely.

"Oh, a forty-second cousin, if you like."

Billy laughed and took her traveling bag.

"Well, you just come up to the ladies' parlor with me, and I'll pinch Albert for you all right."

It was a quarter to twelve by the clock on the mantelpiece. In fifteen minutes more the tannery would close for the dinner hour. She rubbed a clear space on the misty pane and looked out. On the opposite corner of the street was a tailor shop. She could see the tailor sitting cross-legged, stitching placidly. No youthful bliss awaited him in fifteen minutes! In a window across the way a baker's wares were temptingly displayed—

rows of shiny buns and jam tarts. She was very hungry, but—what a meal when Albert came! At five minutes to twelve a whistle blew shrilly, and a flock of little children, the smallest of the school, scampered down the street, hurrying home out of the wet. "Dear little things!" thought the girl. Perhaps some day she and Albert would send a little kid to school. A great bell clanged, and, with a start, she perceived that the hands of the clock pointed to twelve. She ran to the mirror to tuck some stray locks beneath her hat. How fallow her face looked after the seasickness, and how blue below the eyes! Her little white hat, too, was soiled and mussed. She rubbed her cheeks to give them a color, and twitched a fold of the pink silk handkerchief about her throat into view.

THE front door banged. Softly she crept half way down the stairs and leaned over the rail. A dozen men had entered. The smell of hides rose from them. Albert was not among them. Again the door banged. Three Englishmen, mere boys, passed in chanting a London music-hall song. It was coarse, but it brought the tears to her eyes. Would Albert never come? The noise increased, and other men entering saw her, and some called to her. Again the door opened and closed, more gently this time, and a man entered alone. She knew the step before the thickset figure appeared. She leaned toward him and held out her arms.

"Albert! Oh, Albert!"

He stopped with a jerk of the head as though struck, then he saw her, and his face went white. "Eavins 'elp me!" he gasped. "Nell!"

She reached down and caught his face between her hands and kissed him.

"**W**'Y, Albert," she whispered, "ain't you glad to see me?"

He freed himself and pointed fiercely up the stairs.

"Out o' sight," he said, hoarsely; "get up there quick or they'll see you!"

With a fearful look at the door, he ran stealthily up the steps behind her, and the girl, stumbling ahead of him, sobbed now in dread. He closed the parlor door behind them, locked it, then turned to face her with an accusing frown.

"Do you mind the old days in Kent when we first met? Do you mind the warm, soft evenings and the nights when the pickers dawned?"



He had round childish eyes, with a slight cast in one, and wide-spaced teeth which gave his smile an almost infantile look of candor, but they were set now in a desperate effort at self-control.

"Well," he growled, "you 'ave made a bally mess o' things! You 'ave."

"Oh, Albert," she wailed, "I thought you wanted me! You said the money was the only hindrance—and I earned it all myself—honest, too—and I've ten pound left for furnishing—and— Oh, Albert, don't you love me no more?"

"Blarst the money!" he said, "Wot the dickens do I care for your ten pounds? And you promised to obey me, and now you comes over 'ere, as chipper as you please, arter me a-tellin' you perticular to stop 'ome! You're a nice, dootiful wife, now, ain't yer?"

AS he called her wife, his face softened. He came and put his arms about her trembling form.

"Aw, Nellie," he said hoarsely, "I'm in a 'orrible fix, and I orta be arskin' your forgiveness instead of runnin' on yer. Don't you cry, ducky! I do love yer, but—but— I s'y, Nell, daon't you look at me thet w'y. I cawn't tell you—." His voice broke, and he hid his face on her shoulder.

"Go on, Albert," she said gently. "I'll try an' bear it."

"Oh, it's orful!" he moaned. "I didn't go for to do it—but she just chivied me inter it, an'—an'—I married 'er six months ago!"

He raised his eyes to look into hers, but the sight of her white agony made him hide them again.

"Oh!" he whined, "I wish I'd never seen 'er ugly red 'ead, I do!"

"Red 'ead," she repeated dully. "I cawn't 'ardly believe it. Wot did you s'y 'er nime was?"

"Ida."

"Canadian?"

"Yus. And a baggage she are, too."

Of a sudden Nell pushed him from her.

"Oh, you—you—brute," she cried fiercely, "an' me eatin' my 'eart out in old London for you!"

"That's orl' very well in old London." He wagged his head resentfully. "But it's another story 'ere! Wot wiv the bloomin' climate, an' the stink of the vats allus in a feller's nose, an' 'is 'eart cryin' out for 'ome, 'e ain't responsible for wot 'e does! An'—an' I thought I'd find a w'y out of it, I did!"

Nell threw up her chin defiantly.

"She ain't your legal wife, any'ow."

But Albert shook his head dolefully.

"You daon't understand a little bit, old girl. W'y, if I tried to cut loose, she'd 'ave the lor o' me, an' I'd get a term for bigamy, an' you'd be disgriced. Oh, I couldn't bear ter 'ave you disgriced in this bloomin' country! But a thought 'as come to me." He took her in his arms again and rubbed his cheek

on hers. "I'd clean forgot wot a little beauty you was, Nellie!" (No need to rub her cheeks for color now, and her eyes—how blazing!) "I allus loved a black-haired lass—well, I was sayin' as 'ow it come to me that if you'd tell you were my cousin—"

She laughed bitterly.

"Yes. I told the 'bus man that—for a joke!"

"You did? Good! Now, we shall s'y, old girl, that you're my little cousin, wot 'eard there were a kitchen girl wanted 'ere. You can easily get the job an' earn good money. I'll see you every day, an' then, some'ow, we'll find a w'y out of this fix. But just keep dark for the present, won't yer? I cawn't stand a row."

"You coward!"

"Call me orl the nimes you will, Nell. It's yer right to do it. But I cawn't bear to see you disgriced. Aw, Nellie!"

Two tears rolled down his cheeks.

Then the poor girl, being very tender for him, promised, with a sinking heart, not to disclose their real relationship until Albert should "find a w'y."

So it came that the eager passenger of the West-bound train found herself at her journey's end more lonely than when she had been in old London dreaming of a little home with Albert in far Acford.

ALBERT made all the arrangements for his sad-eyed little cousin, even to the wage, the largeness of which amazed Nell, though, with Cockney shrewdness, she concealed her surprise. She was handed over to the cook, Mrs. Sye, a Surrey woman, whose husband, Old Tommy, was the porter and of much less importance than she. There were two other maids, both Canadians: Edith, the dining-room girl, who had once, for a night, been on the stage in vaudeville, and who ever since had worn the most beautiful boots and rolled her eyes amazingly; the other was the chambermaid, little brown-eyed Annie, who, Nell soon discovered, loved the shirt-sleeved young man, Bill.

They were all very kind to her, and Old Tommy stood so long questioning her, with a bucket of water in each hand, that his wife had to order him about his business.

There came a great rush at dinner time. Nell was set to fill dishes with cabbage, stewed tomatoes and potatoes, the three for each order. At first she was much confused between the cook's excited face and Edith's rushing out, calling:

"One on beef, rare!—Two on pork!—Beef, on a side!—Soup and fish for a traveler!"

But she tried to imitate Annie's coolness, and served so well that when it was all over, Mrs. Sye, mopping her face, said that it took an English girl to get onto the racket without any fuss, whereupon Edith and Annie gave their heads a toss.

When they had eaten their own meal—in spite of her trouble the soup tasted good—great stacks of dishes must be washed; and that over, she was set to scrub the dining-room, and later she had an hour in her bedroom, but not alone. She was to share a room with Edith and Annie, and they lounged on their bed, watching her unpack and teasing each other about Bill and a boarder named Sandy.

THEY told her about Ida, whose place she was to fill.

"The way she ran after your cousin Albert was a fright," said Annie. "Every noon hour, no matter how we was driven in the kitchen, she must mop the upstairs hall, so as to meet him. She used to carry hot water to his room for his shave, too. Didn't she, Ede?"

"Sure," affirmed Edith, who was easing her feet after two hours of the beautiful boots. "And often, when I had the tables set, she'd slide into the dining-room and lay a serviette at his plate. The tannery boarders ain't allowed serviettes, you know, Miss Masters."

At the name Nell dropped her head lower over a drawer she was filling. Then Annie changed the subject.

"Look here, Ede," she said sternly. "Bill says that if you don't quit shutting the dining-room door when he's eating he'll complain to the boss."

The discussion thus started, lasted till Mrs. Sye called up the back-stairs:

"Come along, girls, do! There's five early teas on!" Which sent them all scurrying to the kitchen.

At last the day was over. Nell, crouching on the foot of her narrow iron bed, watched Edith and Annie dress for an evening party. She had never

seen hair so wonderfully done, and how fresh they seemed and full of spirits, while her whole body ached; but oh, it was nothing to the ache in her heart!

When they had gone, and she was left in the solitude she craved, she made her few preparations for the night and crept to the friendly shelter of the sheets, and there the dry sobs shook her as she raged against Ida, and, after a while, her pillow grew wet as she moaned his name.

ANOTHER day came, and many others like it. Nell worked so hard that she won the approval of the whole kitchen. The hard work was her only solace—the hard work and the short meetings with Albert, snatched at noon, or beside the great range at night, while she nursed Birdie, the cook's little child, in her tired arms. She thought that perhaps the sight of her with a child would touch him.

With the same object in view she gave him her first month's wage to keep for her.

Young Albert pocketed the money, well satisfied, and urged her to bide her time in silence till he should be able to "find a w'y."

She had a fear that some day Ida would come to the hotel to see her. Ida did come. She happened to be dressing a doll for little Birdie when she became conscious that the girls' chatter in the dining-room was augmented by a new voice, laughing immoderately. At the same moment Annie appeared through the swing-door.

"Say, Nellie," she began eagerly, "Ida's in here and she's coming out directly to see you. She wants us girls to—"

With a white face Nell pushed the clinging child from her and, with an imploring look at Annie, fled up the stairs to her own room.

Annie came running after her, and, kneeling beside the bed where Nellie had thrown herself, she put her arms about her warmly and whispered:

"Oh, Nellie, I believe you're just heart-broken over some man—that makes you act so queer. I'm fond of Bill, you know, and sometimes he's awful mean to me!"

But before the month was out, Annie's friendship had given place to jealousy, and her round cheeks had grown a trifle paler, for Bill, being "awful mean to her," had turned his fickle eyes on Nell. At first, his attentions were but casual, such as untying her apron strings when he came to the kitchen to fill his sugar basin; but after a little they became more marked.



"An' onct you 'ad a hyercinth an'—it bloomed."

AND when Annie saw this, her round eyes grew so wistful that Nell resolved to put an end to his familiarity.

Next morning, armed with this resolution and a mop, she was washing the oilcloth-covered floor of the reading-room when Bill entered, cigar between his teeth, and sat down near her.

Without raising her eyes she plied the mop with redoubled vigor.

"What's the matter with you, Nell?" he asked in surprise. "Got a grouch this morning?"

"No," she retorted, swishing the mop perilously near his patent-leather boots.

Bill moved a little closer.

"Now you just splash one drop of that dirty mess on my boots and you're going to get into trouble, see?"

Nell's blue eyes were mischievous. With a deft turn of her wrist she sent a spray of soapy water over the immaculate shoes, and was preparing another, when Bill uttering a growl of pretended rage, sprang across the watery space that divided them and caught her in his arms.

She would have struck him, but at that moment Albert appeared in the doorway, his jaw hanging in mute astonishment. She fixed her eyes on him and waited.

Bill took his cigar from between his teeth, grinned down at her for a moment, then kissed her on the mouth. Still Albert did not strike him.

Bill, following her gaze, saw Albert, and, with a wink at him, released her, then rattled down the stairs in response to the ever-ringing bell of insistent thirst.

Albert came so close to her that she could feel his breath on her face, but the blow she longed for did not fall. Instead—

"Nell," with a nervous little laugh, "if Bill Goldham was to marry you, it would be a good thing for both of us, old girl."

She gave him a long, long look, then, without a word, she raised her pail and mop and carried them to the kitchen.

That night, for the first time since she had come to Acford, her pillow was not wet with tears.

The end of January came, that time of hopeless and enduring cold. The very stench of the tanneries was frozen out. Dearly would Nell have liked to creep into bed with the two others, for warmth, but dared not because of Annie.

"One would think you two girls was starved," complained Mrs. Sye, "you look so pasty, and never a word to throw to a dog, either of you!"

"Women is kittle kattle," said Old Tommy from his corner, "an' no one knows it better nor me. Two wives I've 'ad and beant afeared on any woman; but I grant ye they're fair mysterious, an' if a man body but 'ad the time, they'd make a pretty bit o' study."

"If men bodies would study their Bible more and women less, it 'd be a far better world," said Mrs. Sye, thumping her dough.

THEY were all in the kitchen together. Annie and Edith polishing silver, Nell at the ironing board, Mrs. Sye baking scones for tea, and her husband in the corner nursing little Birdie.

Tommy opened his mouth for a scathing reply, but gaped in silence as the swing-door flew open and Ida, red-haired and radiant, appeared in the aperture.

"What a heat!" she laughed, showing her even, white teeth. "I'm glad I'm out of this in my own home, with a little parlor cook-stove, and just us two to do for!"

Her eyes fell on Nell and to her she came rather awkwardly, holding out her hand.

"Seems a pity we couldn't be friends," she said. "And you Albert's only relation in this country."

Nell straightened herself, still clutching her iron.

"Don't you offer your friendship to me—!" Her voice quivered. "Don't you dare do it!"

"Come now girls. No nasty words!" interposed the cook.

"Let 'em 'ave at it, mother," said Old Tommy chuckling.

"This ain't no street fight!" Nell flashed at him. "I ain't going to pull anybody's 'air. But don't let 'er offer me 'er friendship, that's all!"

"I wouldn't be seen scrapping with the likes of her!" cried Ida, also addressing Old Tommy. "But I must say it's a hard way to be treated, just when I'm off to my own cousin's funeral."

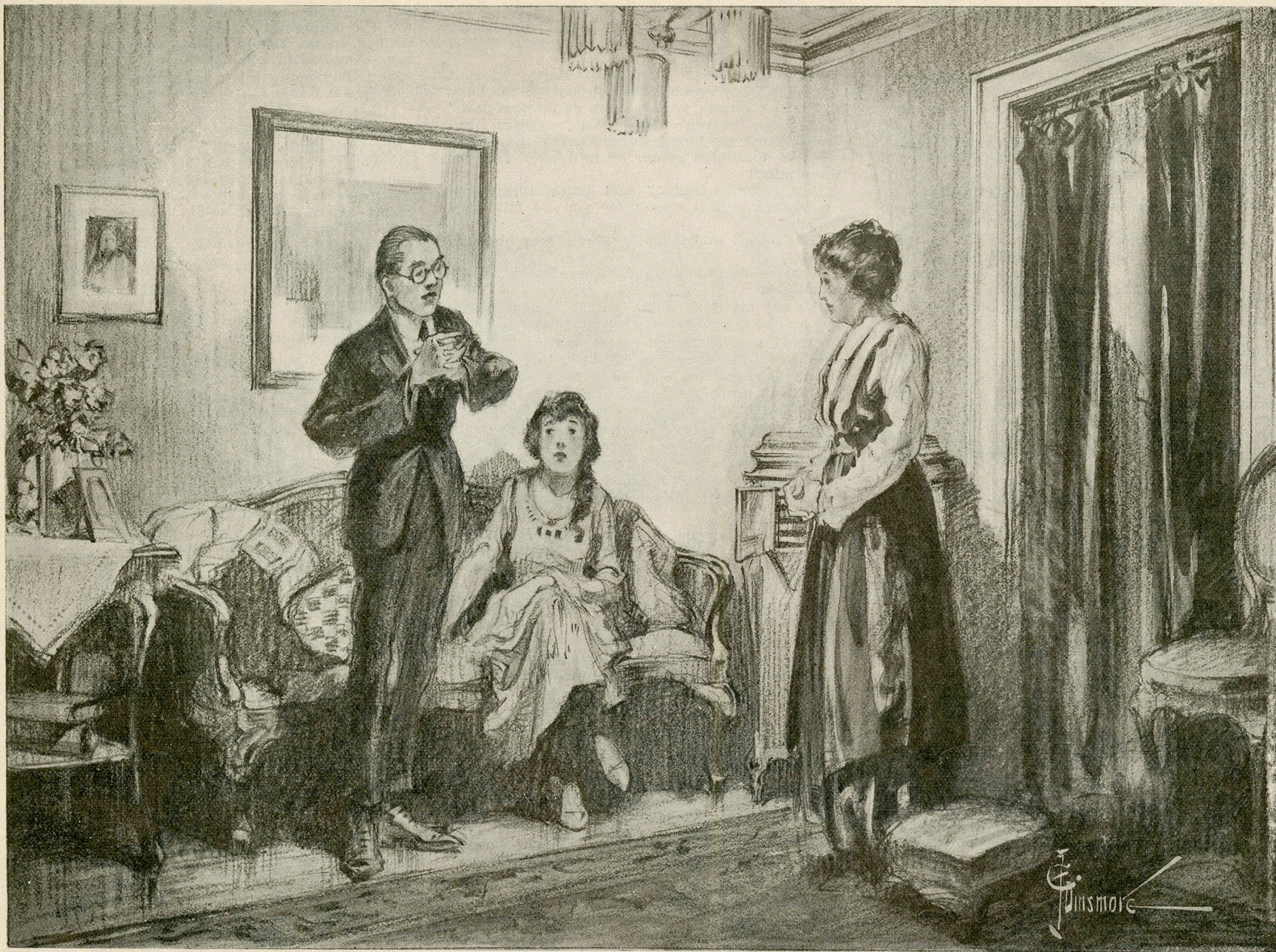
She seated herself, with an injured air, and raised her hands to her large black hat. "Is my hat on straight, girls?"

"Sure!" said Edith, adding soothingly. "It's a regular beauty, and so genteel!"

Mrs. Sye asked: "Which cousin is that, Ida? Lottie?"

"No, Irene. The one learning dressmaking at Bayside. It was double pomonia. They're having the large hearse down from Milford. My married sister and I are going to drive over in McLean's cutter and stop the night. I thought I'd just drop in and tell you, expecting, of course, to find

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)



"Oh, yes," he said, with a sincere ring in his voice. "It lifts one out of one's self, doesn't it?"

THE PRESTONS

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

In Which Edith Entertains Her First Caller who, Much to the Amusement of Small Jimmie, Turns Out to be a Poet, Both Ardent and Amateur

CHAPTER XXXVII.



OW any mother in my circumstances knows what it means to compel a boy of twelve or thirteen to do something he doesn't want to do every day of his life. You can compel boys to do things when their work is of some use to the family, that is, you can sometimes compel them; but when their task is an arbitrary one, performed just for the boy's good, it means that you must lead him to the task and stand over him while he does it. Stand over him, too, if you are a modern parent, wondering what good it's doing him, because there is no special talisman to character building in a boy's sifting ashes or the puny unrelated tasks which are the best substitutes our modern, well-to-do homes have to offer for real work. Seraphy was perfectly right when she told me apropos of a time when I futilely marked out some work for Jimmie:

"Siftin' ashes ain't goin' to learn him to be industrious, Mis' Preston. Siftin' ashes is only goin' to learn him shirkin' and how to make excuses."

Well, for the rest of the sad, uncomfortable week Henry kept Jimmie at his task. Henry, generally so sweet-tempered, was what one might call "edgy." Jimmie, usually so sunny-tempered, went around wrapped in gloom. Home was a lamentable spot. I confess that I was weak-minded enough to wish the term "character building" had never been invented.

Peace and sunshine was what I desired, and peace and sunshine I knew I should never get until Henry ceased riding the hobby of reform. The situation was made none the pleasanter by Maria's making a "right-about-face."

"Poor Jimmie," said she. "It makes my heart ache to see him. He goes around with a hang-dog look. This sort of treatment is what drives boys out of their homes to pool-rooms and other bad places, when they get a little older. A parent's most precious possession is the confidence and love

which his children have for him. Look at Jimmie now. With every weed that he pulls out of that garden, Editha, the weed of rebellion flourishes in his heart."

Edith voiced her opinion by saying that—

"This has got to be such a snarly, huffy house, I wish I lived somewhere else." Seraphy boldly put her finger on the trouble by saying:

"Oh, wirra the day when men-folks comes interferin' wid women-folks' work. What an' ever for has got inter Mr. Preston that he can't go an' tend to his office an' leave the house and the childer to ye, Mis' Preston?" The situation was brought to a climax by Osborn's coming back from camp on a day when he wasn't expected.

"See here," he said with that frankness of youth, "what ails Jimmie, father? See what I got from him." The letter read:

Dear Os:

Come home as quick as you can or I shall do something desparate, I'm being treated like a criminal and I swear to you, Osborn, I haven't done anything; that is not more than usual. Father is treating me as if he hates me. I couldn't tell from where I was that the bees nest was just on top of the pidguns. No fellow can bear more than just so much injustice and I've born more than that already, so come on home, Os, before something drops. When a fellow sees his father and mother haven't any use for him he gets reckluss."

"He feels better already," Osborn said. "I've told him he was a fool, and I've asked him to come over to the camp Saturday, but he thinks you won't let him. He thinks all the world's against him and he'd better get out of it; but before he goes he feels like making a protest. What's the use of making him uncomfortable?"

"Maybe you can suggest some work that Jimmie'd like," said Henry grimly. "I haven't had a comfortable moment in my garden since I took Jimmie into it. If ever a person's given a fine impersonation of a blighted being, it's Jimmie. It's a wonder anything will keep on growing

once Jimmie's passed by. Evidently gardening isn't suitable to his temperament. What kind of work would you suggest, that he'd like?"

"There isn't any kind of work a boy doesn't hate," replied my elder son. "The only kind of work they like is what they give themselves to do, and they don't always like that long. Jimmie's an all-right kid. There's the making of a pitcher in Jimmie. I watched him the other day and he can get more on the ball than any kid of his size I ever saw."

Maria had come in during this conversation.

"I've been thinking a great deal about Jimmie lately since everything's been so uncomfortable and unhappy about the house, and I've been wondering why we didn't use Jimmie's natural instincts—"

"The only natural instincts I've found in Jimmie so far," said his father bitterly, "are the instincts of a loafer and a tramp."

"Well," said Osborn, in the voice of one tendering a solution of all difficulties, "school begins next week."

We all sighed. School, that solvent for many ills, school, the modern parents' refuge, was about to open its kindly doors. So the problem that Jimmie presents to us is still unsolved. I know that there are hundreds and thousands, not to say tens of thousands, of women all over the country who face it. The problem goes something like this:

"How is one to get a boy of twelve or thirteen to do practical work?" which is only another way of saying "How is one to get a boy of twelve or thirteen to take his share of responsibility in the life of the family? How can parents inculcate in their boys those virtues which it will be necessary for them to have if they are to remain outside the poorhouse and the penitentiary?" How does one get a boy of twelve to work when he lives in a family where his work is of no real money value to his family? There is no one in my circle of acquaintances who has solved that problem, and yet, somewhere in this wide land, there must be mothers and fathers who have solved this problem. I have a vision of a thirteen-year-old

boy going smiling-faced and undriven to some developing form of toil.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was not long after this that school mercifully opened and Osborn went to college. There are some emergencies for which one gets ready for years and which when they come find one unprepared, other things that one dreads and finds them easy. It always seemed to me that I would find the first definite breach in our family life very hard to endure, even though the college to which Osborn went was only a few miles away. But I found that he was back and forth so much that he hardly seemed away to me. He had dropped home for supper one evening when Jimmie leered across at his sister with an indescribably impish and knowing air, an air which, by itself, was enough to put Edith on edge, and said to her:

"Aha!"

Thus challenged, Edith naturally asked: "What's the matter with you?"

To which Jimmie replied again: "Aha!" derisively. Then he piped in a polite falsetto tone: "May I give myself the pleasure of calling upon you, Miss Preston?" and varied it with, "Miss Preston, may I give myself the pleasure of calling upon you?"

At which Edith flashed at me. "There, he's been listening—sneaking up behind lilac-bushes and listening, mother!"

"Listening, nothing!"—she knew Jimmie's weak point—"Sneaking up, nothing! We all heard it—the bunch of us heard it. We couldn't help it, could we, if you walked right up to where we was playing mumblety-peg?"

Edith was not to be deflected by any excuse. Having found the way to do what the boys call "get back on" Jimmie, she pursued obstinately: "You did listen! If you hadn't listened, you couldn't have heard, could he mother?"

"You can hear him a block," said Jimmie. "His voice starts down in his throat and before he gets through it's a squeak. It sounds like a rat—an' he looks like a rat, too."

"I don't think," said Maria, "that that's a very nice thing to say about anybody. We all look as the Lord made us."

"Oh, let Jimmie talk, Aunt Maria," said Edith. "He's so handsome he can talk about other people's looks."

"Ratty Taylor," Jimmie soliloquised. "That's what the fellers call him—Ratty Taylor."

At which Osborn gave out: "Oh, that chump!"

"Do you mean those new Taylors who've just moved to town?" Maria asked. "I'm sure that little Taylor boy is a very nice, well-mannered little fellow. At the church social he picked up my glove for me just as politely—"

"He's not a little boy!" Edith cried, flushing. Her aunt's patronising approval of him had touched her more than her brother's ridicule. What was to come was worse, for it was Osborn who announced the final and awful verdict on the unhappy youth.

"He's a high-brow," he announced, "that's what he is. For heaven's sake, Ede, you're not going to have him sitting around, are you?"

Maria laid down her napkin and folded her hands across it, waiting for the preserved peaches to be passed to her.

"I don't see what ails children nowadays," she said. "When I was young it was thought an honor to stand well in one's classes—"

"And now," Edith broke in, "just the minute a fellow hasn't got great gobs of muscle standing out all over him, and cares about books or anything nice, the other fellows make

fun of him and call him all sorts of horrid names. Just because Osborn can play baseball and never looks at a book, he thinks everybody who does is on the bum."

"I'm sure, Edith," admonished Maria, "if that nice, refined boy should hear you say 'on the bum' he wouldn't respect you as much as he does now."

"No; for heaven's sake, Ede," Osborn implored, "don't let him hear you using those rude words of untutored slang, or he'll offer you the frozen mitt."

"He'd be quite right!" said Edith, turning on her brother. "If it wasn't for you I'd talk good English."

"Talk some," said Jimmie. "Let's hear how you do it."

Edith ignored Jimmie and returned to her original attack.

"It's not his fault if he isn't as strong as you are; he had scarlet fever when he was little."

"Tisn't a girl's fault," replied Osborn, "if she's cross-eyed. I'm sorry for 'em when they are; but I don't like 'em that way. I'm sorry for Taylor, too, if you want me to be," he conceded generously, "but I don't like him the way he is, either."

Here the bell rang and Seraphy went to the door. She returned in a moment, a correct little card held ostentatiously between her broad thumb and forefinger.

"It's y'r young man come to see ye, Edith," she grinned.

Osborn reached out his hand for the card, with, "Let's look at the little valentine." Edith ignored her brother's last taunt, but came over to me and asked in a low voice:

"Don't you think it's nearly time that Seraphy began calling me Miss Edith?"

Maria's sharp ears heard her.

"Why, good gracious, Edith!" she exclaimed. "What an idea! Why, Seraphy's wiped your nose since you were a baby a year old. She'd as soon think of calling a chicken Miss as you!"

It was thus that Edith went forth to meet her first official caller, Jimmie flinging out after her, "Miss Edith, y'r beau has come!"

I suppose there are families where the thirteen-year-old boys live in harmony with their sixteen-year-old sisters; where there is no reciprocal wrangling. Sometimes I wonder if it's my fault that this is not the case with my children. Still, their little encounter of this evening did not trouble me. I had other things to think of as I took my place by the evening lamp in the back parlor. Of course, the boys in the neighborhood whom Edith has always known have come to see her with what is known to my children as "the rest of the bunch"; this was different.

I knew, of course, that it would come some time, that my little girl would grow up and become a young lady some day. She's been trying very hard to pretend the last year or so that she is one; but she never seems less one to me than when she's playing her little make-believe game of grown-up. Edith, with her hair pinned almost up, and with her imitation of grown-up ways, always seems to me like Edith at eight, trailing one of my old skirts behind her, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders and Maria's hat perched on her head, playing the dreary game of "making calls" which for some reason is so dear to little girls.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I WENT on a reconnoitring expedition. Edith did her part very prettily, while Arthur Taylor arose and gave me a very fine dancing-school bow. What stood before me was a tall, weedy youth, with a head too big for his slender shoulders; a bulging forehead, wearing glasses over his rather nice eyes; evidently a tame, gentle boy, with a fondness for books. For the rest, he had a pointed face and longish drab hair, which made the nickname of "Ratty" not inappropriate.

That, I say, is what actually stood in my parlor, making

polite bows to me. But what I saw in his person was the beginning of a long line of callers, a new element in my family, young men that I should have to deal with, some of whom I should tactfully have to eliminate; in fact, in Arthur Taylor's guileless person I saw a new era dawning.

I said the polite words to the boy that a mother does under such circumstances. I asked after his father and mother, how he liked our little town. To which he replied that his father and mother were very well indeed, thank you, and that he liked the city better, probably because he had been rather lonely at first. Why it irritated me so to hear him say that he found a great comfort in our public library I don't know.

"There's such a splendid collection of poetry here and of philosophy."

"Are you fond of poetry?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, with a sincere ring in his voice. "It lifts one so out of one's self, doesn't it?"

At which I retreated, leaving him to Edith.

During the next hour and three-quarters, earnest conversation went on in the front room. Without wishing to listen, I couldn't but overhear something, for, as Jimmie observed, there was a carrying quality to Arthur Taylor's voice. It was a fine, high-minded conversation, and I am the last one to make fun of the lofty ambitions of youth even when they come in phrases like:

"I should like to write one poem—one great poem—and then die. One wouldn't mind dying, would one, if one could leave one perfect thing, however small, behind one? Do you ever write anything yourself?" he asked suddenly.

"Nothing much," I heard Edith confess, to my amazement. I didn't know that she wrote at all.

"But you have written, haven't you? I know you must have! Do show me what you've written."

At this Edith so far forgot that she was a grown-up young lady as to hide her face in her hands, and say:

"Oh, I couldn't show it to you for worlds! I couldn't show it to anybody—not to my own mother!"

"One never can show one's things to one's own people," he said. "They don't understand. One can be awfully lonesome in one's own house!"

"Awfully!" my daughter agreed.

Osborn, who had heard as well as I, lifted a cynical eyebrow at me. I did not respond because I knew that they were expressing that feeling of isolation which all young things have, that sense of the remoteness of one human being from another. We suffer from it poignantly for a while when we're young, and then accustom ourselves to it, and in the end, most of us forget about it.

I sat downstairs for some time after the departure of Edith's first caller, thinking back to the time when I was a little girl, and talked the verities with sophomoric little young men. I remember how my mother accepted them with good-humored tolerance and how little attention she paid to them or what they were. I remembered with sudden alarm that I had been only two years older than this when I fixed my young affections upon a youthful missionary, of the weedy, idealistic type that my oldest son calls by the scornful name of "high-brow." It was not my mother's fault that I am not at this moment spending my life on India's Coral Strand; and a resolve grew strong within me to have a greater place in my daughter's life than my mother had in mine, as far as the affairs of the heart were concerned.

When I went upstairs, a light was still burning in Edith's room. I knocked on the door, and before Edith opened it, I heard a hasty rustling of papers. When she opened the door to me, there was a new light in her eye. We talked of indifferent things a moment, and then drifted to the window together and looked out. Then Edith turned to me with a rare movement of sympathy.

"The night's so big and solemn," she murmured, "and we're such little specks!"

We kissed each other good-night with tenderness, and I went to my room with a curious feeling of defeat. An evening of sympathy with this weedy boy with glasses had unlocked more of the finer things of my little girl's nature than all my care and all my sympathy. Because of him, and his high-minded little platitudes, I had had a moment of truer understanding with her than I had any time in the previous months, when she had been as unapproachable and as hard as a little green apple.

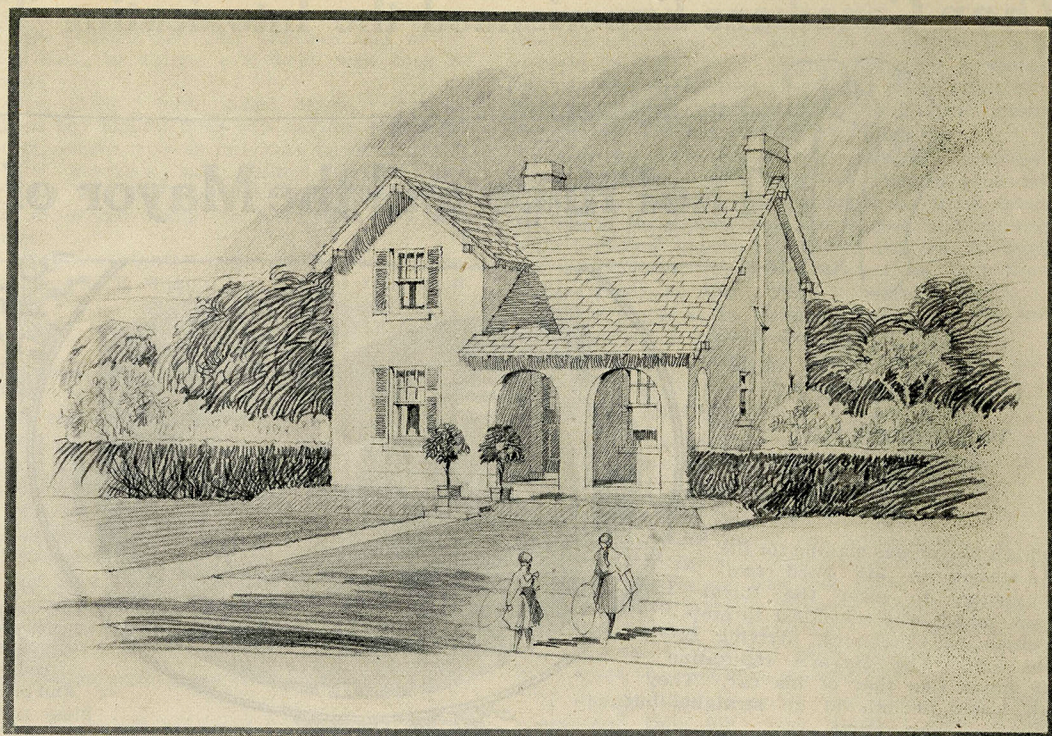
(CONTINUED
ON PAGE 39.)



Maria bent forward and peered into Edith's face. "There is powder on her nose!" she asserted.

A Moderate Sized Home for a Family with Moderate Means

Designed by
Clarence Thetford, Architect



PROBABLY at no time has the lack of sufficient housing accommodation been more keenly felt by Canadians than during the present winter, when several families have been forced to seek refuge under one roof in thousands of instances, and overcrowding and discomfort prevailed in town and village alike. These conditions were tolerated only because of absolute necessity, and one of the most welcome sounds of spring will be the ring of the hammer and the scrape of the trowel on the new buildings, the only solution of this housing congestion.

But before these homes are erected, they must all first be carefully built on paper, and January is an ideal month to begin poring over plans, facts and figures, and visualizing the new home which is to be the very essence of perfection.

The cost is perhaps the most important consideration, and here the new builder will be confronted with advanced prices in wages and building materials and a universal practice among operatives of reducing as far as possible the amount of work rendered for the utmost amount of wage procurable.

The accompanying plans and perspective drawings are specially designed to meet the needs of the man with moderate means who is forced to build in spite of advanced prices, for there are many important things which do not depend so much upon money as an application of thought and good taste. The house must be planned to meet the needs and habits of the people who are to live in it, and the builder must also observe economy in its construction and contrive to minimize the continued expense in permanent maintenance.

The less variety of material used the better. It should ever be remembered that it is the materials and colors which bind a house to its environment. To always build with materials which are native to the vicinity of the lot is a good and most reliable rule.

The above illustrations show a house which would be very successful and pleasing if built of brick, stone, or of frame with roughcast walls tinted a light, warm yellow, with the woodwork a dark green or dark brown.

The roof is kept simple, with very wide eaves to protect the walls from the weather and at the same time cast a good shadow.

The house is practically square in plan, 28 ft. by 29 ft. Although these dimensions are not large, the rooms are so



Two houses having the same interior plan yet differing in exterior treatment. The house above is of frame with roughcast walls, and the one at the left is built of brick or stone.

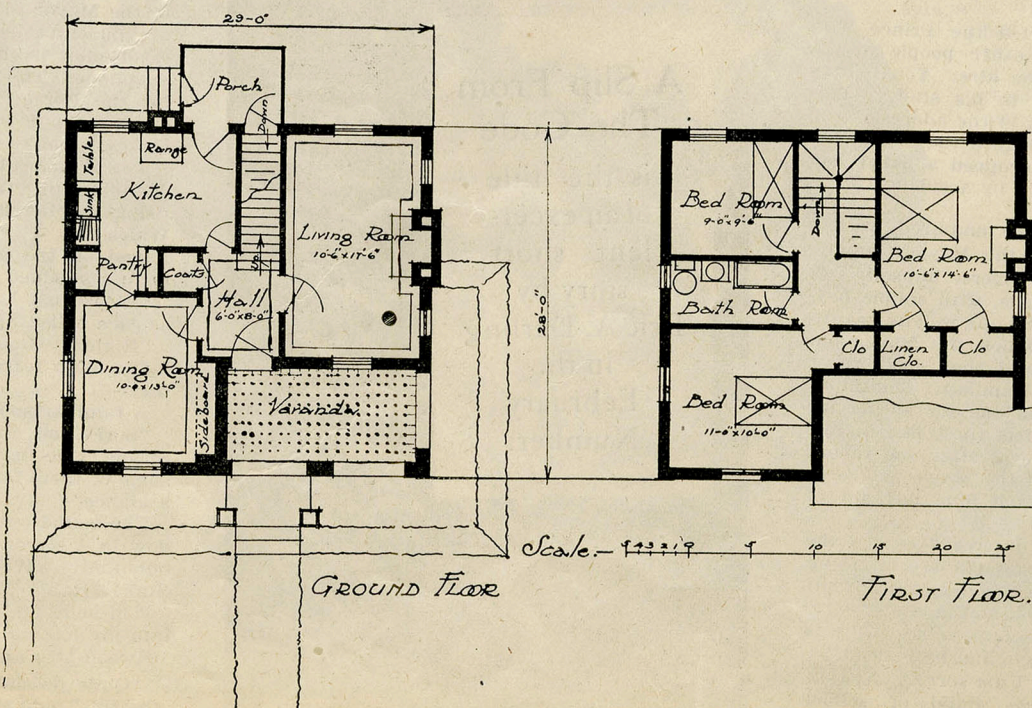
accommodate sink, table and range. An abundance of daylight is provided, and although the room is not large, there is plenty of good working space. An excellent place can be found on the kitchen side of pantry wall for an ironing board, which can be hinged to fold into a small cupboard. A good-sized porch is placed at the rear for the service entry, the refrigerator and the stair to basement.

The stairway leading to the first floor is placed at the rear of the front hallway, adjacent to which is a most convenient cloak room.

On the upper floor are three comfortably proportioned and well-lighted bedrooms, the largest containing fireplace. The bathroom and linen closets complete this well-planned and important section of the dwelling.

Simplicity is the keynote both inside and outside of this distinctive small house, and utmost care and study should be given the selection of building material in order to achieve the happiest result.

Interior Plan of the Two Houses Shown Above



NOTE:—From time to time we have learned of homes which have been built from the plans shown in CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and we conclude that there doubtless are many of which we do not know in the different sections of Canada. For future guidance and also because of its interest we would like to know which plans have proved the most useful, and from which plans the greatest number of houses have been built. We are therefore offering two dollars for each clear, good sized photograph or snapshot of a house built from a CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL plan. It is not necessary that the plan was carried out in its entirety, but that the house was designed and built generally, according to the plan reproduced in the magazine. These photographs will then be shown in CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



THE goodness of Ivory Soap is reflected in the lustrous hair, the soft, smooth skin, and the fresh, dainty garments of the well-groomed woman.

Her hair keeps its beautiful natural gloss because Ivory's thick lather is so pure and mild that it cleanses the scalp thoroughly without affecting its nourishing oils.

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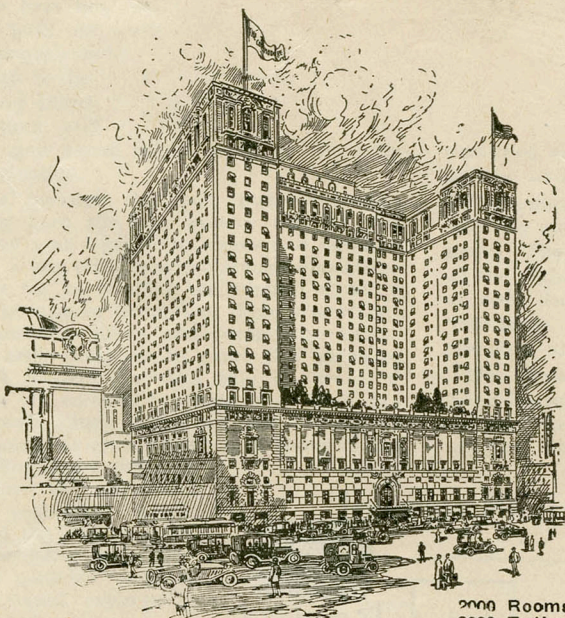
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76

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2000 Rooms
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HOTEL

COMMODORE

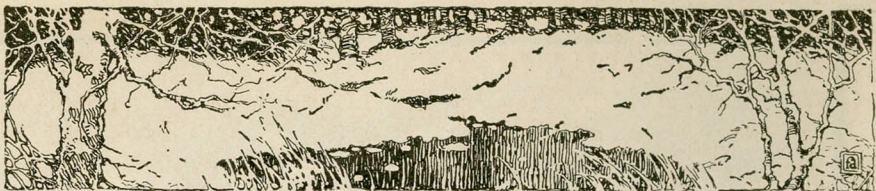
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GET OFF THE TRAIN AND TURN TO THE LEFT.

The Commodore has met with instant and unparalleled success. All its most luxurious appointments and appliances for the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of guests, as well as all its rooms, are now complete. Its appeal is to the individual who expects, in New York, the best service in the world.

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President.

GEO. W. SWEENEY,
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.



Literature and Journalism

By Katherine Hale

How to Sell Stories

"HOW to sell my stories!" That is the question of one inquirer after another to this department. The young writer usually feels that all editors are in league against the production of his particular work, because, for some reason or other, first MSS. are usually returned. In many variations the plaintive cry is raised: "I don't believe they ever even read my story!"

And yet in reality this is probably not true in one case out of a hundred. A statement has been published that in the United States alone it costs the leading magazines more than one hundred thousand dollars a year to read unsolicited MSS., and this does not include the countless small publications that pay for fiction. So you see, the publishers and the editors do give writers, known or unknown, a chance.

"How to sell my stories!" Well, I can see only three ways—and these after you have accomplished the feat of writing a good story.

The first is the obvious way of mailing your MS., after you have considered the point of view of the magazine and whether your particular story is written along the lines that the editor usually accepts.

The second way is through the medium of the literary agent, who may sometimes be relied upon as an honest and a good business man. The usual arrangement is for the writer to set his price upon the story, and allow the agent a commission out of the price received from the publisher.

The third way is to call on the Editor. Now I know that this department reaches many a writer whose home is far away from the publishing centres, and that it must seem like an impossibility to attain an editorial office. And yet, if you really have it in you to write, if you are determined to adopt the profession of literature as your own and, forsaking all other, to cleave only unto it, then the time and the money expended on a visit to the sort of Editor you want to interest, even if you do live a hundred miles away, will be worth all the short story courses and the written rules for successful authorship that you could acquire.

BUT heaven forefend that anyone should gather from this statement that I am advising every man and maiden who has been amusing himself or herself by tentative efforts towards story writing to borrow some money, pack a suitcase and take the next train for Toronto or New York, there to spend a few unhappy hours waiting about the offices of magazine editors or publishers while those jaded moguls are dictating letters and talking through the telephone regardless of the fact that unknown genius is cooling its heels in the outer office. No, I do not mean that.

What I do mean is that if you have ever been successful in making one little poem, one short story or article saleable in the eyes of an Editor, try to see that Editor before he turns down your next MS.—as he probably will—and so breaks your heart. You see, there was something about that first MS.—a little individual, whimsical, or daring or colorful touch that attracted the Editor's professional "reader"—and so you got in. Now the thing to do, while the thought of your poem or story is fresh in the Publisher's mind, is to see him or her so as to try, if possible, to get their point of view. I promise you it will be a frank talk. Editors are the frankest class of employers. They are not like the poor, abashed mistress of a house before the maid of all work, who does just as she pleases and is paid a high wage for usually very inefficient service.

IN this case the work must please in every detail or it is promptly refused, and the employer is extremely independent.

But sometimes if one can face the

Lion in his Lair he is not nearly so impossible as his terse, typewritten refusals sound. And if you are a nice little writer person and send him a note in advance asking him to see you, and then telephone to make an appointment, and stay a short time, and during that short time really size up your man, or your woman, and try to catch just the angle at which he or she views humanity and work, you will probably go home and write much more readable stuff, from the editorial standpoint. Also, you may possibly have gained a friend. If so, the first step on the long ladder to success has been accomplished.

I HAVE reason to remember my first editorial interview. I had written some youthful letters from New York on Grand Opera and sent them to a big Toronto daily, which, much to my amazement, published the articles. On returning to Canada, I was extremely curious to see the inside workings of this friendly newspaper, and what an editor looked like. And so one sunny day I calmly walked into a big, dingy building and up to the editorial department and asked for the chief.

As good fortune had it, he was out, and I was led to the City Editor, who was young enough to be human. But even so, the interview was terrifyingly brief and very much to the point. As I now recall it, it ran something like this:

Editor: "So you are the person who sent those New York letters?"

I (very meekly): "Yes, I am."

Editor: "Thought it was a middle-aged man. Want to write some more?"

I (emphatically): "Yes, indeed."

Editor: "Well, send it in when you get good material. Not before. And—just one suggestion—most beginners write sloppy stuff. Don't let yours slop. Good-bye."

LOOKING back, I consider that those two minutes won me my work in life, and were worth their weight in gold.

You can imagine that I got my good material, by hook or crook, and that I sloped very much less than it would have been possible for any young and unsophisticated person to do unless she had been forewarned by word of mouth.

Suppose I hadn't gone into that big office on that particular morning. Suppose I had waited until they had forgotten about those letters on the opera. Suppose I had met the big Chief, who would probably have been kind to a young girl, vaguely encouraging, and then—just forgetful.

I believe that we get what we work for only if we work to-day, and only as we put into our work such faith as will move mountains.

"L. C." asks for a brief resume of rules for the "best selling" story. This is rather a facer, but I should say that probably the best selling stories are short love stories embodying an interesting introduction, a stated problem, a period of suspense, a climax that runs into a solution of the problem, and finally a quick curtain. A good story always shows, technically, conflict and suspense.

Another correspondent writes for suggestions as to the use of conversation and characterization in story writing. Conversation should be used to reveal character; to bring out incidents that contribute to the central idea; to convey setting and to develop and to hurry action. Dialogue is most necessary for the life of the story. Most writers believe that fully fifty per cent. dialogue is a good average. As for characterization, it is in the attainment of suggestive effect, a breath of the real atmosphere which goes along with and permeates a character, that makes the quality of great fiction. The power to delineate character comes to us very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)

The Journal Juniors' Club

Conducted by Ethel Bain

For the Future Writers of Canada

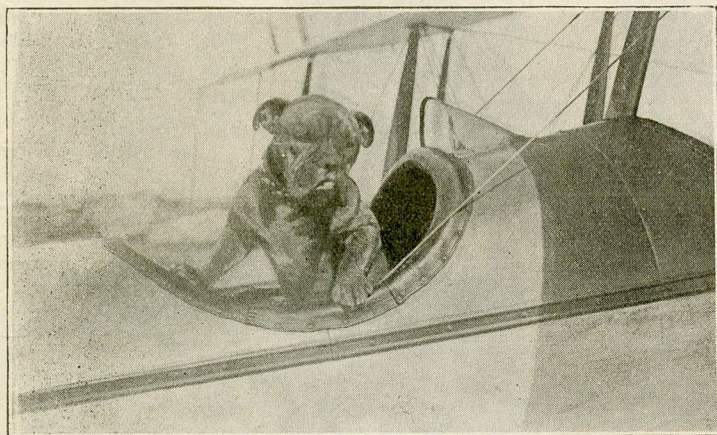
MY Dear Home Journal Children: Hamilton leads in membership this month and I hope that all our new members will try again. Next time, who knows? Hamilton may head the prize list.

A word to all competitors. Take time over your compositions. Think out your subject before putting pen to paper. When you've written it out, read it over and see if you can improve it. Above all things be neat in your work and take care with your handwriting. Finally, do not forget to state your age for this is important.

Your composition paper, Ruby Rowe, was very neat indeed and I hope you will try again. Make your next entry four to five hundred words in length.

Thank you very much for your interesting letter, Vivien Conolly, also for your previous letter. Hope you all had a good time at your "Hullabaloo." Write and tell me all about it, your letters are always welcome.

Contest Number Four will be repeated at a future date, Dora Goble, and your list of new members will be reserved. Thanks for suggestion for



Prize photograph. Taken by Vivien Conolly, age 15, Box 659, North Bay, Ont.

camera contest. Watch for its appearance in the Club page.

I am sorry, Mary B. Howell, your snapshot was received too late for the contest it was intended for. Shall hope to see you win a prize in the near future.

Did any of our members get a snapshot of the Prince of Wales? Perhaps in the excitement you forgot to take your kodaks with you. Too bad, because some of you seem to have been fairly near to His Royal Highness, when he visited your town or city. Next time any important personage visits your town or there is a procession, be sure and take your camera along with you.

Your Sincere Friend,
ETHEL BAIN.

FOR CLUB MEMBERS.

We hope all the contributors to this page noticed the announcement of the December contests and the October prize-winners on the last page of the December number. The compositions winning the prizes are given herewith. The names of those winning prizes in the November Contests will be given in the February number. We are hoping for a large number of letters and essays from our Journal Juniors.

PRIZE LETTER

"How I spent my Summer holidays."—By Mary E. Jackson, age 10, R. R. No. 1, Malton, Ont.

LIKE other girls, I look forward to my summer vacation. This year, after the great heat of June, it was with even greater pleasure than usual, that I put my books upon the shelf.

Living as I do, on a farm, where there is so much work, I could

not play always. My regular work was gathering eggs, crating them for market, feeding chickens, setting tables, drying dishes, and sometimes helping with washing and ironing.

Work, however, did not occupy all my time, I often visited with my little neighbours and they with me.

To my great disappointment, on July 19th, I was ill and unable to share in the rejoicings of that glorious Peace Celebration.

My cousin, and I enjoyed trips to Hanlan's Point and Riverdale Park.

Wednesday, August 27th, we spent at Toronto Exhibition. We saw the parade of the War Veterans and Boy Scouts. At the end of the procession, amid great cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, the Prince of Wales passed in an automobile, so close that we could have touched the car, and thus we had a fine view of our future king.

What I most delighted in this summer were the lovely long motor trips we took, and being taught how to drive the car. Not alone of course, as I am too young, but with father managing the brakes.

When school began in September I felt rested and quite ready for my fall work.

PRIZE LETTER

"The visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada."—By Vivien Conolly, age 15, Box 659, North Bay, Ont.

WHEN the people of Canada learned that they were to be favored by a visit from the Prince of Wales, they were overjoyed and resolved to put forth every effort to give him a royal reception.

As soon as the schedule of his intended route was published, the people of favored towns immediately began plans of decoration. Addresses of welcome were put into preparation, the greater number of these being illuminated on rich materials.

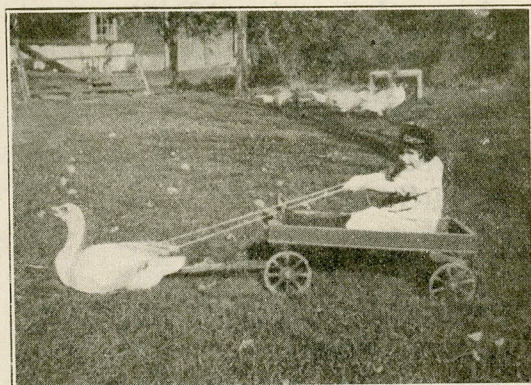
On his arrival in Canada, a palatial car was placed at the disposal of His Royal Highness and party, and from its comfortable quarters Prince Edward was enabled to view thousands of miles of country rich in minerals, agricultural products, or dotted with flourishing towns.

Wherever possible, en route, admiring crowds gathered, eager to add their mite in giving the bonnie young Prince a welcome which would convey to His Royal Highness in an unmistakable manner, their gratitude at his paying a visit to Canada, and their pleasure at being able to greet in person the son of the present ruler, King George the Fifth.

As the royal train steamed out from the various stations, the scene will be long remembered—Prince Edward standing on the rear platform and smiling his adieux to his beloved people.

At Nipigon the Prince enjoyed an unusual treat. Fishing and hunting parties were organized for his enjoyment, and he was so fortunate as to secure a deer and many fine specimens of fish.

Indian tribes desired to meet the son of their sovereign, so a reception was held, and amid much native ceremony, a welcome was accorded



Honorable mention. Taken by Dora Goble, age 13, Woodstock, Ont.

the Prince. He was received into one tribe, and named "Prince of Many Smiles," and into another by the title of "Chief Morning Star."

Before closing his Canadian trip, the Prince visited Niagara. His Royal Highness was much impressed by the rush of the mighty waters, and majestic beauty of the surrounding scenery.

He enjoyed games of golf and racquet, terminating many days by dancing almost every dance at balls given in his honour.

Ere long he will return home bearing in his memory many new ideas gained by personal contact with the people of Canada, who hope to be his loyal subjects at some future time.

HONORABLE MENTION

"How I spent my Summer holidays."—By Frank A. Wood, age 11, R. R. No. 4, Peterborough, Ont.

BOYS and girls are always glad when holidays draw near so that they can pack away their books and begin to make plans as to what they are going to do and where they are going.

I had made no plans but had made up my mind to enjoy whatever came along, work or play. I found it pretty much work as we had no outside help. So on went the overalls and I began to farm. First came the haying and as we did not have much it was quite easy. Then came our spring wheat and it was not a very good crop. Our oats and mixed grain were a very good crop, but the peas were the worst I had ever seen.

I did not like building the mixed grain for it was so short. I pitched it, also the oats.

I spent a couple of days at my cousins' place near the city. While I was at their place we went swimming and roamed through their swamp. When at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



Scotch, Polish, Italian, Belgian, Canadian and Chinese children, all in one Toronto school, unite in a celebration to aid the Victory Loan campaign.

When You Have Tried LANKA

When you have finished your first cup of Lanka Tea—

—After you have enjoyed its exquisite flavor and decided that Lanka is your final choice—

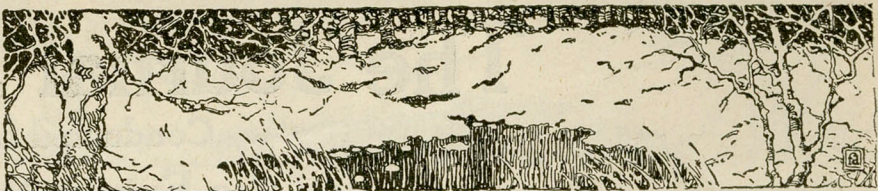
Then consider why you like Lanka so well—

Because — Lanka Tea is British grown — the finest quality produced by Ceylon's hill gardens. It is scientifically blended to produce the utmost in flavor and body.

It is imported by the direct water route to Vancouver, Canada's Keystone Port for Oriental imports. The consequent saving of freight rates and duty which allows it to be sold at the popular price of 75 cents a pound.

All leading dealers can supply you with Lanka. Look for the handsome package illustrated and enjoy the best value the world produces.

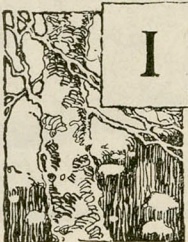
WM. BRAID & CO.
Vancouver, Canada



A Holiday "Skate"

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

Instead of the Customary Dance Try a Skating Party



IN the holiday a club of bright girls in the country gave a "skate" that was as much fun as a dance—if not more so. The men invited liked it better.

Everyone received an invitation headed by a gay pair of skaters

in miniature, such as can be copied or cut from the picture on this page if you're not a born artist. The girl's scarlet hat and coat and the lad's green sweater were painted in with dabs of water color.

Underneath printed zigzag skating wise were the lines:

When moon is bright
And ice is right
Oh, don't you love to skate?
So we invite
You Friday night
To frolic—
come at eight!

Following these directions the eager skaters found a little clump of evergreens on the edge of the pond loaded with shiny tin horns, musical and otherwise. These were used with great zest during the remainder of that skate and at intervals for the rest of the evening.

That the girls need not be envious, they were requested during the next skating number to seek a glade of fairy bells, south by southwest. When they arrived at this point of the compass they discovered a host of silvery bells each tied to a gay ribbon, all dangling from the boughs of an old pine tree close to the edge of the pond. Each girl hung the beribboned bell around her neck, and skating continued in great glee.

There was a rainbow skate during which different colored lights were thrown in succession over the gleaming ice; and there was a Jack Frost skate during which a small



brother, dressed elishly in white with a peaked cap, darted in and out among the skaters playing pinch and nip.

Snap-the-whip was introduced and the Virginia Reel which proved more exciting on the slippery ice than on a slippery ball room floor.

There was a fancy skating contest and a chance to display stunts of various sorts—upon which a selected committee of three passed judgment and prizes were awarded.

The backward skating race was exceedingly entertaining and so was the obstacle race.

About midway in the festivities intermission was called and the skaters gathered eagerly around the refreshment table. Oyster stew kept steaming hot was very popular accompanied by dill pickles and soda crackers. Of course there was hot coffee served to the tune of fat doughnuts and cheese.

Instead of oyster stew, either hot clam broth or tomato bouillon would be good.

For the remainder of the evening there was buffet service so that no skater needed to be cold for lack of cheerful refreshments.

Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

home we went swimming in a creek near our farm. It was not a very large pond but it answered the purpose very well. It was deep enough to dive a little but no more. I like on the farm and I think I will spend my holidays next year the same.

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS

Barry, Alfred, Hamilton, Ont.
Dawdry, W. R., Hamilton, Ont.
Grosvenor, Leslie, Hamilton, Ont.
Grainge, Harry, Hamilton, Ont.
Graves, Beatrice, Mt. Albert, Ont.
Goble, Harold, Woodstock, Ont.
Goble, Rose, Woodstock, Ont.
Harrison, Edward, Hamilton, Ont.
Harris, Earle, Toronto, Ont.
Rowe, Ruby, Hamilton, Ont.

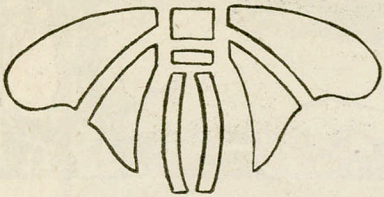
Vickers, Emily, Hamilton, Ont.
Wood, Frank A., Peterborough, Ont.
Wise, Ellen, Woodstock, Ont.
Zeller, Ira, Breslau, Ont.
Elliott, George, Aurora, Ont.
Bellamy, Annie, Hamilton, Ont.
Collingwood, Cuthbert, Hamilton, Ont.
Jennings, Stephen A., Romford, England.
Jennings, Peter, Romford, England.
Kingston, Cecil, Hamilton, Ont.
Queree, Gladys, Hamilton, Ont.
Saunders, Cynthia, Hamilton, Ont.

THE TERROR OF THE MILL POND

By Ethel Bain.

IT was bitterly cold, and Nature, wrapped in her robes of snow and ice, slept calmly in the brilliant sunshine of a mid-winter's day. It was just

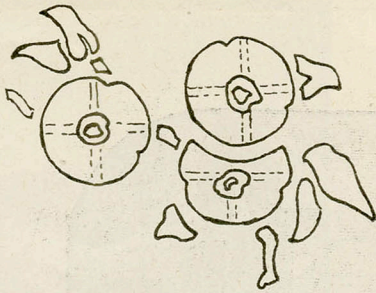
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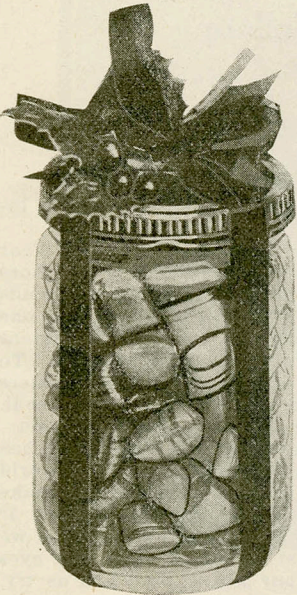
Design used on candy jar shown below.

Don't Do Up Your New Year Sweets in the Same Old Way

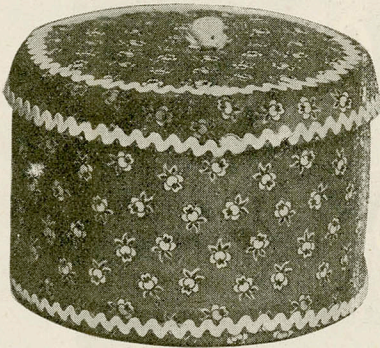
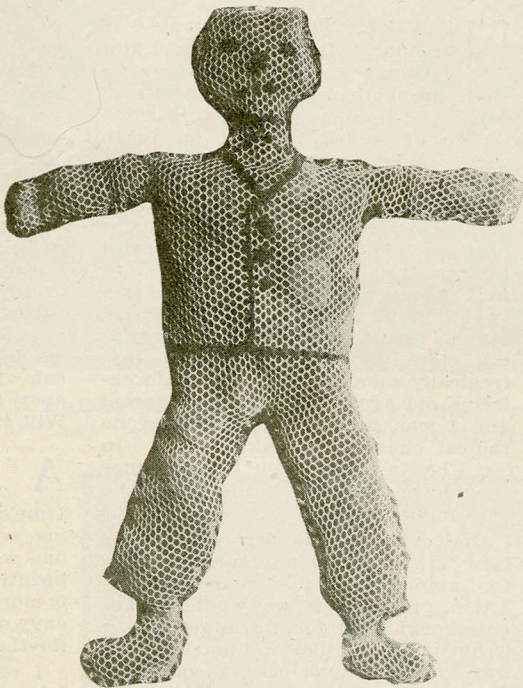
By Hazel Rawson Cades



Design used on tin box shown below.

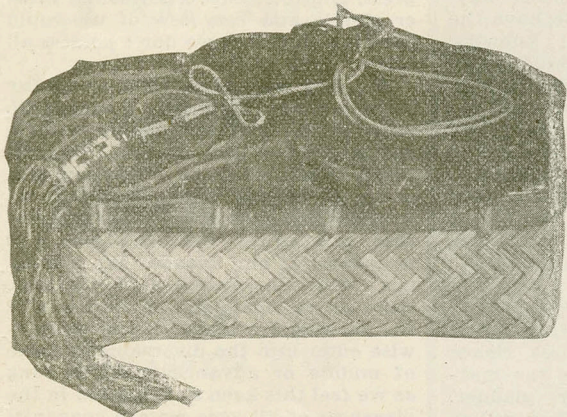


A glass jar, tin-covered (a jelly or marmalade jar), was painted green as to cover, tied up with red satin ribbon and topped with a sprig of holly to match the color combination.

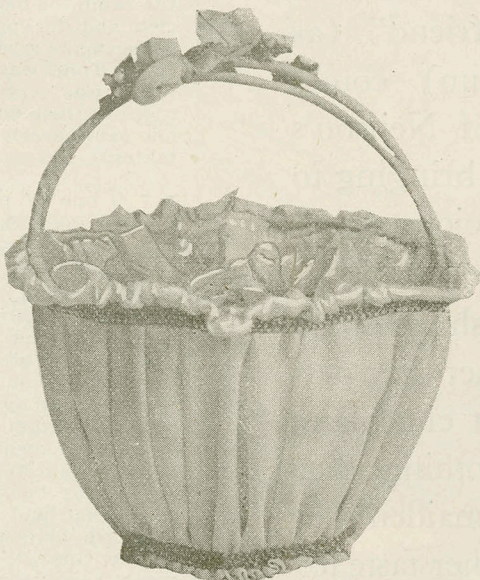


Just take a round box with a cover—cheese box, candy box or any box that's round. Cover it with rose-colored English print and bind the edges with old-fashioned rick-rack braid. And you'll have a candy box that Milady won't scorn to use afterwards on her dressing table.

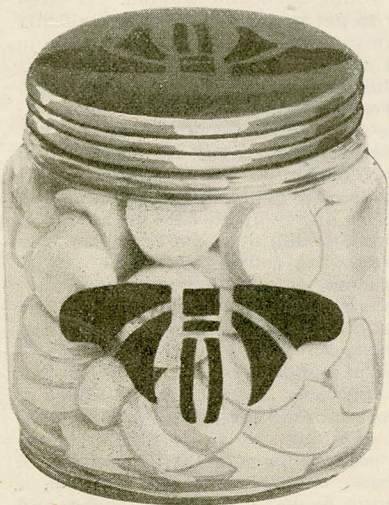
He may not be beautiful, but he will prove a good fairy to some little boy or girl—if you cut him out of cape net, sew him up with worsted and stuff him with gumdrops.



Once upon a time figs came in this basket. Then a long piece of silk was sewed to the top edge and shirred up into the centre with a gay Japanese cord and tassel. It holds caramels now. And after they are gone it will hold fancywork, if you like.

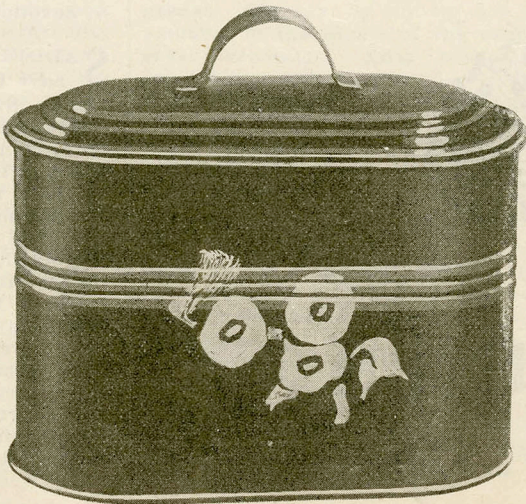


You never in the world would guess it, but this delectable basket for delectable bon bons was originally a wire lampshade frame. The wires were wound with pink silk, and more silk was shirred for the sides and used to cover the cardboard bottom. The handle was made of a bit of wire. The rest of the charm of it comes from the bands of gold braid and the little bunch of fruit, that was made from bits of silk and gold net.



This one began with being a cold cream jar with an ordinary tin cover. Then the cover got a coat of orange paint (oil paint for sticking). And a conventional black bug on top of it and another on the side completed the change into a "candy box."

It looks like a jewel casket, but it was a child's little tin toy wash boiler, and it is a receptacle for chocolate fudge. A coat of black paint and bright orange and green, applied conventional design, made the difference. If you haven't such a toy handy, a tobacco can, tin ginger jar or any tin box with a cover may be used.



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You can change the arrangement of your pictures, pennants, draperies, etc., as often as you desire without marring wall paper, plaster or wood-work, when you use

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For reservations apply to
Frank S. Quick, Gen. Manager

"Your Baby"

Realizing the importance of that "Little Bit of Heaven" which has come to your house to stay, C.H.J. is going to run a "Baby Contest" along purely scientific lines.

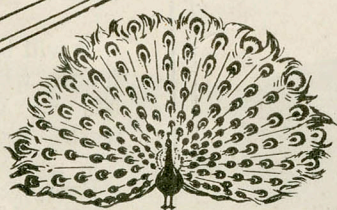
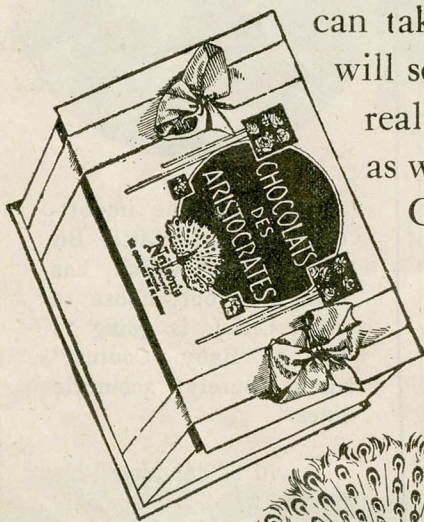
It will be conducted by judges who are specialists in Child Welfare work.

Every Canadian mother should watch carefully for future issues of the Journal, when details will be given out and articles by Dr. L. S. Hamilton on the Care of the Baby will appear regularly.



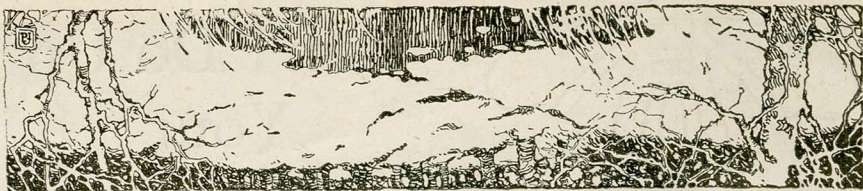
WE WISH every maiden to know that when her "man" or "boy friend" (as she may call him) comes bearing a gift of Neilson's Chocolates, he is bringing to her the most delicious sweetmeats that money can buy.

And we wish men to know that, whether they personally care about chocolates or not there is nothing they can take to a maiden that will so gratify her taste for really fine confectionery as will a box of Neilson's Chocolates.



Neilson's

"The Chocolates that are Different"



As Between Friends

What the Embers Tell on New Year's Eve

BY ANNE ELIZABETH MELVIN

NINETEEN-TWENTY—1920! In signing it for the first time how strange it seems. For days we shall probably make the mistake of using the familiar '19, as if loath to let go of something that has been with us night and day for a twelve-month.

This year the century passes out of its 'teens and I wonder if it thrills as once we did when we stepped solemnly into the twenties! For my own part I never felt as old as on my twentieth birthday. I was possessed by the fear that senility was crowding close upon my heels and that tragically soon I should shift into extreme old age. But the crisis passed and I was surprised to find that no radical change had taken place. In fact I began to grow younger and since then have not been bothered by the beckoning spectre.

One can't let the first day of the New Year pass by unregarded. It is too momentous; it demands recognition. Sometimes we would rather not recognize it for we know that it is but another milestone marking the way by which must pass, an innumerable caravan whose eyes are set with one accord on the Golden West. It does no good to turn the other way. The stone is still there. We have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that no one can loiter behind while we plod doggedly along. The pace is the same for beggar and for king, for rich and for poor. Personally I no longer make resolutions on New Year's Day. Time was when I made them but it was very discouraging to have to break them within a few days. But one can scarcely help a mental stock-taking.

NO one of us is the same as on January the first, nineteen nineteen. We are better or worse, richer or poorer (that sounds like the marriage service), sadder or gladder. There is absolutely no standing still on that beckoning road. We may have made a few new friends and, unfortunately we may have lost a few. Some of us may have started off very blithely on that last New Year's only to stand footsore and weary beside this new milestone.

The war has left many new scars, scars that will never heal although they are hidden by brave faces and smiling lips. We try to walk as they would have us walk although we miss so much the lilt of the song, the clasp of a hand that helped us over many of the rough places. Life has become a little less joyous, a little less full to many who on this New Year find their thoughts and hearts slipping off in the quietness to a moonlit grave in distant Flanders or France.

We miss them. Sometimes we almost catch our breath at the sound of a familiar step. But it passes on and we are alone. They died gloriously for King and Country and they expect us to carry on in the same spirit of devotion and sacrifice.

SADDER far is the loss of those we have loved, who have slipped out of our lives but whom we have to see daily perhaps with bitter memories of broken friendship. Little did we dream in the first glowing days of comradeship that so soon we should be disillusioned, robbed perhaps of a cherished ideal. Perhaps we fought and fought hard to keep a friendship that we felt instinctively was slipping from us long before there was any open break or voiced upbraidings. And there surely is nothing more wearing, more pitiable or tragic, than this trying to keep intact a love that has come to be part of our very lives. But the break comes and we go on our way with head high but with a heart that

aches with loneliness and sense of injury.

However, perhaps this New Year holds some happy surprises for those who are facing it with empty hands and dubious courage. It may be one of the best ever, and to some extent it remains with us to make it so. To a great measure we are the masters of our fate, the captains of our soul, and if we only appropriate to ourselves some of the courage that has been let loose upon a flagging world during the last six years we may make a better showing than ever before. If we don't make definite resolutions we can at least go ahead with our eyes open and our heads up. Let us try. Will you?

AS this New Year comes round we cannot but feel that the hands on Time's dial are for some of us scurrying around just a little too fast. No one wants to grow old. Youth is so beautiful and so fleeting; middle age is more or less prosaic and tinged with envy of those who haven't yet come to it—though they will, sooner or later.

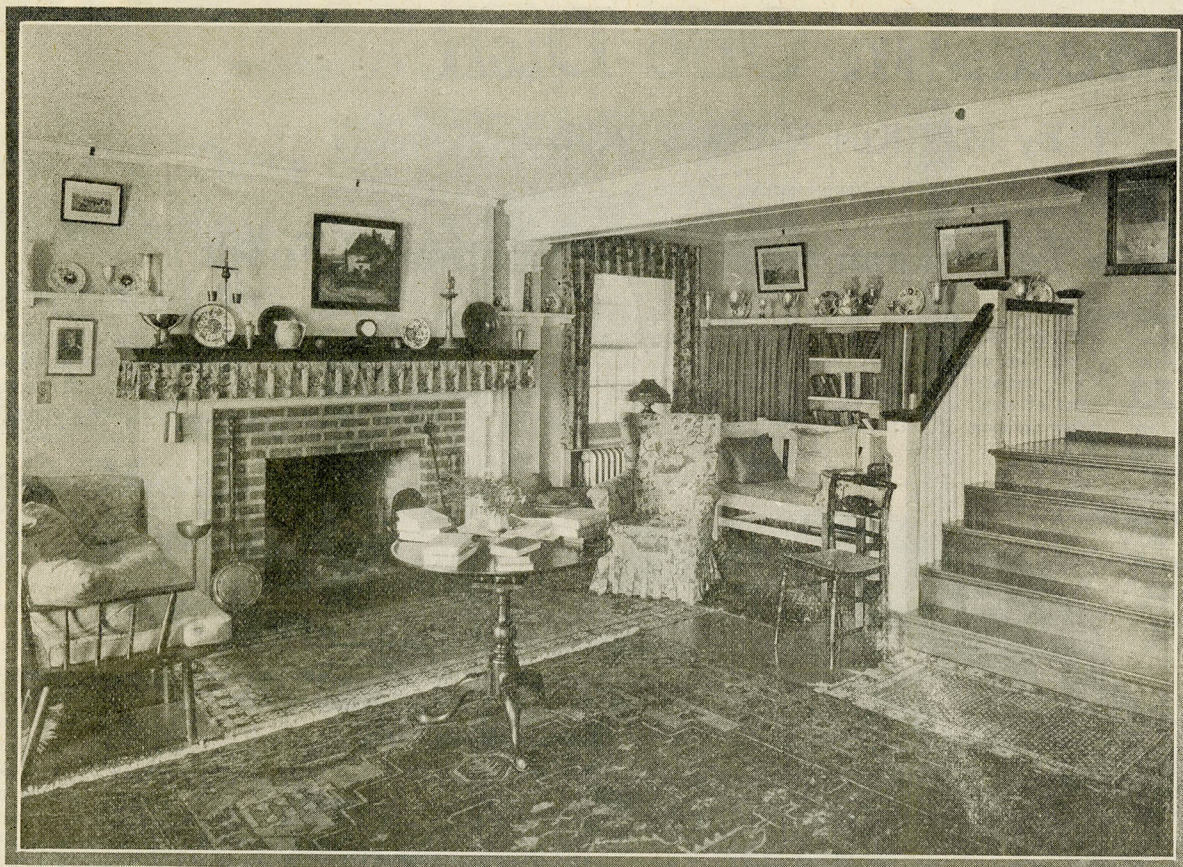
I remember once reading a recipe for keeping young. There were three necessary ingredients—sympathy, progress, and tolerance. They sound rather simple and very few of us would care to admit that we don't possess all three. But, do we?

We may wonder in what sympathy really consists. Originally it meant "to suffer with," but fortunately we are not confined to that one-sided translation. When we speak of giving sympathy we usually refer to condolences extended in times of grief, but we likewise sympathize with the joys and happiness of our friends. We sympathize with the pleasures of the little child as we share in the interests of the growing boy and girl, and we likewise enter into the diversions of those of middle or advanced age. So long as we feel this keen anticipation in the pleasures of all ages we are congenial to all ages. It is only when we begin to lose touch with the intimate concerns of our associates that we begin to lose touch with life and with youth.

TO keep young we must also progress—we must keep abreast of the times. This can be done only by keeping in touch with the interests of every age. We must progress with our boys and girls; we must progress with our young men and women. It is so easy to get into a rut, to settle selfishly down to the trivial round and common task of every day. But we must fight against this inclination. We must keep interested in the pleasures, in the vocations and avocations of those about us. We see very few really old people these days. The serene, white-capped grandmother of a generation ago has given place to a very up-to-date grannie who enjoys a tramp over the links, her spin through the country with the family joy-riders, or even an occasional one-step with her jolly grandson. In the days of my grandmother, of sainted memory, a young matron donned a filmy cap of lace on her marriage and this badge of dignity set her apart in paths wherein she must go softly all her days. No golf—no flitting about the country in jolly little companies. A quiet rubber of whist, perhaps, a darning basket full of tiny socks, and bed at ten o'clock. *O tempora! O mores!* Perhaps our way is best after all. Why should one not enjoy the pleasures of life as long as one has a pair of legs that will carry one around and a heart that pumps dancing blood through one's veins?

AND then we come to the supreme test of eternal youth—tolerance. Perhaps nothing marks us more quickly as without the pale than the

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)



Could a welcome be anything but gracious from those who live in such a room? Comfort and homeliness have been the first consideration in making this reception hall informal.

The Hallway Formal or Informal

By
Eva Nagel Wolf

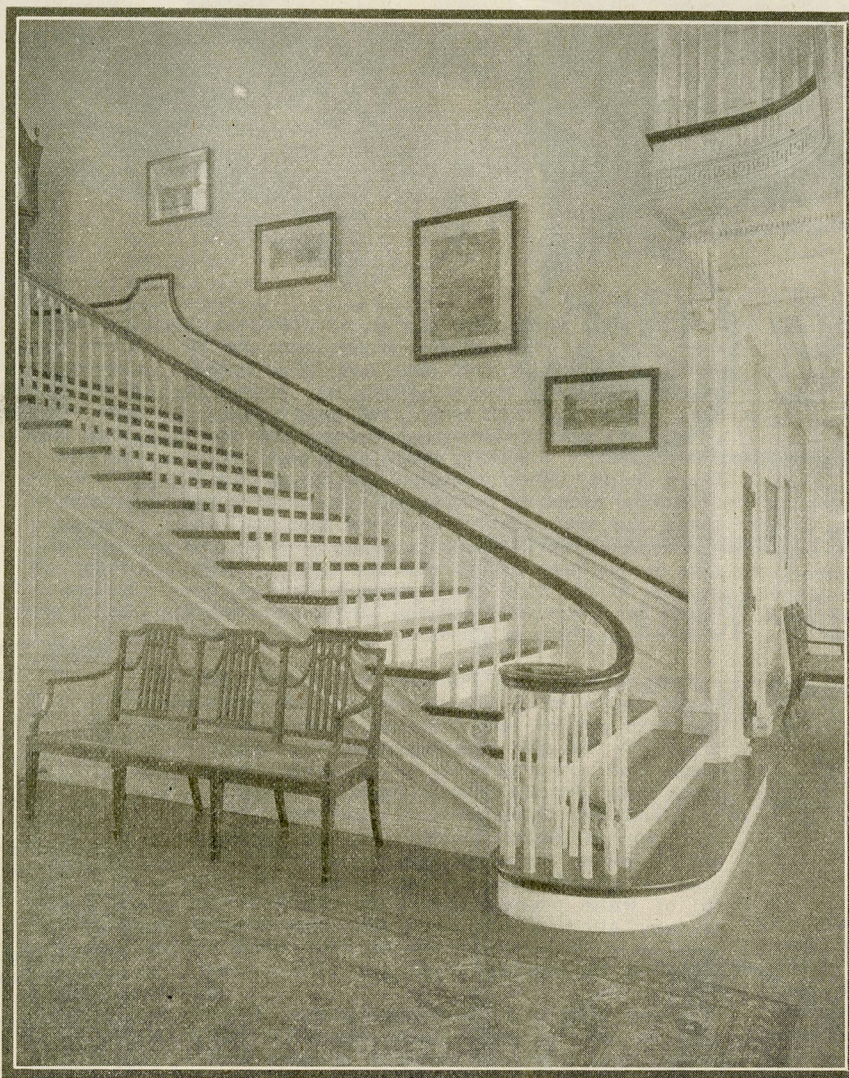
Illustrated by Photographs.

YOU may think you know people, —your friends,—but you never really know them until you have visited them in their homes. Oh what telltales these homes are! What innermost secrets they reveal about their unsuspecting owners! Some are careless and neglectful of the little things that make life so pleasant, others pay so much attention to the perfect arrangement of each room that rigidity is the first impression one gains,—a characteristic that you possibly never realized your friend possessed.

Then there are the good things that the home may state in dignified terms, gently asking you to appreciate this selection, that charming arrangement, or well planned comfort—all in simplicity, with furniture selected for its utility and beauty, not just because it happened to be the vogue of the moment and expensive.

No part of the home proclaims the manner of the inhabitants as does the hall—and no part of the house is more difficult to furnish. Gone are the days and the houses thereof, whose doors opened on long, narrow, dark halls wherein were inevitably found a hall-rack—hateful word—and two straight chairs. Such a cold reception, uninviting and uncomfortable! None of the family ever tried to sit on either of those two chairs, which were sure to have been selected for their ornamental backs.

NOW we may or may not treat the hall with formality. It may or may not be narrow, and it may or may not be well lighted, but no mat-



Restraint and dignity are the characteristics of this unusually attractive though formal hallway.

ter what manner of hall, whether it is a reception hall or a mere passage way, pray think of it first as your greeting to the probable stranger, who may call on you for the first time. Put some of your own personality into your greeting. Let it above all, be cheerful. If sunlight is wanting, bring light in with paint and paper. Restrain the impulse for floral papers,—a figured paper if you must have patterns, in a self-tone, with wood-work several shades darker and floors, the darkest note of all. Hardwood floors, well-polished, will call for Oriental rugs, or those of domestic make in self-tone patterns, or designs dull and rich in color. The rest of the furnishing depends on the staircase and the type of house.

The Colonial house with its staircase of mahogany treads and finely proportioned hand rails, newel posts and spindle supports, demands settles or chairs in mahogany, a drop-leaf table with leaf opened and propped

against the wall with its brass or silver candle sticks guarding the silver card tray, a mahogany framed mirror to make space where it is needed. Mirrors, by the by, are invaluable in the hands of the experienced decorator. They make the small room large in a wonderful way. They add dignity and by reflections duplicate interesting views and repeat colors that are needed. They reflect light and add to the cheeriness that is so necessary.

WHETHER you carpet the stairs or leave them bare, but well polished, is a matter of taste, but again restraint in pattern is the keynote of the rug or carpet that covers the stairs.

A hall window can be made much of with a bright chintz curtain or a gauze one—a pot of ivy making an alluring pattern against the light, or a branch of bright leaves—bitter

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Forestall Colds, Chills and Influenza

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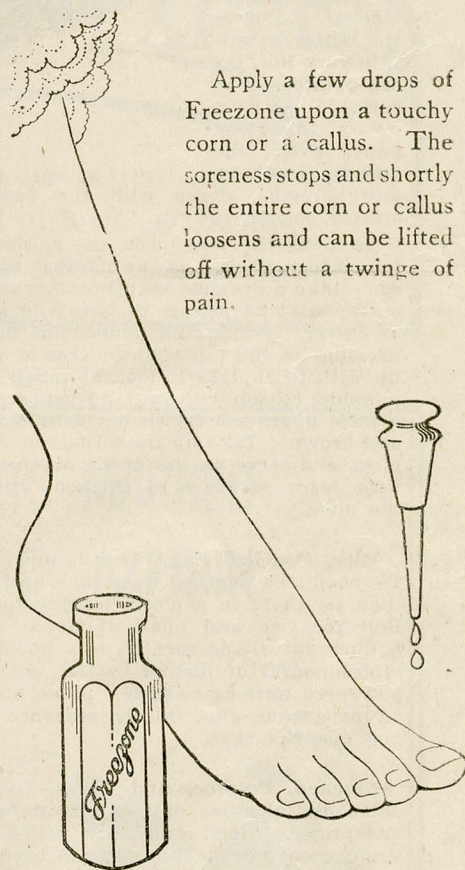
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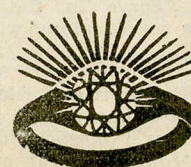


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Meals In One Dish

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

AUTHOR OF "ECONOMICAL COOKERY."

Add Variety to Your Menu by the Combination of Foods



LAMB Chops, Peas and Potato Curls

Slice potatoes lengthwise and allow the slices to stay in ice water for one hour. Cook four cupfuls of peas and a lettuce heart in boiling, slightly salted water until tender. Delicately broil lamb chops. Dry the potato slices in a napkin and drop them into smoking hot fat and cook until well crisped

and curled. (It will take only a minute or two). Drain the peas, remove the lettuce and toss the peas with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a dusting of white pepper. Arrange the potatoes in the centre of a hot dish, place the chops around them, and make a border of the peas. Serve hot.

Veal Birds, Sweet Potatoes, Braised Celery.

Cut cold boiled sweet potatoes in slices crosswise, and to two cupfuls of slices allow two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute three tablespoonfuls of corn syrup, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Have the butter substitute very hot, lay the potatoes in it, sprinkle syrup over the top, pour over the vinegar, and bake until brown. Serve with the veal birds and braised celery.

To make the veal birds, use as many pieces of tenderloins of veal as the number of birds wanted. Make a dressing with bread crumbs, chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste and a small piece of butter. Pound the tenderloins flat, place the dressing on the top of the pieces of veal, and pin up with toothpicks to look as much like birds as possible; season with salt and pepper, dredge with a little flour, and fry in hot drippings until done and brown. Take up the birds, remove the toothpicks and serve on the dish. Make a good gravy with browned flour to thicken, and pour over the meat.

Rice, Poached Eggs, Lentils and Asparagus.

To cook the lentils, wash one-half cupful and then tie them in a cloth, leaving room to swell. Boil for two and one-half hours in plenty of boiling water, and turn on to a hot dish, add one tablespoonful of melted butter, salt, pepper and powdered nutmeg to taste. Serve hot with cooked asparagus tips, nicely seasoned boiled rice and poached eggs.

Chicken, Potatoes and Peas.—To prepare the chickens, take one or two plump broilers, clean and prepare them, stuff them with any preferred stuffing, cover with thin slices of bacon and lemon and tie up in buttered paper. Into a deep saucepan put one-half cupful of butter, one onion sliced, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper, beat well, place broilers in the pan, cover with the lid and let them brown on both sides in the oven, by repeatedly turning and basting them. Cook in a moderate oven for three-fourths of an hour. Serve each half on a slice of toasted bread, with hot peas and steamed potatoes.

Sausages, Rice and Beets.—Prick the sausages with a fork and put them into a frying pan with a little melted drippings. The drippings must not be made too hot before the sausages are put in or the sausages will burst. Keep turning the sausages over and over, and allow them to cook slowly until brown and crisp on all sides. Pork sausages especially require thorough cooking, or they will not be wholesome. Serve hot with steamed rice and cooked beets and good gravy or brown sauce.

Sausages may also be baked. Prick them well and place them in a greased tin, cook in a moderate oven until brown and crisp, turning them occasionally. Serve in the same way. Fried bacon may be served along with the sausages.

Fish Balls With Spaghetti and Glazed Carrots.

Cut into small pieces, one pound of cooked or canned fish. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, add one-fourth cupful of flour, mix until well blended, then pour in one cupful of

fish stock, milk or water, stir until the mixture boils. Cook for eight minutes, then take from the fire and add the fish, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and a few grains of paprika. Turn out on to a plate

minutes, after cutting it into thin slices. Drain and wipe dry and broil for five minutes, turning frequently. Serve hot with potatoes and spinach.

To Prepare and Cook the Spinach:—Look over two pounds of spinach carefully, removing any faded and discolored leaves. Then wash the spinach thoroughly in several waters. Put the spinach into a large saucepan with just the water that hangs on the leaves, sprinkle it with a very little salt and cook until quite tender, stirring it frequently with a wooden spoon. Drain well and then rub the spinach through a sieve or chop it very finely, and add one-half cupful of good gravy, then use.

Spanish Omelette, Baked Potatoes and Asparagus Tips.

Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one chopped onion, one chopped green pepper, one chopped red pepper, cover and cook gently for thirty minutes. Beat four eggs very lightly, add four tablespoonfuls of hot water and a few grains of red pepper. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into an omelette or small frying pan and when hot, pour in the eggs. Stir the mixture round with a wooden spoon until it begins to set, stirring mostly on the

surface, and not scraping the bottom of the pan. Then hold it a little longer over the fire until the omelette is nicely browned on the under side. Slip a knife under it, and double over first from one side and then from the other towards the centre. Then turn it out on to a hot dish, fill the ends of the dish with the Spanish sauce, and serve with baked potatoes and asparagus tips. To cook the asparagus tips, cut the tips in two inch lengths, from one bundle of asparagus. Wash them and cut each piece in three. Cover with boiling salted water, and cook until tender. Drain, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and use.

Baked Pork and Beans, Curried Tomatoes.

Cook two cupfuls of soaked beans, then put them into an earthenware dish, with one-half pound of salt pork, in the centre of the beans. Dissolve one-half tablespoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one tablespoonful of molasses or corn syrup in one cupful of hot water. Pour over the beans, fill the dish with hot water, cover and bake for eight hours, renewing the water occasionally until the last thirty minutes of cooking. Then let it cook away so that the beans will not be too moist. Serve with curried tomatoes and brown bread.

Hash, Potato Balls and Peas.—One pound of cooked meat, four tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of drippings, one and one-half cupfuls of stock or water, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one onion thinly sliced, one tablespoonful of tomato catsup and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Trim the meat carefully, removing all skin, gristle, burnt pieces and superfluous fat, and then weigh it. Slice it rather thinly and cut it in pieces of a convenient size. Melt the drippings in a saucepan, and when smoking hot, put in the onion and fry it a few minutes, allowing it to brown, but on no account to blacken. Next add the flour and brown that also. Then draw the pan to the side of the fire and pour in the stock or water. Stir until boiling and skim if necessary, add the seasonings and lay in the meat. Put the lid on the pan and allow the meat to heat in the sauce for fifteen minutes. Care must be taken that it does not boil, or it will toughen, and the hash will not be so good. This is most important. Serve hot with potato balls and buttered peas.

Meat and Macaroni Dish.—Boil one-fourth pound of macaroni in plenty of boiling salted water for twenty minutes, then drain and cut into small pieces. Chop one-half pound of cooked meat and moisten it with one cupful of good brown or any other suitable sauce. Peel two or three tomatoes and cut them in thin slices. Then grease a baking dish and put them in layers, seasoning each layer with salt and pepper. Cover the top with a layer of breadcrumbs and dot with butter here and there. Bake in moderate oven for three-fourths of an hour. Serve garnished with parsley.

and set aside until cold. Form into balls, brush over with the beaten whites of the eggs, toss in fine breadcrumbs or corn meal and fry in smoking hot fat until brown. Drain and serve hot with cooked spaghetti and glazed carrots.

To Make Glazed Carrots:—Cut carrots in small rounds with a vegetable cutter or in some other fancy shape. When prepared, put the carrots in a shallow saucepan with enough stock to cover them, one tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of sugar. Cook in the oven or by the side of the fire without covering the saucepan, so that by the time the cooking is finished, the liquid has evaporated and the carrots are coated with a rich gravy or glaze.

Meat Loaf, Baked Potatoes and Ladies' Cabbage.

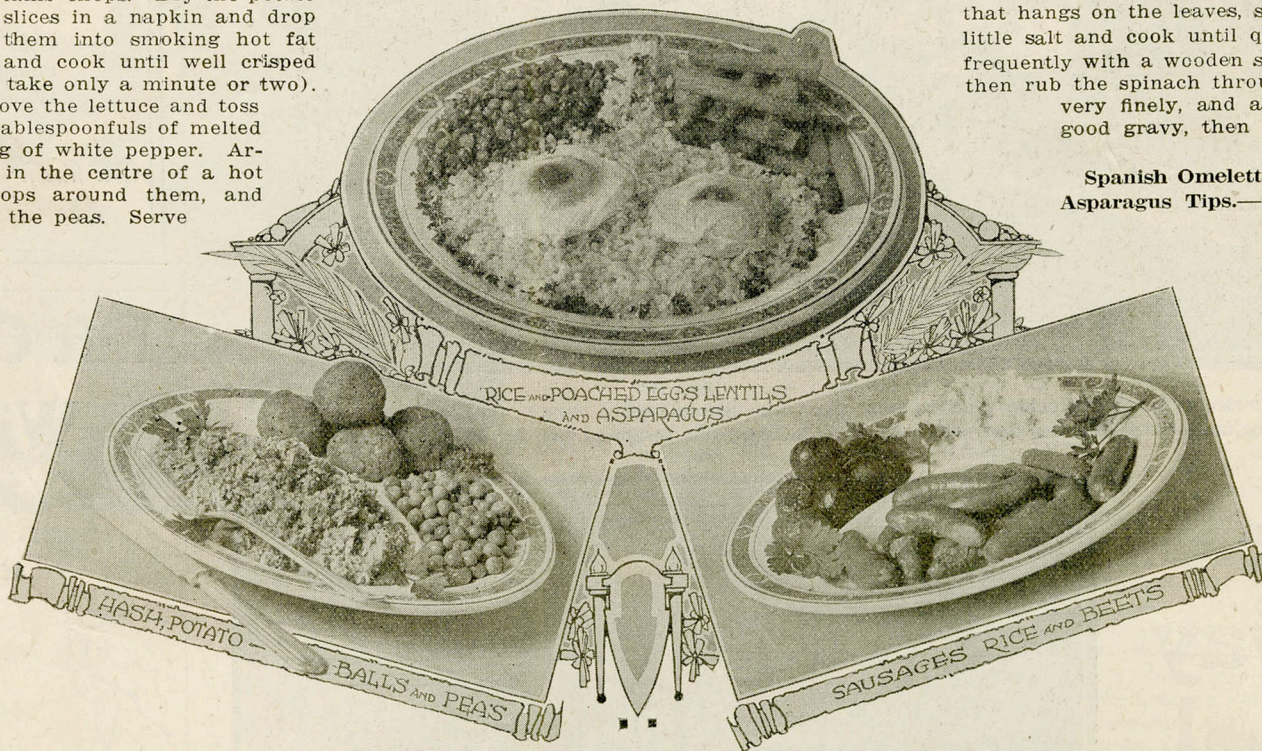
Cut a small cabbage into halves, remove the hard portion and chop the remaining part fine. Put this into a saucepan of boiling salted water, and boil uncovered for forty minutes and drain well. Put the cabbage back into the saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, blended with one tablespoonful of flour, stir carefully with a wooden spoon, adding one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper and a few grains of red pepper. Allow to cook gently for fifteen minutes, serve on a hot plate with the baked potatoes and the meat loaf cut into slices.

Savory Bean Dish.—Soak two cupfuls of dried beans in eight cupfuls of cold water for twelve hours. Cook them until tender in the same water, then add six sliced onions and cook for thirty minutes. To two cupfuls of tomatoes, fresh or canned, add one and one-half cupfuls of cooked hominy, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and cook for twenty minutes. Pour into a hot dish, cover with the bean mixture, and garnish with parsley. Serve hot.

Fricassee of Fish with Potatoes.—One-half pound of fish, cooked or uncooked, one cupful of fish stock or water, one-half cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one hard-cooked egg, a squeeze of lemon juice, pepper and salt to taste and two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Any white fish may be used for this, it must be cut in small pieces or broken in flakes and weighed free from skin and bones. If there are any trimmings they may be used for making the stock. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, fish stock or water and milk, and season it with salt and pepper. Put in the fish and let it heat through, or if it is raw fish, allow it to cook for a few minutes. Add a squeeze of lemon juice and the cream. Decorate with the hard-cooked egg cut in pieces, a few thin slices of lemon and steamed potatoes.

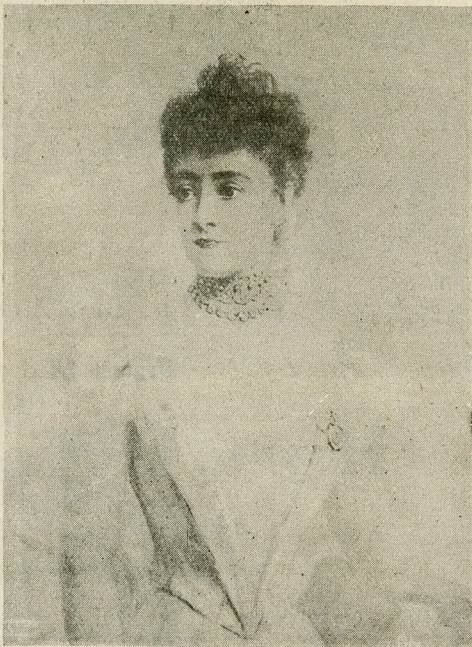
Broiled Ham, Potatoes and Spinach.—If very salt, soak the ham in boiling water for five



The Childhood of Prima Donnas

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

How the Three
Most Famous
Singers of the
Nineteenth
Century Began
Their March to
World Wide
Fame



Adelina Patti.
(Copy of painting by John Sargent.)



Madame Malibran de Beriot.

THE death of Adelina Patti, early in October, made some of the younger generation rub their eyes, for she had so long been a figure of legend that it seemed as though she must be at least a hundred years old. Her fame was something which had been passed on from generation to generation, and dated back to the days of the Crimean war. She and the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, had divided honors as reigning sensations on this continent in the summer of 1859. Even before that, she had appeared as a concert singer in Canadian cities. And yet she was not seventy-seven when she died. The explanation of course is, that Patti began singing as a little child, and was phenomenal and memorable even then.

A year or more ago I wrote an article for this journal showing that many of the great instrumental celebrities, especially the violinists, had begun as child prodigies, but it was explained that this rule did not apply to singers, whose voices generally do not show their best qualities until after adolescence. Moreover, the art of singing is one that requires, as a rule, considerable training extending over a period of years; so that it is seldom that a woman or a man attains fame as a vocalist before reaching twenty-five or more often thirty. Yet here again Patti was exceptional; for as a little child of seven she could perform difficult vocal feats that many notable prima donnas have never wholly succeeded in mastering.

IN the forties when Patti was born, young people of good family or in comfortable homes did not go on the stage or aspire to fame as singers other than in an amateur capacity. Thus the operatic stage was recruited from families in which acting and singing was an hereditary calling,—strolling players without permanent abode. Italy contributed many of them, though in England there are many theatrical and singing families

represented on the London stage who have followed that walk of life for at least two centuries.

The women in these families were kind and virtuous, though living a nomadic life, and managed to bring up large families, while singing and acting themselves. Such a woman was Caterina Chiesa the Sicilian mother of Adelina Patti. She herself was a noted singer in her day, and five of her children achieved fame. One of her sons by her first marriage, Antonio Barili, became a famous tenor, and four of her offspring from her second marriage with Salvatore Patti, also a singer of distinction, were of high talent. In addition to Adelina, the third daughter, there were Amalia Patti and Carlotta Patti, both noted singers. I have heard old men say that Carlotta had an even more appealing voice than Adelina, but was hampered by permanent lameness. Then there was a brother Carlo Patti, who became a very fine violinist and conductor.

IT was into this nest of singing birds that Adelina was born in Madrid in 1843 and before she was six years old their wanderings had carried her into several countries and at last into a little side street in old New York. For wandering singers with many mouths to feed, there were often hungry days, but Patti in after years used to say that in New York they at last managed to live "at peace and free from care." Indeed, she herself was able in a few years to sing the family out of debt.

In his later years, the noted American critic, Richard Grant White, told of his first meeting with Adelina as a little child. He was twenty years or more her senior and a great admirer of her mother who had won critical approval from the New York public. One day in calling on Madame Chiesa-Patti, a bright-eyed little tot came running in and out of the room. The mother who was a good disciplinarian told her in Italian to come in and be still or stay out. The child obediently came in and, taking a liking to the visitor, without embarrassment climbed on his knee. White asked politely if the little one was destined to be a singer like her mother and sisters, and Madame said, "Sing, Adelina." Without dropping from her perch the child rendered with perfect and bird-like sweetness, an unfamiliar Italian air, and then ran away laughing.

In later years, Adelina told her friends that as a little child she was already possessed of a frantic love of music and the theatre. She sat in the opera house every night when her mother sang, and every melody and every gesture impressed themselves on her indelibly. When the performance was over and she was taken home

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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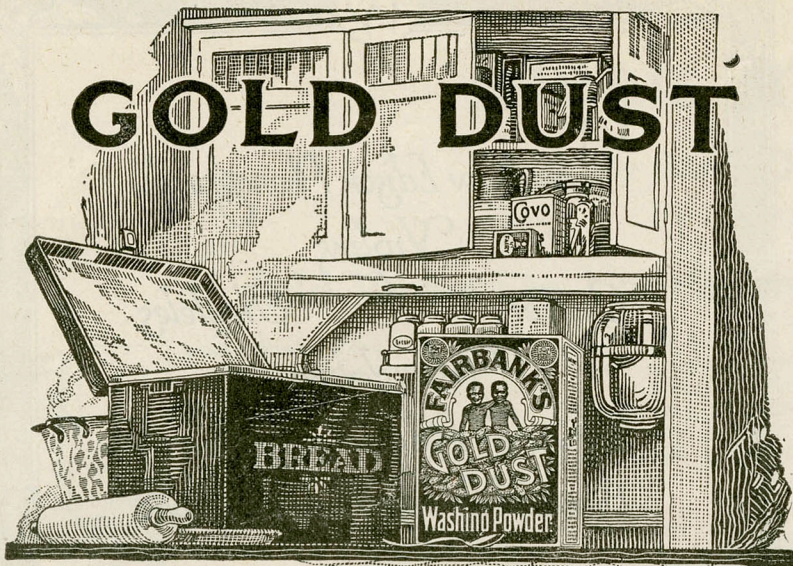
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See page 21 for the announcement of the "Baby Contest." Every mother should take keen interest in this event. It is for YOU.



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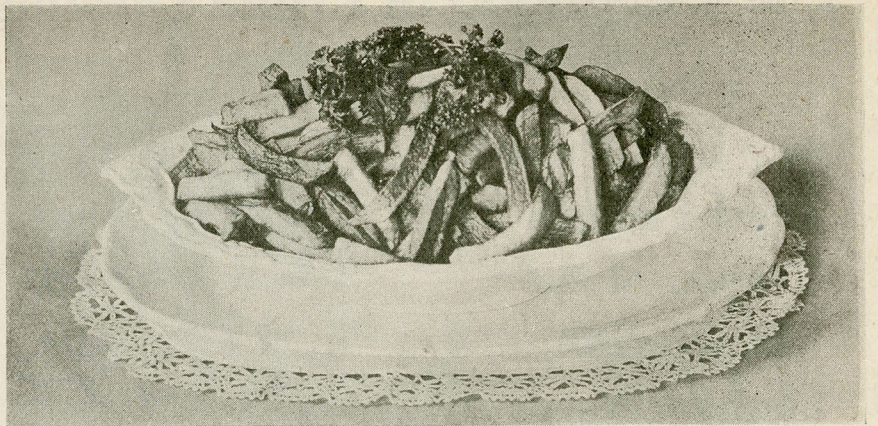
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Beware of Substitutes



French fried potatoes.

How to Fry Foods in Fat

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES."

THE term "frying" is often used where "sautéing" is intended. To be exact, frying means cooking in a sufficient quantity of deep fat to cover the article to be fried, while sautéing means cooking foods in a little fat in a shallow pan. This method is more expensive than true frying. In either case, the fat in the pan should be sufficiently hot to form a crust on the outside of the food to be cooked, so that the grease may not penetrate and be absorbed.

If fried food proves indigestible, it may be generally attributed to one of these causes: the food has not been completely coated with egg and crumbs, the fat has not been at the right temperature, or the fat used was of an inferior quality.

Fried foods are mostly cooked by the steam formed in them. The moment the article touches the fat its surface becomes coated, making it impossible for the food juices to escape. These are turned into steam which cooks the food. The fat merely browns the outside. It may seem extravagant to the uninitiated to talk about using plenty of fat for frying, but, in reality, this method of deep frying is to be preferred for most foods rather than the commoner practice of sautéing. Three pounds of fat will be required for a pan eight inches in diameter. This fat may be used many times if clarified by cooking a few slices of raw potato in it. One kind of fat or one kettle of fat is sufficient for all kinds of frying.

In successful frying these points must be remembered: the fat must be deep enough to cover the food to be fried; it must be hot enough to form a coat quickly, which prevents the absorption of the fat, and the articles to be fried must be entirely covered with egg and crumbs or batter. Beat the egg for coating lightly, yolk and white together, just enough to mix it, not enough to make it really frothy. Add one tablespoonful of water during the beating process. Only a few articles should be fried at one time. Too many cool the fat and thus prevent the quick formation of the crust on the food. When the food is fried drain it on clean, brown paper.

The choice of a frying pan is quite

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

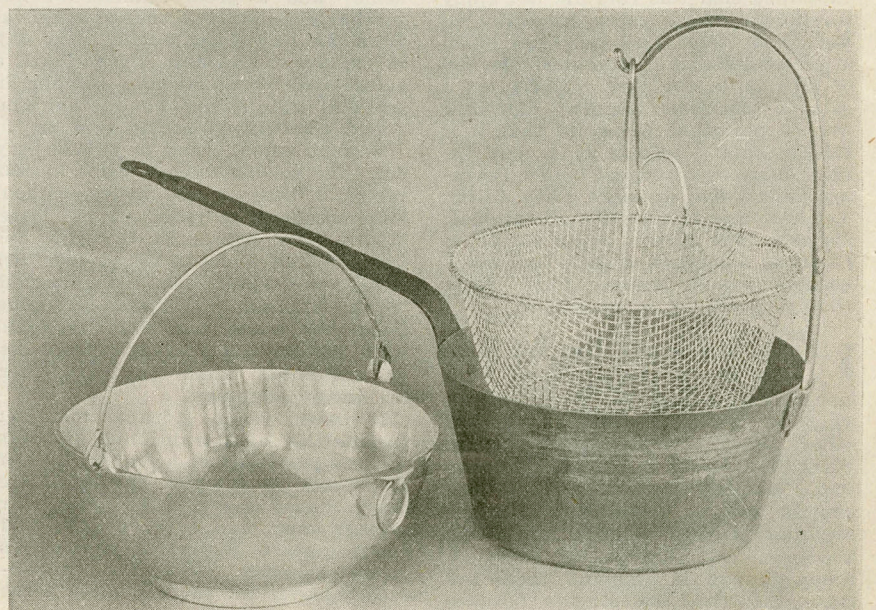
important. The old fashioned, round bottomed Scotch bowl of our grandmothers' days is perhaps the best frying pan of all, as it retains the heat without being so thin as to allow the fat to overheat as soon as a very intense fire is under it. Next comes steel and aluminum frying pans. The frying basket is a great help where there is much of this kind of cooking to be done, and any excess fat drips back into the frying kettle, so there is no waste.

There is much to be said about the choice of fats for frying purposes; a general idea, however, will suffice. Select fats of good quality and that heat at a low temperature—those that do not scorch or burn easily. Vegetable fats are excellent. Beef suet carefully rendered, does not soak into the material so quickly as lard. one must use lard add to it at least one-fourth its weight of beef suet.

Fried foods that leave grease on the serving plate are neither well cooked nor dainty. Butter, frequently used for sautéing, is the poorest of all frying materials. It decomposes at the boiling point of water, 212° F. Butter softens the fibre of fish and some other foods and allows them to absorb grease.

To determine when the fat is at the right temperature, drop a piece of dry bread into it. If this browns in forty seconds, it is right for croquettes and foods that have been previously cooked. If it browns in sixty seconds it is right for doughnuts and other uncooked foods. Do not allow the fat to become too hot; this is as harmful as if the fat were too cold. Four doughnuts are enough to cook at once and the fat should be allowed to reheat after the first ones are taken out before cooking more.

French Fried Potatoes.—Pare the potatoes and cut them into eighths, balls or fancy shapes. Soak for one or two hours in cold water, then dry on a towel. Drop quickly into fat, hot enough to brown them by the time they come to the surface. They are done when they float. Skim them from the fat, drain on kitchen paper, sprinkle with salt and serve immediately.



Frying pans and basket.

January, Nineteen-Twenty

The First Snow-fall



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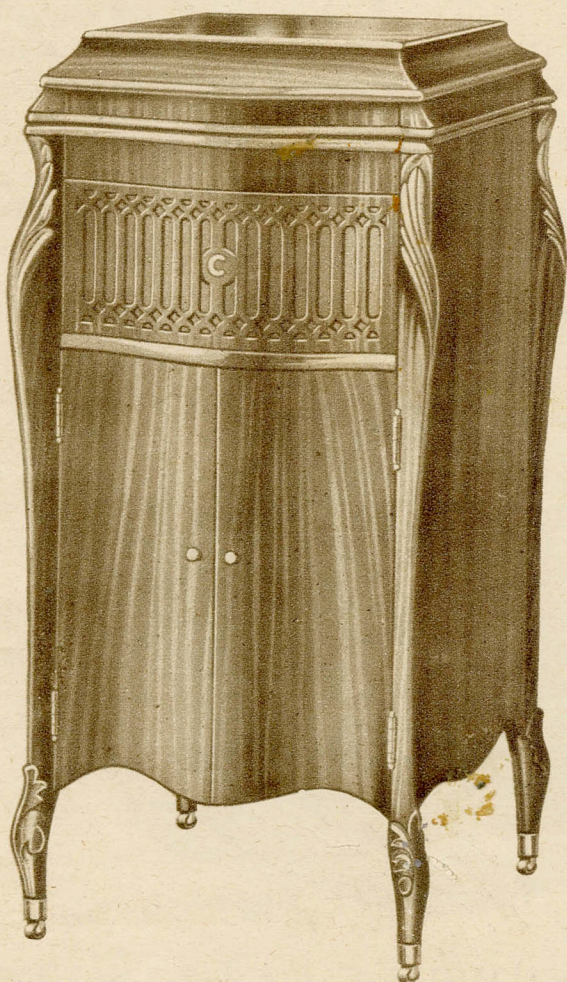
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Honest Cottons made in wholesome Canadian factories.

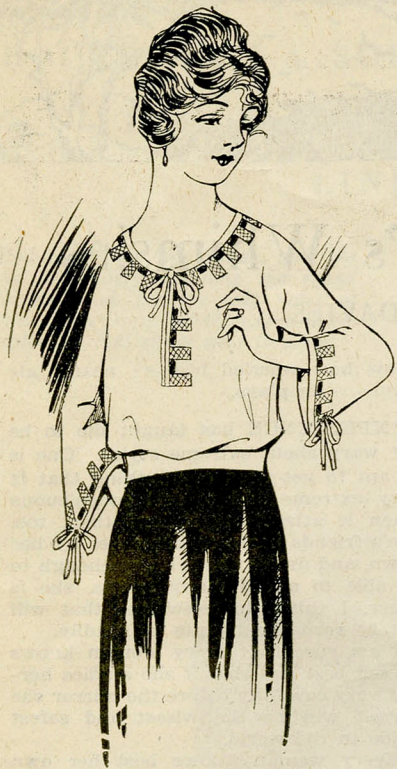
PRUE COTTONS

DOMINION TEXTILE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

CARING HOW ONE LOOKS

By
Charlotte M. Storey

More Training in the Art of Dressing is Needed



Fine white cotton voile, lace tabs, dainty blue ribbon running through a casing and an underlay of black velvet ribbon. These are the essentials for one of the most charming of Spring blouses.

A SAGE, whose wit was more brilliant than kind, once said that women dressed to please men and make other women jealous. Now, granting the truth of the first impeachment, for the sake of getting on with the matter, what's the harm supposing woman does dress to please man—providing, of course, that the man's worth-while? And as for dressing to excite the envy of other women, possibly some few do enjoy that kind of diversion, but everyone knows the old saying that "One sparrow doesn't make a summer," and we can afford to let it go at that.

Whatever may have been the attitude of the Victorian women towards dress—and the fashion plates of that era lead us to believe that they had some very exaggerated ideas on the subject—the broader scope of the Twentieth Century woman is giving her some very sane and practical ideals concerning clothes. Of course, someone is ready, on reading this, to interrupt with: "Do you really think so?" tagging on some allusion to hobble skirts and abbreviated bodices.

But these extremes of fashion are exceptions. The great mass of women wear sensible clothing, though perhaps not always selected with the best of judgment as regards making the most of one's personal appearance—and yet, as we write, the words of a professional man, whose vocation and experience make him an authority, come drifting back. He said that Canadians as a people had excellent taste, and that if unhampered by price and style considerations, out of a group of articles, they could be safely trusted to select the most faultlessly artistic. Please pardon the digression, but it was too good not to pass along.

Progressive, modern women ungrudgingly admit the influence of properly fitting, well-made

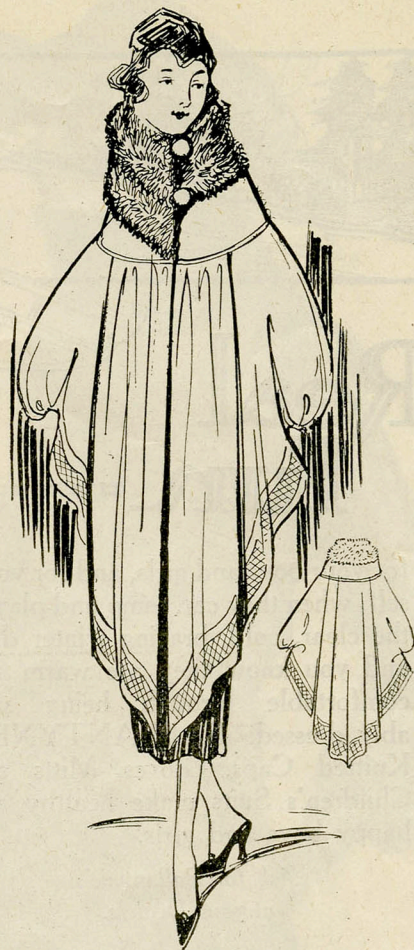
and becoming clothes on physical and mental well-being, and that they are a great factor in material success, whereupon the conscientious objector points to Miss Brilliant Brains and says: "Just look at her and the success she has made of her business, and she doesn't care a toothpick about how she looks." One may safely retort, "But how do you know how much more successful she might have been if she had cared?" It used to be a matter of pride with professional women to assume and perhaps to really feel an indifference to their personal appearance. But this attitude is fast passing, and the time may not be far distant when the ethics of dress will be taught in our universities. Our educational institutions provide training on almost every other subject, then why not dress, something in which every normal woman is vitally interested? And yet we have actually less training in the art of correct dressing than in almost anything else that pertains to our well-being.

It is not inappropos to say right here, that to the women who want to make the most of their broader future opportunities, dress is going to mean more, in a bigger and broader way, than it has in the past. The ambitious woman with the intellectual endowments that make her eligible for a seat in the House of Commons, the Provincial Legislature, or even a civic

office, cannot afford to ignore the value of correct clothes. She'll have to dress to suit her part. And even if she never did before, when she becomes a candidate for office, she'll have to dress to please the men, if she wants to get elected (and let none disparage her therefor), because men will give the well-dressed woman the preference every time over the badly dressed one, all other things being equal. Hence, disappointment will be the portion of her who, in sloppy attire, appears on the public platform to declare the articles of her political and civil faith. And as the puniest woman's vote is as good as that of the most admiring Samson, the sage may rest assured that she won't be garbed to make any other women jealous, and he may as well withdraw his charge.

Truly this is a history-making epoch in clothes as in everything else. And perhaps, some day, not many years hence, as we sit around the tea table discussing a coming election and its candidates, someone will casually remark that Mrs. Polla Ticks has been to Madame Modiste and ordered her campaign wardrobe, and that she is going to have two stunning "platform gowns."

This may sound like sheer nonsense, but wait—there's a precedent. When the war began and women were found taking their places on the public plat-



Here's the new kite silhouette; and it doesn't require a great stretch of imagination for any young debutante to see how chic she'd look in just such a duvetyn cloak collared with Alaska sable.

form to discuss patriotic matters, there were certain characteristics about the clothes they wore that made them peculiarly suitable for the occasion, and mentally one dubbed them

"platform gowns." And if the broad-minded, public-spirited woman of to-morrow selects the right kind of clothes, she is bound to influence the clothes of even her domesticated sisters, the day after and the day after that.

But, meantime, what is La Mode doing? This universal favorite is one who is never allowed to rest. Someone's always asking: "What's new?" And to-day the answer is "Monkey jackets." Most of us were fearfully stand-offish in our attitude towards the long overblouse when it was first introduced, but bit by bit it has won us over till now everyone who can is having one. And the monkey jacket is a charming variation of it—just the triggest young thing one would want to look at in a day's shopping. And not the least charming thing about it is the fact that it is not dependent for its existence on Georgette crepe, beautiful as it is. The creator of these jackets went in for something more substantial in presenting the first models. For one of them, he (or was it she?) chose a beautiful quality of duvetyn in terra cotta shade, and embroidered it with grey angora yarn. In England they call these smart little garments jumpers. They are just about waist length, and are caught up into pleats at the side so as to suggest a waist line. They have



As businesslike as a time clock is this boleroed navy blue tricotine frock embroidered in gold thread and colored silk floss.

Here are short sleeves a la Paris, and black velvet with ribbon loop garniture.

A frock to frivol in is this taffeta confection, every detail of which the artist has made plain save the harem hem.

This chemise frock doesn't believe in camouflage. It lives the simple life, with just a little machine stitching and a few tassels to relieve the tedium.

When a chemise frock grows tired of being just itself, it borrows a coat back, lines it with a bright color and launches out in the world as a new creation.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.



Real Fun

for your boys and girls, and for yourself, when they can romp and play in the clear, cold, bracing winter days and you know they are warm and comfortable through being suitably dressed. BALLANTYNE'S Knitted Caps, Gloves, Mitts and Children's Suits make healthy and happy boys and girls.

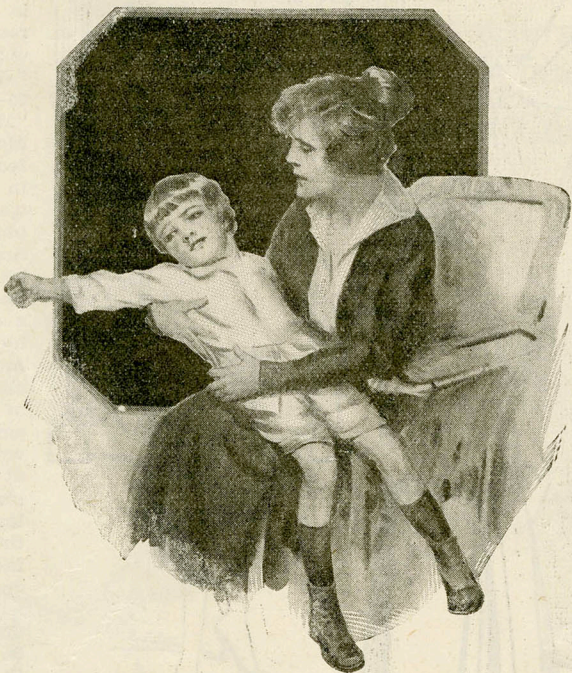
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Ballantyne's Knitted Caps Gloves Mitts Children's Suits

R.M. BALLANTYNE Limited
STRATFORD CANADA



Watch for the February Valentine cover, painted by Norman Price. It tells the fascinating tale of St. Valentine's Day—centuries old but ever new.

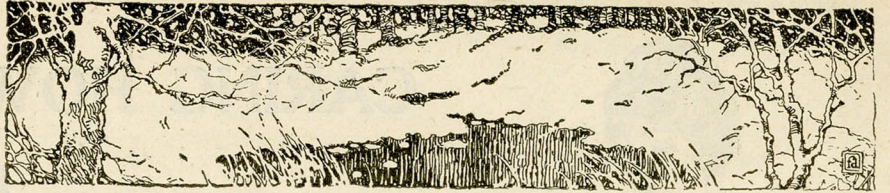


"California Syrup of Figs"

All druggists sell the reliable and genuine
"California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

Children's Pleasant Laxative

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.



Dame Fashion's Whimsies

By MARION DAVIES

Of course it is very difficult for an actress of the screen or stage to write of clothes . . . fashion. Not that she does not usually know because it is always very difficult to separate (in ideas) the "screen" or "stage" wardrobe from the "private" or "personal" wardrobe. I, for one, never wear my "screen" clothes any place but in the studio—before the camera, fulfilling the mission for which they were built. And, when I am through with them, I usually give them away, or in the case of rare laces, furs or jewels, they go into the construction of other screen clothes; but I can safely say that nothing else is ever used by me again.

No audience in the world is so intelligent or so critical as a screen audience. It demands—and rightly—that its players shall be gowned, shod, hatted, coated, not only correctly but always in the very newest of fashion's creations, and it is right that this be so. Therefore, the screen artiste must needs not only study her style but fashion's every wrinkle and fit it to herself.

But talking about clothes that suit oneself—I honestly believe that every woman can draw up a set of rules for her own particular guidance when on a shopping tour. From my own experience, I know that I shop better when alone. If I go with a friend, I am apt to buy impulsively in my anxiety not to bore her. When I find that I am getting tired—and shopping is fatiguing—I have the charity to offer myself a cup of tea in some really restful place.

I think shopping should be a pleasure—not a pain. I am so sorry when I see girls with what I might call the "clothes face," that hard, concentrated look something like stage stockbrokers wear. You

know how worried brokers nearly always are in plays.

EXPERIENCE has taught me to be wary about extreme styles. One is so apt to get tired of anything that is very extreme and to feel conspicuous when it attracts attention; then, too, one's friends begin to know her by her gown, and unless she is lucky enough to be able to afford many frocks, she is wiser, I think, to select one that will not be recognized quite so readily.

I am sure that every woman knows herself best and that if she studies herself very carefully before the mirror she herself will be the wisest and safest guide in the world.

Every woman knows best her own colors and shades. I believe, and I think it is generally agreed now that the dark blues and blacks are always a very safe bet and that only the very fair blonde should indulge in a certain shade of brown.

I think a woman's individuality, to a great extent, is expressed in her dress, and I am one who firmly believes that a woman should study her own personality and purse rather than be a slave to the dictates of fashion. Of course, to some extent, she must go by the fundamental rules as set down by Dame Fashion for any season; that is, if skirts are shorter she should wear them so—and if the coats of suits are being made longer she should attempt to conform, as best her individual lines allow, with the season's silhouette. But, I think that she should modify, or fit fashion's dictates to her own personality, for I believe that then she will be happiest and healthiest; to say nothing of being more efficient in her home or in her work.

Caring How One Looks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

short kimono sleeves and a low oval neckline, untrimmed save for a bit of embroidery of some kind. Tricolette, a knitted silk fabric, is another suitable material.

Slip-over blouses are going to be very much in the vogue for next spring—this is just a tip in time, in case someone is gathering a spring wardrobe in advance, and there are a good many merchants who would like to know what Canadian women are going to do about the short sleeve. La Mode is undoubtedly going to sanction it for the spring and summer, but then, you know, La Mode proposes and the wearer disposes. Women are, after all, the arbiters of fashion, no matter what the fashion papers say.

For the young girl who goes out much in the evenings, and her

mother, too, for that matter, an evening wrap is almost an essential. Some compromise on the fur coat, but not everyone has such a luxurious garment, so for some of us a cloth coat must answer the purpose. The model shown in the illustration is cut out of a square of cloth and joined to a yoke topped with a high fur collar. It conforms with the kite silhouette which the elite of fashion is wearing now.

Of making many dresses there is no end. We wonder what Elizabeth Browning would say if she were to hear us paraphrasing her, but she was a nice person and probably wouldn't have cared. The illustrations show some of the very newest tailored dresses standing guard around a dance frock. Aren't they sweet simplicity itself?

Important Fashion Announcement

FASHION BOOK FREE

In order to give our readers the largest possible number of illustrations from which to select their patterns for Autumn clothes, we will send a Pictorial Review Monthly Fashion Book to each reader sending name and address and a two-cent stamp.

The illustrations shown in this number are reproduced to demonstrate the new features in Autumn Fashions. We cannot supply patterns for them.

Send a two-cent stamp for a Pictorial Review Monthly Book at once, and make your selection from it.

Address: Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

FROCKS AND A SUIT THAT FOLLOW THE FAVORED WINTER LINES

Embroidery on the girdle and the same embroidery outlining the round collarless neck are the only notes of trimming on Dress S-2660, which is admirable for Fall street wear in serge.

There is a suggestion of the redingote in Dress S-2661, with its tunic gathered to the slightly long-waisted body section, the fronts of which roll back in revers from a tucked vest.



S-2662

S-2663

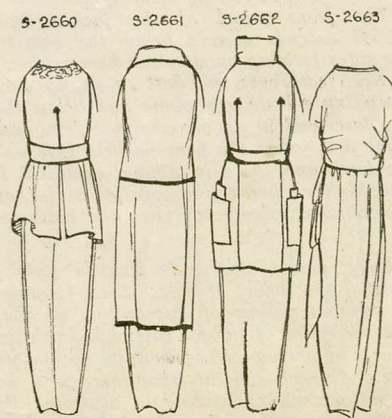
S-2660

S-2661

The early Winter suit fashioned of velours, duvetyn, or velvet would be very smart made up according to Model S-2662. There are darts front and back that extend from the lower edge to the bust-line, where they end in embroidered arrow heads. The double pockets are smart.

A long-waisted bodice draped to form its own girdle and fashioned of metal embroidered Georgette crêpe is combined with a velvet skirt to form the very charming dress shown in S-2663. A double looped panel with one long end forms a sash effect at the side.

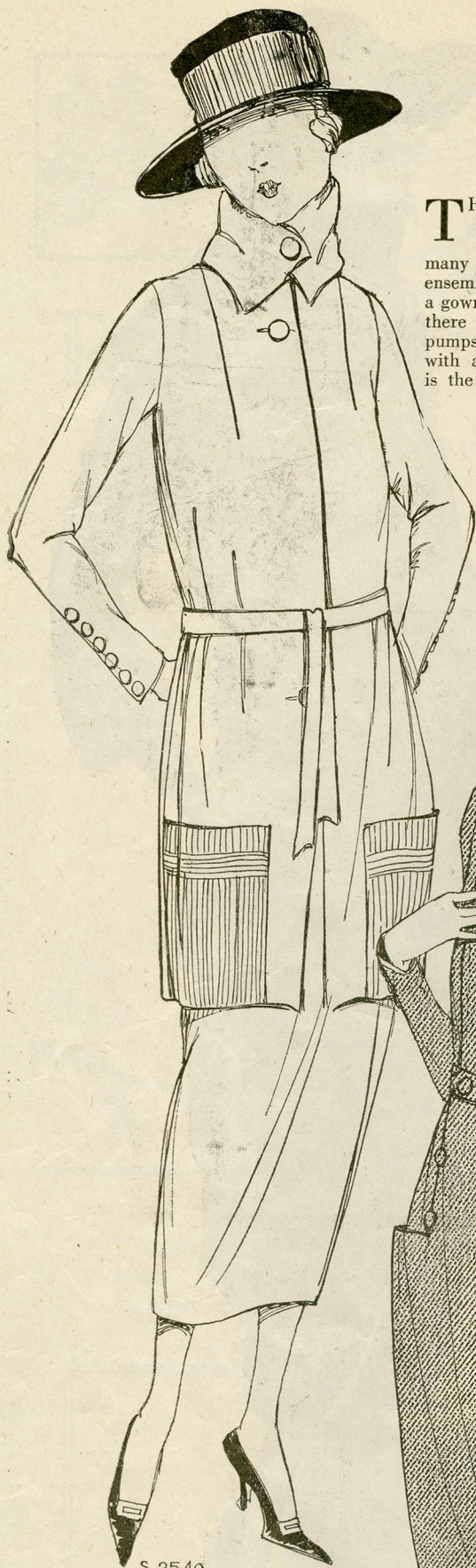
WHEN the bead necklace first appeared, conservative women sniffed, and proclaimed loudly their intention to leave such barbaric ornaments to the "Broadway chickens," stage beauties, and very young girls who are anxious to attract attention to themselves. But little by little the vogue of these outré looking things has extended, until now it rages all over the land, and the shops are having difficulty in keeping up with the demand. The staidest of matrons, the most demure débutantes, all have fallen under the spell of these weird affairs, some of which would delight the heart of our savage sisters. The most astonishing things swing from these bead chains—quaint East Indian amulets, incense burners, huge bird and animal plaques in vivid colorings, of celluloid, porcelain, and crystal. Gold and silver jewel-studded serpents are worn as bracelets, the short sleeves that Paris adores, leaving any amount of arm available to display them. Bead chains are braided to form girdles and these are stunning with dark frocks. Ivory studded with silver, lapis lazuli, and jade are fashionable for bracelets, some women wearing several on one arm.



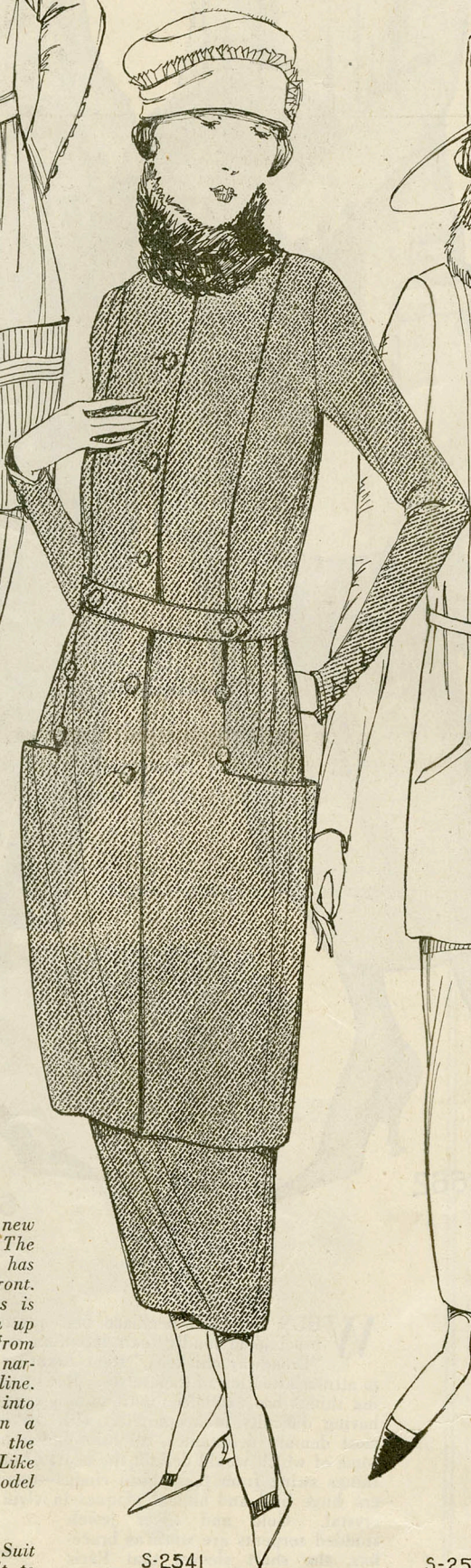
THE INDISPENSABLE SUIT, PLAIN IN LINE AND WITH LITTLE TRIMMING

THE importance of wearing the correct type of shoes with every costume can not be too strongly emphasized. How many women spoil an otherwise irreproachable ensemble by wearing low-heeled Oxfords with a gown of Georgette crepe or rich satin? Then there are others who insist on high-heeled pumps with sports clothes. The correct shoe with a plain tailored suit for morning wear is the brown Oxford with medium heel, and

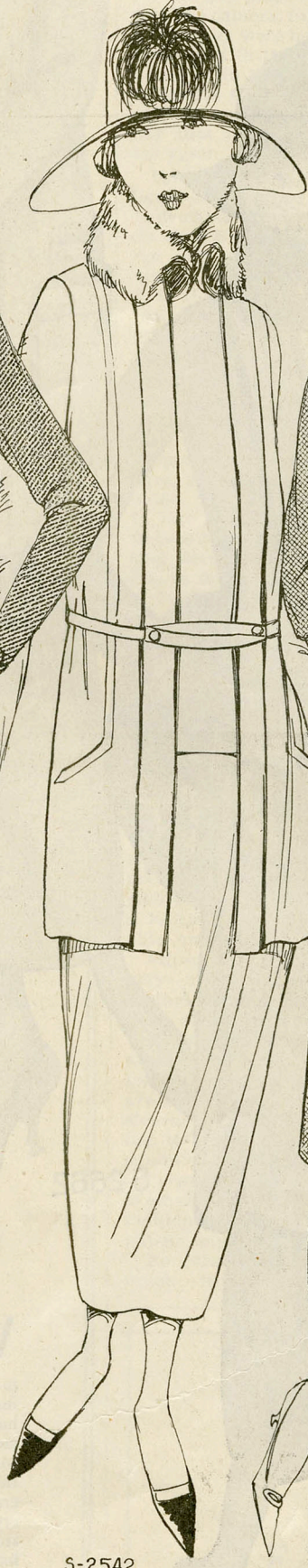
plain or wing tip. Later in the day high laced boots of kidskin in matching or harmonizing color are proper, and for dressy service there are long-vamped narrow pumps of patent leather and soft kidskin in black or dark brown. These have high Louis heels. With white house frocks white kidskin pumps are lovely, and many women like high white kidskin boots for afternoon wear right through the Winter.



S-2540



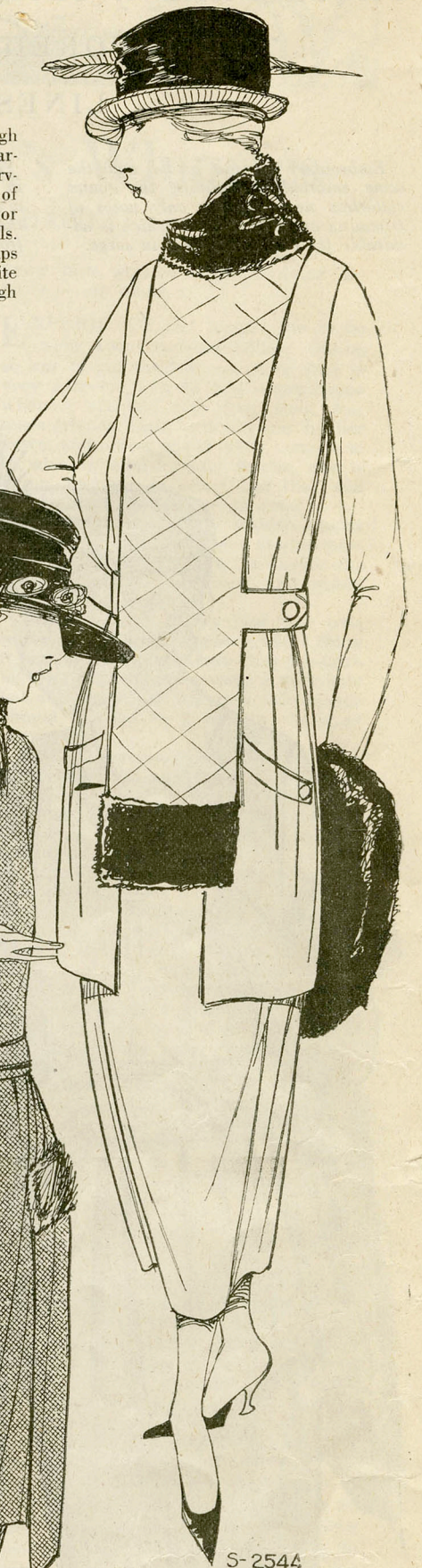
S-2541



S-2542



S-2543

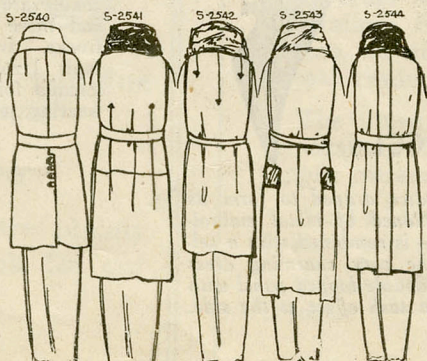


S-2544

Finely tucked hem pockets give a new style note to the jacket of Suit S-2540. The jacket buttons high to the neck and has a choker collar also buttoning in front. The trend toward closer-fitting effects is evidenced from the dart that is taken up on the shoulders in front extending from the shoulder-seam to the bust-line. A narrow string belt encircles the waist-line. Long, plain close-fitting sleeves are set into small armholes and bone buttons in a matching tone trim the outside of the sleeves from the wrist to the elbow. Like most of the new tailored skirts this model is short and of conservative width.

The front panel of the jacket Suit S-2541 extends around below the belt to the sides forming outstanding hem pockets. A new feature is the dart taken up each side of the back extending a little way above and below the belt. The top of the darts end in an arrowhead of embroidery. The trimming band that forms the hem pockets extends all the way around the back and there is a novel sectional belt of self-material. The high choker collar may be of fur or plush. Pumps of brown kidskin may complete the costume.

Long, narrow revers in Tuxedo style roll back from the front of the jacket of Suit S-2542, framing a vest that may be of self-material or of duvetyn or tricolet. There is a high rollover collar of fur for the neck finish and around the waist-line is a narrow string belt in the fashionable crossover effect. At each side in front there is a narrow stitched strap of self-material extending in a straight line from the shoulders to the belt, while below the belt it takes a diagonal line and finishes the top of the slightly distended pocket.



Paris endorses the very long suit coat, an attractive phase of which is presented in S-2543. It is fashioned of mixed suiting and fastens in single-breasted style with silk cord frogs. The high choker collar is of fur and at each side below the crossed belt trimming sections are applied that are longer than the jacket itself, and bands of fur conceal the joining of the trimming sections and the jacket.

If desired these trimming sections may be left unstitched for a short distance at the center to form the fashionable distended pocket effect. Long, plain sleeves are set into small armholes and they are trimmed with buttons along the outside below the elbow. Skirts of tailored suits are as a rule comparatively short as may be seen from this model and are not at all wide.

A plaid effect is given to the plastron vest of Suit S-2544 by means of rows of diagonal silk stitching crossing each other to form diamonds. The plastron vest has extensions at the waist-line that button onto the belt and at the bottom it is banded with fur. A choker collar of fur finishes the neck. With a suit like this one may wear brown kid oxfords or pumps or high laced boots of brown or white kidskin.

We cannot supply patterns for these illustrations. See announcement on page 32.



THE UNCORSETED EFFECT
AND ABSENCE OF FASTENINGS
ARE NEW STYLE NOTES

LOVELY though many of the new season's modes are, there is no avoiding the fact that Paris, as well as New York and London, has a decided penchant for the one-piece and chemise type of frocks, for this type certainly predominates. The newest neck-line is square, finished frequently with a small collar of rare lace or fine batiste. Skirts are of medium length, not so long as they have been, but not as short as Paris is wearing them. The more extreme of the new models are made with short sleeves, and this is bringing about a demand for long gloves, as the Parisienne of fashion has decreed that it is no longer good form to be seen abroad without gloves. White and palest gray are the favored shades. There are some chic models in coat style almost giving the effect of a suit, the blouse opening over a beautifully embroidered or richly braided vest. It is quite correct for frocks to be without any visible means of support, many slipping on over the head.

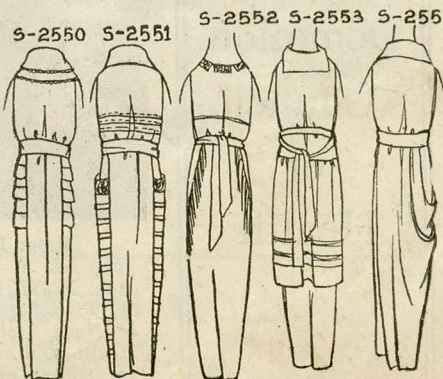
A short double-breasted blouse finished to be worn outside the skirt gives a quaint note to Dress S-2550 and the quaintness is accentuated by the trimming of mitred scallops edging the double collar and the sleeves. A panel is formed at the center-front and back of the skirt and over the hips there are three trimming bands of self-material applied.

The sides of the skirt and the sides and back of the blouse of Dress S-2551 are tucked and above the tucks of the skirt there is a trimming band elaborately braided in vermicelli design which forms distended pockets. The front of the blouse is embroidered and the round collar extends down in revers to the girdle, giving a vest effect to the blouse.

Distinctive novelty is given to Dress S-2552 by the apron tunic in front, for all the world like the apron of the Breton peasant. A further touch of novelty is given by finishing the apron with deep fringe. The blouse is absolutely plain with the exception of the smart braided yoke formed of sections of embroidery. Pumps of soft kidskin in black, brown, or field-mouse gray may complete this charming frock.

Combinations of black and white never seem to lose favor and this season they are more in vogue than ever. S-2553 presents a charming frock of black satin trimmed with wide and narrow bands of white satin. The long-waisted bodice is joined to a gathered tunic and at natural waist-line there is a crossed belt of white satin. Black kidskin pumps with white spats may be worn with this frock.

Drapery is arranged at one side of the skirt of Dress S-2554, while the other side is quite plain. Very plain also is the bodice, the only note of trimming consisting of a narrow pointed edging of Irish crochet on the collar. Pumps of soft kidskin or patent leather would be correct with this.





Childhood of Prima Donnas

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

to bed, she would get up and, unknown to the others, by the light of the night-lamp play over all the scenes she had heard. "A red lined mantle belonging to my father," said Patti, "and an old hat of my mother's served me as material for diverse costumes, and thus I acted, danced, twittered, through all the operas, barefooted, but romantically attired."

Presently the child was making public appearances under the name of "The Little Florinda." Always petite she was so small in those days that she used to be placed on a table in the centre of the platform in order that the audience might see her without difficulty. She made tours of the United States and Canada with the violinist Ole Bull and the pianist Gottschalk; and her earnings soon helped to place the frugal Italian family in comparative affluence. It speaks well for her relatives that they were not greedy. After this juvenile success she was withdrawn from public appearances; and entered on a course of education that lasted nearly eight years. It was hardly necessary to give her singing lessons, but she became one of the most accomplished linguists in the world. From the age of sixteen onward, having made her public debut as an operatic prima donna in New York early in 1859, she belonged to the world, and the epithet "la diva" (the divine) was hers, until the day of her death.

THE similarity of Malibran's childhood to that of Patti, has been noted by every musical chronicler, although she died at the age of twenty-eight, in 1836,—seven years before Patti was born. She too was one of a family of strolling operatic singers. Her father was a Spaniard, and a composer as well as a singer and her maiden name was Maria Felicita Garcia. Her sister, Pauline Viardot Garcia, who was thirteen years her junior, also became a noted prima donna and lived until 1910. Her brother Manuel Garcia, a basso, and also a noted singing teacher who lived many years in London, was older than her by three years, and lived to be one hundred and one years of age. She, the most brilliant of the three, was destined to an early and tragic death. While filling an engagement in the Manchester Music Festival she was thrown from a horse, and internal injuries killed her a day or two after she had won one of the greatest triumphs of her career, in Handel's "Messiah." As a little tot of five she had made her appearance in a child's part in opera in Naples. The wanderings of the family brought them to New York as in the case of the Patti, and there, as a child of fourteen, she sang in the choir of the old Brick Presbyterian Church, to help eke out the family income. Her talents enabled her to turn the tide of their fortunes and by the time she was nineteen she was recognized both in Paris

and London as the chief singer of her time. So wonderful was her voice and so lovable her personality, that her fame has endured ever since. She married very young, a Frenchman, Malibran, who made her very unhappy; but in later years found a more congenial mate in the celebrated violinist De Beriot.

VERY different was the childhood of the great Jenny Lind. She was the daughter of a poor Swedish widow, who kept a school in the country near Stockholm. The organist and parish clerk of the village church befriended her and before she was five years old it was discovered that she had a gift for music. As she grew older, a beautiful voice also revealed itself, and when she was nine years old the mother, much against her will, was induced to take Jenny to sing before Herr Croelius, singing master of the King's Theatre. He was at first brusque on noting her tender years, and said; "This is not a creche; it is the King's Theatre." But once he had heard her sing he was so enthusiastic that he induced the authorities to relieve the mother of all responsibilities and make Jenny the adopted child of the State. She was taught dancing, music, languages, elocution and everything that could assist her in a theatrical career. But it was not until she was eighteen that she was deemed sufficiently qualified to make a public

debut; so different were the rigid standards of Sweden, to the happy-go-lucky methods of Italian strolling companies. This was in 1838, and later, after she went to Paris, Manuel Garcia, the brother of Malibran, helped her with singing lessons. Her greatness did not really dawn on the world until 1844 when it was realized that a successor to Malibran had arisen. The furore continued for several years and in 1850 and 1852 when she toured America under the management of P. T. Barnum, who named her the "Swedish Nightingale" she received ovations such as have never since been accorded a singer.

While still young she retired to lead a quiet married life in London, and thirty or forty years ago Londoners used to see her sitting among the sopranos of a choral society conducted by her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, and found it difficult to realize that this simple lady had once been acclaimed in every city as the world's greatest singer. In 1887 she died, shortly after her sixty-seventh birthday, and she is the only singer who has been honored by a memorial in Westminster Abbey. There are those who say that England is not a musical country, but musicians of every land love her; and the three most famous singers in history lie buried in English soil.

Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

at that point of the four seasons when Nature rests and when to human eyes the bare trees, the stripped bush and shrub seem to be dead, but like mankind and all God-created things beside, Nature had to have her period of sleep wherein she gathered anew her strength to start work in the spring of the year. The blanket of snow that covered the ground was to her an unknown blessing, for by keeping in the warmth the earth was prevented from freezing beyond a certain depth, and its melting now and again kept it moist so that the sleeping roots of vegetation were saved from dying. The earthworms and their kindred had bored their way below the line of frost, whilst the burrowing spiders cared nothing about the winter, for they had made themselves comfortable many weeks before, by lining their new houses with the softest silk, and then had locked the door from the inside, thus making sure that they would not be disturbed.

Still there was life, for across the snow in the sunshine hopped and jumped the snow insect, a curious caterpillar creature, tiny and wingless, no longer than a grain of rice, some black, whilst others were a vivid orange color. These strange

atoms of life, seldom seen at other seasons of the year, because of their living in the soft cushions of moss at the foot of the trees, seemed to love to display themselves on sunny winter days.

Through the woods came the ever cheery call of the black-capped chickadee and the persistent knocking of a busy woodpecker. A butcher bird, the northern shrike, passed over the deserted saw mill and winged his way above the stream that had continued its course over the broken dam. A mink appeared as if from nowhere and noiselessly made his way across the snow. He was hungry. Three days without food had not improved his temper, and he snarled fiercely as a brilliant-coated blue-jay screamed at him from a nearby tree. Pausing in his tracks, he considered for a moment whether it was worth while to scale that particular tree for the teasing bird. The jay, however, did not wait, but spread his wings and taunted him afresh as he flew overhead. The mink watched him out of sight, then went on until he came to the edge of the pond. Here he crouched down and waited.

The water below the ice had fallen, and his keen eyes could see the move-

ments of all that passed under the almost transparent barrier. At last, through the dim light of the underworld came a muskrat. Gracefully he swam past, directly under the fierce eyes of the watcher above the ice. The mink drew back, his eyes glowing as he licked his lips. There was a meal, if only he could find a weak place in the ice. He ran along the bank until he came to the dam. Here he disappeared, and only a rustling sound was heard, or the cracking of a frozen twig, as his light yet strong body searched the barrier for an entrance. Once he raised himself and looked about him. Nothing was in sight, so down he went again until he found a hole that suited his purpose, and the next minute he was in the water. Here the mink was at home, for he was able to swim like a fish. Many a time he had baffled his enemies by diving into a river without a splash to betray him, passing through the undercurrent and eddies that swirled around sunken logs and driftwood with as much ease as the fish themselves.

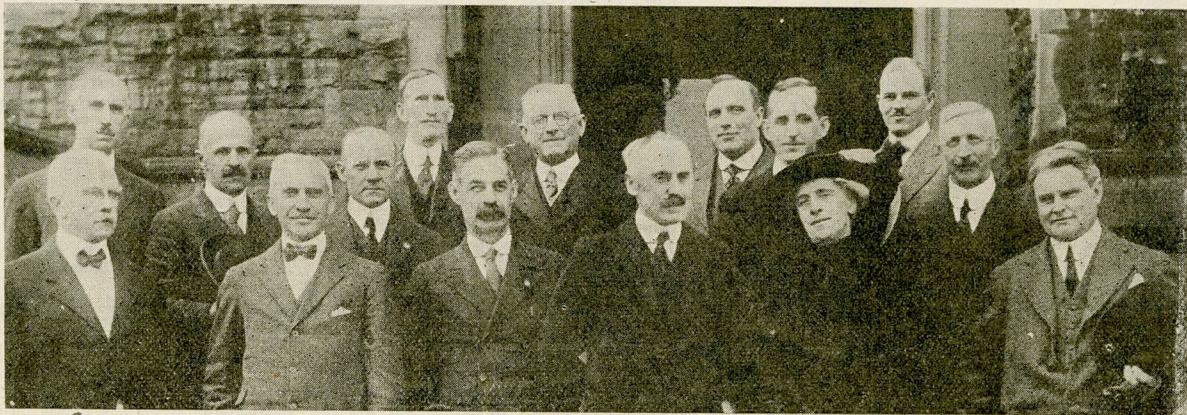
Passing along, his eyes searched for his victim, and at last, coming to a long, narrow strip of unfrozen grass where the water had fallen away, he

picked up the scent. Here the muskrat had been digging for lily roots, and the remains of his meal floated on the edges of the water. The hunter sniffed about for a few moments, then dived under the edge of the coarse grass. Suddenly a dark shape brushed past him, and the mink turned and darted after the muskrat. The chase was on. In and out of the shadows they passed like lightning, and many a water spider asleep in the bubble of air that it had taken down with it into the water when the weather above had become too cold, was rudely awakened as the fear-stricken muskrat dashed headlong through the submarine spider's nest and stirred up the muddy bottom of the pond.

The muskrat had but one idea, and that was to escape. He did not dare return to his home burrow, for there he knew the mink would follow, but there were several holes in and near the dam, where, if he could only throw off the bloodthirsty hunter, he might reach safety. Steadily the mink pursued the muskrat, for well he knew his strength would outlast that of the rat, who began to show signs of distress. Now or never the

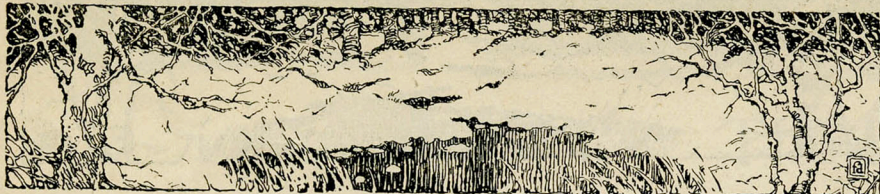
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

The
Dominion
Council
of
Health



From left to right: First row—Dr. H. E. Young, Chief Medical Health Officer of British Columbia; Dr. John W. S. McCullough, Chief Medical Health Officer of Ontario; Dr. J. A. Amyot, Deputy Minister of Health; Hon. N. W. Rowell, Minister of Health; Miss Helen R. Y. Reid, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Montreal; Hon. Dr. W. F. Roberts, Minister of Health, New Brunswick. Second row—Dr. W. H. Hattie, Chief Medical Health Officer of Nova Scotia; Dr. Elzear Pelletier, Chief Medical Health Officer of Quebec; Dr. W. C. Laidlaw, Chief Medical Health Officer of Alberta; W. F. Stephen, representing Agricultural Interests; Dr. M. M. Seymour, Chief Medical Officer of Saskatchewan; Mr. Tom Moore, President of Trades and Labor Council. Third row—Professor J. G. Fitzgerald, Professor of Hygiene, University of Toronto; G. A. Holland, Secretary of the Council; Dr. Gordon Bell, Chief Medical Health Officer of Manitoba.

A Body
Established
in
connection
with the
New
Federal
Department
of Health.



The Hallway, Formal or Informal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

sweet—or pot of flowers. Don't forget the welcoming cheer of flowers, a bowl of flowers on the hall table will make a charming greeting.

As to furniture, select that which is dignified, practical, and beautiful. A beautifully carved hutch would be welcome in the hall, if it is not too high and too impressive. A note of warning is sounded when it comes to pictures. Remember it is better to sin by omission than to offend by a bad selection, or to paper the walls with pictures. The picture gallery effect climbing with the stairs is most irritating. One picture instead of the mirror above the hall table, would be interesting.

The hall that greets one with an open fire, is indeed a hospitable one

and easy to make attractive with fire irons of gleaming brass or dull iron.

IN the case of the reception hall or hall living-room formality is dispensed with to a marked degree. Yawning armchairs or settle drawn up cosily beside the fireplace change formality to a cheery friendliness. Here, where the family gathers to read or chat or play, the book laden tables and group chairs, fairly beckon one to come and join the family. 'Tis a fine way to live, where all comers are friends. Certainly the living hall belongs to the country and not to the city with its suspicious formality. Be your hallway a mere passage way or a reception hall, express your own welcome in your own way.

Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

rodent felt that the effort must be made, and as he neared the dam he dived and struck out for the corner where he knew a certain hole was tunneled which ended in the bed of the deep stream on the other side. For a moment the mink was baffled, and wished he had made more haste in capturing his prey. A struggle in the far corner caught his attention, and as he dashed madly up he got a glimpse of the muskrat's tail, then something that wriggled struck him across the face. Viciously he snapped at the snakelike body, and his sharp teeth fastened themselves in the tender flesh of an eel. Still he made for the hole, but at the entrance he fell back head over heels, for the eel had twisted itself around his body. Angrily he released it, but as it sank to the bottom the mink followed. Again his jaws closed over the squirming fish, and he regained the entrance to the tunnel. His claws slipped in the wet mud as the eel struggled, and slowly he made his way through to the opposite side, and there he swam slowly downstream. Satisfied for the time being, he forgot about the muskrat. Not so the latter, for, still shivering with fright, he watched his enemy pass by him from the back of a hole in which he had taken refuge but a moment or two before.

Away on the other bank he saw the mink tearing the eel to pieces. Silently the muskrat slipped into the water and swam swiftly down stream. Not until he was yards below the spot where the mink was, did he come up to the surface to breathe. One look backward showed his enemy still feeding, so, diving again, he continued on his way until, by sunset, several miles divided him from the terror of the mill pond.

PRIZE LETTER

"Our Flag and what it stands for."—
By Harry Grainge, Age 13, 33
Argyle Street, Hamilton, Ont.

OUR flag is made up of three crosses and each stands for a saint: the upright red cross of St. George on a white ground, the oblique white cross of St. Andrew on a blue ground and the oblique red cross of St. Patrick on a white ground.

The flag stands for freedom, truth, purity, bravery and loyalty. I can give you an illustration of this. The British had promised to protect Belgium and when the Germans invaded

the country in 1914, Britain kept her promise and sent her soldiers to help Belgium. That is how Great Britain went into the war. The British will not be imposed upon and Great Britain is mistress of the seas.

PRIZE LETTER.

"The Maple Tree."—By Willard
Krauter, Age 9, Louise, Ont.

THE leaf of the Maple Tree is our Canadian emblem. The leaf is heart shaped, 4 or 5 inches long, wide, smooth, and dark green, turning yellow and red in the autumn. The leaves come on the tree about the 24th of May.

There are several different kinds of maples but the hard maple is the best of all. The sap of the hard maple is used to make syrup and sugar in the spring of the year before the leaves come on the trees.

The bark is gray and scaly. The tree grows with spreading branches at the bottom and ends with an oval head.

The wood of the maple tree makes the best fire wood. It is also used for flooring, interior finishing, saddles and turned wares.

In the spring, small, greenish flowers form on the branches. The seed of the flowers fall to the ground and the next year sprout and grow.

The young maple trees are often transplanted to be used as shade trees as they make one of the best on account of the broad leaves being so numerous, the sun cannot shine through them. It is a favorite resting place for Robin Red Breast.

It grows best on a high, dry ground although the soft maple is found on wet land.

It is considered one of our most valuable trees on account of the syrup and sugar that can be made from the sap. The beautiful red and yellow leaves in the autumn can be waxed and keep a long time.

PRIZE LIST FOR NOVEMBER

1. "Our flag and what it stands for." Awarded to Harry Grainge, age 13, 33 Argyle Street, Hamilton, Ont.
2. No entries.
3. "The Maple Tree," awarded to Willard Krauter, age 9, Louise, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

George Elliott, Leslie Grosvenor, Gwentyth Price, Mary E. Jackson, Gladys Queree.

CONTESTS FOR JANUARY.

- 1—Boys and girls 12 to 16 years. Not more than 500 words on "What Birds Do for Us." Mention some of the useful birds of Canada."
- 2—Camera Contest. Subject, "A Pretty Scene." Open to all members.
- 3—Children up to 11 years. 300 words on "How I Spent Christmas."

Rules.

Name, age and address must be written on each entry.
Write on one side of paper only. Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.
Stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of snapshots.
Closing date, the 26th of January.
Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal,
71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.



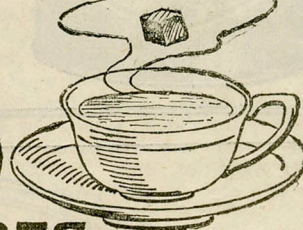
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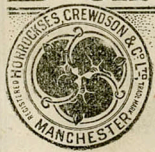


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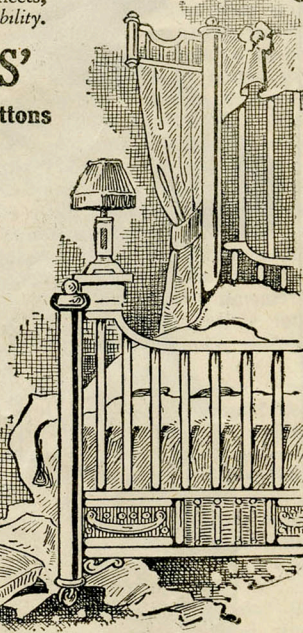
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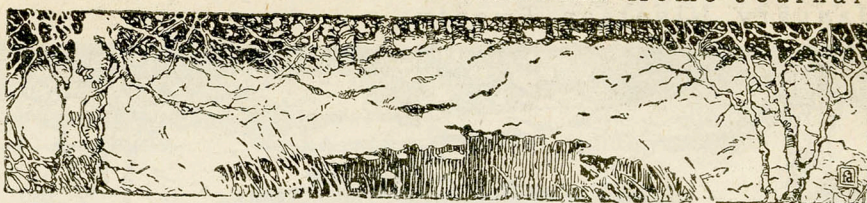
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How to Fry Foods in Fat

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Fritter Batter.—Beat up one egg, add one-half cupful of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder and one tablespoonful of oil. Beat until smooth and thick. If to be used with fruit, add two teaspoonfuls of sugar to the batter. Apples, peaches, bananas, pineapple and strawberries make delicious fritters. To make the apple fritters, pare, core and cut the apples in slices or small pieces and stir into the batter after it has stood for one hour. Drop by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat and fry to a delicate brown. Serve as a dessert with any preferred sweet sauce.

Codfish Balls.—Boil and mash four large potatoes. Pick one-half pound of codfish into small pieces. Scald it, then drain well, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Repeat this three times; then drain until dry and add to the potatoes, then add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, a few grains of paprika and four tablespoonfuls of hot milk. Beat until light, and form into neat balls. Brush over with beaten egg, toss in breadcrumbs or corn meal and fry in smoking hot fat. Serve hot with white sauce.

Croustades.—Cut bread into slices one inch thick. With a round cutter cut rounds from the slices. With a sharp knife remove the centre from these rounds, leaving the sides and bottom of a small bread "cup." Drop these into smoking hot fat and remove as soon as light, golden brown. These are used for both hot and cold savories.

Fried Tongue.—Cut some cooked tongue in neat slices. Season them with pepper, salt and a little lemon juice, and let them lie for forty minutes. Then brush them over with beaten egg and toss in breadcrumbs and fry in smoking hot fat to a nice brown color. Dish up neatly, garnish with cut lemon and parsley. Serve caper or any other suitable sauce separately.

Salmon Croquettes.—Beat up one egg and add one cupful of breadcrumbs. Remove the skin and bones from canned salmon. Add the salmon, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pep-

per, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix well and form into croquettes, brush over with beaten egg, toss in fine breadcrumbs and fry in deep, smoking hot fat. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

Doughnuts.—Cream two teaspoonfuls of butter with one cupful of sugar, add a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, then add two beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, four cupfuls of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well and toss on to a floured baking board, and roll out the dough to one-fourth inch in thickness, cut into shapes and drop into smoking hot fat. Drain on paper and roll in powdered sugar.

Potatoes En Surprise.—Mix two cupfuls of mashed potatoes with two tablespoonfuls of hot milk, yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper over the fire until smooth. Have ready cooked one can of peas or two cupfuls of creamed chicken or any other vegetable or meat you desire. Form the potatoes into balls, scoop out the centre, making a hole large enough to hold one tablespoonful of the mixture. After putting in the peas or other food, cover the hole with a little potato. Dip the ball in egg, toss in crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Serve hot.

Fried Chicken with Gravy.—Cut one pound of fat salt pork into small pieces and fry until the grease is extracted, but not until it browns. Strain out the pork and place the frying pan with the fat in it on the fire. Have ready a young broiler which has been soaked for thirty minutes in salted water, then dried between two towels, seasoned with salt and pepper, and dredged with flour. Fry these pieces of chicken in the hot fat until brown on both sides. Turn twice. Take up the chicken, drain free from fat, and set aside to keep warm. Pour into the gravy left in the frying pan one cupful of milk; as it heats stir in one tablespoonful of butter beaten with two tablespoonfuls of flour, cook until thick and smooth, stirring all the time, add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, cook for one minute longer and pour over the chicken. Serve hot.

As Between Friends

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

spirit of intolerance. Sad indeed is it when we become so set in our opinion and ways that the tenets or manners of others irritate us and render us obstinately argumentative. One can't be always in the right. The other fellow is bound to hit the mark occasionally.

So why assume an air of infallibility merely because one happens to have lived a little longer? Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings very often come opinions and theories that put our more advanced philosophy to a perpetual and lasting shame. In my very humble moments I feel that I should like to kneel at the feet of one of these and learn anew the lessons that they might teach. "Not in entire forgetfulness And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God who is our home." And in a presence so recently in touch with the Infinite may we not reclaim perhaps some of our lost heritage that has long since faded into the light of common day? Intolerance brands us as being in the hardening process. We have closed our hearts to new influences; we refuse to see a fresh point of view. We are right—all others are wrong. In a word we are growing too old for the growing world about us and

it is time for us to hand in our cheques—or checks—and go someplace where we can learn something new.

Sympathy — Progress — Tolerance — these three and the greatest of these is Tolerance.

BUT the New Year bells are ringing. May we hope, and in the quietness pray, that a brighter era is dawning for this old war-wracked world of ours. May the next twelve months see a happy readjustment of national difficulties, a settlement of the struggles between capital and labor, and a gradual calming down after the seething turmoil of the past few years. Adjustment is a terrible problem whether it be in the life of the individual or the nation, and we can only trust that wise heads and prudent hearts will lead the way to peace and prosperity.

In starting this little column, *As Between Friends*, I should like the Journal's readers to send me suggestions of subjects for discussion. If they are within my grasp I shall gladly talk them over with you, and if I can ever help one person in any one way I shall do so gladly.

Friends, known and unknown may I wish you a happy New Year in the deepest sense of the word! HAPPY NEW YEAR!



The Prestons

(Continued from page 14.)

CHAPTER XL.

DURING the next week Edith's caller came with faithful regularity and stayed for long hours, during which time there would not for one instant be a lapse in the conversation. He brought flat little books, which I took to be poetry, and read them aloud.

"Good gracious!" said Maria, "what-ever those two can find to talk about so much passes me!"

I knew well enough what they found to talk about—ambition and the briefness of life and the need for not losing a single second of life's precious time, and poetry, and, above all, themselves and what they were going to do.

I say there was no cessation to their conversation. This is not true. There were interruptions, frequent ones, and these were caused by the raids made by Jimmie upon the front parlor. To Jimmie these calls seemed an opportunity sent by heaven to get even with his sister for her superior airs, for her intimations that his hands needed washing, for her comments on the state of his clothes—indeed, for all the things that he had suffered, though not in silence, at his sister's hands. Hitherto he had only been able to revenge himself by the swift retort. Edith had always held the upper hand. You see, the right had always been on her side. His hands were dirty: his manners needed improving.

Jimmie is getting to the age when there is no place he wishes less to be in than home of an evening. But on the evening that Arthur Taylor called, only a fire would have dragged him forth. Just as the conversation would soar to the infinite, Jimmie would wander through the room. He would go over to a desk where the photographs are kept, and elaborately pull them all out and show them politely to the caller. He found early and unlovely ones of Edith, which he exhibited with the politest manner, knowing well enough that, at the first symptom of rudeness, Edith would have a handle with which to drag him out of the room. Other times he would spend as much as three-quarters of an hour looking through the books and behind the bookcases for his arithmetic, which he knew was not there; and of course Edith had her guns spiked, so to speak, for in the presence of a young man, with whom one is discussing the beauty of life, one cannot very well say to one's brother, as one would like:

"For heaven's sake, stop shuffling those books around and get out!"

One night after tea, as we were all assembled in the back parlor, Jimmie turned a cynical eye on his sister.

"Aha!" said he, "your beau's comin'."

"How do you know?" flashed Edith. "I can tell by the powder on your nose," said Jimmie. "If ever I go to see a girl and find powder on her nose, I'll clear out!"

Maria bent forward and peered into Edith's face.

"There is powder on her nose!" she asserted. "Editha, do you allow a child of Edith's age to use powder?"

"It's not powder, Aunt Maria," said Edith.

"Tooth-powder?" Jimmie enquired in the sweet tone which he employs to annoy his sister when Arthur Taylor is calling.

"It's talcum," Edith snapped. "I don't see why I need to have a nose shining like a door-handle; do you, mother?"

"She doesn't mind how much it shines on us," complained Jimmie. "She just subdues its rays for Arthur."

"That will do, Jimmie," said I.

"Mother," Edith broke out, "does Jimmie have to come spoiling all my fun every time I have a friend come to see me? I want to know! Am I all my life going to have him roosting around every time there's a boy in the house?"

"She doesn't speak to me like that when Arthur is here," Jimmie complained in a tone of pathos.

"Can't he stay out of the room to-night, mother?" Edith asked again.

"I don't want to come in," said Jimmie. "You needn't ask mother. Why don't you deal square? Why didn't you tell me if you didn't want me in the room? But I'm not coming anyway—I've got something better to do!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Edith with suspicion.

"Never you mind," Jimmie replied, with an irritating intonation.

"Jimmie Preston, you tell me what you're going to do!" his sister demanded.

"You might sometimes answer your sister when she asks you a thing," interposed Maria.

"Well, if you want to know, Aunt Maria, I'm going to do just what Edith wanted me to. She's all the time talking about how Osborn and I haven't any culture. I'm going to get some to-night. I'm going to study some poetry."

Jimmie held a book open in his hands, upon which I could see a piece of paper with lines written that looked like poetry.

"You give me that, Jimmie Preston!" she said. "Mother, tell him to give it to me! It's mine; he's stolen something of mine!"

"Stolen nothing," said Jimmie. "I found this poem lying in a book."

"You give it to me," Edith commanded.

"What is it, Jimmie?" asked Maria.

Just as Edith made a dash at her brother, the doorbell rang and in a moment Seraphy had presented the inevitable card. There was nothing for it but for Edith to go to her caller, though she hissed under her breath at Jimmie:

"You'll be sorry for this!"

Then, as the two settled down to their talk, Jimmie said, raising his voice:

"Yes, I've got some beautiful poetry here. I'll read it to you, Aunt Maria, aloud." And in a high, penetrating voice he read the following lines:

"O Soul, you will not stay with me,
You soar in night's most infinite dark;
When among stars I seek for thee,
Back to deep ocean's swells you hark.

O Soul! when such brief span have we,

When so few days to live there are,
Bring me the secrets of the sea!
Bring news of th' most distant star!"

At the end of this reading, Osborn and Maria burst into hearty peals of laughter.

"Oh, read it again, Jimmie!" said Osborn. "Let me see it! That sure is a peach of a masterpiece!"

You could have heard a pin drop in the other room. Arthur and Edith sat there, facing each other like culprits, and Jimmie, leering in, whispered:

"Just look at 'em—caught 'em with the goods on!"

I could say nothing. To reprove Jimmie was only to make the situation worse. Finally Edith, with characteristic courage, walked into the room.

"Would you mind letting me have that paper now, Jimmie?"

"Not a bit," said Jimmie genially. "I know it by heart. Do you want me to say it to you?"

"O Soul! you will not stay with me,

You soar in night's most infinite dark;"

But Edith had gone back into the other room. I heard Arthur gasp:

"It's our poem—the one we wrote together! How did he get it?"

And Edith replied dully: "I don't know—he must have hooked it."

CHAPTER XLI.

THAT night there was no conversation about the infinite. The minutes dragged along miserably

and I was glad enough that Arthur left early. Edith walked into the back parlor, her face flaming, her eyes dark.

"You'll be sorry for this yet, Jimmie!" she repeated.

Jimmie put the table between him and his sister and sang at her, to the tune of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater":

"Bring me the secrets of the sea!
Bring news of th' most distant star!"

Then he fled from the room, but from the top of the stairs he recited the entire poem, with fine rhetorical effect.

Just how Jimmie discovered that the next night Arthur Taylor intended to call, I don't know, but, before Arthur came, Jimmie seated himself at the piano picking out tunes with one finger. Edith came in and glowered at him.

"Are you going to sit there and pick at that piano the whole evening?" I heard her say.

Jimmie did not answer but kept on picking out "Way Down Upon the Swannee River" with one finger.

"Jimmie!" I called to him, "if Edith's friend comes, I want you immediately to stop playing the piano."

"Yes, mother," he replied cheerfully.

"Just wait a minute—I'm going to play a little thing of my own." And, just as the doorbell rang, to the tune of "Peter, Pumpkin-Eater," he sang clearly:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a soul and couldn't keep her;
He put it in a deep-sea well,
It made his head an ocean swell."

Arthur was ushered into the room at the last words. His face showed plainly that he had heard.

"I was just playing a little poem of mine," volunteered Jimmie. "Do you want me to do it for you?" He began obliging, without waiting for an answer. "I can't play it but once," he said, with an eye on his sister, "cause mother said I'd got to stop playin' as soon as you came in. But it will only take about a minute."

He grinned evilly on his sister and her unfortunate caller. Arthur was scarlet. He was one of those boys who can't stand ridicule. Edith had ostentatiously provided herself with a pencil and paper, and, as Jimmie left the room, she said clearly, so as to be heard by the entire family:

"Do you feel like composing to-night, Arthur?"

She could stand ridicule, if you like! She wasn't to be downed by any impishness. But Arthur only faltered out:

"I only just came in for a minute. I—ah—just wanted to ask you if you could let me have that book I lent you." Edith measured him with a cool gaze.

"You're afraid!" she brought out.

"You're afraid of being made fun of by a little twelve-year-old boy—as if anything he said mattered! What would you do if you had him in the house with you all the time? Where'd you be then?"

From the upper landing came Jimmie's cheerful tones:

"Put it in a deep-sea well,
Made the sea and ocean swell."

Then, on the same key and to the same tune:

"O Soul! you will not stay with me,
You soar in night's most infinite dark."

Arthur sprang to his feet.

"You are afraid!" said Edith.

From the upper landing Jimmie started caroling.

"Osborn," I said, "go and stop your brother making that noise."

But, before Osborn could get more than half-way, Arthur had gone. He was afraid. And Edith, without coming into the room to say good-night, went upstairs. On the stairs she met Osborn. I heard their voices in conversation and Osborn turned around and went into her room with her. When I heard him coming down again, I went out to meet him, and we walked up and down the piazza.

"It was tough on Ede," he admitted, "though I told her that she deserved it. 'That's what you ought to get for being a fool,' I told her. She's furious at him. She says he's a coward. 'Sure,' I told her, 'he's a coward. That's the way with all those poetry fellows—that's what they're all like. If you want to have a fellow around, why don't you have a decent one?' Then she said, 'Why don't you bring over some of the fellows from college?'"

"And what did you say?" I asked.

"Oh, I told her," said Osborn, "that she's too much of a kid. Do you think the fellows," he asked anxiously, "would like a kid Ede's age?"

That was the question that occupied him; the question that occupied me was that Edith was too young to begin to interest herself in college boys, and I told my son so.

"Oh," he grinned, "girls begin to take an intelligent interest in college boys long before they're Ede's age."

Which, as I look back on my life, I remember to be true.

On the next Saturday night when Arthur Taylor came timidly into the parlor, he found it already occupied by Osborn and one of his friends. More than that, Edith was playing the piano and the boys were singing.

"There," said Maria, "that's the way I like to see young people enjoy themselves. It seems to me so much more natural, Editha, than to have them perched solemnly on a sofa, like a couple of owls."

After a cheerful hour of song, Osborn proposed that Edith make a Welsh rabbit. The young people all went into the dining-room and Maria and I joined them. The student, a presentable youngster of Osborn's age, was helping Edith, not as one helps the little sister of a college chum, but in that gratifyingly admiring way that one helps a grown-up young lady. Edith was perfectly at her ease, and chatted and laughed as though he were an old friend. The time that she had been spending on Arthur Taylor, I reflected, had not been wasted.

Osborn was playing host to Arthur, talking to him pleasantly.

Then came a little incident that was so insignificant that no stranger would have noticed it, but which was to be so lasting in its effects as to cause an entire shifting of the balance of power in the house. Up to this time it had been Osborn and Jimmie who had been allied for the purposes of warfare, offensive and defensive. Osborn is Jimmie's bright ideal as an older brother who as a superior ball-player must be to his younger brother. Jimmie as Osborn's henchman had given unquestioning obedience to his powerful brother. Edith had been rather left out of it. Now what happened shifted the balance of power.

Jimmie approached his sister and Osborn's friend, and seated himself beside them. "Here is another young man that I can annoy Edith with," his manner said as plainly as possible. "Watch me do it!" He sat down politely and began to monopolize the conversation as he had done with Arthur.

With a glance Osborn saw what was happening.

"I want to speak to you, Jimmie," he said adroitly. "Go upstairs and find that fly I made last week. I want to show it to Arthur."

Osborn regarded his sister with new eyes. She had made a hit with a "bully fellow," therefore she was a person to be taken account of in one's life; one to be protected from Jimmie's impishness, as Osborn explained in clear terms to his younger brother after the departure of their guests.

(Continued on page 42.)

Lights Across the Snow

By THEODOCIA PEARCE

The night is cold and dreary
As Westward home I go—
Till from a cottage gleaming
Come lights across the snow.

The shadows run to meet them,
The night stoops to embrace;
While sweet-voiced Joy is singing
Through dark, unfathomed space.

Oh! drear, deep vale of winter,
Where winds and tempests blow;
May there come to my soul night
Soft lights across the snow.



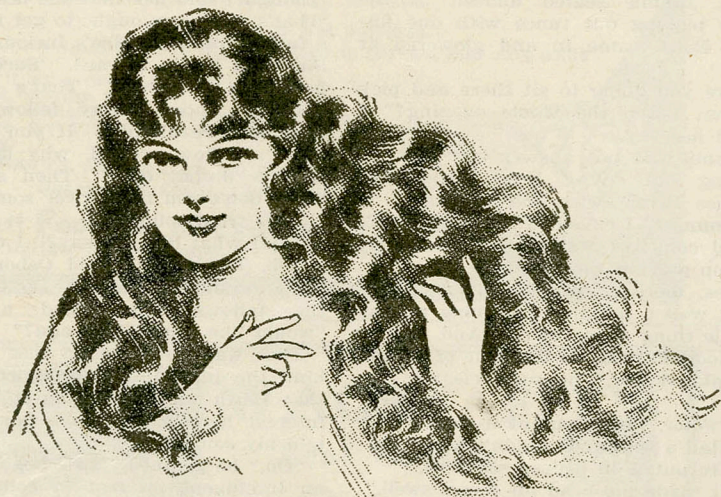
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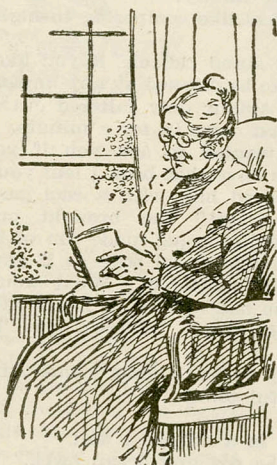
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53

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

BY

Vain Jane

THE logs crackle with a cheery sound in the fireplace where they burn, the yellow light of a candle casts flickering shadows on the polished surface of a nearby table, on which stands a bowl of rosy apples; in the curtained window hangs a wreath of holly tied with a red ribbon; soundlessly the great, sleek-coated tabby cat on the rug at my feet stretches his strong limbs and curls his pink tongue in a luxurious yawn. My interest in his graceful movements is broken into by the faint sound of distant bells, their peals growing stronger as the numbers mount—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—1919 has passed; 1920 is here! Good-bye, Old Year; Welcome, New. Dear Ladies all, for you I wish that it may be a happy one.

HOW glad the King and Queen must have been to get their oldest son home without mishap of any kind (except a worn out right arm!) from his long journey in America. Christmas I am sure was a very gay feast with the Royal family, gathered together as they always are and entering into the spirit of the festive season with as much zest as the lowliest in the land. It occurs to me to wonder if Princess Mary received her silk stockings that the Prince declared he must be sure to bring her from New York. "I must not forget that," he is reported to have said, "for you know, she hasn't been allowed to have any silk ones during the war."

Not even yet, I expect, have the hearts of the maidens who met him on his visit with us ceased to beat without a flutter, for it is not every day that a young and handsome, charming and chivalrous heir to the greatest Kingdom in the world comes to pay our country a friendly call. Surrounded by all the Romance that has ever been given to a prince of fiction he came among us, stayed a while and departed without shattering one of our cherished illusions as to just the sort of person a Prince of England should be. We even approved and smiled at the types of girls he chose to dance with—blonde and blue-eyed, young and sweet and wholesome they were. There is a lesson in that for all maidens who gather with me here—and it points to the fact that an appearance of freshness and wholesomeness is more attractive even than the possession of perfect features. His Royal Highness thought so at any rate, and I daresay hundreds of others agreed with him.

JUST because the Good Fairy of Beauty had a previous engagement on your natal day and was not able to be present to make you a gift of a perfect mouth, a classic chin, a noble brow and soul-speaking eyes, is no reason why you should feel cheated of a birthright. Doubtless you have average good looks and with these as a foundation you really have nothing to complain of. Take in the first place your hair. Until you were sufficiently grown up to take on the responsibility of your own toilet, your mother doubtless gave careful and consistent attention to your hair. She probably shampooed it regularly for you and brushed it afterwards until every strand was shining, not neglecting to rub in a simple and reliable tonic at intervals between the washings. Now that you have the care of it yourself, are you so particular to keep it in perfect condition? Aren't there times when it must be washed in a hurry, dried in a rush and given a brush or two which you yourself inelegantly describe as "a lick and a promise." Perhaps you are dressing it for an occasion and feel that a

little artificial curling would be an improvement. There isn't much time to spare but you get out the tongs and heat them and carry-on with the curling process. Being a little bookworm there is always an open page on your dressing-table which you read while you sit with arms upraised holding the strand of hair on the iron until you are startled by a faint odor of singeing hair which is conveyed to your nose. "My gracious," you exclaim, and hastily pull out the offending iron—but too late, alas, the poor little curl is singed and dried and a part of it falls away in your hands.

Carelessness of this kind will ruin the finest head of hair in the world, and if you are a wise little maiden you will set aside a morning or afternoon once every two or three weeks and take your time about giving it the attention it requires. If you don't feel that you are capable of making a success of washing and rinsing (rinsing is very important) and drying your own hair, then by all means save something out of your allowance to pay the very best hairdresser accessible to do it for you.

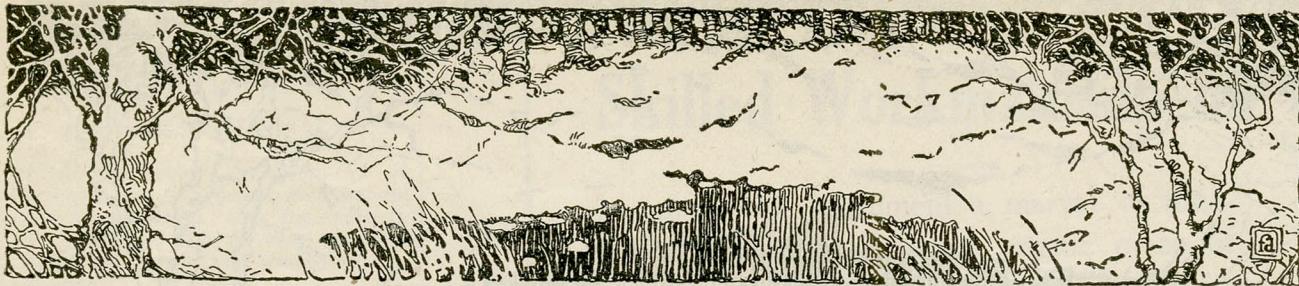
NEXT in importance to well cared for hair is the complexion, but we have discussed that subject so often here before the looking-glass that I suppose I risk boring you with further comment. However, I think the younger of our readers should be warned that the skin, no matter how fresh and rosy and lovely it may be with youth behind it, really loses its beauty with tragic rapidity if it is not properly cared for. And the particular reason for that is that the climate of our country is inclined to dry the exposed skin to the extent that the natural oils are not sufficient to keep it supple and it very soon takes on a parchment appearance. And oh, how the wrinkles crop up in a dry skin! However, there are ways of frustrating their designs. The first we have emphasized before—absolute cleanliness of the pores of the skin, both by the use of facial soap and cleansing cream and then the use of a cream for nourishment or to supply the oil that is lacking. As these creams are massaged into the skin they assist circulation, and that too is a material help, as poor circulation is as often as anything else, the cause of a bad complexion.

Perhaps, rather we should say that the nose is the greatest victim of impaired circulation—at any rate the effect is more quickly apparent and is certainly distressing. If we are inclined to a redness of the nose it is as well to avoid excessive heat after we have been exposed to the cold out-of-doors, also to remember that it is unwise to take a particularly hot drink when we are chilled. The sudden stirring of the circulation brings the blood quickly to the surface and as the nose has unusually small and sensitive veins, the injury is often of a lasting nature.

WHEN we have taken our hair and complexions into consideration, there remains the care of the teeth, the eyes, the feet, the hands and the body. By a few simple exercises regularly practiced, we may keep our shoulders straight and our hips slim and our muscles supple. This advice is for the debutante as well as for the older sister, and it is our advice that no matter how great the rush of the season's gaieties, the wise little maid will let nothing interfere with her New Year resolution that she will spend a portion of each day in devotion to her person beyond just the ordinary duties of the toilet. Beauty is a stern taskmistress, but she rewards well those who desire to cultivate her and imitate her charms.

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The Evolution of an Order

By Jean Graham

The Initial Work Undertaken by the I. O. D. E.



THERE is no record concerning the formation of the first feminine society. It may have been the Daughters of Eve, or the Sisters of Pharaoh; but that it had an ancient origin there is no doubt. The earliest

organizations of women were probably those connected with religious orders. During the Middle Ages, women, as well as men, were associated with the Hospital Order of St. John of Jerusalem and other institutions devoted to deeds of charity and mercy. In the great development of women's organizations, which took place during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, the missionary societies easily take first place, in numbers and importance. The various organizations connected with patriotic work then arose, the Women's Canadian Historical Society being founded by Mrs. Curzon and Miss FitzGibbon.

In 1900, near the conclusion of the Boer War, the women of Canada felt the increasing need for an organization which would express the dual loyalty of the people of a self-governing nation within the British Empire. The demands of that war had aroused a feeling that found expression in the sending of the Canadian Contingents, and the watching over their welfare by the Canadian women at home. The matter was discussed for many days and, finally, a meeting was called in our Canadian metropolis, Montreal, and Mrs. Clark Murray, the wife of a professor at McGill University, became the founder of the order, now known from Sydney to Victoria—and in the countries beyond our border—as the I.O.D.E. The name, Daughters of the Empire, appealed to the imagination, for the spectacle had just been seen of hundreds of Canadian boys setting out for South Africa, thousands of miles away, to fight for the rights of British subjects in the Dark Continent.

The Daughters of the Empire in Canada and the Guild of Loyal Women in South Africa, were formed into definite organizations in 1900, the century year, and found a common cause in the suffering arising from the war in the latter country. Mrs. Murray's interest in the progress of the war was constant and practical and urged by the grief of bereaved Canadian women, she wrote to the Guild of Loyal Women in South Africa, asking them, in the name of the Empire, to care for the resting-places of the Canadian soldiers who had died in the Land of the Veldt. The ready response of the women in that far-off country made a strong link between the Guild and the Order which has never been broken. Mrs. Murray kept up her agitation in behalf of an organization of imperial aims and ideals, and, after a year, at her own request, the control of the Order passed from Montreal to Toronto. Thus, this organization found its origin during a war year and felt its early inspiration from the need of encouraging our Canadian soldiers fighting on another continent. Little did we dream in those days of the vastly greater demands which should be made fourteen years later.

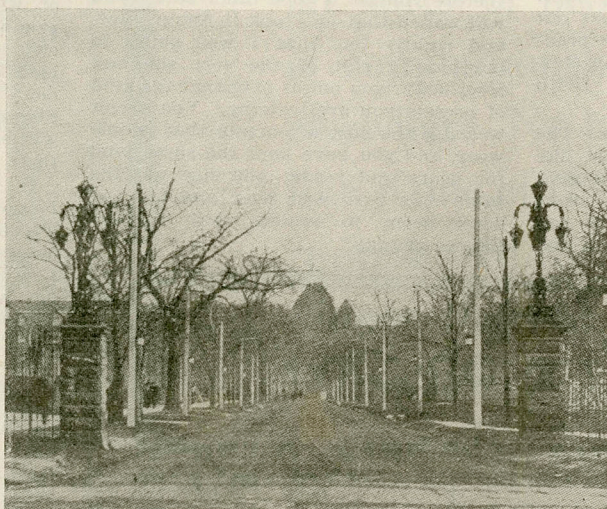
A Torontonian of U. E. Loyalist descent, Mrs. R. E. A. Land, interested herself in this new organization and



MRS. CLARK MURRAY
(Montreal)
Founder of the I.O.D.E.

Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer of "Glenedyth," Toronto, was induced to become the first President of the Order, which was later incorporated in 1901 under the title, "The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire," and the Children of the Empire (Junior Branch).

The Constitution, including the objects to be attained, and the divisions of which the society should consist for purposes of simplified government and work, were planned and arranged by Mrs. Clark Murray and adopted without change by the Order. It was intended by the founder to have a form of federation, with the ultimate control in the National Chapters, each of which Chapters should be independent but all united by a central body to be known as the Imperial Chapter, with headquarters in London, England, the lower divisions of the Order to consist of Primary, Municipal and Provincial Chapters. The original membership fee was placed at the small sum of



Alexandra Gates, Queen's Park, Toronto, erected by the Daughters of the Empire in 1901.

twenty-five cents, thus making it possible for every loyal British woman to belong to a chapter. The following formed the first Executive after the reorganization: President, Mrs. Nordheimer; First Vice-President, Mrs. MacMahon; Second Vice-President, Mrs. H. S. Strathy; Honorary Secretary, Mrs. R. E. A. Land; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet; Treasurer, Mrs. John Bruce; Standard Bearer, Miss Bessie MacDonald.

Mrs. Nordheimer, the first president, belonged to the well-known Boulton family and was strongly imperialistic by tradition and sentiment. She threw herself with characteristic energy into the work of the Order, and the memory of her loyalty and endeavor will long remain an inspiration. The aims of the Imperial Order, as started early in its existence, are "primarily to draw the Motherland and the Dominions Overseas into closer bonds of mutual knowledge and mutual understanding, and to preserve in the hearts of our children the nobility and beauty of self-sacrifice, courage and endurance." It was also desired "to cherish the memory of heroic deeds, to keep sacred the last resting places of our heroes and heroines, who have lost their lives for the honor and defence of their country." The first great work undertaken was to carry out, in a practical manner, Mrs. Murray's desire for the marking and caring for the graves of our Canadian soldiers who died in Africa during the Boer War. For this work, the South African Graves Committee, Toronto, was formed, and carried on in a spirit of sympathy and loyalty their work of remembrance.

During these early years of the Order, forty-one chapters were formed, with 1,512 members. Four sub-committees of the National Executive, beside the above-mentioned, were favored, namely: The Committee of the Children of the Empire and Schools, The Comrades' Correspondence Branch, The Ladies' Branch of the Navy League, and the Committee for the Work in India. An alliance with the Children of the Empire was entered into for the purpose of establishing correspondence between the children of Great Britain and the Dominions. Following the incorporation of the I.O.D.E., a seal was issued for the use of the National Chapter of Canada. As this seal will be used by the National Chapter of Canada after it has ceased to be the Head Office of the Order, it was decided that it should be Canadian in symbolism and an effective use of the beaver and maple leaf was chosen. The badge of the Order was adopted after due consideration. It bears the title of the organization and is composed of the Union Jack upon a seven point star, surrounded by a Garter and surmounted by the Crown. The star typifies seven great divisions of our Empire—British Isles, Canada, India, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, West Indies.

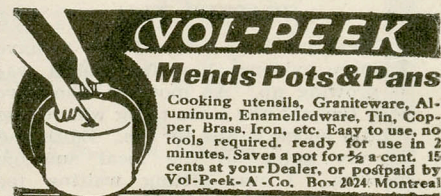
The Alexandra Gates, which ornament the northern entrance of Queen's Park, Toronto, were erected by the I.O.D.E. in that city, in commemoration of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, during their tour of the Empire, in 1901. On the 10th of October in that year, the Duchess most graciously received a loyal address from the I.O.D.E. and declared the Gates open. In 1906, the Imperial Order presented the picturesque Gates to the City of Toronto and an illuminated address was received by the National Executive expressing the thanks and appreciation of the civic authorities. The ceremony of opening will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. This royal tour took place in the autumn following the death of Queen Victoria. The formal coronation of King Edward had not yet taken place, and his son had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

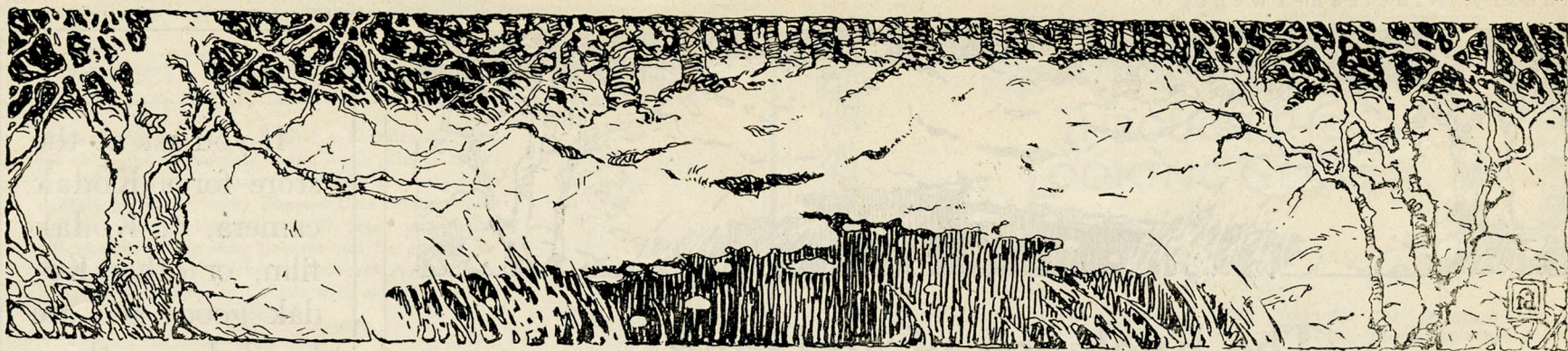
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The Prestons

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

"Don't let me see you," he warned, "trying any of your monkey business on Edith and any of my friends that I bring into the house. Understand?"

Jimmie understood. He understood that his world had shifted. He was to understand more and more all along that it was now Osborn and Edith who stood shoulder to shoulder in their little world, while he, the faithful henchman, was to be left out. Edith, to all intents and purposes, was a young lady, material that could be used advantageously in her brother's life, while Jimmie was only a little boy.

After the news had gone forth that Osborn Preston had an "all-right sister" and that his house was an amusing place to pass an evening, Maria said to me:

"I don't know how you feel about the matter, Editha, but my opinion, if you ask me, is that Edith's far too young to begin entertaining young men; for, once a girl gets interested in young men, she keeps on—there's no use trying to stop her."

I had nothing to say. I know, of course that Maria is right; but it had already happened. Edith had become interested in young men, and, on the other hand, I can hardly prevent my son from bringing his friends home with him, for, of course, my ideal, like other mothers', is to make home a pleasant place for my boys—so there I am.

Meantime, Arthur Taylor's visits have been shifted to the afternoon; for if you imagine that Edith has given him up, you are quite mistaken.

"I shall always be a friend of Arthur's," she had the audacity to explain to me, with the gravity of a judge. "I don't think that, as long as one can do a boy good, one should refuse to be his friend. Arthur has a great many things to learn and a girl of my age, even if she's younger in years, is really older than he."

The corollary of this was that Edith was the person of all others fitted to teach Arthur the things he ought to know.

CHAPTER XLII.

IT was not long before I was to have more evidence how fast Edith was growing up. All mothers who have been through the same thing will realise what a shock it was for me. Edith and I were going to the local suffrage meeting. I was sitting waiting for Edith to appear. When she finally came in, I greeted her in that not too agreeable fashion common to mothers, with these words:

"I wonder why it is that I always have to do the waiting, Edith."

To this Edith made reply, "I don't think I'll go."

"Pooh, pooh!" said I. "If you're going to be as touchy as all that, you will have a very hard time in getting through this world."

"I am not touchy," said Edith. "I just think I'll not go."

"I'd like to know what you call it," I retorted—one dearly loves to paint oneself as a model of courtesy and a mirror of good manners when speaking to one's children, but in common with many parents I find myself erring in politeness nearly as often as my own children err; who knows but that some of their bad manners may have been learned from me?

"May I ask," said I, "just exactly, Edith, why you're not going?"

"If I told you the truth," Edith replied, "you wouldn't like it. I don't want to quarrel with you, and so I would rather not answer, though it would probably be for your own good if I did tell you."

This statement naturally irritated me still further. It also piqued my curiosity. However, assuming a detached

manner, which I was far from feeling, I said:

"Please yourself, Edith, though I should naturally be very glad to know why you don't intend to go with me when we have been planning to go for some time. We go out together seldom enough," I pursued, in spite of myself becoming aggrieved, "so seldom, in fact that I really wonder that people remember that we are mother and daughter; so I would like to know exactly what has changed your plans so suddenly."

"Very well," Edith conceded, "I'll tell you. The reason I don't want to go out with you is that you look *perfectly fierce*; and it makes me feel so uncomfortable to walk along the street and know what all the girls are thinking when they see you dressed the way you are that I just don't care to go, that's all."

"Perfectly fierce!" I echoed, aghast. "What do you mean? This is an entirely appropriate dress to wear to this sort of meeting. It is neat, it fits—"

"It's neat! It fits!" echoed Edith bitterly. "Clothes for a woman of your distinction have to have more to them than that. It's a horrid, frumpy old thing, if you want to know. Do you want to know what Caroline Adams said to me the other day? She said, 'Doesn't old Miss Rowe wear the funniest old things!' and I looked up, and coming down the street—it *wasn't old Miss Rowe, it was you!* And Caroline blushed clear to the roots of her hair, and said, 'I wasn't meaning your mother, Edith dear,—you know how little tact she has—I just meant doesn't old Miss Rowe wear funny clothes.' If you think a girl likes to have her mother taken for Miss Rowe—"

I could very well understand that a girl would not like her mother to be taken for Miss Rowe, nor would any mother who thought anything of her looks like to be taken for that excellent if somewhat eccentrically-garbed maiden lady.

I said rather helplessly, "You exaggerate, Edith."

"Well, I'm just telling you the truth," Edith asserted. "It isn't because we are poor that you need to do it; of course we have to economise, but not half as much as lots of people."

I fell back on this weak argument: "Well, if you are ashamed to go out with your mother, of course, she practices economy for the sake of you children—" To which peroration Edith broke in very rudely with—

"Pooh! That's not the reason. The reason is that you just don't feel like giving up that dress. You're beginning to hang onto things just like Aunt Maria does; and when I think that you haven't got *one* perfectly good suit, and

with the styles changing as much as they do this year—"

"I suppose," said I, "you'd like to see me in a short skirt."

"I'd like to see you dressed appropriately and properly for a woman of your position," replied Edith. "You always have perfectly lovely reception clothes; you always have sweet house clothes; but for some reason or other you just will *not* spend money for proper tailor clothes. You sneak into a bargain sale and come home with something that looks as if it had been dug up—you know you do! Why you won't go to a real tailor and have a real suit made—"

"Have you ever reflected," said I, "that to go to a tailor's, as you say, costs money?"

"Costs money!" cried Edith. "Of course it costs money, especially when one is beginning to get a little stout and can't possibly slip into ready-made things! But look at Aunt Maria! Whatever she has and however queer her things are, and even in spite of her dolman and everything, what she does have, I will say for her, is a decent tailor suit. And when have you had one?"

The sad part of all Edith's accusations was that they were true. An inexplicable feeling of chagrin, mingled with something like heartache, assailed me. Some way one is so accustomed to read approval in one's children's eyes. It seems only a minute before that Edith was a little girl who used to kiss my hands and call me her "pretty mother"; and now, overnight, it seems, I had become a middle-aged woman beginning to verge on stoutness (and I had always rather prided myself on my slender and what I deemed still youthful figure), dressed in such dowdy clothes that my daughter was ashamed to walk on the street with me! I suppose there is no woman with a family who doesn't find certain sorts of things hard to buy. As Edith had pointed out with the mercilessness of her years, tailor suits are my aversion—I never liked them for all their convenience. I now walked to Edith, "I love pretty things."

"I like smart, appropriate things," she responded, with the sympathy and briskness of a steel trap. "And while we are on this subject," she continued, "before you get a good tailor suit" (you will notice that she took it for granted, and rightly too, that I was going to purchase a suit of the sort she had described) "you ought to change the kind of corsets you are wearing. You aren't wearing the sort of corsets that people wear, and you have kept the same kind for years and years; you just get the same sort over and over again. You don't seem to realize that people's figures change."

Mrs. Preston Says:

Then Edith turned to me with a rare movement of sympathy. "The night's so big and solemn," she murmured, "and we're such little specks!"

We kissed each other good-night with tenderness, and I went to my room with a curious feeling of defeat. An evening of sympathy with this weedy boy with glasses had unlocked more of the finer things of my little girl's nature than all my care and all my sympathy. Because of him and his high-minded little platitudes, I had had a moment of truer understanding with her than I had any time in the previous months, when she had been as unapproachable and as hard as a little green apple.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BY the time we were through talking it was too late to go to the meeting. As I sat on the piazza, thinking of our conversation, a chill crept over my spirit, and it was a comforting thing to have Seraphy come out on the piazza rolling her hands around in her apron under pretence of asking me some question, but really for conversation. Said I, in an attempt at lightness:

"Seraphy, it seems that I've got to spruce up a bit. Edith has given out orders that I am to get a decent tailor-suit, and I suppose I must."

"Well, it won't hurt you none to be gettin' yerself for once a rare elegant tailor-suit," said Seraphy, "instid of spendin' ivery cent there is on doings for Edith, and now 'tis a party for Osborn, and again 'tis somethin' else for Jimmie, and so it goes, and what with bicycles and all, and you never gettin' any good out of the money, no matter how much Mr. Preston do be makin'; but I do wish it was for your own pleasure and not for Edith's that you you were a-doin' it. An' if Edith tries the same comther on me, you can tell her she can best save her breath to cool her porridge. Out she comes the other day, and says as smooth as silk, 'Seraphy, you would be lookin' so swate wid apersn wid brittels and a cunnin' black bow in yer hair.' An' I told her, 'I'd look swate in a budwa cap, Edith, a-waitin' on table for you, and I got a fine piece of calico upstairs and a length of plaid ribbin I was after takin' off my niece's hair when she came to see me—bad luck from her for the bold-faced lookin' thing wid her hair tied wid a plaid ribbin the size of Miss Preston's sash."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Evolution of an Order

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

not, at that time, the title of Prince of Wales.

In 1902, by the courtesy of Sir Henry (then Colonel) Pellatt, the members of the Executive of the National Chapter were enabled to take part in the historical event of the Canadian Coronation Contingent, embarking at Quebec on their voyage to attend the Coronation of King Edward VII. In the parade grounds of that beautiful and historic city, the Canadian Contingent assembled in hollow square, and the President of the I.O.D.E. presented to the Commanding Officer, the colors and wished our soldiers "God Speed" on their loyal mission.

It was at the suggestion of the National Executive that the City of Toronto undertook to raise, by public subscription, the stately monument, now in University Avenue, to the memory of our soldiers fallen in South Africa, and to that memorial the Daughters of the Empire gave a handsome subscription. Nine years later, the monument, executed by the distinguished Canadian sculptor, Mr. Walter Allward, was unveiled by General Sir John French, one of the well-known officers of the South-African War, who, as Lord French, was prominent in the early campaigns of the Great War. On May 24th, 1910, the unveiling took place in the presence of thousands of Canadian citizens.

Long before 1910, however, the I.O.D.E. had become an organization whose achievements in peace were as well-known as their war-time activities. The impulse to associate in patriotic work came out of the war which closed the last century; but we shall see, in a further consideration of the activities of this Order that the ideals are for constructive citizenship at all times and in all parts of our Dominion.

Canadian Ida and English Nell

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

everyone agreeable." With an air of melancholy she adjusted a gold bangle on her plump wrist. (Oh, the scorn in Nell's blue eyes, and the way she spat on her hissing iron and wished that it were Ida!)

Mrs. Sye brought her a cup of tea and a scone, which she nibbled with little fingers curled.

"Where will Albert get his tea?" asked Annie.

"Oh, there's potatoes to fry and apple sauce," Ida replied carelessly. "For breakfast he'll just have to forage. I may be back by noon-to-morrow." Then she added, in a mincing tone, while drawing on her long gloves, "I think it is extremely probable that I shall return to-morrow."

"Fool!" Nellie shot after her as her nodding plumes departed. "To show off to me!"

THE ironing was done now; the ironing-board stood upright in its corner; with scarlet cheeks the little ironer stole past Birdie and her dolls, up the back-stairs, and threw herself face downward on her bed.

All her bitterness toward Albert had melted since Ida's visit. How could a poor boy hold out against such a red-haired tyrant? She had forced him to marry her, and now by force she held him. Well, wit had overcome force before now, and when the wit was fed by love—Oh, God, give him back to me!

She feigned sleep and heard Mrs. Sye bid the girls let her lie as the work was light that night. Noiselessly she slipped to her feet and removed her working dress. She would not cheapen Albert by her rags! She bathed and put on fresh white undergarments and her blue Sunday frock. Her thick black hair she coiled in many smooth braids and on them perched her little white hat. Then, with her purse in the pocket of her long gray coat, and with never a look behind, English Nell fared forth to claim her own.

III.

THE great green door snapped behind her, her nostrils curled to draw in the crisp Canadian air. Her step was light. Now the little town, which had always seemed so alien to her, spread itself in friendliness. Evening already poised with violet wings above the roofs, but every upward-curling spire of smoke was pink.

Oil lamps burned in some of the windows, and where the blinds were up she saw the little bobbing heads of children. The mothers were preparing the evening meal. Her man, too—her man—oh, he should have his supper!

She stopped at the shop where, inside, frozen halves of beef hung from the ceiling, and there were displayed deep platters heaped with sausages. She bought three pounds of these and a chunk of cheese.

Again outside she almost ran, and she loved the way the cold bit her cheeks. Over the railroad track, behind some dwarfed apple trees, stood Albert's house, a rough-cast cottage.

The front door was locked, but the back door yielded, whining on its hinges. The room was dark and very cold. A cat, that had been crouching on the stove hearth, scurried noiselessly into a corner. She closed the door and stood motionless a moment, alone, in Albert's house—and hers!

Cautiously she shuffled across the floor and touched the table, where she laid her parcels. She lifted the stove lid and discovered a few embers flickering like a forlorn hope. When stirred by the poker a tiny flame shot up and gave her from the gloom, the main objects of the poor room. A scarlet shawl dangling from a nail showed in the light like blood.

Nell lighted the oil lamp with a wisp of burning paper and set about her preparations without delay, for she knew that in a few minutes the great town bell would strike the hour that freed the factory hands and made every man a master in his home.

The thought fired her. She had learned much of the cleanliness and neatness from Annie, and now she flew so fast from table to stove, and from stove to cupboard, that the cat, which had crept back in feline curiosity, eyed her in wonder, and mewed to sniff the sausages.

Love can make a kitchen glow. The lamp was trimmed—the table scrubbed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)

Skilled Workmanship on the "Phonola"

has made this instrument a marvel of tone-production as well as an artistic piece of furniture for the drawing-room.

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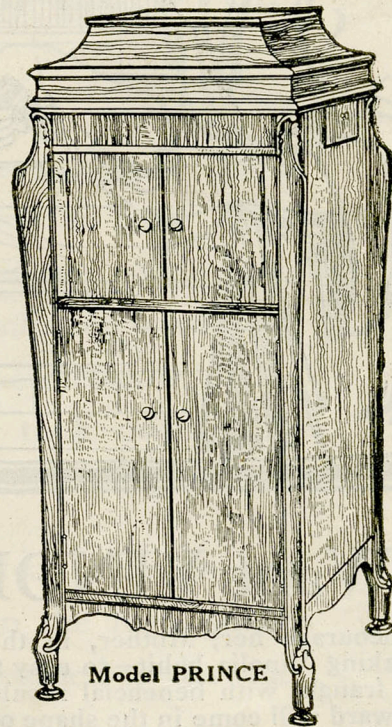
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Model PRINCE

Books to some people are probably worth more than anyone could ever imagine. They are a complete world in themselves, filled with all sorts of people and circumstances. There is companionship in books that is not found elsewhere. No home ever looks livable or homelike if one of the greatest pleasures in life is not represented by full book shelves. In Canadian Home Journal for February Eva Nagel Wolf will show Journal readers many interesting and novel "Book Nooks." Every house has just such unused corners to be beautified in this way and which will no doubt be hallowed shrines of many of us.

Canadian Ida and English Nell

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)



"I Want VINOLIA, Too!"

Encourage her, Mother, in the health-making Vinolia habit—so easy to learn—so fraught with beneficial results. Your reward will come in the shape of lustrous little "pearls," in good digestion, in a general love of cleanliness.

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223

The February number will see the return to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL of Pictorial Review Fashions. These Fashions are recognized to be the very best procurable, and CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL readers will no doubt welcome these as the only solution to the Spring clothes problem. They are the latest creations of New York modistes, and will be sure to please the most fastidious or the most modest of tastes. Do not plan your Spring wardrobe until you have seen the February number of the Journal. It is sure to be of wonderful help to you.

—the pot of potatoes began to boil; and the sausages, smeared with drippings, fumed in the oven. The blinds had been drawn, and somehow the red shawl had come to the floor, where the cat found it and made a bed.

The lamplight glistened now on a table spread for two; mounds of buttered toast and slabs of cheese; and two chairs, hobnobbing with an expectant air.

A step crunched on the frozen path, some one kicked the snow from his feet before entering. The town bell must have rung unheeded in her hurry—how her heart beat! She hid her head in the cupboard.

Albert entered.

For a second there was silence as he blinked in the light, then he demanded with sarcasm:

"Well, an' wot's the matter wiv you, Missis Orstrich?"

No answer.

"Might I arsk wot brung you 'ome so bright an' early, I dunno?"

Silence.

"So, you've turned narsty again, 'ave yer?" And he added, in a complaining voice:

"If you 'ad some men you'd get a good smack on the jor!"

She faced him.

Albert's mouth widened in an astonished, even a frightened, grin. The eye with a cast turned from her as though to wink at some bystander and remark, "Ain't she a corker!"

"Nell!" he broke out. "Nellie, old girl, 'ow did you dare? Lor', but you're a plucky 'un! An' supper for the two on us! Aw, Nellie, you loves me yet, don't yer?" He closed his arms about her waist. "Give us a good un' now!"

"Not arf a one," she refused, putting her hand over his mouth. "Wait till we've 'ad supper."

"My eye! I thought you were Ida, sure, an' w'en I saw it were you—." He rocked her ecstatically in his arms.

"Wash up a bit now, Albert. Make 'aste, or the saursages will be overdone."

"Saurages!" He clicked his tongue. "I s'y, this is a little bit of orl right, Nellie! Wot does she give me for supper, can you guess? 'Otted-hup pertaters an' apple sauce! Apple sauce an' 'er sauce, that's wot I get." (He was mumbling through the towel now as he rubbed his ruddy face.) "These 'ere Colonials is orl right in their place, but—they cawn't appreciate a Londoner as another Londoner can, you lay your Davey on that!"

THE platter was set before him now, a steaming mound of mashed potatoes, garnished with sausages—not a mean half dozen, mind you, but four-and-twenty fat ones, bubbling with grease as though they would fain burst into song like four-and-twenty blackbirds.

Albert's mouth was so full that he could not speak, but he reached across the table now and then to slap her playfully on the wrist, and anon he would shake with silent laughter.

As for Nell, she did not laugh much, but when she smiled a determined-looking dimple dented her left cheek in a way that boded ill for Ida.

When he had done eating she drew him on to talk of Ida, and he said, while feeling luxuriously in his pocket for a "fag":

"She 'as 'er good points, you know, an' one o' them is 'er dear old father. 'E's a well-orf farmer, got a 'undred acres a mile out o' town, an' just two dorders, so I suspect that w'en 'e pops orf Albert Masters, Hesquire, will become a landed proprietor. An' w'en that 'appy d'y comes—no more tannery for this 'ere bloke!"

Nell smiled, but the dimple looked almost wicked.

The "fag" was between his teeth now, and he stretched out his hand for a match.

"Give us a light, girl, an' come sit on my knee. That were a mighty refined bit o' eatin' you gave me, an' now I wants that kiss."

She gave the cat the platter to lick and then slid to his knee, and held the blazing match to the cigarette. He eyed her keenly while he puffed.

"Wot's come over you to-night, anywy? You look so chipper an' somethin' besides—I cawn't tell wot."

"I'm just thinkin' it is like a bit of old times, dearie." Her shoulders shook a little.

Albert snuggled his cheek to hers.

"Now, don't you tyke on, young 'un, becars I'm goin' to look arter you in spite of 'er, an' anywy, don't let's begin worryin' right on top o' them saursages." He could feel her trembling, and he said to comfort her:

"Aw, do you mind the old 'op-pickin' d'ys in Kent, were we first met? Those were the times! Do y' mind the warm, soft evenin's, an' the nights w'en the pickers dawned an' sang 'arf the night through, an' we— Aw, let's ferget it!"

"No, no! Go on!"

"Will you ever ferget the nights in old London at the music 'alls, drinkin' beer, an' the crowd of us goin' 'ome in the starlight singin' the songs we'd 'eard?"

"They don't do much singin' an' dawnin' in this country, Albert."

"Naow," he sneered. "The song is froze in their 'earts wiv the cold, an' the dawnce dried up in their bones wiv the work. Wot's the use?"

"I remember. Talk some more."

"Then there were the Bank 'Olerd'ys at 'Amstead 'Eath—lord! Do y' mind the menageries an' the cockshies, an' the pianer-organs, an' wasn't I waxy neither w'en I caught you a-dawnin' the mazurker wiv a Jackey?"

"Jackies allus dawnce better'n Tommies, someway."

"That's becars they 'ave the 'oie deck to practice on. Then there were the swing boats, an' the movin' pictures, an' the shootin' at bottles for chocolate an' fags! An' arter it was orl over there was our own little room wiv some 'errings an' a bit o' greens to our supper. An' onct you 'ad a hyercinth an'—it bloomed."

His voice had grown pensive. For a moment there was silence in the room, save for a soft rasping of the cat's tongue on the platter.

"It seems to me to-night wot I can smell that hyercinth on your hair, Nell, an' as sure's fate there's a bit on it got inter your eyes—sort o' purple, they are."

She sat up straight and looked him in the eyes.

"Awbert," she said, using the old pet name, "do you mind the time you struck me that blow? And I lay in a swoond a long time an'—an' there was blood—"

He drew her passionately to him.

"D-don't, Nellie, d-don't! I want to ferget wot a brute beast I've been to you!"

"It were just onct, Awbert, an' you were sorry arterwards!"

"I loved you more than ever! I'll never lay a finger on yer again, s'elp me! But w'y do you want to tark abart it, darlin'?"

Suddenly she freed herself from him and rose to her feet.

"Becars, I want you to think of it just once more. I'll tell you now wot I 'aven't before—this is our last supper together. I came to-night to s'y fare-well, Albert—no, no, it's no use tryin' to 'old me—I'm leavin' for 'ome to-night!"

He had caught her dress and dragged her to him. She held her arms tensely at her sides.

"You're just tormentin' me, Nellie!" he cried. "S'y you are! You cawn't go 'ome wivout me—an' I'm tied fast! Oh, these women! S'y it's only a bluff, girl!"

SHE hit his shoulder with her clenched hand.

"Wot do you tike me for, anywy? Do you fawncy I shall drudge my life out at the hotel, wiv 'er flauntin' 'er plumes in my fice? Do you think I'll be 'eered at by the other servants for my starved looks wiv 'er a-gettin' fat on you? Do you think—Oh! 'ave you no 'eart?—that I'll wet my pillow wiv my tears every night, an' 'er red 'ead were mine should be?" Her voice panted through the hot little room like a live thing struggling to get free. Her hands were on her heart.

"Oh, shime, I say, to the mother that bore you!"

He fell to his knees at her feet and twined his arms about her.

"Aw, Nellie, don't look at me like that! I'm broke! I'm broke! Just give me a chawnce an' I'll desert 'er. I swear it! That's wot I've been wantin' to s'y orl the time, but you 'drownded me out!"

The sight of his round boy's eyes, wet with tears, moved her to the tenderness always so ready for him. And she knew she was the victor. She said:

"Albert, are you sure that you want to leave 'er for always an' come wiv

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)

Canadian Ida and English Nell

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.)

me, for keeps? Are you *sure*?"

"Wot's come over you to mistrust me so?" he sobbed. "Arter orl I've done for you! W'y, I married you on the square, didn't I? I'm glad on it, too," he hastened to add, "an' I'll foller you to the hend o' the hearth, if you'll let me!"

She smiled a bit sadly.

"It's becars you're just a man that it's 'ard for you to understand everythink I feel. But—I love you—cruel well—. So, we'll begin again, my dearie."

She took him back to her heart then, unreservedly, as the tree takes back the truant bird.

They had not much time in which to make their simple preparation. Albert, all agog now, rushed about the tiny bedroom cramming his belongings in a traveling bag.

And Nell, left to herself, whipped out the rapier of her woman's wit and gave poor Ida her *coup de grace*. She cleared one end of the white pine table and wrote on it with a charred stick. In fierce black characters she wrote the words—oh! to be there when the cast-off read—

IDA, CANADIAN IDA,

I HAVE COME AND
TOOK MY OWN.

ENGLISH NELL.

With the eye of an artist she regarded her masterpiece. As she pinned on the jaunty white hat she even broke into a bit of song:

Oh, it's 'ome, 'ome, 'ome!
And it's never more to roam
From our fathers' little sea-girt isle!
Don't you 'ear the billers roll,
And the stoker shovellin' coal,
And our 'earts beatin' out the miles?
Oh, it's 'ome, 'ome, 'ome—."

"Hello, Awbert, you ready?"

Albert, closely buttoned in his Sunday togs, waited, bag in hand. And, lest he should give one last regretful look about the room, she quickly turned out the light and pulled him to the open door, where the moon shone down.

"Look, Awbert," she cooed, turning his face up to it, "over your left shoulder—the new moon—wish on it!"

Albert rose to the occasion.

"I wish," he said solemnly, "that we may see the next new moon shine on Brittanier's breast!"

They stood gazing up in silence. The cat, which had followed them, rubbed her sides against Nell's skirt and purred loudly.

At last with a sigh they withdrew their gaze and, giving each a hand to Albert's bag, hurried down the white street, stretched like a stainless new path before them, to the station.

When they reached the tracks she stopped him, pressing his arm closely and looked into his face.

"Tell me," she said—"tell truly now, wot was it that made you come wiv me? Wot *one thing touched you*?"

"I think," he hazarded, his brow puckered in thought, "I *think* as it were the saursages."

"No," she insisted, her blue eyes on the stars, "no, it *weren't that*, Awbert. It *were* rememberin' that *blow*!"

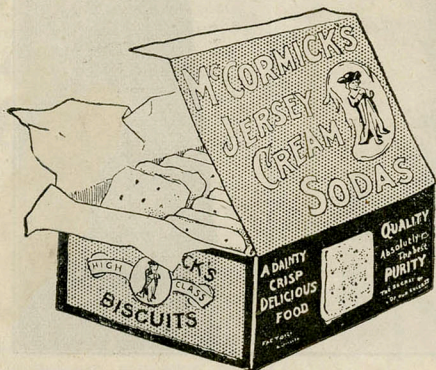
THE END.

Literature and Journalism

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

slowly, but it is not wholly a gift. It grows with the growth of our powers of perception and sympathy. Watch human nature very closely. Feel the joys and sorrows of the people nearest you. Study them, and then live with your fancied people; the people you are to make real in your stories. Live with them intently. Then write out their emotions and your emotion in them, and just as eagerly condense your writing until you can suggest all this feeling in a few simple words. Observe in the stories of the greatest writers how sparse are the details about the characters and the descriptions, but how vividly the people stand out as if actually living before one. Through visualization—that is, realizing your characters by the mind's eye and the heart's emotion—comes the art which you wish to attain.

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124

Prominent Canadian Women Commend Canadian Home Journal

Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Honorary Superintendent of Soldiers' Comforts, Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment writes:

"I am writing to enclose my cheque for subscription to the 'Canadian Home Journal' for the coming year, and in sending this small amount, may I add a few words of appreciation to the Journal, which is proving of wide interest and value to so many women throughout this province, as I am sure it must be in other parts of the Dominion.

"Trusting that its record of information and material value to the readers may be as great in the future as it has in the past, believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"GERTRUDE VANKOUGHNET."

Mrs. L. M. Montgomery Macdonald, the well-known Canadian writer, has the following to say:

"The 'Canadian Home Journal' is a capital magazine, and is growing better all the time. It is quite equal to the best of the household magazines published in any country to-day, and I wish every home-maker in Canada could have it regularly. I like your editorial pages especially. They always seem to touch on some vital problem of Canadian womanhood, and to present stimulating views from refreshing angles. A good clean, helpful and—last but decidedly not least—most interesting magazine, this of yours.

"Yours sincerely,

"L. M. MONTGOMERY MACDONALD."

Are Canadian Women True to Canadian Ideals?

Read what Jean Blewett says:

"That the magazine is Canadian, made in Canada, contains the work of Canadian writers, expresses Canadian ideals, portrays Canadian life, is enough for any Canadian—or ought to be. Further it is a better magazine than the American publications, which try to flood it out, and that altogether too many Canadian women support. We want good Canadian magazines, and we must subscribe to them if they are to be worthy of Canada.

"JEAN BLEWETT."

Mrs. H. P. Plumptre, Honorary Secretary of the Canadian Red Cross Society, says:

"I always find the 'Canadian Home Journal' interesting and instructive. You certainly contrive to meet all tastes and the excellent make up of the paper gives it an added value.

"All those interested in Canadian women's development must be glad to see the success of this excellent Canadian publication.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. N. PLUMPTRE."

A tribute from New Brunswick:

"The 'Canadian Home Journal' is indispensable to all Canadian homes, and especially to members of the Women's Institutes. I have not missed a copy for the past eight years, and so helpful does each member in our home find the Journal, all copies are filed. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to heartily commend it to all whose aim in life is to better home and community.

"HAZEL WINTER CROCKER."

Ex-Supervisor Women's Institutes of New Brunswick.

Canadian women need no introduction to Nellie McClung, whose writings have appeared in many magazines. Mrs. McClung gives this opinion of the "Canadian Home Journal":

"The 'Canadian Home Journal' is a well set up, and well edited magazine, progressive and sane in thought, and always on the side of righteousness. It can be depended on for good stories and sensible articles, and has very little in its pages that is 'just print.'

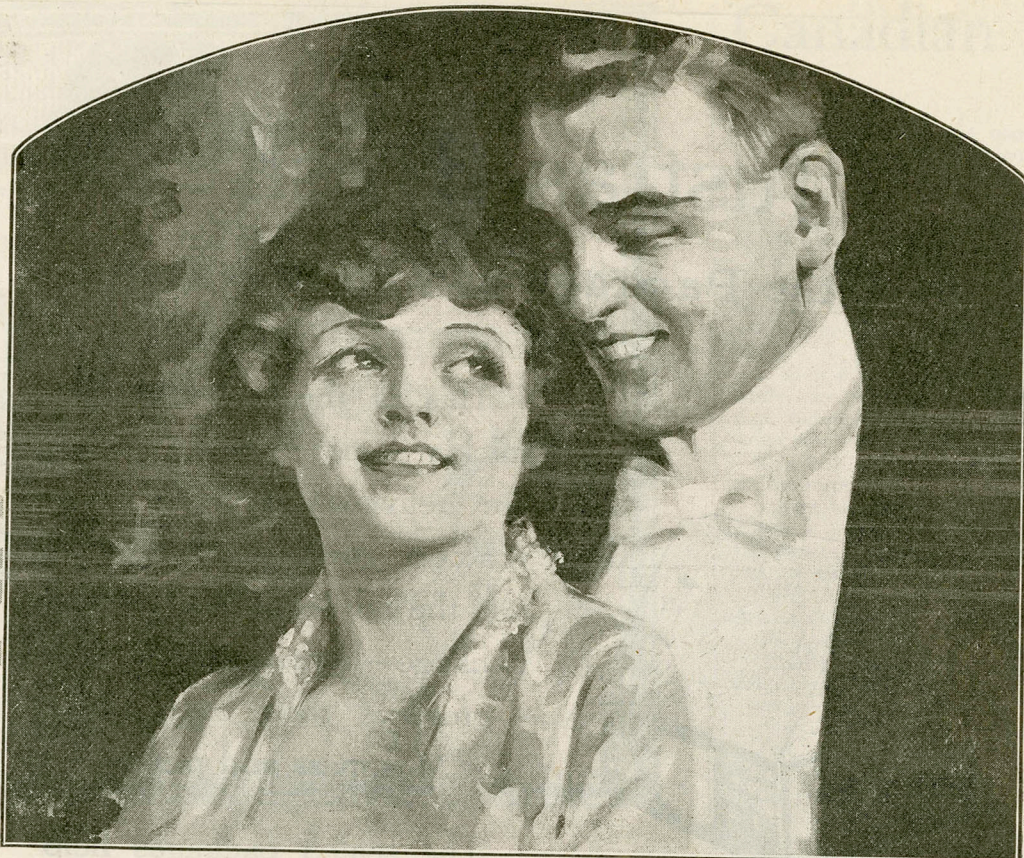
"NELLIE L. MCCLUNG."

Mrs. Arthur Murphy is a Police Magistrate in Edmonton, but is better known to our readers as "Janey Canuck." Mrs. Murphy pays us the following compliment:

"I heartily commend the 'Canadian Home Journal' to the members of the Women's Institutes. In its pages are to be found both sense and sensibility.

"Than this, nothing better can be said of a Journal.

"EMILY F. MURPHY."



They Keep Teeth White In a New Way Now—By Removing Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The tooth brush used in old ways has proved a disappointment. Teeth still discolor, still decay. Tartar still accumulates, pyorrhea is alarmingly common. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

The reason, as all dentists know, lies in a slimy film. You feel it with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. The tooth brush leaves much of it intact. And most tooth troubles are now traced directly to that film.

The Film Does This:

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. The dental name is "bacterial plaque." Those germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So this slimy film, which the cleanest people have neglected, is the teeth's great enemy.

No Way Was Found To End It

Dental scientists have known these facts for years. Many methods have been tested to combat the film, but all proved futile for home uses. So the film accumulated and did constant damage, until removed occasionally by vigorous dental cleaning.

Some years ago scientific research led to the idea of pepsin. The film

is albuminous matter, and pepsin digests albumin. But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Then science found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents to its inventor. That discovery opened up the way to daily use of pepsin, and inaugurated a new dental era.

Based on Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, activated in this harmless way. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it. Other methods are combined to help.

The result is a tooth paste which efficiently fights film. It penetrates the crevices—goes wherever film exists. Now teeth can be brushed every day in a way which leaves them clean.

Able authorities have submitted Pepsodent to all sorts of clinical and laboratory tests. Its results have been proved beyond question, and not a fault has been discovered. It represents the farthest progress made in tooth protection.

Now, we offer a 10-Day Tube to people who will test it. To mothers in particular—for their sake and their children's sake. A ten-day test will show you what it does. Then decide by the results between the old ways and the new.

Cut out this coupon so you won't forget. This test means much to you.

Pepsodent CANADA
REG. IN
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific product based on pepsin to daily combat the film. Proved by able authorities, endorsed by leading dentists everywhere and now employed by countless people daily.

To Every Woman A Free 10-Day Test

This is to offer women a ten-day test of Pepsodent, and urge that they accept it.

Millions of teeth are being brushed in this new way. The result is seen everywhere in beautiful teeth, in cleaner, safer teeth.

Learn now what it means to you and yours. This is most important.



Teach Children

To use Pepsodent—Teeth are not saved by the tooth brush only, as millions of mothers know. Teach them what film does, and how to combat it.



Look at Your Teeth

after ten days with Pepsodent. Then decide for yourself if you always want such clean, white, filmless teeth.

Watch the Results

Use Pepsodent ten days. Note how clean the teeth feel after using, mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. The ten-day test will be a revelation.

(237)

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 927, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

The Flag of Truce

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

the knocking, crying out her amazement, drawing the snow-coated figure within the warmth of the spacious hall, lighted with the flames of the roaring open fire. For one intoxicating moment Billy stood speechless, swallowing up with gleaming eyes the deliciousness of the girl, hanging upon his words of explanation.

"It is you I've come for. Aunt Lin is keeled over with her yearly attack of rheumatics, and Amy's nothing but a child herself. I—well, I'm kind of clumsy with the youngster, and the waif needs a 'Mother-Pro-Tem,'" Billy stammered.

"THE youngster!" Betty Stairs gasped in bewilderment.

Then Billy laughed and poured out in detail the story of the waif, and Betty's eyes lighted up with a wondrous radiance—the expression of sympathy.

"Go—of course I'll go to that blessed waif," exclaimed Betty, the dearness of her setting the blood racing madly through Billy's veins.

"It is the wildest storm, and—and I'll most have to carry you across home," stammered Billy.

"I'll bundle up warm," Betty flashed back, the color flaming her cheeks. "Of course I know how to handle babies. Haven't had little nephews in the Stairs' nursery all these years for nothing. By the way, I'll borrow a few necessities from that very nursery for your waif."

AN hour later, Billy, having fired the furnace with the flames of enthusiasm, stole upstairs and paused on the threshold of the den, his heart pounding furiously. Betty, squatted on the bear rug facing the open fire, cuddled the waif, contentedly nursing the bottle borrowed from the Stairs' nursery. Very gently, crooning a lullaby, Betty drew off the tiny kid shoes and white stockings, and the toes stretched out bewitchingly toward the firelight.

Billy slipped into the den and sank down on the Chesterfield, watching with a strange fascination as Betty warmed gurgling laughter out of the lost baby.

"Doesn't seem to miss his mother so awful much, does he?" questioned Billy.

"Oh, Billy, I just can't think of her. Poor thing! She will be wild with fright searching for her baby. How do you suppose she ever did happen to leave this *wonderfulest* chile in your limousine?" questioned Betty, her gray eyes screwing up in a delicious frown of perplexity.

"There's the mystery," responded Billy. "But he is sure ours for the night."

Betty's fingers slipped under the creases of the dimpled neck, unfastening the little, soft, white dress, chatting gaily, softly.

"Bedtime's long past, Baby Waif—but—but, oh, Billy, we haven't any nightie to put on him—"

Billy stared back at Betty with consternation.

"What do you make 'em out of?" he questioned.

"Flannelette mostly," Betty responded soberly.

"Go 'way! There's thirty yards or so of that stuff out in my car. I'll fetch it in," Billy exploded, suddenly recalling the "piece of flannel" purchased for Aunt Belinda.

"I'll lend him my pyjamas till you get something more his size cut out," he called from the stairway as he bounded down.

LATE into the night Billy sat beside Betty before the blazing hearth of the den, Betty's nimble fingers sewing on the tiny nighties, one eye on the Chesterfield, where the waif, wrapped in the coat of Billy's pink pyjamas, slumbered peacefully. Billy sat hunched in the great leather chair, his eyes fixed on Betty.

Christopher, what a picture! He would like some of the fellows at the Club to see it. Beat hollow any Club show ever he had attended.

THE following morning brought sunshine and snow plows on the relief march, but it was noon before any impression was made on the drifts as far out as Avondale. Then Billy Crofton buttoned himself into his beaver coat and walked across country to the station, flagging the city-bound express, and started in pursuit of the police and a distracted mother.

It was dusk when he ran whistling up the stairs of the Crofton homestead. Aunt Belinda was still huddled among the pillows of her mammoth bed; but on the floor facing Aunt Belinda's grate Betty Stairs romped with the waif.

"The mystery is solved," Billy announced triumphantly. "The fond mamma was shopping at the eleventh hour, and Baby fell asleep in her arms, so she carried him out to what she supposed to be her husband's limousine and tucked him up on the cushioned seat. Then she tripped back into the department store to finish her shopping. Of course, she has been running about like a lunatic, and had the police pretty well crazed. She is flat on her back from the worry, and the doctor says she cannot make the trip to Avondale for a couple of days. I made her understand that the youngster is in pretty good hands, and we are jolly glad to have the little beggar hang on with us a day or so longer."

"Oh, Billy—you—you dear!" Betty broke out impulsively, swooping down upon the waif and hugging the breath out of him.

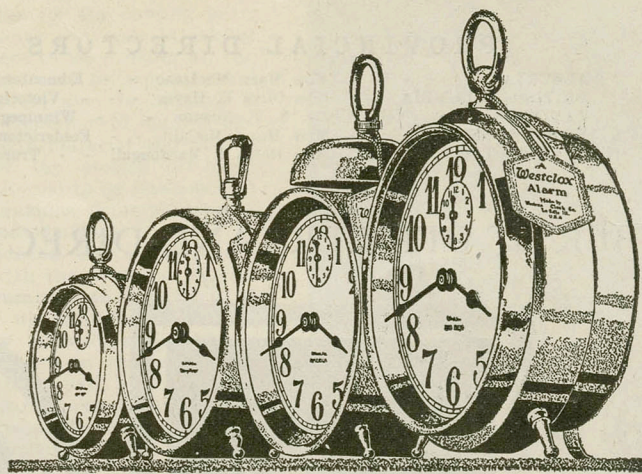
THREE days passed before the household of Crofton received warning that the mother of the waif would arrive the following morning to claim the "wonderfulest chile," Billy announced the news gloomily, tip-toeing into the den, where Betty sat with her needlework—a tiny, white flannel garment.

"Say, but the den is a cozy place these blustery nights," Billy remarked, slumping down into the deep arm chair.

"But—but, Billy—Billy Crofton, you are not going to stay at home to-night. Why, this is open night at your club—the event of the year. I know because Cousin Lilla has been worrying with her dressmaker the last month in preparation for to-night's splendor," protested Betty, glancing sharply at Billy's resigned countenance and smoking jacket.

"That club affair has nothing on compared to this. I—I'd rather just stay at home, thank you. There's sort of an irresistible charm to the den—you and the little feller and the firelight—a homey atmosphere you don't get down at the club and the hotel," Billy stammered somewhat in confusion.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)



Westclox —for these dark mornings

IT takes real courage to get up when the room is dark; when the floor is like ice; when you dread that dash to the open window—when the bed clothes hug you warm as toast!

Your Westclox understands: it lets you sleep right up to the last tick.

That's a good alarm clock's most important job—calling you on the dot. Then of course, it must keep good time all day.

All Westclox are good clocks; each one has that same good construction principle that put Big Ben where he is today. You *know* you can depend on a Westclox alarm.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
La Salle and Peru, Ill., U. S. A.

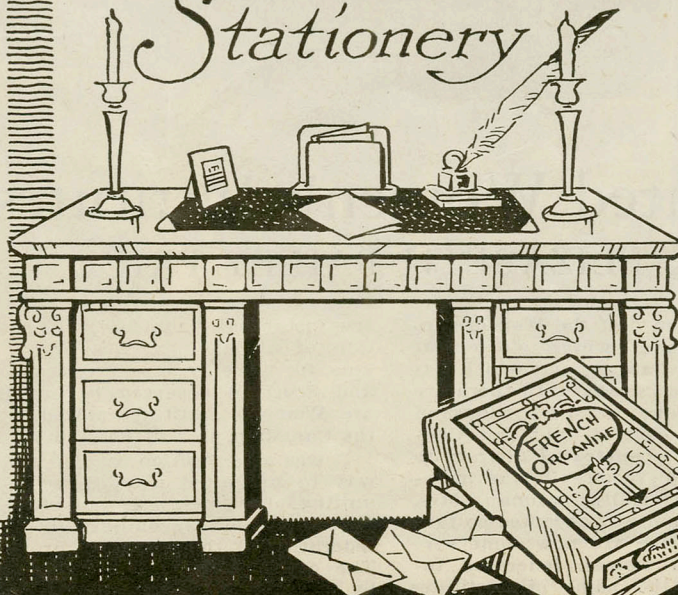
ONCE upon a time there was an advertiser who got his copy in ahead of closing dates; he gave the publisher time for careful composition; making of cuts was never left until the "last gun," with the printer holding the presses and running up the publisher's bill. The advertiser always had plenty of time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

MORAL: No publisher can give an advertiser proper service unless copy is received early.

Barber-Ellis,

FRENCH ORGANDIE

Stationery

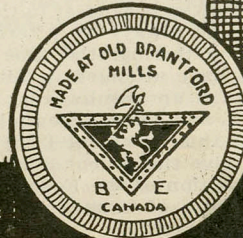


Your judgment of refinement is indicated by the use of

FRENCH ORGANDIE STATIONERY

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

Ask your stationer for it.



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NOVA SCOTIA - Miss Helen J. Macdougall - Truro, N.S.

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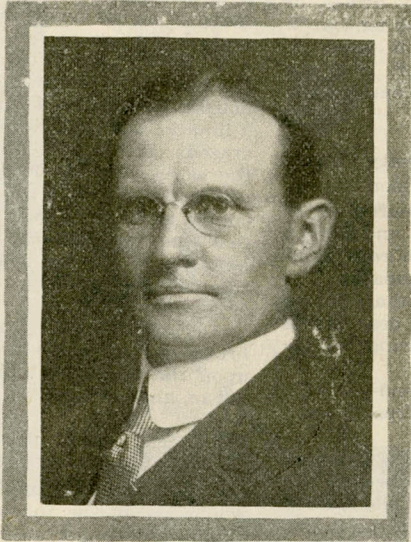
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Gadshill.

Report of Federated Women's Institutes Convention

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

It is hard to give an account of a convention when the news of it has been given broadcast to the Press. But there is always an aftermath to any such gathering, the time when those who have attended it faithfully begin to sum up results and wonder just what has been accomplished. It is from this viewpoint I am going to try and give the salient points of the first convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, held in Toronto in November.

It was an historical convention. It

showed the growth of the Women's Institute movement which started at Stoney Creek, Ontario, and which has spread all over Canada until there are now almost one hundred thousand members. It showed that this Canadian idea had penetrated farther, to the Motherland, where it was introduced by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Alfred Watt, and was accepted so favorably that there are now some seventy thousand women federated together under the name of Institutes in the Motherland. It is one of the

few instances of the forceful penetration of a Canadian idea across the seas, for not only have England, Wales and Scotland accepted it, but there are Women's Institutes modelled after the Canadian plan in Belgium.

It was a convention that opened the way to unlimited possibilities in the uniting of women. Already the first step had been accomplished by the federation of the Canadian provinces. The convention went a step further by forming an alliance with the Federated Women's Institutes of Great

Britain, Mrs. Alfred Watt having been delegated to bring this request from them to Canada. A still wider hope was expressed that at the next meeting of the board of directors in September at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, there would be a culmination of an international federation. Through this medium Belgium and the United States would add their strength to the Women's Institute movement.

Another historical feature of this convention was that it is the first time



MRS. H. W. DAYTON
of Virden, Man., President of Manitoba Institutes.

in the history of women's national organizations of Canada that a western executive has met in an eastern city. There are only two national Canadian women's organizations that have their executives in the West and Judge Emily Murphy is president of both, the other being the Canadian Women's Press Club.

It was an interesting convention in that it had unlimited pretensions. It did not confine its aims to one special work. It was representative of women from rural districts, from towns, from cities, all working together on a non-sectarian, non-partisan basis for home and country.

The primary work of the convention was done necessarily by the Board of Directors, which was in session three days. On this board each province had equal representation or three votes, and this advisory council determined the policy and work of the federation.

It was therefore a convention of personalities, splendid, clever, progressive women who, together with the help of Mr. George Putnam, superintendent of Ontario Women's Institutes, discussed, weighed and determined ways and means to promote Institute work.

Personalities of Convention

Judge Emily Murphy, the first woman judge in the British Empire, a prominent Canadian authoress, whose *nom de plume* is "Janey Canuck," presided.

Far-away British Columbia sent that veteran worker, Mrs. Blackwood Wilman, who is interested in, especially, the promoting of home industries, such as spinning of wool, the making of toys, etc., among Institute workers.

From Alberta came the president, Judge Murphy, Edmonton; the corresponding secretary and acting publicity convenor, Mrs. J. F. Price, Calgary, the superintendent of Alberta Women's Institutes, Miss Mary MacIsaac, Edmonton, who was responsible for the culmination of the Canadian federation. Miss Isabel Noble, of Daysland, the inspiring provincial "farm woman" president, and Mrs. J. N. Beaubien, a one-time active worker in the California Federated Women's Clubs, and who gave to this new organization in the land of her adoption the benefit of her past club experience.

Miss Abbie de Lury, superintendent of the Home Makers' Clubs, Saskatoon, and Mrs. W. F. Cameron Davidson, the national recording secretary, represented Saskatchewan.

From Manitoba came two pioneer Institute workers, Mrs. David Watt, of Birtle, provincial president, and Mrs. Dayton, of Virden.

Quebec was represented by Miss Anita Hill, superintendent of the Home Makers' Clubs, Mrs. J. P. Camache, second vice-president of the national organization, and Miss Sophia J. Armstrong, president of the Home Makers' Clubs.

Ontario contributed Mrs. Wm. Todd, of Orillia, vice-president of the federation and provincial president, Mr. George Putnam, and Mrs. Jas. Patterson, of Gadshill.

Nova Scotia came into the federation at the convention and was represented

by Miss Helen MacDougal, Truro, superintendent, and Miss Annie Stewart, of Grand Pre, a director.

A strong delegation came from New Brunswick, inclusive of Miss Hazel McCain, superintendent, Mrs. M. H. Lawlor, St. John, a director, and Miss Eliza Campbell, Fredericton, the national treasurer.

Other outstanding personalities of the convention were Mrs. Chas. Robson, of Winnipeg, a member of the Canadian Council of Immigration for Household Service, and Mrs. A. Watt, of England.

The delegates also had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. McNeil, a member of the first Institute organized at Stoney Creek, Ont., and Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, the first Women's Institute lecturer.

Things Done at the Convention

A general survey of things done at the convention is briefly:

1. Formed an alliance with the Institutes of Great Britain.

2. It was decided not to affiliate with the National Council of Women at the present time. The chief contention against affiliation was the fact that the constitution of the National Council is now in the process of amendment, and the federation should be on a definite basis before the Institutes accepted it.

3. A new committee—the National Events and Institute Technique, was appointed with Mrs. A. Watt as convenor. Mrs. Watt is not able at present to formulate this work because of ill health, but arrangements are being made for her committee to carry on. Part of the work of this committee will be to instruct the people, especially the children, in the celebration and significance of any holidays which our government sets aside to be observed as national holidays. Also it is hoped that Mrs. Watt will be able to be a field lecturer on all matters pertaining to Institutes and that she will be able to act as an arbitrator in any Institute difficulties that might arise.

4. An agricultural secretary, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, of Huntingdon, Que., was elected. She will be a lecturer on all subjects pertaining to the betterment of agriculture and its relation to women.

5. It was decided to co-operate with the Social Service League of Canada.

6. The Federation accepted a series of lectures prepared by Dr. Margaret Patterson, Toronto, national convenor of public health, these to be inculcated in booklets which will be distributed by the Institutes. Also Dr. Patterson suggested that these supplement the "Home Nursing" short courses of the Institutes and that W.I. certificates be given to those attending eighty per cent. of the lectures and passing the prepared tests.

7. It was decided to promote a

very active publicity campaign. Institute members are urged to adopt "It pays to advertise" as their slogan for the coming year. The publicity convenor is asking all members to keep using all the space they can secure in their home papers, also to appoint a publicity convenor in each province to glean material and photographs of the stories of more general interest to be published in many magazines, principally agricultural publications.

8. A decision was made to co-operate with the Overseas Settlement Committee in the work of following up settlers, by calling upon new arrivals and inviting them to share in the social life of the community. It was felt that Institutes extending as they do to the remotest districts, could be of particular value in this work.

9. Mrs. Charles Robson was appointed to represent the Institutes on the Canadian Council of Immigration for Household Service.

10. Mrs. J. F. Price, corresponding secretary, resigned, and Miss Emily Guest, of Ontario, was appointed to fill the position. Mrs. Price was elected national publicity convenor.

11. The Federation will petition the Government to bestow the gift of citizenship on the new Canadians with an impressive ceremony on or about Dominion Day.

General Policies Outlined.

In the president's address, Judge Murphy outlined the objects of the Federation, which set forth in the constitution are:—

(1) To co-ordinate the various Provincial Women's Institutes and kindred organizations throughout the Dominion.

(2) To act as a clearing house for activities of the various Federated Organizations.

(3) To raise the standard of home-making.

(4) To develop agriculture.

(5) To promote educational, moral, social and economic measures.

6. To encourage co-operation and community efforts.

7. To initiate nation-wide campaigns in accordance with the objects of this Federation.

The constitution provides that the presidency shall alternate between eastern and western Canada.

In speaking of the relations of rural and city Institutes the president said that the city Institutes should look after and protect the interests of their rural sisters, especially in matters of legislation, because they are on the spot when these achievements are being considered.

"It is the intention of the Federation," said Judge Murphy, "to push the community hall movement in



MRS. E. G. GRAHAM,
who formed the first Institute in Manitoba.



Brandon rest room—a boon to the rural woman near that city.



JUDGE EMILY MURPHY
President of the Federated Institutes.

every district where an Institute exists. We intend leaving no stone unturned, that the rural women of Canada may have not only telephones, medical inspection of schools, rural postal deliveries, free hospital and free libraries, but community halls, where lectures, music and moving pictures may be enjoyed. The Ontario Government has agreed to pay dollar for dollar with Institutes in this work.

"Apart from making the farm safe, pleasant and profitable, the Women's Institute has the supreme opportunity of Canadianizing the foreign people who have settled in rural districts. This work cannot be done from town, but can only be carried out by the English speaking people in the districts."

Resolutions

And last but not least there were the resolutions. Women all over were beginning to get "fed up" on resolutions and some say they are not worth the paper on which they are written. But the Federation's resolutions are of the follow-up variety, and indeed every Institute member reading them can do a real active work by beginning in her own community. The convention expressed itself in favor of:

1. Protecting the bird life in Canada.

2. Starting a campaign in securing one set of words and music for the national anthem "O Canada," the version used to be "O Canada, our home, our native land," and to encourage the use of this version in the public schools. It was suggested that another verse expressing our thankfulness to Almighty God for the many gifts he had bestowed upon us be added.

3. Safeguarding of women and children while travelling. The railroads will be approached on this matter.

4. Placing of whole wheat flour on the market again.

5. Inspecting the sources of our milk supplies, as it was found in various parts of the country this had been the cause of the spreading of epidemics.

The convention concluded by a moving picture being taken of the delegates to be shown throughout Canada in the current event film known as the "Canadian Pictorial."

HOW THE FIRST INSTITUTE IN MANITOBA WAS FORMED

By Tilla (Mrs. E. G.) Graham

The beginning of any successful movement is always interesting to recall and it is with peculiar pleasure that I remember the forming of the first Institute in Manitoba.

I was visiting my sisters in Morris fifty miles from Winnipeg, and while chatting with Mrs. MacKenzie she referred to something she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.)

had read in the "Ladies' Home Journal."

"Do you see the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL?" I asked. "It is the official organ of our Institute."

"No," replied Mrs. MacKenzie, "but I have a cousin in Parkhill who is always talking Institute, and I do wish we could have one in Morris."

"So you can," I assured her "and I shall form it."

I immediately wrote to Mr. Putnam for literature and some Institute pins, also to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL for magazines and asking if Manitoba could have the same rate as Ontario.

At the same time Mrs. MacKenzie wrote to Premier R. P. Roblin, also to the Minister of Agriculture. All the answers came promptly, Mr. Putnam giving us his blessing and good wishes, and a number of Journals arrived with assurances that the price would be the same. So in August, 1910, forty ladies met in the county court hall and the first Institute was formed with thirty-nine members and the following officers:

President, Mrs. Jas. Lewis; vice-president, Mrs. Finlay MacKenzie; sec.-treas., Mrs. Alpin Chisholm.

The Government soon sent out Miss Juniper, who organized branches, called Home Economic Societies, and at the first convention held in Winnipeg Mrs. Chisholm was elected provincial president. The year following Mrs. MacKenzie was elected president of the Morris branch and in a recent correspondence my heart has been gladdened by the reports of splendid work accomplished, the membership averaging forty to fifty.

They hold farewells for departing members and have little teas for brides-to-be which I think is a fine feature. They are to the fore in all the good works both local and provincial.

The sick and needy of the town are cared for, and boxes sent to Children's Aid and home and Minette Sanitarium. This branch, as in other places, was indefatigable in war works of all kinds—every two months sending boxes to seventy-five boys at the front. The Morris Society gradually became a clearing house for all kindred organizations throughout the district, thus accomplishing much more effectively the work needed. Mrs. J. Chisholm proved herself a tower of strength at this time.

The branch collected a fund for gymnasium furnishings for the school. They agitated for better water supply, and two ex-teachers, Mrs. MacKenzie and Mrs. Shields, voluntarily taught sewing for two years.

I might say I happened to be in Morris at that time but I do not believe that anything ever "just happens." You cannot blame me for feeling proud and happy of this first Manitoba branch. I just passed on some of the good things we were enjoying in Ontario. The Federation of Institutes has been a dream of mine for some years and I am more than delighted that it is now accomplished, and in Mrs. Dayton, of Virden, Manitoba has a representative worthy of this splendid province.

MANITOBA INSTITUTES AND THEIR WORK

The forming of the first Institute in Morris led to the Government becoming interested and the following year Miss Kennedy and Miss Juniper, of MacDonald College, were employed to organize Institutes throughout the provinces," says Mrs. H. W. Dayton. Previous to this there were no women's organizations in rural districts nor in towns except Ladies

Aids of the different churches, which often made for division.

The first Institutes were organized in towns and the first direct result was the bringing of rural and town women together and thus promoting a better understanding, which has resulted in a greater spirit of co-operation between town and country.

Work Accomplished Through Women's Institutes Effort

Women in rural districts lonely and isolated, were greatly cheered and encouraged by meeting together.

Medical Inspection of Rural Schools

Outside of Winnipeg and Brandon, there was no health inspection. To-day chiefly through the women's Institute effort in creating public opinion, public health nurses almost cover the province. Medical inspection, including dental inspection, is becoming general through-out rural districts, resulting from co-operation with Boards of Health.

The First Woman School Trustee

A Women's Institute director was elected six years ago on a rural school board—now they are numerous and schools are improved wherever there is a woman on the school board. Manual training and domestic science are being introduced and hot school lunches becoming general.

Rest Rooms

The first rest room, that great boon to rural women, especially on the prairie, in the West was organized and supported by Virden Women's Institute eight years ago. Now there are many in the three western provinces, and libraries are being established in many places with great success.

A special work undertaken in Manitoba is the improvement of cemeteries. Also placing organs in rural schools and gramophones in schools in foreign districts and community singing encouraged.

Boys' and Girls' Clubs

The first was started by a Women's Institute with a membership of 13, but the movement has spread not only throughout Manitoba, where it has a membership of 40,000, but has extended to other provinces. The movement of recent years has been effective in interesting young people in agriculture.

The Community Evening

As a sequel of our Boys' and Girls' Fair we have community evenings, when parents, teachers and children all meet and enjoy a programme. Prizes are received and a very pleasant evening is enjoyed by all.

Child Welfare Clinics

In co-operation with the Agricultural Fairs child welfare clinics are held, at which the importance of child welfare is emphasized. A great interest is taken in these clinics.

The Women's Institute is the avenue through which much splendid community work is accomplished and during the war was the organization through which food conservation and splendid patriotic work was accomplished.

No other organization takes the place of the Women's Institute. There should be one in every district. I have no hesitation in saying this after being identified most closely with their work in Manitoba for over ten years.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51.)



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SONORA Models
Range in Price
from \$84.00
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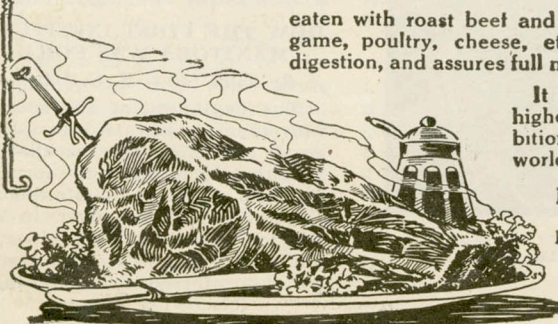
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

Central Ontario Convention Report

Mrs. Wm. Todd, of Orillia, president of the Ontario Federation, spoke as follows, in reply to the address of welcome:

When, nine months ago, you elected me as your president, I had a feeling of intense pleasure at the honor conferred upon me, but I have had, almost immediately upon that and ever since, a growing sense of the very grave responsibility that you placed upon me in that election, and to-day I think I feel the responsibility more perhaps than ever before. For me to attempt to reply to the courteous welcome accorded to us—I find myself wondering just how I can represent the minds of 30,000 women. It is difficult to gauge the mind of any other woman; sometimes it is difficult to read your own, you have to sit down occasionally, face your trouble and study yourself. To represent 30,000 different minds is quite a task.

I might dwell for a considerable time on the work which has been referred to—the work of the past—referred to so graciously by Miss Church. I might go on to speak of the work of the present time—the schemes for work—or I might project my thought into the future; but we are a working organization, and I am not going to talk at all about our work, we will just take it for granted that every Women's Institute is a hive of industry, that every member has something by which she is expressing herself through her activity. I simply wish to-day to speak of the spirit back of all our work, the spirit animating our Women's Institutes.

You know a particular piece of work is not of very much value unless the right spirit is animating the worker, and in the spirit of the Women's Institutes we are particularly fortunate in having that glorious motto, and we appreciate Miss Church's suggestion that we should add "For Empire" to it. I would also endorse the suggestion that Miss Church throws out that never before in all our history has there been so great a necessity for joining up our Empire as there is to-day. It is necessary to-day; there are so many distracting things, and we stand as a Canadian nation as part of the British Empire—there is our glorious destiny for all future time. I was glad indeed of these opportune words of Miss Church on this matter.

We are fortunate at this particular convention to have with us one who has done so much as a Women's Institute organizer, to bind all parts of the Empire together, to bring the rural sections of the Old Land close to ourselves, in the presence of Mrs. Watt. We have indeed great reason to be proud of the work that has been carried on "For Home and Country" overseas, and we feel that it is to-day a link with that Empire.

The spirit of the Institute, the spirit of neighborhood! I heard Mrs. McClung say, not so many months ago, that what we needed to-day was not more legislation, but more neighboring to make us Canadians, and we are facing that great problem with that neighboring spirit abroad in our Women's Institutes. We had a little example of what the war had done for us when the "flu" devastated so many sections of our country a year ago. As the women went in and out through the towns and villages of our land, women with some knowledge of first aid or home nursing, and did what they could as neighbors, we thought of the words of the poet when he says:

There is naught that is better to hear
Than the foot of a friend at the door;
There is naught that is better to feel
Than the clasp of a sister's hand
That says, "What are words between
us?
I know and may understand."

I think that just gave us a little aftermath of the war, what it had done in bringing us together, and gave us to feel that we are all neighbors and with this neighboring spirit we go forth to our biggest work.

But we in the Institute do believe, and we are going forward in the belief, that small occasions do bring an opportunity for growth, and we do believe that in the small measures life may perfect be.

Mrs. Watt told us that Queen Mary said she liked the spirit of our Institute work. After all, the spirit that animates us is the big thing; that means growth and development.

We are glad of the spirit of true democracy that rings in our Women's Institutes. There are all sorts of democracies. We have not a perfect impression of that word, but in our Institutes we are trying to learn its true meaning, and we have the very finest democracy. We have all kinds of women; there is no dividing line; they come here that they may grow as citizens into a finer womanhood. We have this spirit of working together and expressing ourselves by our work. That, after all, has the greatest value of the many things you do. In the reports we have listened to, it shows the effort of interest put into the work, and, of course, there should be effort, because we want every woman to somehow, through her Institute, express herself, and that means 30,000 expressions of self. What a wonderful contribution it would be if we could get a perfect expression of every woman's own individuality through her Institute work! We have often read the story of the talents; to my mind, looking out over our women in Canada and being one of the kind that sat back content with my four walls with very little thought beyond them until war called us out, to my mind the tragedy of the one talent folded away is the greatest tragedy that this life can know, and it is to women of one talent, to women who have not had the opportunities for development on many sides, that we come as Women's Institutes in this wonderful spirit of neighboring, and plead and desire most earnestly that every woman should have that power of expression that gives value to the nation. It is as individuals that we live, it is as individuals we come into our Institute work and it is as individuals that we will make the greatest strength for this great movement throughout our country sections.

The new Premier of Ontario, the Hon. E. C. Drury, and the new Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Mr. Doherty, came in to the convention for a few minutes to meet the delegates and to express their appreciation of the work which the Institutes have been doing.

Mr. Drury said, "I did not come here to make a speech, but rather to express my good will, my personal appreciation of the great work that the Women's Institutes of Ontario are doing and the greater work I think they may do and should do in the future. I speak with knowledge, because, as you know, I come from a rural neighborhood where there is a Women's Institute, and I know of the possibilities as well as of the good work that the Institute is capable of. I think I can assure you of this: that our Government which has come into power really on the crest of a moral wave, will stand behind you for all that is best in the work that you are doing—for the betterment of all conditions, particularly of child welfare—because no matter how we put it, the most important product of this country or of any country is the children of the country.

"There is a great work you can do, You are entering upon a new era,

that era is the time of your political emancipation, and you must see to it that a new value is given to government in this country. In the past we have laid altogether too much stress on wealth as the object of government and too little stress on the human element. After all, wealth exists and is of value only as it serves the human element. The most precious thing in the world is a human life, and the best thing any government can do is to make conditions such that human life can be developed along the best lines. That is the message I would give you from our Government.

"You have now a great opportunity ahead of you. There never was a time when it was more important for our country that all social conditions should be as right as we can make them; there never was a time when it was more important that clean, healthy, strong children should be brought up; there never was a time when it was more important that education should be made the something that will prepare our children for citizenship, not simply something that would get them nowhere and have no educational value. Our common schools, our public schools, are made for citizenship, because ninety per cent. of our children never go any farther, and they should be better fitted for citizenship when they leave the common school.

"You are under the Department of Agriculture, and I think the Minister of Agriculture will say a word or two, but I will outline this, that in the future the work of the Women's Institutes so far as our Government can help will be expedited and the work will be facilitated. If I have anything to say in the matter, you will be given the broadest platform, so that our Institutes will not be confined to matters pertaining to the home and to the school and to child welfare, but also in the broadest way to prepare yourselves for the duties of citizenship that fall upon you.

"I have the greatest hope at the present time in the future of the Women's Institutes."

Mr. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture, endorsed all that the Premier had said and assured the delegates of his interest and support in their work.

Greetings

A most interesting part of the first session of the convention was the receiving of greetings from the similar organizations of the various provinces. British Columbia was represented by Mrs. Blackwood - Wileman, who brought a message of sympathy and love from the Institutes in that province. British Columbia has not a large number of Institutes but the members are big-hearted and loyal and have done splendid things. Child welfare is well looked after and every effort is made to improve everything in the shape of education. They are also working for district nurses.

The Saskatchewan greetings came through Mrs. W. F. Cameron. In that province the Institutes, called Home Makers' Clubs, have the advantage of working in a province

where everything is new, where there is nothing to undo and where they can always start in with the best. Mrs. Cameron told of the splendid rest rooms which have been established there.

Mrs. D. Watt, of Manitoba, extended greetings from the Institutes of her province. The work there is in its infancy compared with Ontario, but much has been accomplished. The women have been aroused to a community interest. A great many societies have taken advantage of the extension service in regard to libraries. The extension service also provides demonstrators in sewing, cooking, cheese and butter making, running a gas engine or tractor. Through the health department courses in home nursing are given. Co-operation with the school teachers in training the foreign children to be good citizens is another part of the work (following the request of the Department of Education.) The community kitchen is to be tried out at an early date. An important feature has been the organization of Girls' and Boys' Clubs, of which there are now 35,000 members.

The Institutes in Quebec, of which there are fifty or sixty among the English speaking people, which sent greetings by Miss S. J. Armstrong, are doing work similar to Ontario, but have not as yet received much support from the Government.

Miss H. McDougall, of Nova Scotia, brought greetings from that province. The first Institute there was organized in 1913. Community halls are being established and are filling a real need. Great interest is being taken in the schools. Neighborliness spells the character of the Nova Scotia branches. The travelling libraries are appreciated.

Miss H. McCain represented the Institutes of New Brunswick. Since the war, the Institutes have been turning their attention to their homes and to community affairs. Courses in household science, cooking, sewing, millinery, nursing, etc., have been put on in both the English and in the French-speaking districts. Milk and Food Bulletins have been issued. Medical school inspection has also been started through the Institute.

The federation which has been brought about will not only widen our scope of work, but it will be instrumental in binding together the women all over Canada and they will everywhere stand for the same principles and the same ideals.

Greetings from England were given by Mrs. Alfred Watt, who told of the great interest which Her Majesty, Queen Mary, is taking in the work.

Mrs. MacIsaac gave greetings from Alberta, where the Institutes have been most progressive.

The Annual Report

In his annual report the superintendent, Mr. Putnam, looked forward to great expansion of Institute work. In our December issue in the reports of the Ottawa and London conventions some notes were given from this report. We make further quotations now.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



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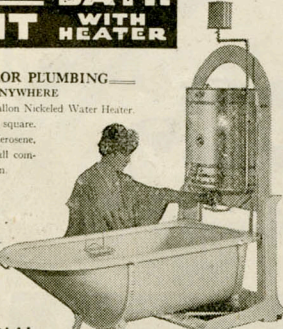
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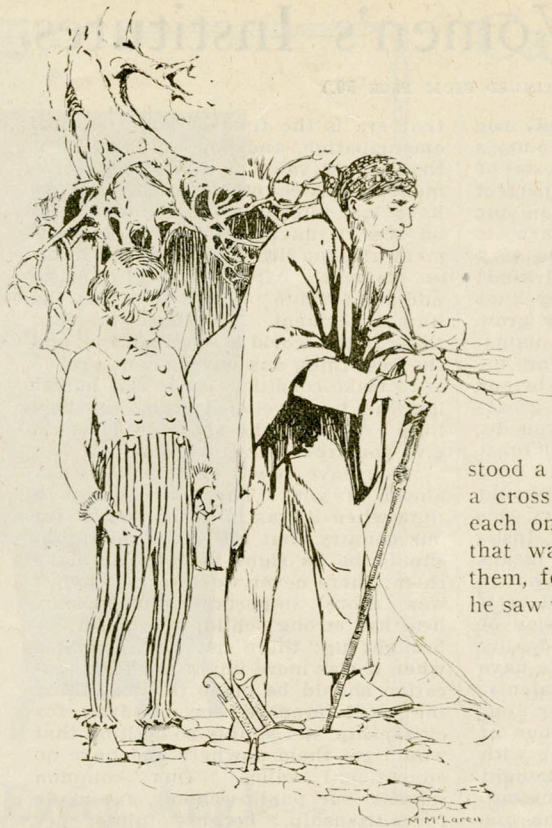
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SHILOH
30 DROPS COUGHS

His sniffing had disturbed a whole nest of nots.

IT was a happy Diddy Happen, who was standing in the middle of the road, eating an ice-cream carrot. His curious little If was sniffing and snuffing around, and old Dedder Naherrin was standing by, grinning, and stroking his long whiskers.

Diddy had made up his mind to pull another carrot in the garden of the roadway, when, suddenly, the If gave a whistly snort. Right away, something happened that made him sure this was the Province of the Unexpected.

The little If had done it all, for his sniffing had disturbed a whole nest of Nots. Now the Nots are peculiar little beasts, that turn things upside down when they are run into by other animals in the Land of P'raps, such as the Cans, the Whats, the Ifs, the Do's, and even the great big P'raps itself.

SO it was, that, when the little If that belonged to Diddy disturbed the nest of the Nots, they were very angry, and started to make things uncomfortable right away. They tore five pages off the Calendar that made a roof for their nest; and this let loose a great deal of snowy winter weather, for the month was now December. A cold wind blew across "the-long-lane-that-has-no-turning"; big feather-flakes began to fall, until the little carrot garden was buried out of sight. The little If's tail curled more tightly with the cold, and didn't wag a bit as he walked carefully away from the nest of Nots.

It was too cold to stand still, and Dedder Naherrin pulled his collar up higher, and said to Diddy:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, but I can't see it that way."

"It's a really good wind to blow the snow off Christmas Trees," said Diddy.

"That reminds me," said Dedder of the white beard, "that I must hurry back to the city of Am, and hang up my stocking. That comes of Christmas being previous this year."

THE old man and Diddy, with his little If, trudged through the snow, until they came out upon a broad highway fenced on

A Story for the Very Little Folk The Land of P'raps.

By Beth Sadleir

each side with square green-glass pickle-bottles. On the top of each cork stood a strange creature. They were a cross looking lot for the head of each one was shaped like an X, but that was all there was cross about them, for, when Diddy looked closer, he saw that besides the X the creature had three other letters to his body M—A—S.

"Why, they're all Christ-mases!" exclaimed Diddy.

"Of course they are," said Dedder Naherrin. "This is the December road, and it is twenty-five days long."

"But what is in the bottles?" asked Diddy.

"They're full of what you are going to get for Christmas; but you don't know what is inside until each little XMAS lets them out."

"O-H!" said Diddy, as he stepped nearer the green bottles, and tried to look through the glass. All he could see was that each bottle was numbered with a year. While he bent over and was peering inside a bottle marked 1924, the XMAS who sat on top reached down a foot, and tapped him on the head, saying, with a laugh:

"You won't see what's inside this until you've travelled the December road more than once."

It was a pleasant winter road: the snow had ceased falling, and the sun shone brightly. The little If had got over his scare at the Nots' nest, and trotted along beside Diddy and Dedder. As they walked together, each XMAS shouted a merry greeting to them as they passed, and as they neared the road's end, the quaint fellows started singing.

'Tis sad but true, to many folks,

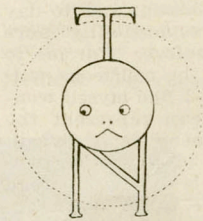
That as the year goes by,

They find just one real Christmas-time, No matter how they try.

If I'd my way, I'd

change it all,

And then no one could say,



That it was such a long, long wait Between each Christmas day.

I'd have them know the joy there is— That happiness is found,

Right in their hearts, if there they keep A Christmas all year 'round.

JUST as the song ended, the travellers reached the end of the December road. They knew it was the end, for they couldn't go any further, because it was blocked up by the fattest bottle of all. On the side of this bottle Diddy saw the figures 1919, and he rushed up to take a peek inside.

"Better sit down and wait a while," called down the merry XMAS on the 1919 bottle.

So Diddy and Dedder Naherrin and the little If squatted in the roadway, and waited. Somehow, though Diddy never knew just how it was, time did not count, the afternoon went by, the sunset and the twilight came and then the stars and sleep.

I'd have them know the joy there is— That happiness is found,

Right in their hearts, if there they keep

A Christmas all year 'round.

IT was to this carol that Diddy awoke, and the morning sun was laughing. He and his comrade and the If were still on the December road, but there was no long green-bottle fence any more. There was a row of trees on each side, straight green trees of spruce and hemlock, pine and cedar, larch and fir. Each tree-top bore a sparkling star with its year number on it, and to a branch of every one of them hung, swinging by one ear, the XMAS whose tree it was. The great bottle that had blocked up the road's end was now the biggest tree of all, and coming toward Diddy, was the XMAS, carrying a banner which read:

Dec. 25th

1919

Your Christmas.

THE tree was loaded down with gifts, tinsel in gold and silver till it blazed in the sunshine of the morning. There were gifts on the tree for Diddy, and gifts for Dedder Naherrin, even to a cake of soap for his spotty whiskers. The little If was not forgotten either, for there was a little tinkly bell to hang on his curly tail.

What Diddy could not understand was that there were ever so many gifts without any names on them. So Diddy asked the XMAS, who replied:

"Can you not guess?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



"Those are the gifts for everyone who shares your Christmas with you."

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51.)

"I have become so accustomed on these annual occasions to presenting statistics that I feel I cannot go on without telling you that we have over 900 branches with 30,000 members. I wish to dwell just a moment on the results. We might have 100,000 members and the results might not be what we desire, and after all it is the results that we are after. I cannot attempt to enumerate the results of our work, but we know that there are 30,000 and more homes in this province that are the better—better for the men, better for the women, better for the children—because of the Women's Institutes that have come to that district. They have been strengthened by the realization of their place in community efforts. They are not a community any longer, except so far as they are a part of the community which has its place again in the national life of the people.

"Your strength lies, however—and I cannot impress this upon you too strongly—not in a big organization—unless that organization is supported all along the line by sincerity and enthusiasm and work on the part of each local branch, and behind each local branch, of course, is the individual. Do not forget in looking at the big organization—the Provincial Federation, the National Federation and the International Federation, if you will—that it is your own little branch that has made the big things possible. No branch is too small to be of great importance. You are a great civilian army which will continue to be essential so far as the women of Canada are concerned, and your influence in provincial and national undertakings will be measured by your efficiency in dealing with community problems. Don't lose sight of that fact. You have been chosen as an organization through public opinion and through the esteem of public men and government officials, as the custodians of these undertakings which are of national importance. You are not self-appointed, but through the excellence of your devoted and splendid work which you have done you have been chosen as the custodians of these undertakings which are of national importance.

"We must educate ourselves along lines that will place the members in a position to give able assistance in carrying out the programme which may be decided upon."

Mr. Putnam referred to the value of the Institutes as a medium by which information may be disseminated and campaigns inaugurated in the interests of health, school betterment, co-operation in production and conservation, civic improvement, wholesome entertainment, etc.

In closing his address, Mr. Putnam said: "The earnestness and sincerity of purpose on the part of the Institutes is what has made them a success, and nothing is more gratifying and encouraging to me as superintendent than to see the splendid spirit which exists. I believe that while we have done effective work through the Institutes we are just coming to realize the possibilities of such an organization. You have my very best wishes and assurance that I will give my very best service in making the Institutes what they might be."

Demonstration-Lecture Courses

In speaking of the value of the demonstration-lecture courses, Miss D. M. Sutherland, of the Institutes branch, said: "Perhaps, after all, no activity undertaken by the Institute, or any service which the department has to offer, has done so much for our rural women by way of giving practical knowledge of lasting value, or bringing together all denominations and all parties in the community and developing a better understanding between them, or has so many possibilities in it as have our demonstration-lecture courses in domestic science, home nursing and sewing. Mr. Putnam has told you that nearly 15,000 girls and women throughout the province have already taken advantage of these courses. Between sixty and one hundred courses have been given each year. Even last year, with the dreadful epidemic which swept our province, over 90 courses were taken. This epidemic did more perhaps than anything else

to impress upon the people the value of the home nursing course. Doctors told us that wherever a home nursing course had been held they received much valuable assistance from those who took advantage of it, which was a vital factor in saving many lives last winter. Almost every woman is called upon some time in her life to minister to the sick, and as there is no time after an emergency arises to prepare for it, every woman should be forearmed with some definite knowledge. This briefly is the object of this course."

Officers and Directors of the Ontario Federation of Women's Institutes 1919-20.

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Mrs. M. A. Freeborn, Magnetawan.
Mrs. J. T. Meade, Blenheim.
Miss M. E. Pearson, Merrickville.

The balance of the report of the Central Ontario Convention and P.E.I. Convention will appear next month.

The Land of P'raps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

Why, those are the gifts for every one who shares your Christmas with you."

"I don't see how that can be," said Diddy Happen, "for I'm quite sure I never gave anybody those Christmas presents."

The XMAS laughed, and said, "But you have shared your Christmas happiness with others, the happiness that comes from giving. They give their presents too and share their own unselfish Christmas joy."

The day went by almost before they knew, and, taking a turn in the road that led six days ahead to the New Year, Diddy and Dedder Naherrin walked slowly and happily onward, while the If's little Christmas bell tinkled merrily through the twilight.

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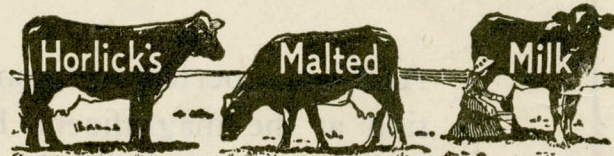
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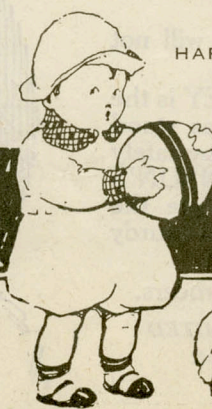
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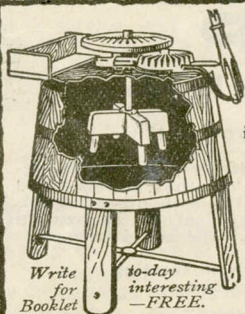
CANADIAN PACIFIC

Pacific Coast Tours

SPEND your winter at the Pacific Coast—where the climate is mild and luxurious and where zero weather is unknown. Vancouver has golf the whole year round, splendid roads for motoring, and a number of beautiful spots within easy reach, such as Victoria.

And it has perfect accommodation at the magnificent Hotel Vancouver, the finest hotel on the North Pacific—one of the Canadian Pacific hotels.

For rates, etc., apply to
W. B. HOWARD,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto



Maxwell "Home" Washer

—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "skimping" by the "Home" Washer—light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either. And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, back-breaking washdays anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer. Just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe: "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept "I" St Marys, Ont. 34

Write
for
Booklet

10-day
interesting
—FREE.

Mother!

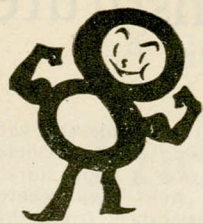
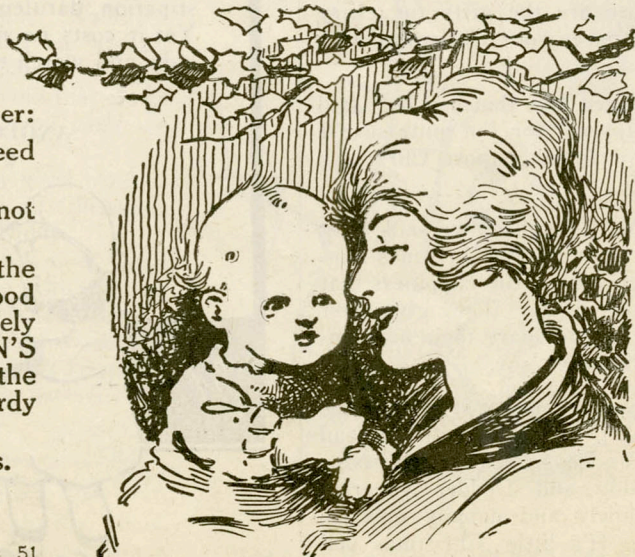
There are two things for you to remember:
FIRST—that the ideal way for you to feed baby is that dictated by nature:

SECOND—that Baby's stomach will not stand experiment.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY is the food that for a hundred years has stood the test of time. It will bring baby safely through infancy. Then ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS will continue the good work and carry him on to sturdy childhood.

On sale by all Druggists and Grocers.

MAGOR, SON & COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Que. Toronto, Ont.
Canadian Agents.



I'm The
Figure
Eight

Copyrighted 1919 by the
"1900" Washer Co., Inc.

THE magic figure 8 movement of the 1900 Cataract Electric is an exclusive feature. The soapy cleansing water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 movement—and four times as often as in the ordinary washer!

You don't find any parts in the tub of the 1900 Washer to rub against your clothes—and there are no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean after the wash is finished.

The wringer works electrically, too, and swings from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket without moving the washer an inch!

THE 1900 CATARACT

Washer saves time, money and clothes—costs less than 2c an hour to operate.

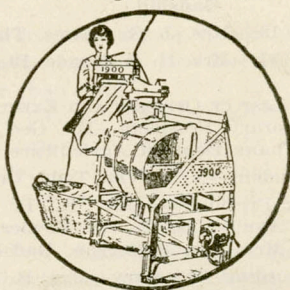
OUR TRIAL OFFER

We'll deliver one right to your home for you to try. Afterwards you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. If you're not satisfied, you may return it.

Call, Write or Phone.

THE NINE HUNDRED WASHER

Company
354 Yonge St., Toronto



WHOOPING COUGH

SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COLDS
INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS CATARRH

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO - CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming Miles Bldg., Montr'1



Canadian Better Babies

The Third Better Baby Contest to be conducted by this magazine will open on March 1st and close October 1st, 1920. Any baby in Canada between the ages of nine and thirty-six months may be entered in this contest.

The contest is conducted for the purpose of enabling mothers to secure accurate and scientific knowledge of child welfare, and by means of comparison to know the standing of their children, physically.

Each month there will be published an article written by a doctor on the care, feeding and clothing, etc., of babies. The advice given in these should be carefully followed by parents who anticipate entering their children in the contest.

FORTY PRIZES AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

Nine to Eighteen Months

First Prize Baby	\$50
Second	40
Third	30
Fourth	20
Fifth	10

The next fifteen will each receive a year's subscription to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Eighteen to Thirty-six Months

First Prize Baby	\$50
Second	40
Third	30
Fourth	20
Fifth	10

The next fifteen will each receive a year's subscription to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST

1. All entries must be made on entry blanks, which will be sent upon application, after March 1st.
2. The age of the child at time of examination determines the class to which it will belong.
3. Score cards mailed later than October 1st will not be accepted.
4. Judges' decisions will be final. No appeal can be made to this office.
5. Contestants must be examined and the score card filled in by a physician in contestant's locality.
6. Photograph of contestant must accompany score card. Photographs will not be returned.
7. Any child between the ages of nine and thirty-six months, whose parents are living in Canada and subscribers to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, may enter the list of contestants.
8. In the event of a tie between any of the contestants, the prizes will be evenly divided between those standing with the same number of points.
9. Announcement of prize winners will appear in December, 1920, issue.
10. Parents entering children must promise to abide by the above rules, and any others the publisher may deem necessary to make for the proper conducting of contest.

The Flag of Truce

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.)

"Billy, oh, Billy, you do understand. You have the understanding heart. I—I was afraid—afraid, Billy—"

Billy sprang to his feet and caught the outstretched hands in his own, bending to kiss the trembling lips—the love of his man's heart bursting the bounds so long holding it in tension.

"Betty, I never loved you as I have the last four days. And I'd rather have you—you and the home—than all the clubs and hotel life in creation. But what were you afraid of, dearest?"

"Billy, I was afraid that the worldly passion for success had warped the man in you. I was afraid the homing instinct had been killed, and it broke my heart, for I loved you and couldn't bear to have you a man with merely material ambitions. But it was there—the homing instinct was sleeping in you all the time. And, Billy, I was selfish—wanting to keep you to myself all the time. Oh, dear, I—I'll go to every blessed club affair you want me to, but, Billy, don't you ever, ever leave me alone again or—or I'll die," Betty ended brokenly.

Billy's arm drew Betty across the room to the Chesterfield. Together, with misty eyes, they looked down into the rosy face of the sleeping waif, and Billy chuckled under his breath:

"Thanks, old chap, for the flag of truce—you've sealed a blessed treaty of peace."

THE END.



Lemonade is the Aristocrat of Drinks

The fresh, pure juice of Sunkist Lemons and Oranges lends flavor and character to all soft drinks.

Try "old-fashioned" hot lemonade as a preventive and aid in curing colds and gripe.

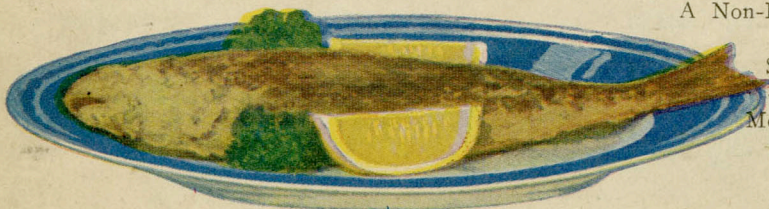


Lemon Juice Instead of Vinegar

Miss Bradley makes delicious French and Mayonnaise dressing with lemon juice instead of vinegar. Her recipes appear on pages 33 and 35 in "Sunkist Recipes." Send the coupon for this book.

Garnishing Does More Than Decorate

The salts and acids of the lemon are natural appetizers and digestants. Fish and meat taste better and are better food when served with lemon.



You'll Be Famous for It

AFTER you have made a pie like this three or four times you'll become famous for it in your family and among your friends.

The recipe is by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. But it will be "your pie" when you have served it.

We asked Miss Bradley to make up her idea of a "Queen of Pies." So this luscious lemon pie contains all the flavor and daintiness for which this instructor of thousands of expert cooks is famous.

Your men folks will say they have never before tasted anything so good; and it will be a "hit" when you entertain.

Serve This Recipe

1 1/4 cups sugar
2/3 cup flour
Few grains salt
3 egg yolks

Mix sugar, flour and salt, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook fifteen minutes, then add butter, egg yolks, rind and juice of one lemon. Turn into a pie plate, or preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire and lined with

Juice 1 Sunkist Lemon
Grated rind
1 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon butter

flaky pastry which has been baked until a golden brown. Make a meringue with three egg whites and add one-half cup of powdered sugar with a teaspoonful of lemon juice; cover pie with meringue and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Allow to cool before serving.

This is an accurate recipe, tested and proved by Miss Bradley, so it's sure to work.

Use Sunkist, California Lemons

Be sure to use California lemons. They are practically seedless, tart and heavy with full-flavored juice.

Ask your dealer for Sunkist. That insures your getting uniformly good California lemons.

Note Our Offer to Women

In the panel below we are making an offer to women which brings 23 other prize recipes by Miss Bradley in handy, durable, usable recipe card file made of oak.

The "Queen of Pies" comes with the 24. Also 100 blank cards for other recipes. Every woman eventually wants a box like this. This is your chance to get one at about half the regular retail cost.

CALIFORNIA Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

The Modern Way Is Lemon With the Tea

It is more than fashionable and attractive, it is *beneficial* to serve lemon with your tea.

Lemon is valuable for the digestive aid that comes from its salts and acids.



Get Your Lemons In These Wrappers

California lemons will be delivered to you, if you request it, in the crisp, sanitary tissue wrappers in which they are placed when packed. This fruit is the pride pack of 10,000 California growers if it is labeled "Sunkist."



Serve These Dishes

Mail this with 10c

Send 10c (12c if you live in Canada) with this coupon we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist Recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 50c (75c if you live in Canada) we will send the set of 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid. This set would cost more than \$1.35 in retail stores. The supply is limited and the offer may not be repeated.

Check the offer you wish to accept, sign your name and address and forward with stamps or coin to address below.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards	10c to points in U. S. A.
	12c to points in Canada.
☐ Complete box and file	50c to points in U. S. A.
	75c to points in Canada.

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange
Section 83, Los Angeles, Cal.

Name
Address

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers

Section 83, Los Angeles, California
Canadian Offices:
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina,
Calgary, Vancouver

Also Distributors of Sunkist
Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade

pompeian

NIGHT CREAM



Brings Beauty While You Sleep

ALL through the night Pompeian Night Cream (an improved cold cream) is soothing your face, softening it and bringing, while you sleep, the beauty of a soft, youthful skin. After exposure to the wind it will clean and heal the tissues. After traveling by train or motor, use it to take the dust out of the pores. Use it nightly, steadily, and it will soften and youth-i-fy your skin. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale by all druggists at 50c and \$1.05 a jar.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—in flesh, white, brunette; Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium; Pompeian MASSAGE Cream; and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 30c talcum with an exquisite new odor). Samples and Art Panel sent for a dime. Clip the coupon now.

Get Art Panel and Samples

This large art panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is in beautiful colors. Size, 26 x 8 inches. Samples sent of the "Instant Beauty" treatment, including Pompeian Day Cream, Pompeian Beauty Powder, and Pompeian Bloom. Also Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 3 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

"Don't Envy Beauty.
Use Pompeian."



Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN CO.,
3 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and Instant Beauty samples. Also samples of Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum).

Name

Address

City Prov.

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested