



### Baker's Caracas Sweet Chocolate

is a pure, delicious and healthful food. As an addition to school or business lunches or for meal snacks it is vastly superior to most of the sweets commonly used.



Trade-mark on every package  
Made in Canada By  
Walter Baker & Co. Limited  
Established 1780  
Mills at Dorchester, Mass. and Montreal, Canada  
BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

There is nothing else quite so appetizing, wholesome and nourishing as fresh, crusty, home-made bread

when it is made with  
**North West Flour**  
THE BREAD FLOUR

-and nothing else half so delicious as the feathery cakes and crisp, flaky pastries made with

**Sensation Flour**  
FOR CAKES AND PASTRY

Remember to use  
"North West" for Bread  
"Sensation" for Pastry  
THE  
**T. H. TAYLOR CO.**  
LIMITED  
CHATHAM, ONT.  
253

**HOME WORK**  
We require parties to knit men's wool socks for us at home, either

### The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubinman.  
AMY'S DECISION  
Chapter 24.

It was June when Mrs. Talbot's family first gathered about her. It was well into July now, when Claire announced that she could not stand any more country life. She was to leave in a few days—she only delayed to have clothes laundered and to write to her maid in the city to open and clean the apartment for her return. Amy was told she could go to that girl's unbounded joy. Amy did practically no sleeping between the time she knew she was to go away and the actual departure. She flew from end to end of the house, and about the lawn, her red hair making sunlight wherever she went, her eyes alight. She would break out into trills and songs—then repress herself, knowing that her voice annoyed her father and her joy only depressed her mother.

They were to go Monday on the one train, early in the morning. Dick was positively pathetic in his dejection over Amy's departure.

"I'm only allowed to go until September," she said. "By that time Luther will be well and he'll go on back, and I'll come home."

"September!" Dick echoed, his sleepy eyes seeming still sleeper because of a habit of half shutting them under excitement or emotion. "That's six weeks."

"Yes, only six weeks," Amy answered, stressing the only. "That's a long time, six weeks. You'll see that Dr. Moore, you'll probably get a case on him. You did here."

"No, he's Jane's property," Amy answered. "I couldn't be a bit interested in any man another woman liked." She seemed to decide men into handy little parcels, to be picked up or laid down at will.

"You'll forget me!" Dick burst out, his jealousy now too much for him. "Probably," Amy agreed serenely. "But then I'll remember you when I come back. I'll have to, won't I? There isn't anyone else around here that I can even endure."

This was rather cool comfort but Dick had to accept it. Amy had one more thrust. "You must be nice to Laura. You'll probably fall in love with her when I'm away. She has dark hair—you know you hate red."

"No I don't. Honestly, I don't mind it." "Claire says my hair is pure 'fian,' and a most unusual shade," Amy added, giving herself the compliment she had not been able to coax out of Dick.

Where is the woman who cannot, if she tries, upset every preconceived notion and prejudice a man has—if she begins on him young enough? Dick had disliked red hair because when he was a child, Amy was called "carrot-top."

### WOMEN! DYE ANY GARMENT OR DRAPERY

Waists Kimonos Draperies  
Skirts Dresses Gingham  
Coats Sweaters Stockings



### Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if it has never dyed before. Drug stores sell all colors.

suddenly wanted to be pretty, even when there was no one around to see. She bent over the suitcase, her slender beauty hidden by the thick plain muslin nightgown she wore, a garment that was austere in its simplicity and almost depressing in its modesty.

"I—we couldn't help but hear Dick," the mother began. Amy frowned suddenly. She cared not a little for Dick to have any feelings about his declaration of love—but, after all, it was her first proposal, almost her first kiss, and she wanted to keep it to herself. "It seems to me my family knows everything that happens," she answered ironically. "Then you heard what I told him?"

"Yes, her mother confessed. "Amy, ain't you going to give him any encouragement? He'd be a good match, and he's a nice boy. He'd be a good husband."

Amy shut the suitcase top with a bang. "I expect he would. I don't want a good husband. I don't want any. Why do you want to drive me into getting married? If you want to get rid of me—"

The mother did not resent this rudeness. She answered, with her usual depressed manner: "You know we don't. That's why I want to see you safely married. You've got so many notions, as it is, and Claire ain't a good influence. She's nice, and I sort of like her, in spite of everything, but—"

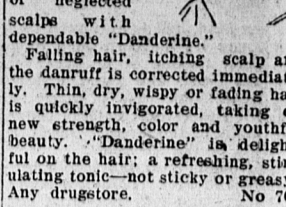
"Claire's a wonder," Amy defended. "She's going to take me to her old singing teacher. And if he says I have a good enough voice I'm going to take lessons. Mother, I can be a soloist in the church when I come back."

Clearly this was wedding! Amy expected to develop marvellously in her six weeks' visit. The mother was unimpressed. "You know you won't be content to stay here and sing in the church. I don't know what's going to happen to you."

Her tone was so doleful that Amy laughed, and then she went over and kissed her mother—an expression of affection rare in the undemonstrative Amy.

### Girls! A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35-Cent "Danderine" so Improves Lifeless, Neglected Hair



An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine."

Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drugstore. No 701

It must be confessed that Mrs. Talbot felt a little disappointed in this. Not that she wanted to have a weak heart, not that she even knew what a weak heart implied. Only everyone of her friends had some pet trouble or ailment, which drew to them sympathy and which supplied them with a great deal of conversation.

"Morbid self-interest," was the unfeeling way Jane dismissed that subject. "Most of them need nothing but scientific exercise to stimulate the circulation."

Mrs. Talbot had changed from a gorgeously healthy girl to a wry but rather worn-out woman. Organically she was sound, according to Jane. But Mrs. Talbot had chronic rheumatism, Mrs. Jones once had an appendix removed, Mrs. Webster had a mysterious complaint which seemed to trouble every part of her at various times, and which compelled her over-worked husband to hire a housekeeper for her. It gave her great prestige among her friends, it puzzled the doctor, it appeared to everyone anyone wanted her to work, and as Jane remarked caustically, it troubled all of her but her conscience!

When Mrs. Talbot was allowed downstairs a week later, feeling better than she had for years, she found a large placard pinned up in the kitchen. On it were three lists—all the foods that were allowed for breakfast, all for lunch, all for dinner.

"A hot meal in the middle of the day is all wrong," Jane explained. "You're tired from work, and you begin hard work all over again when the strength should be going into the digestion. You have no energy to digest food. Have a light substantial lunch, and the heavy meal when the day is cooling after there's a chance to relax afterwards."

The mother meekly examined the list—horried that her cakes and pies and hot breads and buns and biscuits were gone, and that corned beef—her husband's favorite dish—and boiled dinners and fried foods were off. She was sure nothing was left to eat.

"I've found recipes for all these new dishes," Jane announced, and overcame that objection before it was voiced. "I'm a hard worker and I want food, not bread," Jordan expressed himself when the new regime went into effect.

influence was removed. The father was "hopeless." "But something still might be done about Mother," Jane said. "After all, she's only 48. Forty-eight can be progressive. One of the most enlightened women I know is 55. But poor dear mother has never had her brain opened at all. It's such a shame. Of course, Father's quite too old to bother with—But Mother—"

"I'll tell you," Luther said. "Mother's very meek, she has the duty-complex. She'll do what she's told to do, if it's nicely put. You see how I got Amy away—I didn't ask, I just calmly said I was sending her off with Claire. We'll be very nice, but we'll more or less tell Mother she must do certain things."

"It's for her own good," said Jane. "Yes, it's certainly for her good," echoed Luther.

### AMY'S LETTERS

Chapter 27

It proved that Amy was a ready letter writer. So Mrs. Talbot had one consolation that she never experienced with her children—that of receiving long and interesting accounts of everything that happened.

Jane had always been too busy with her studies to do more than scribble a few lines each week and Luther, as he put it, "had not the gift of expression." But Amy delighted in writing long accounts of her doings.

"It's just the sweetest apartment," she wrote a few days after leaving, and while her mother was still in bed. "All the rooms are on one floor—in this house, there are four apartments to a floor, so the people live in layers on top of each other. But Claire says it's almost always done that way in New York."

"There's a parlor—only Claire says to call it a living room, with huge couches and heaps of cushions. And now I know why she said we shouldn't have said those things of father's grandmother, because Claire has heaps like them. I must say I like them too, better than our furniture or the fussy stuff the Talmals have."

"Then there's a little dining room and the sweetest kitchen, about a quarter as big as ours—you really should condense your kitchen, mother, Jane's quite right—a bath with what they call a needle shower that's too funny—"

On and on the letter went, enthusing about the conveniences of the new house, where a faucet turned brought hot or cold water and a button pressed produced light, where the lifting of a receiver meant the ability to telephone anywhere—and on to the minutest details of the guest bedroom that she occupied.

Claire was the cleverest and most wonderful woman in the world! So the letter stated on every page, while little by little the feeling of jealousy grew up in the mother's heart.

"Claire bought me a suit, a rough, fuzzy brown and green tweed and the prettiest tan shoes to go with it, and a dark hat that is a beauty. It's rather hot now, but Claire says this is for fall, she's so clever! She spent more than she could afford on the suit and shoes so she's having her dressmaker in to make over some of her clothes for me. She says I must dress with ingenuous simplicity—that's a French word. It means I have to look young and sweet and that sort of thing. Mr. Clarke says he'll teach me French."

what we're all coming to! Her father will be furious." "He always is," Luther said cheerfully to this.

### THE CHILDREN GO

Chapter 28

As Mrs. Talbot grew stronger, from withdrawal more and more from the supervision of the house. She began preparing for her autumn work, and spent hours every day in the hammock under the big tree, a pile of books on the table by her, not book and pencil by her side.

Luther was feeling well enough now to do some of the lighter work about the farm. Instead of taking it easier, however, because of the extra help, Jordan Talbot promptly discharged one of his farm hands. This naturally made it harder for him, since Luther could not do a strong man's work as yet.

Luther protested, but could not shake the ideas of petty economy that his father had always lived by. Some sort of peace descended upon the little farm house. Mrs. Talbot went about her work, paying strict attention to the improved methods Jane insisted upon, and being incurably romantic, she pretended that she was back in the days when Luther was "helping Father" and Jane was in High School.

To be sure, there was no young Amy to be trotting about, dividing her attention between lower grade lessons, and running errands—but that did not worry Mrs. Talbot. She had two of her children home again as they used to be, and as long as they did not come around and worry her with new ideas, she was quite happy.

So August passed. Amy meantime, wrote faithfully twice a week, and Claire was devoted—by mail. Amy was having a pale green evening frock made. Amy was practicing a couple of hours a day, she was even learning to play the piano from Claire. "So perhaps I can be the organist when Miss Minton leaves," she said—quite as though she expected the said Miss Minton ever to leave! Miss Minton was as much a fixture of the church as the organ itself.

There were accounts of theatres and dances, and parties in motor cars, there were long descriptions of Claire's friends, or the fussy cupping the better part of the first three letters, Jim Clarke suddenly dropped out of the correspondence. "Maybe he's gone away," Mrs. Talbot said to Jane.

"More likely Claire has warned Amy not to mention him," Jane suggested. "Do you mean she'd teach Amy to lie?" The faded gray eyes blazed with anger. "I'll send for Amy to come home at once."

"Better not," Jane advised. "She'll feel she's been cheated of her visit then, and she'll be awfully unhappy. After all, he's 18 old enough to distinguish between right and wrong. If she knows it's wrong to lie, she won't be influenced by Claire."

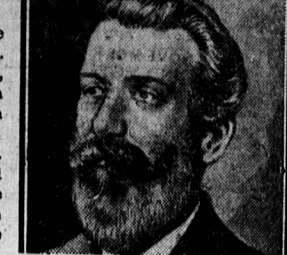
Mrs. Talbot could not see this. It worried her, and following her lifelong habit, she told the whole thing to Jordan. "Instantly she was sorry. Yet she would have felt conscience-stricken not to have told him. She always told him everything—it was a wife's duty."

Jordan said curtly: "Send for her to come home. I always knew that woman was evil. I won't have Amy with her another day." So Amy was written to—no reason being given except that "Father wants you home."

## WOULD NOT HAVE ULCER CUT OUT OF STOMACH

### Took "Fruit-a-tives" Instead and this Medicine made from Fruit Juices Relieved the Trouble.

MAPLEHURST FARM, HILLHURST, P.Q.  
"About 25 years ago, I began to have trouble with my Stomach."  
Three years ago, I consulted one of the best specialists in Montreal. He said I must go to the hospital, have an Ulcer cut out of my stomach and gall stones removed. I was then 74 years old. I said "NO."



"Then, I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives'. I am so much better that my old friends often ask me what I have done to myself to look so well. I am gaining in weight and enjoying life very much."  
H. W. EDWARDS.

"Fruit-a-tives" is made from the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, combined with tonics, and gives quick relief in stomach troubles. This fruit medicine actually strengthens the stomach muscles and enables the stomach to give out sufficient gastric juice to digest the meals. "Fruit-a-tives" also corrects Constipation and Biliousness from which so many Dyspeptics suffer.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price.  
FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA, ONT.  
London, Eng., Ogdensburg, N.Y., Christchurch, N.Z.

## Penmans Full-Fashioned Hosiery

is the one make of ladies' hosiery that possesses the famous full-fashioned, seamless feature that shapes the stocking at the back. Made in a full range of patterns and fabrics, and in a wide variety of color combinations either plain or clocked. Look at Penmans full-fashioned Hosiery closely and you can see how the snug, trim fit at the ankles is attained by gradually narrowing the stitches. You will not wash or wear out the shape of Penmans, as they are made to retain their natural shape, and to give the utmost in style and service.

## Penmans Full-Fashioned Hosiery



Voice from the Wings: "Stop playing the hero, John, and come home."—From the Daily Express.

### SATISFACTION

A seemingly low price for an article is always attractive, but unfortunately frequently misleading. How often is heard the remark—"I would rather have paid a little more and got the quality I wanted."

As a matter of fact that "little more" was necessary to obtain the better quality. Good goods require a higher price to be good.

There are cheaper teas than "KING COLE"—but would you be satisfied with their quality?

"You'll like the flavor"

### MOTHER!

#### Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotic or soothing agents.