

# The Women's Nook

JOAN SELKIRK

## ELOCUTION

Thornhill

Miss  
Marguerite Boyle

Professional Graduate of Owen A.  
Smiley Studio.

CONCERT ENTERTAINER AND  
TEACHER

ADDRESS

Boyle Studio

Telephone 54 K 2.

John Dunlop & Son  
FLORISTS

Richmond Hill - Ont.

We solicit orders for  
cut flowers for all occasions which will be promptly and cheerfully filled.

## OPTOMETRISTS

EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS

Thorough Eye Examinations  
and Glasses That Fit Perfectly.  
Special Attention to Children's Eyes.  
Open Evenings.

Phone Hudson 0461 for Appointment.

THE BIND OPTICAL CO.

2513 Yonge St.

North Toronto.

(Opposite the Capitol Theatre)

## The Fish Trap

It was Saturday morning and "The Gang" had gone away up the river to the Deephole to swim. This was the usual Saturday morning proceeding, but the unusual part of it was that the boys returned without the swim and with a large number of fine big catfish. They went into the fish peddling business at once, and sold their catch that afternoon for a very satisfactory sum. Catfish are such ferocious looking beasts that several house-wives refused at first to have anything to do with them. The boys, however, were very obliging at demonstrating the method of beheading and skinning the fish (at only a slight extra charge.) And really, as they explained to their customers, catfish when properly cooked is hard to beat.

"Did you catch these big fellows in the bay?" asked one suspicious lady. "No, indeed, ma'am, we got them away up the creek," was the answer. "Oh, up the creek, eh? Well, creek fish should be nice and clean. I wouldn't eat bay fish, it's so dirty there."

The boy's slogan seemed to be "Eat our catfish and you'll never eat any other kind." Week after week they went fishing and brought home quantities of the biggest, fattest catfish ever seen thereabouts, and had no difficulty in disposing of their whole stock.

The suspicious customer, a Mrs. Merton, while agreeing with the boys that the fish were delicious, kept asking rather awkward questions.

"You surely don't catch all these with a hook and line, do you? Yes,

## Kitchen Conveniences Made Decorative

The housewife with a taste for craft work, will find 10 cent stores or the house furnishing department of department stores full of very inexpensive articles which can be ornamented by her nimble fingers, so that they acquire a decorative appearance.

Boxes for flat silver are very often of unfinished wood although the stores occasionally sell them completed with a coat of yellow varnish. When these boxes are used for good silver, the careful housewife prefers them to be lined with cloth slightly padded. It is an easy matter to add a thin padding of cotton batting, to cover this with cotton flannel and to cover the boxes inside and out with cretonne, the edges being turned down over the top and glued down inside. Then a strip of cretonne should be glued around the inside of the box and the edge turned over and glued onto the bottom. The edge of the cretonne is covered by the cotton flannel which is cut exactly to fit the bottom of the section, and glued down around the edges.

Inasmuch as these boxes will sometimes be set on the polished surface extend the edges of the boxes, so that it will cover the turned over edges of the cretonne, hiding them as well as providing a surface that will not scratch.

These boxes are made to pile one on top of the other. They are a convenience in keeping spoons knives and forks separate, and they are also a convenience in setting the table for the boxes may be carried to the dining room and the table set with small effort.

Every house has need of a tray. The straw type is inexpensive bought in an undecorated state. In order to make it perfectly waterproof, a circle of chintz is first glued to the bottom, and then the entire tray, including the chintz is given a coat of varnish or shellac. A glass may be cut to fit over the textile, which is thus protected from spots.

I'll take four please, we like them for supper and Sunday breakfast."

"No we don't use a hook and line," admitted the fisherman.

"Well you surely don't use a net, do you?"

"No it isn't exactly a net," he said, not seeming at all anxious to discuss the matter.

"Well how in the world do you catch them, then?" she persisted.

"Well,—we—kinda—trap them," he said hesitatingly. "And I might as well tell you," he continued in a burst of confidence, "that we won't likely have any after next Saturday 'cause our trap's wearing out and we won't be able to get another like it."

The money the Gang seemed to be making so easily aroused envy in many a boyish breast. The envious lads suspected that the fish were caught in the Deephole but it was too long a trip to take after school to investigate and, as the Gang was comprised of the six biggest boys in the school, no one cared to follow them on Saturday morning. Then there was always a ball game or some such attraction on Saturday afternoon, so the Gang had things all their own way.

"I wish I knew where those boys get the fish," said Mrs. Merton to her husband one day during the week, "I have a funny feeling about them right from the first. You have a holiday on Saturday, couldn't you follow the boys and see what they are up to?"

"Well I might if I happened to be up that way," he said.

So it came about that, when the Gang started off with their baskets on Saturday, a sleuth was hot on their trail. Or rather, they were on his trail, as he had preceded them by half an hour and hidden himself in a clump of bushes within sight of the Deephole. There was no sign of anything unusual that he could see from that distance, the dark water looked as still and peaceful as ever.

The boys came along, finishing their trip on the run as if eager to reach the pool in a hurry.

"I'll bet there won't be many this time," said one.

"Aw, go on," said another, "there was lots of bait left."

"Well, I'll bet this is the last trip anyway."

Mr. Merton stood up to watch them as they went down to the water's edge. Stooping, they dislodged four large stones which concealed as many rope ends. These the boys put over their shoulders and with a "Yo heave," tugged with all their might.

To the watcher's horror, a very large and very dead horse with a rope attached to each leg, rose majestically to the surface of the erstwhile still and peaceful pool. A strong pull brought it and its burden out on the bank and then the scramble there was to catch the big fellows before they escaped! For by this time poor old Dobbin was picked pretty clean and the fish could slide out between his ribs.

So this was the source of the delicious Saturday night suppers and Sunday breakfasts! Mr. Merton was furious at the trick the boys had played on him, but when he remembered how many of his fellow townsmen had been fooled, too, he began to see the funny side of it.

The boys had been too busy and excited to notice him, but by this time their baskets were full and, as they rested from their labors, they looked

up and saw him coming towards them. They couldn't lie out of it this time, circumstantial evidence was a bit too strong.

"So this is your fish trap," he said, "what have you to say for yourselves you young scoundrels?"

"Please, Mr. Merton, we never broke the law or anything." And nobody got sick from eating the fish." "And we've got pretty nearly enough money saved up to buy that rowboat we want." "So don't make us throw these back will you?"

Mr. Merton hesitated, here was a chance to make either lifelong friends or enemies of these boys. It was a horrible way to catch fish but, as the boys said they hadn't done anybody any harm.

"Well," he said at last, "if you'll drag this old carcass over to that bit of woods and leave it there so the Deephole will be fit to swim in again, and if you'll promise not to bring any of your filthy fish to our house today, I won't tell on you."

He left amid their profuse thanks. And went home and lied to his wife—as men have ever done about fish.

"Yes, dear, I went up the river this morning as you asked me to but I didn't catch anything."

And she never knew why the boys didn't deliver catfish to her door that afternoon.

## Do You Know That

Rocking chairs like to travel. To prevent this glue a narrow strip of velvet on the part of the rocker touching the floor.

To clean a leather bag, wash it well with tepid water and a little soap. Dry, then brush over with white of egg.

To clean kitchen walls dip a damp cloth in baking soda, wipe walls and wipe them with another damp cloth works like magic.

Save cereal boxes and put jars of fruit in them. This is far preferable to wrapping them in paper to keep them dark.

To obtain a good navy blue when dyeing cotton material, add from one-quarter to an entire package of black dye to the navy.

Never put boiling water into a hot water bottle. It is likely to burst the bottle as well as making it so hot you cannot touch it.

An ordinary steel nut pick is a handy kitchen tool. It can be used to remove the tops from milk bottles and the rubbers from jars.

To open fruit jars easily set them upside down in hot water for about five minutes. Don't have the water too hot or the tops will crack.

The flavor of shrimps is improved if boiling water is poured over them a short time before they are served and drained away immediately.

To clean a bread mixer, pour boiling water into it cover it with a towel, put the cover on and let stand ten minutes. It shortens the labor.

After washing handkerchiefs, let them soak over night in water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved. This whitens them.

## The Robbers of Markham Swamp

The following story is founded on fact and as the author aptly said "everyone in this part of the country who is not deaf has heard of the gang at Markham Swamp." The story was first published in 1886. It will run as a continued story in The Liberal.

"Two—three!" Simultaneously with the word 'three' there was a pistol shot. The gentlemanly Mr. Ham had fired before his opponent turned. Before he could see the result of the shot, Gray who had turned promptly at the word, fired; and with a frightful yell Mr. Ham fell to the earth and lay there. The doctor ran up, and putting the fingers of his left hand upon the fellow's wrist, with the other made search for the wound.

"Here it is; you have shot him in the left side."

"Do you think it is fatal?" Roland asked composedly.

"I cannot say; but I really have little hope otherwise." It was hard to weigh the value of this statement. It was decidedly an equivocal one.

"I would most certainly advise you to get out of the way, Mr. Gray. He seems to have no pulse. By the way, are you hit?"

"Yes."

"Good God, where?" He pointed to his breast and to the horror of Harland, blood was oozing through his waistcoat.

"Let me attend to you," the doctor, who had the heartiest sympathy for our hero, cried, springing up.

"No; you must attend to him. Besides, as I expected here come the officers, good-bye." In a moment he was upon his horse, and galloping across the stubble stretches, and clearing the snake fences that divided field from field, like a bird. The magistrate and two constables, for such were the officials that comprised the interrupting party, no sooner saw Roland in flight, than they turned in pursuit at a rate of speed equal to his own, and called upon him to surrender. He made no reply.

"Then, men, fire upon him," the magistrate shouted. One of the constables raised his carbine and fired.

CHAPTER IV.

To The Edge of Markham Swamp

"Swish-h-h" went the clumsy slug past Roland's ear. He grasped his revolver; and the resolution of the moment was to stand at bay and fight the churls. But the reflection not occupying the hundredth part of a second showed him that such a course was not to be thought of. His antagonist had fallen but this was only a crime of honor. To shoot the Queen's officers would be a vulgar felony. So he kept upon his course, confident in the mettle of his noble horse, who with nostrils distended, and neck thrust out, would now lay back one ear and now the other, as if listening to the progress of the pursuers.

At last our hero reached the road, which lay along a level country skirted on one side by pine groves, and upon the other by recently harvested fields. Turning in his saddle he perceived that while he had distanced two of his pursuers, the third, the fellow with the blunderbus, was gaining slightly upon him. He noticed also that the officer was engaged as the horse galloped along in putting another charge in his weapon. About fifteen minutes more of fierce riding followed; and although Roland's horse showed no signs of exhaustion, the pursuing beast, which was taller in limb and more lithe, was remorselessly, though slowly, lessening the distance. The road began to sink into a valley, the thick forest grew upon either side. Roland's pursuer was not more than fifteen paces behind, when the fugitive heard a sufficing sound. He but too well divined what it was; and the next moment his horse fell to the road, struck by the slugs from the pursuer's carbine.

"It is as well," muttered our hero, as he sprang away from the gasping beast. The next moment he had disappeared in the dense dark wood. Ah! how sheltering, how kindly, seemed that sombre sanctuary, with its dark grey tufts beneath his feet, and the thick dark green branches of the fir and pine! The gloomy background seemed to invite him further into the heart of its shade and silence. No bird whistled through the glaucous green of this silent, majestic wood; nor was there any treacherous bramble to crackle beneath his feet. For upon this chill carpet no flood of sunshine ever came to coax tiny sprays out of the ground; and the layers of fine needles, or tufts of dank, sunless moss were soft and noiseless as down under his tread. The stately trees grew far enough apart to allow him to move with considerable speed, and after he had satisfied himself that he was beyond sight of his pursuers, he changed his course and proceeded in a direction almost opposite to that by which he had come.

He believed that such a move could not fail to delude the sleuth hounds, who would suppose that he continued his flight directly away from the scene of his offence. In a little while he sobered his pace down to a walk;

and shortly afterwards he sat down in the sombre solitude to ponder the situation.

Full well he knew that before the set of sun nearly every inhabitant of York would hear of the deed; and that a hue-and-cry would be speedily raised by the officers of the law.

It is true that duelling was at this period as much in vogue in genteel circles as it was in England; yet the victor in an affair beyond the water, had no difficulty in slipping away from the scene of his offence, and in passing across the channel. Here he remained for a decent season; and when he returned, the law in deference to its toleration of the code of honor shut its eyes. Friends of the vanquished never, or hardly ever, instituted proceedings.

But in the colonies it was different. Godliness had taken a deeper hold in the soil; the Puritans of New England, who, in their zeal, had burned old women because they were guilty of sorcery, had much to say in correcting morals, and removing evil. The duel they considered one of the most odious sins of society; and no doubt it seemed all the more odious to them because it was the sin of an exclusive class who put an estimate upon honor that passed the understanding of men who believed it to be their duty to offer the left cheek after the right had been smitten.

It is only just, however, to say that this was a precept more honored in the breach than the observance. The long-lipped, witch-burner would draw blood with his knuckles but he drew the line at the sword. The state of public feeling upon duelling Roland very well knew; and as he thought of Aster, with her sunny hair and glorious, yearning eyes, and the exile that lay before him a numb feeling of despair began to gather about his heart. He was able to persuade himself that she would look upon the unfortunate affair as necessary for the assertion of his honor; but how could he hope for any further happiness, a criminal in the law's eye, and an exile from the country of Aster?

Why, however, he asked himself, was Aster the central figure in the picture of desolation that he was painting. He had never given her more than a passing thought before; had never thought of her save as a frank, generous, sunny-hearted girl. Now he began to recall words that she had spoken of which he had never before taken heed. The rippling laugh half like the notes of a silver bell, and half like the trilling of a bob-o-link's song, came back like music now into his desolate soul, making him all the more desolate that he was never again to hear it. But had she not looked wistfully into his eyes when he took her hand in his garden to say good-bye? Was such a thought not comforting now? Ah no. Too truly has our poet sung it: "Comfort! comfort scorned of devils, this is the truth the poet sings;—That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Continued Next Week

## The Richmond Hill Furnishing Store

Men's black and brown Oxfords, regular \$5.50 value, a special at \$4.50.

Also some in first grade calf at \$5.50 and \$6.00.

Ladies' Summer Pumps in patent, gray kid, and satin, at \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

We carry the special Goodrich Bi-Press athletic shoes for Men, Women and Children.

NORMAN J. GLASS

## Eyes Examined

BY THE MOST MODERN METHODS

Glasses if Required at Right Prices.

Artificial Eyes Fitted.

F. E. Luke

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN  
(Upstairs Opposite Simpson's)

163-167 Yonge Street, Toronto 2  
Elgin 4820

## "Look Your Best"

Try our Hairdressing Parlor  
and we assure you that we will do our utmost  
to give satisfaction

Ladies Haircutting ..... 35c  
Childrens Haircutting ..... 25c and 35c  
Marcel ..... 75c

We are equipped to do all kinds of hairdressing work  
and solicit your patronage.

We close Monday and Thursday at 6 p.m. and  
Wednesday at 12 o'clock, noon.

For Appointment

DAVIES' DRY GOODS STORE

Telephone 119

## FIELD TILE, CULVERT PIPE

Gravel for Concrete or Roads

Sand for Concrete or Plastering

Sand and Cement Brick

PRICES—OUR PLANT AT MAPLE OR DELIVERED

Maple Sand, Gravel and Brick Co., Limited

T. COUSINS

Phone Maple—Residence 728—Farm 726—Pit 828

454 King Street West, Toronto—Phone Adelaide 5388

## WILCOX LAKE BRICK CO. LIMITED

RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

Manufacturers of Marbelite Brick

W. H. LEGGE, Manager

Office Richmond Hill  
Telephone 92.

Residence, Nights and Holidays  
Telephone 2r12.

## SELF-OILING — SELF-REGULATING

With the Strongest Tower Built

It's the "Toronto" Self-Oiling Windmill—requiring "oil only once a year". All gears operate in a bath of special oil affected by neither heat nor cold—every bearing and working part thoroughly and automatically lubricated.

If you have a "Toronto" Windmill now, you can obtain this self-oiling feature by interchanging the head and using your present wheel. Most Toronto Windmills, too, can be made absolutely self-regulating in operation. The "Toronto" Tower will stand for a lifetime because it is the heaviest, strongest and best-braced one built for any windmill. See this new Mill now—or get my booklet.



J. LUNAU  
Richmond Hill