After a Trial—

Consumers are possessed with a faith and enthusiasm entirely lacking before the quality was actually demonstrated.

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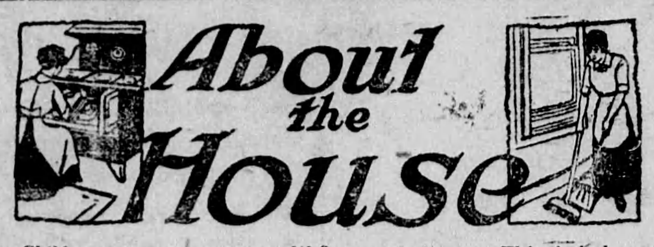

Our Children's Health—Or Unhealth?

Here are a few extracts from the report of a physician on conditions as he found them in a certain State to the south of us. Do these conditions also prevail in our own fair land? I am afraid they do. This is what he says:

"Not to bring up a child in the way he should go, physically, mentally and morally, is a terrible sin of omission.

"That the hpysical condition of our children is deplorable appears in the statistics of every medical inspection that has been published.

"Who are we that seventy per cent. of our school children should have rotten teeth? Who are we that thousands of our children are born of diseased parents? Who are we that thousands of our children, on account of vicious environment and wicked neglect, are allowed to be diseased and refective? Who are we, that because of forcing bad air, bad food and bad sanitation upon our children they take on tuberculosis and die in early life?

"Ignorance is not our excuse and we are not ignorant. On the contrary, we know, but we seem not to understand, and certainly are not sufficiently practical to make use of our knowledge.

"Nowhere is there greater disobedience of the laws of inheritance and the laws of health than in rural districts. There, mating is wholly, entirely and absolutely haphazard. And there laws of health and well-being are largely ignored. In cities, the conditions seem a wee bit better, for there typhoid is less, tuberculosis is perhaps less, and the death rate, leaving out accidental deaths, is less. In cities, people more thoroughly separate themselves from their sewage and the bath is more in evidence. Adenoids and defects of the nose and throat are more prevalent in the country than in cities, and this despite the purer country air. It still may be said the reason country air is so pure is because the farmer keeps the bad air inside.

"As in the city schools, we also find in those of the country the larger proportion of children are neglected. Bad teeth prevail to such a degree that we express surprise when a good set is found. Coughs, colds and catarrh get every child one or two times every school term, and some sniffle through every day of the year.

"Cases of catarrh, weak and watery eyes, and running ears are found, many dating from the time the helpless youngsters had measles or scarlet rash. Emaciation from actual starvation is not occasional. In one rural school of twenty-seven pupils, I found seven anemic, emaciated children, and five of them were actually starving. One little wizened girl had had one batter cake with molasses for breakfast, and in her dinner bucket for lunch were one soggy biscuit and one apple. All of twenty-seven pupils in the school needed medical attention. There was not a child that did not have two or more decayed teeth. Every child had suffered from one or more attacks of so-called 'cold' during the winter, and sixteen said they had had colds ever since school opened in the fall."

The rest of the description of the school and teacher kept me awake nights for a week, so I omit it to save your feelings. This is bad enough. Also his description of a primary room he visited in a city school where a consumptive teacher had stopped up the ventilation system because she was chilly.

The doctor draws the conclusion from his experience with parents that medical inspection and care of children must be made compulsory, just as was found necessary in the matter of education. Why not? Surely good health in our coming citizens is of as great importance as education. In fact, there can be little education without good health back of it, for diseased body means also a weakened mind.

Your child and my child may be getting proper care. But are our neighbors'? Their tubercular children are a menace to ours. Isn't it our right to see that they are taken care of?—D.H.

Helping Our Returned Men.

Writing on "Invisible Wounds" Capt. Arthur H. Samuels, says that the greater percentage of soldiers passing through reconstruction centres are suffering from internal rather than outward surgical injuries, injuries, men who are suffering from shell shock, for instance. They look fit. "It will be difficult," he says, "in many instances for the business man eager to open his door to the returned fighter to understand why men who look hale and hearty enough will be unable to go into certain jobs involving heavy indoor work. They must not be passed by because their sacrifices are not obvious." No small part of the keen intuition that knows how to sympathize by silence and unobstrusive helpfulness and that is so absolutely necessary in the great work of helping these men to "find themselves" rests with the women of every community. If the returned man becomes discouraged and outclassed after leaving the reconstruction centres the fault will be found to rest almost invariably with the women who have sympathized in unwise rather than helpful ways. Open commiseration is often nothing less than refined cruelty and is never the best sort of help. Thus there is added another phase to women's war work, study of the best ways of helping unobtrusively.

Breakfast Cereals.

This is now an appropriate time to add the breakfast cereal to the morning menu. The body for the next six months will require considerably more starches, sugars and fats to maintain sufficient heat and energy. An ideal manner of supplying this need will be found in the breakfast cereal and milk.

Table for Proportions

One cupful of oatmeal to four cupfuls of water: cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rolled oats to three cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of farina to four cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of cracked wheat to five cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of hominy to six cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of cornmeal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of barley to five cupfuls of water; cook for 4 hours.

One cupful of barley meal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rice to five cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rye meal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

For variety add any of the following:

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped raisins.

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped dates.

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped prunes.

One-half cupful of peanuts put through the food chopper.

Three tablespoonfuls of peanut butter.

Try serving cereals with the following in place of sugar: Place one-half cupful of syrup in a small pitcher and add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Heat until very hot, stirring frequently until creamy.

Full silos mean big winter milk.

CHRISTMAS

will be happier for you if you have provided the first step for your children's future.

Begin saving for them now by purchasing good stocks on our

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

So much laid by monthly actually gives them ownership in any securities specially favored by you.

Write at once for copy of our free booklet telling you all about this splendid saving plan.

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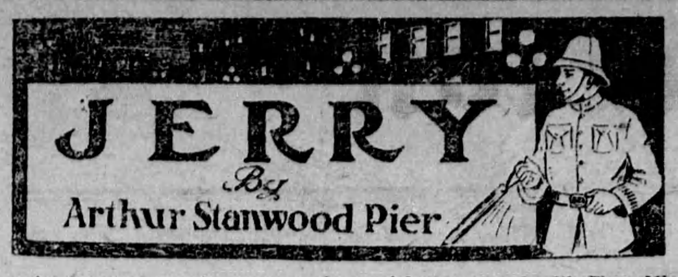

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CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd.)

"I know Jerry will think it's just a butterfly's way of earning money," Nora said to Mrs. Donohue. "But it was the only thing that offered, and it's quite hard work really. You tell Jerry for me that I guess I'm on my feet as much as any policeman."

"Now do be careful and don't get all played out," urged Mrs. Donohue.

"Oh, I shan't. I love dressing up so much that I don't seem to get tired. And I do have to put on such queer clothes sometimes as well as such pretty ones. Yesterday I had to pretend I was at the seashore and I walked about for an hour or so in the most fetching bathing suit."

"Nora!" Mrs. Donohue was obviously scandalized. "Well, I suppose they didn't let any men in to look at you."

"Oh, men are always allowed to come in. But it was a very proper bathing-suit. Just pretty, that's all. Tell Jerry, if he ever has a chance and feels brave enough, to drop in; I'm sure he's like to see me in such wonderful clothes."

The forewoman approached.

"Now, Mrs. Corcoran," she said, "if you'll put on the blue linen sport suit, toque with cornflower trimmings, white silk stockings, and white kids."

"Yes, Miss Harris." And then, as Nora was about to move away, she said to Mrs. Donohue, "Do tell Jerry to come and see me soon—not here; of course I was joking when I said that. But some evening."

Mrs. Donohue promised to give Jerry the message.

"Didn't you like her Kate?" Mrs. Donohue asked, as she and Kate took their departure.

"Yes. And oh, isn't she pretty! Isn't she lovely to look at!"

Mrs. Donohue beamed at Kate's unaffected enthusiasm.

"She is. And it's a wonder, for it's a hard life that she's had, with enough in it to line a body with wrinkles. But I expect she's happy now, and that makes all the difference. No doubt Jerry will be telling us some day soon that he and Nora have got things all fixed up to get married."

"Oh!" said Kate, masking emotion behind an intonation of mere interest. "I didn't know."

"There's no reason why you should, for neither Jerry nor I have wanted to talk about it. He was always in love with Nora, and when she married Corcoran it was a great blow to him. Well, I guess it was a good lesson to her and made her realize what she might have had. I dare say she'll be all the better wife for Jerry because of it."

Kate agreed that it was quite likely. But thereafter she was silent, as one would be who had been abruptly despoiled of all the pleasant filaments of hope and love and longing in which one's heart had been tenderly wrapped, and had seen this web of innocent desires torn and tossed aside, never again to make a nest for any heart.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mrs. Donohue gave Jerry a description at supper that evening of Nora's grandeur.

"Walking along the Avenue you'll not meet anything so stylish in a day's march," she avowed. "You have no idea, Jerry, how those clothes set her off. Nora always was a pretty girl, but—well, I wish you could see, Jerry, how handsome she looked. Didn't she, Kate?"

"Yes," Kate answered. "She's awfully good-looking."

"She wants you to come and see her," continued Mrs. Donohue. "Do go and call on her some day at the store. She's there every morning and afternoon, and it's all right for men to go into that department. I really think you'd be interested to see how she looks in such clohes."

"I'd just as soon see her in her own clothes," Jerry replied.

"Well, yes, I suppose you would," agreed his mother, with a knowing little chuckle.

Kate sat with downcast eyes; she felt that she must appear not to understand these half-hidden meanings.

Jerry turned the conversation away from Nora and asked Kate if she had found a satisfactory graduation dress. Oh, yes; and Kate tried to brighten and show gratitude for such interest—but how difficult to do when your heart is sore and you are hardening your will for a decision of the utmost importance to you and yours!

After supper she sent Peter and Beatty into her room to study their geography and then to Jerry and his mother she said:—

"I feel as if we ought to be planning a little for the future."

"I'll bet you've got a real idea up your sleeve, Kate," said Jerry.

"It isn't much of an idea, but I feel it's almost time for me to do something. I think I should like to learn typewriting and shorthand, and some day be a stenographer. I don't know how long it would take, but maybe if I were to start in at the Young Women's Christian Association—they have a school of stenography there—by next spring I might be able to get a place in some business office. Don't you think so, Jerry?"

"Yes; but that's not what we're aiming at." There was an expression of concern in Jerry's eyes. "A person of your talent, Kate,—you've got to have more of a chance. You're going to the Women's College next fall; we don't mean to let you waste your energy in pounding a typewriter."

"I'll try not to waste it. But you see, Jerry, just as soon as I can I want to feel that you and your mother are free of the responsibility for us."

"Nonsense, Kate. Why, we're just one family now. You mustn't talk like that."

"Yes, I must, Jerry. I don't believe you or your mother can ever know how I appreciate all that the Donohues have done for the Dobbinses." She smiled a little mistily.

"There you go again, talking as if we weren't one family!" cried Jerry. "We've got to tie our names together, that's all there is about it. Gerald Dobbins-Donohue, Katharine Dobbins-Donohue, Peter Dobbins-Donohue. Some class to a name like that! I'll see you're printed that way on the graduation programme, and then you'll stop talking as if the Dobbinses and the Donohues were separate clans."

"Wouldn't you have to get an act of legislature for that, Jerry, child?" inquired Mrs. Donohue anxiously.

Kate laughed. "He's just trying to give me a jolly, Mrs. Donohue. He's a great jollyer when he's once started."

"Yes, that he is; I mind sometimes he tries it on me," admitted Mrs. Donohue.

"But this is serious," Kate continued. "It doesn't matter what you say, Jerry, or how good and kind you are to us,—and you've never been anything else,—I can't help realizing all the time that so long as you have to feel we're on your hands we're a handicap to you, and it's not fair you should be handicapped. And so long as I can't help feeling so about it, I can't be as contented as I ought to be. Now I'm old enough to take charge of Peter and Betty and support them until they're able to help themselves. At least I'm old enough to begin to fit myself to support them. And if I can get a place as a stenographer in a business office, I ought to earn ten dollars a week to start with; I'm sure we could get along on that—especially as Peter could earn a little money outside of school hours, selling papers or doing odd jobs. Anyway, I feel that's what I must do. You've given us so much I simply hate to ask for anything more; but the course in stenography will cost something—and I wondered if you'd feel able to let me take it?"

"I guess we can arrange that, if you're possessed to do it," Jerry said. "But look here, Kate; it's all nonsense that you should talk about taking Peter and Betty away and looking after them and supporting them. You can look after them and support them, if you insist upon it, right here at home."

"No; I should always have the feeling that we were hampering you. It isn't right that you should have to be considering us always; and as soon as I'm able to take care of the others, I shouldn't feel happy if I didn't do it. And I want to do it just as soon as I can."

"Have you got tired of us? Don't you like us any more, Kate?"

"Jerry, you can't think it's that!"

"If it isn't, I don't understand why you're so keen to leave us as soon as you can. Suppose you are earning ten dollars a week a year from now. That isn't much to keep a family of three on—and dress the way they'll want you to in any business office. And it doesn't seem to me it's the best thing for Peter to turn him out on the streets to sell papers."

"It won't hurt Peter to have some responsibility. It isn't what we'd like to do, Jerry; it's what I feel we must do."

"Somehow I didn't realize you were one of these independent young women, Kate."

Her lip quivered before she replied, "Does any one enjoy being dependent? I'm grateful to you and your mother—grateful as I can be; but—" Her eyes filled; she could not go on.

"Never mind, Kate; I didn't mean to reproach you. Only it's quite a shock—and you mustn't blame me for making a fight to keep you with us. Of course you must do what you think will be for your happiness. But you can't expect us to let you and Betty and Peter drop right out of our lives; and if it should turn out that things are too hard, why, you'll simply have to let us play mother and big brother again—won't she, mother?"

"Yes, Jerry's right about that, Kate."

"Of course I hope you won't forget all about us," Kate said. "But I'm sure that as soon as I get a position, if it pays me ten dollars a week, I can manage."

(To be continued.)

Using Up Straw Fibre.

Experiments are being carried on in Italy by a Milan company for the manufacture of bagging, packing material, cushion fillings, mattresses, twine and rope from straw fibre of barley, wheat or rice, according to the strength of the material wanted.

"Judge not without knowledge, nor without necessity, and never without love."—Alex. Whyte.

Ex-Empress Eugenie of France, widow of Napoleon III., has lived to see the day she prayed for—the fall of the Hohenzollerns.

Cambric was invented by a native of Cambrai, named Batiste; hence our name for the article, and the French one, "batiste," for the same material.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE

HOW TRAGIC LETTERS REACH THE HOMELAND

The Courtesy of the British Soldier is Shown in His Care of a Fallen Comrade's Treasures.

I was warned for a bombing-raid that was likely to prove a "forlorn hope."

Therefore, I wrote a certain letter, putting on the envelope, "To be forwarded in the event of my death," and handed it to a chum to take care of—he was not going on the raid.

"I understand," he said.

That letter did not have to be sent, for I was unhit.

A Fallen Comrade.

We were waiting near a dump. An officer of another regiment came up and said:

"There's a poor laddie of your regiment lying out on the ridge yonder. I thought you might like to know."

I followed his guidance and found the body. I felt in the breast-pocket and found an envelope. It was a fearsome task, but when I read in the brilliant moonlight the words, "In the event of my death kindly forward," I was glad I had found courage to do it.

Later two comrades were killed, and for several days I moved about a battlefield carying those three precious letters, and in danger of "going West" myself. I did not worry about the safety of the letters. I knew that if I "stopped it" others would take and carry them until the chance came to send them to the loved ones in Blighty.

Some weeks later I was wounded, and came home. For four months a comrade carried a packet of old letters, which I had left in my pack when I discarded it on the battlefield. When he at last achieved leave he brought them to me in England.

"I knew they were personal, old chap, and I wouldn't trust 'em to the post," he said.

Those letters were doubly precious to me after that.

Risk Life to Recover Token.

I wonder if those at home who have received the personal treasures and letters of their dead know that great courtesy of the British soldier? How men risk their lives and crawl into No Man's Land so that a dear pal's wife or mother—it is to his womenfolk that the soldier usually addresses that sacred letter—shall have the very last message he ever wrote. Through what infernos of shelling they carry those letters! How they will add to their overburdened kit some token that Bill, or George, would like his "missus" to have, and how they carry such a treasure, and will not part with it until they can find a certain messenger to take it to the bereaved woman!

No; there is no glory in war, but there is love.

CROSSING CANAL DU NORD

How "Tanks" Enabled Infantry to Rush the Hindenburg Line.

The floundering of the early Tanks in the deep mud of Flanders roused joy in German hearts. Surely this mighty engine of war could be defeated by a zone of soft earth or by shallow pools of water! Therefore a line of trenches was cut and flooded as defence, and failed. For, while the Huns were chortling and digging, our mechanicians were planning new stunts for their ungainly toy, including the carriage of a strong bridging-hurdle to repair gaps and span trenches. The great gulf of the Canal du Nord was anticipated deep enough and wet enough to stop the British rush to the Hindenburg line. Accordingly, all bridges were breached and the banks pulverized by shallow mines. Then the enemy retired, lining the further bank with machine guns.

Next morning the first Tank plunged up the shell-riven road, and reached the elements of a bridge. The arch "drushed," as was expected, and the great steel moster sat down heavily in the ruins, immovable, the target for every rifle and Maxim that could be brought to bear. Under cover of a smoke-bomb, the crew scrambled out of the upper manhole, and took shelter where they could in the lee of the fallen giant. Then a second Tank waddled up. There was a halt, and its team of engineers, rising apparently from the earth, deftly reached down certain steel joists which were laid as a pathway from terra-firma to the tortoise top of the abandoned machine in front.

With a mighty churning and grinding, Tank No. 2 crawled out over No. 1, bumped on to the centre pier of the bridge, made a few more bounces, and then crashed the crown of the further arch, sinking to the canal level. Tank No. 3 was on the heels of its predecessors, its Maxims and six-pounders belching shells by the string against the enemy's posts, and covering the working-party. Again the bridging material was laid, and right smartly our third Tank bumped and wabbled across the improvised span of steel, and came into close action, paving the way for our infantry to complete the breach.

Promises to many folks are like piecrust—only made to be broken.

Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of

BOVRIL

23

Canada Food Board, Licence No. 13-148

Food Control Corner

Get Government Feed.

Government feed at reasonable prices may be secured by farmers and live stock men through the Feed Division of the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, which has established reserves at different distributing centres as follows:

Re-cleaned elevator screenings, $56.00 per ton, bulk car load lots, Fort William. There is an export embargo on this class of feed.

Feed corn $1.40 per bushel, f.o.b. Tiffin, Ont.

Linseed oil cake meal $64.00 per ton, Toronto, and $66.00 per ton, f.o.b. Montreal in car load lots, packed in 200 pound sacks.

It would be well for farmers to get together and order car load lots of above feeds before winter conditions affect transportation. Address orders for corn, screenings and oil cake meal to the Feed Division, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa.

Bran and shorts upon which there is an absolute export embargo, are sold through the regular trade at fixed prices of $31.00 per ton for bran and $36.00 per ton for shorts, Fort William, plus freight and $42.00 per ton net cash, Montreal, including sacks in each case. Freight will be deducted or added to this price according to distance east or west of Montreal respectively.

There is also a supply of dried beet pulp or sugar beet meal accumulated at the sugar refineries in Western Ontario, selling at $35.00 per ton, f.o.b. Chatham, Wallaceburg and Kitchener, plus a charge of $5.00 per ton for bags, which amount is refunded on return of bags. Farmers within a reasonable radius of these points should look into the advantages of this feed, as it is desirable to use it up in Canada.

The existence of large grain-stocks in Siberia is reported.

Recruiting Officer (examining man for the Army)—"How is it you are so small my man?" Three feet six—I was brought up on shortbread and condensed milk."

FOR CHRISTMAS!

Muskrat Coat

Loose box coat effect, with convertible collar. Extra well made. Length 45". A popular seller.

$120

French Seal

Splendid coats that look well and wear better than any other seal. Special price $112.

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Two of our specialties in which we offer exceptional values.

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