A Money-Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It *must* be Bovril.

R.H.S.

Explorers of the Dawn

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

It all began with our discovery of the Dawn. Of course, we had known all along that there was a sunrise—a mechanical sort of affair that started things going like clockwork. But Dawn was a bird of another feather.

If we had had our parents with us, they would have, in all likelihood, unfolded the mystery of it in some bedtime visit; but our governess, Mrs. Handsomebody, if she ever thought about the Dawn at all, probably looked on it with suspicion, and some disfavor, as a weak, feeble thing—a nebulous period, fit neither for honest folk nor for cut-throats.

So it came about that we heard of it from our good friend the Bishop.

Mrs. Handsomebody had given a grudging permission for us to take tea with him. In hot July weather her voice and eyes always seemed frostier than usual. The closely shut windows and drawn blinds made the house a prison, and the glare of the planked back yard was even more intolerable. Therefore when Rawlins, the Bishop's butler, told us that we were to have tea in the garden, it was hard for us to remember Mrs. Handsomebody's injunction to walk sedately and to bear in mind that our host was a bishop.

But as we crosed the cool lawn, our spirits, which had drooped all day, like flags at half-mast, rose and fluttered in the summer breeze, and we could not resist a caper or two as we approached the tea-table.

The Bishop did not even see us. His fine grave face was buried in a book he had on his knees, and his gaitered legs were bent so that he toed in.

When we drew up before him, Angel and I in stiff Eaton collars, and The Seraph fresh as a daisy, in a clean white sailor blouse, he raised his eyes and gave us a vague smile, and a wave of the hand toward three low wicker chairs. We were not a bit abashed by this reception, for we knew the Bishop's ways, and it was joy enough that we were safe in his garden, staring up at the blue sky through flickering leaves, and listening to the splash of a little fountain that lived in the middle of the cool grass-plot.

Surely, I thought, there never was such another garden—never another with such a rosy red brick wall, half hidden by hollyhocks and larkspur—such springy, tender grass—such a great guardian cathedral, that towered above and threw its deep beneficent shade! Here the timorous cathedral pigeons strutted unafraid, and dipped their heads to drink of the fountain, raising them heavenward, as they swallowed—thanking God, so the Bishop said, for its refreshment.

It was hard to believe that next door, beyond the wall, stood Mrs. Handsomebody's planked back yard. Yet even at that moment I could see the tall, narrow house, and fancied that a blind moved as Mrs. Handsomebody peered down into the Bishop's garden, to see how we behaved.

Rawlins brought a tray and set it on the wicker table beside the Bishop's elbow. We discovered a silver muffin dish, a plate of cakes, and a glass pot of honey, to say nothing of the tea.

Still the Bishop kept his gaze burled in his book, marking his progress with a blade of grass. Rawlins stole away without speaking, and we three were left alone to stare in mute desire at the tea-things. A bee was buzzing noisily about the honey-jar. It was The Seraph who spoke at last.

"Bishop," he said, politely, but firmly, "I would like a little nushment."

"Bless me!" cried the Bishop. "Wherever are my manners?" And he closed the book sharply on the grass-blade, and dropped it under the table. "John, will you pour tea for us?"

We finished the muffins and cake, all talking with our mouths full, in the most sociable and sensible way; and, after the honey-pot was almost empty, we made the bee a prisoner in it, so that, like that Duke of Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, he got enough of what he liked, at last.

I think it was Angel who put the question that was to lead to so much that was exciting and mysterious. He said, leaning against the Bishop's shoulder, "What do you think is the most beautiful thing in the world, Bishop?"

Our friend had The Seraph between his knees and was gazing at the back of his head.

"Well," he replied, "since you ask me seriously, I should say this little curl on The Seraph's nape."

The Seraph felt for it.

"I yike it," he said, "but I yike my wart better."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Bishop. "Don't tell me you've a wart!"

"Yes, a weal one," chuckled The Seraph. "It's little, but it's gwowing. I fink some day it'll be as big as the one on Mrs. Handsomebody's chin. It can wiggle."

"You don't say so!" said the Bishop rather hastily. "And where do you suppose you got it?"

The Seraph smiled mischievously. "I fink I got it off a toad we had. He was an awful dear ole toad, but he died. 'cos we—"

"Oh, I say, don't bother about the old toad, Seraph!" put in Angel hastily, feeling as I did that the manner of the toad's demise was best left to conjecture. "We want to hear about the most beautiful thing in the world. Please tell it, Bishop!"

"Well, since you corner me," said the Bishop, his eyes on the larkspur, "I should say it is the wing of that pale-blue butterfly, hovering above those deep-blue flowers."

Angel's face fell. "Oh, I didn't mean a little thing like that," he said. "I meant a 'normous, wonderful thing. Something that you couldn't ever forget."

"Well—if you will have it," said the Bishop, "come close and I'll whisper." Instantly three heads hedged him in, and he said in a sonorous undertone, "It's the Dawn."

"The Dawn." We three repeated the magic words on the same note of secrecy. "But what is it like? How can we get to it? Is it like the sunset?"

"I won't explain a bit of it," he replied. "You've got to seek it out for yourselves. It's a pity, though, you can't see it first in the country."

"Must we get up in the dark?"

"Yes. I think your tallest attic window faces the East. You must steal up there while it's still gray daylight. Have the windows open, so that you can hear and smell, as well as see it. But I'm afraid the dear Seraph's too little."

"Not me," asserted The Seraph, stoutly. "I'm stwong as two ephelants."

"You mustn't be frightened when you hear its wings," said the Bishop, "nor be abashed at the splendor of it, for it was designed for just such little fellows as you. You will come and tell me then what happens, won't you? I shall probably never waken early enough to see it again."

Though we played games after this, and the Bishop made a very satisfactory lion prowling about in a jungle of wicker chairs and table legs, we none of us quite lost sight of the adventure in store for us. Somewhere in the back of our heads lurked the thought of the Dawn, with its suggestion of splendid mystery.

We were no sooner at home again than we set about discussing ways and means.

"The chief thing," said Angel, "is to waken about four. We have no alarm clock, so I s'pose we'll just have to take turns in keeping watch all night. The hall clock strikes so we can watch hour about."

"I'll take first watch!" put in The Seraph, eagerly.

"You'll take just what's given to you, and no questions, young man," said Angel, out of the side of his mouth; and The Seraph subsided, crushed.

Came bedtime at last, and the three of us in the big four-poster; the door shut upon the world of Mrs. Handsomebody, and the windows firmly barred against burglars and night air.

Angel announced, "First watch for me! You go right to sleep, John, and I'll wake you when the clock strikes ten."

But I wasn't at all sleepy, and we lay in the dusk and talked till the familiar harsh voice of the hall clock rasped out nine o'clock.

"You go to sleep, please, John," whispered Angel in a drowsy voice, and I'll watch till ten."

I felt drowsy, too; so I put my arm about the slumbering Seraph and soon fell fast asleep.

It seemed to me but a moment when Angel roused me. I knew I had barely settled down to an enjoyable dream in which I was the only customer in an ice cream parlor, where there were seven waitresses, each one obsequiously proffering a different flavor.

"Second watch on deck!" whispered Angel, hoarsely—"and look lively!"

"But I'd only just put my spoon in the strawberry ice," I moaned. "Can't be ten minutes yet."

"Oh, I say," complained Angel, "don't you s'pose I know when the old clock strikes ten? You've been sleepin' like a drunken pirate, and no mistake. Must be near eleven by now."

"I'll just see for myself," I declared. "I'll go and look at the schoolroom clock." And I began to scramble over him.

"You will not then," muttered Angel, clutching me. "I shan't let you!"

"You won't, eh? If it's really ten, you needn't care, need you?"

"Course it's ten—it's nearer eleven; but you're going to do what I say."

At that we came to grips, and fought and floundered till the bed rocked, and the poor little Seraph clung to his pillow as a shipwrecked sailor to a raft in a stormy sea. Exhaustion alone made us stop for breath; still we clung desperately to each other, our small bodies pressed hotly together, Angel's nose flattened against my ear. The Seraph snuggled up to us.

"Just you wait!" breathed Angel; his hands tightened on me, then relaxed—his legs twitched—

"Strawberry or pineapple, sir?" came the dulcet tones of the waitress. I was in my ice cream parlor again! Seven flavors were laid before me. I fell to, for I was hot and thirsty.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Woman's Sphere

Peril to Creeping Baby.

Does your baby play on the floor, Mrs. Youngmother? Are you very careful to see that he comes in contact with no unclean substances? Do you know that a deadly disease lurks in dust and dried sputum carried into the house on people's feet?

Doctors who have studied these matters carefully tell us that most persons who contract tuberculosis are infected in childhood. In fact, eight of ten persons have the germs at some time in their lives. Every year 12,500 persons die of the white plague in Canada. This means about 83,000 active cases in the country right now. A large percentage of these victims are suffering needlessly. "As many of these patients became infected in babyhood, mothers should be made to realize the great responsibility that is theirs," says Dr. Victor Vaughan, an authority on tuberculosis.

During the first few months of a child's life there is very little sign of tuberculosis. If the newborn babes and the tuberculosis germ could be kept far apart the country would eventually be rid of the white plague. Therefore, a serious duty rests with the mother.

"It is just about the time a baby begins to play on the floor and to have a change in his diet that the tuberculosis infection begins to occur," says Doctor Vaughan. "The mother places the child on the floor unthinkingly, perhaps, and wholly unmindful of the germs which may be lurking there. The child's impulse to put everything into his mouth does the rest. Clean material should first be placed on the floor as a protection. Only sanitary toys should be given him and under no circumstances should he be permitted to have a 'pacifier.' The latter has no merits whatever. On the contrary, it is a germ carrier and often works untold harm to a child."

Another matter which Doctor Vaughan lays special stress upon was that of allowing a child to drink from the same cups as the grownups or biting from the same morsels of food. "Each child should have his individual dishes and receptacles," he continued. "This is the most common cause of infection and the quickest way in which disease is spread."

Soups From Left-Overs.

Soups may easily be divided into three classes: Purees or cream of vegetable soups, meat-stock soups and meatless vegetable soups.

The first class is usually made with a single vegetable, such as peas, corn or potatoes as a base. The vegetable, after being cooked, is pressed through a sieve or colander, added to the required amount of milk, or milk and water, boiled up, thickened with flour and seasoned.

The second class has, as a foundation, meat stock to which the vegetables are added. Every particle of meat, bone and gristle should be made to yield its last atom of nourishment in soup with which to begin every day's dinner. It is not necessary to serve much at a time, for more substantial food follows. Put the scraps of meat and bone in an earthenware or porcelain-lined pot, place over the fire and just cover with cold water, letting it heat gradually and simmer long and slowly. Let stand over night and next morning skim off fat. The flavor may then be varied by different vegetables or seasoning. There are in the bones and gristle, as well as in the meat, qualities that are needed in the body.

The third class is perhaps simplest and most economical of all. It may be made entirely of left-over vegetables, or it may include both leftovers and newlycooked vegetables. Perhaps there are some cold potatoes (any kind), a little gravy, a few spoonfuls of peas or shelled beans and a little turnip on hand. Put into a kettle sufficient boiling water to make the required amount of soup for your family. Into the kettle slice one or two onions, two or three carrots and a few more raw potatoes if needed. Cook until tender, add the left-over vegetables, gravy, and some salt, pepper too if liked, and boil up, then use a wire potato masher to reduce the vegetables to a smooth mixture.

A pleasing variety of soups may be had by varying the ingredients. Tomatoes in any form may be used, even to the rinsings of the catsup bottle. Boiled beans, baked beans, squash, corn, a little cabbage, a bit of parsnip, celery, macaroni, rice, oatmeal or the left-over meat pie (crust and all) may all be utilized in this way. Celery makes a most delicious soup. The celery itself may be used; or crushed, dried leaves, or celery salt can be used for flavoring. When a straight vegetable soup is made, add milk or a little cream, to give the desired richness. Lacking these, butter or a little good cooking oil may be used.

A delicate soup for children and invalids is made thus: Put one quart of chicken broth over the fire, wash two heaping teaspoonfuls of rice and add it to the broth. Cook slowly for half an hour, thicken with a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour rubbed to a paste. Add a pint of new milk which has been scalded. Serve very hot.

Serve cream soups with croutons—small squares of bread which have been browned in the oven—and in this way use up bread which has become stale; or place a slice of toast sprinkled with grated cheese in the onion or meat soup, and a spoonful of pop-corn in cream of corn soup.

A "Specialty" Social.

If you wish to plan an entertainment that is an excellent money maker, and that also gives an opportunity for the workers in the community to demonstrate their various abilities, try having a "Specialty" social.

Instruct the families taking part to plan their contributions so that they will bring in as much money as possible. You can arrange to keep track of each donation and to offer a prize for the family adding most to the evening's fund.

When our committee arranged such an affair, we told the people that they could bring any saleable commodity that they desired and could dispose of it in as unique a manner as they wished. The sale was held in the gymnasium of the consolidated school, a large room, and there certainly was a varied list of articles to choose from.

One woman brought five varieties of cake. We knew her to be a remarkable cake baker and therefore expected her to bring cakes; but we were totally unprepared for her novel way of selling them. She erected a small booth, in which she displayed her wares, and sold slices of her cakes with the accompanying recipe, at ten cents a slice.

Another woman made pretty and unusual aprons, and not only offered them for sale, but also sold patterns of any style desired.

A girl who had learned to make the new beaded chains, sold some that she had on hand and also placed on sale a number of home-made looms. Then she further demonstrated her ability to add funds to her account by giving lessons to anyone who wished to learn the art.

A rural canvasser for magazine subscriptions made arrangements with several publishing firms to exhibit copies of their publications and to furnish the clubbing rates that these firms made. The commission from her sales made her a contestant for the prize.

One man, who made up all the cane of the district into sorghum, ran a candy table. His family united their efforts with his, and together they made several kinds of candy. They assured us that it was a truly local product, from the cane seed to the finished candy.

Another family sold popcorn in various forms—on the ear, shelled, ready to pop, specially picked-out ears for seed corn, or made into popcorn balls and crackerjack.

Mince-meat was another specialty offered. The exact recipe accompanied the jars or the delicious pies which found a ready sale, especially among the inexperienced housekeepers.

Then, there was a "specialty troupe" who sold their entertainment to those who wished to be entertained. This brought in a large part of the receipts.

One family claimed that their specialty was the accumulation of things they had no further use for. So they conducted an auction booth and found that there were other people who could use and were willing to pay for such things as outgrown clothing, household appliances and bric-a-brac. Outsiders contributed also and the booth was very popular.

Some of the women banded together and demonstrated that their specialty was serving supper to a large number of people, and thanks to their ability, every one was able to partake of a meal which was well cooked and well served.

Besides giving those who took part in the sale or entertainment an opportunity to express originality or individuality, the novelty of the affair stimulated interest, drew a crowd and swelled the receipts to unusual proportions.

To Freshen Furs.

Many owners of furs, on receiving them from cold storage or on taking them from their summer packing boxes, are distressed to observe that the fur—even the most handsome—appears dead and lusterless, a condition most noticeable when subjected to the test of comparison with a new set. Furs in this condition are not attractive, and it is well worth the trouble of applying the Russian remedy, which both cleans and freshens.

The dead appearance of fur, as a rule, is due simply to the fact that it is soiled. It never seems to occur to most persons that any but white fur becomes soiled, but it does. To clean it the Russians, who use more fur than any other people, take rye bran, which is heated in an earthen pot until it is as hot as the hand can stand, being stirred all the while, and pour it upon the fur in liberal quantities, rubbing it in thoroughly. They then brush out all particles of bran with a clean brush, or shake and pound the fur.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

Fresh laid eggs should not be shaken. Handle them carefully and they will keep fresh much longer.

An iron should never be directly applied to black stockings, or it may discolor them. Instead, place a piece of thin material over the stocking before pressing.

Dingoes.

In Australia are found the only barkless dogs. The wild dogs of that island continent, called "dingoes," can and do howl, but they never bark.

It used to be supposed that the dingoes must be descended from dogs fetched to Australia in early times and run wild; but there is excellent reason for believing that they were there long before the first human beings appeared on the earth, inasmuch as fossil bones of recognizable dingoes have been found that apparently date back to the Pliocene.

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