Bovril keeps the Food Bills down Make all your soups and stews more nourishing with Bovril. It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril. The body-building power of Bovril is from ten to twenty times the amount taken. Bovril means more strength—less cost.

S.H.B.

Woman's Sphere

Let's Teach Girls Courage.

Now that women have been given the vote and have pushed their way into practically every occupation once supposed to be exclusively masculine, I've been wondering if it wouldn't be a good thing to make the early training of our daughters the same as that we give our sons. For if men and women are to be on a plane of equality what more reasonable than that they should be started off alike in babyhood? As it is to-day the training given our boys is very dissimilar from that we accord our daughters.

Courage being the most admirable trait in a man, we start to developing it in our men-children from their earliest days. But physical courage not being so necessary in women, we fail to impress its desirability on our daughters, with the result that though some of them arrive at maturity with plenty of physical courage, there is a large per cent. who fail to cultivate either the physical or moral sort.

A group of small children ranging in ages from two to five were playing in the yard the other day. Suddenly the air was rent with the loud wails of a two-year-old girl. Doors flew open and mothers rushed out from a half dozen houses, while older sisters and brothers from across the street left their ball game to hurry to the rescue. Inquiry developed the fact that Mary Ellen had stubbed her toe and fallen down in the grass. She wasn't hurt, not the littlest mite, but her mother picked her up and kissed and hugged her, someone else gave her an apple, a third promised her an auto ride, while everybody blamed "the naughty old ground" for bumping the baby. She was made quite a heroine and encouraged to magnify her little ills.

A half hour later there was a real shrill cry of pain. It was a three-year-old boy—everybody knew in both instances who was crying, cries are as distinctive as voices. He had fallen down the steps and cut his knee on the concrete walk. Blood ran down his leg and he really was hurt. Was there the same commotion? Nobody ran out. The next-door neighbor looked out the window and laughed, the children across the street mocked him, and his own mother came to the door and commanded him to stop crying and be a man!

If you want to teach stoicism it was the proper thing to do, and at any rate, it was far saner treatment than the little girl got. But if it was good treatment for the boy, why wasn't it equally good for the girl? Why teach him to grin and bear it, and encourage her to grow into a cry-baby? When that girl becomes a woman she is going to meet a great many bumps. Wouldn't it be better to prepare her for them as she goes along, than to coddle her through infancy and young girlhood and then thrust her entirely unprepared, into a world full of hard bumps and bruises? Why wouldn't it be a good thing to teach our girls fortitude and physical endurance? Those attributes are just as necessary in home-making as they are in wage-earning. There would be less whining and fewer complaints when things didn't go right, for complaining is really a sign of cowardice and weakness.

Teach the girls that life is a game of give and take. There has been too much giving the best room to sister and letting brother take what he can get. We have insisted all too long that brother must be a gentleman and give up to sister because she is a girl. Let's make simple justice the rule instead of sex. Let the girl know she must expect nothing simply because she is a girl. Teach her to be what the boys call a "good sport," to play the game fair whether it is a child's game or a youth's work. Let's bring her up as we do our boys, to be brave, honest and independent, claiming nothing which is not hers by right, and insisting on getting what is her due.

We can't do this by coddling, by encouraging her to cry when she is hurt, mope when she has a little ache or pain, or to take petty revenge when she is thwarted. If she is to be the sort of woman the world is suffering for to-day she mustn't be brought up to be a "little lady." She must be taught, as her brother, to take a "sporting chance."

Housekeepers' Exchange.

The Handy Crochet Needle.—Try keeping a small steel crochet needle in your sewing machine drawer. It will be found invaluable in pulling out bastings, ripping, catching the under thread, and other details incidental to sewing.—M. A. P.

Handling Small Garments.—When making children's dresses do not sew up the back seam until the last, as it is much easier to sew on panel fronts, yokes, belts, trimming braid, etc., if the dress can be laid flat.—Mrs. T. McK.

To Prevent Needles from Rusting.—A good way to keep needles from rusting is to place them in booklets made from the waxed paper that comes around crackers. Damp weather causes needles to rust, but this precaution will prevent it. A little child will enjoy making some of these little booklets, and they will last a long time.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Sewing on Lace.—When sewing lace on a garment, don't forget that the thread at the edge was put there purposely for a drawstring, and you can gather the lace to just the right fullness without the use of a needle and thread. When one is sewing insertion on a garment where there is a corner to be turned, this gathering thread comes handy also.—Mrs. E. S. T.

Renewing Velvet.—When steaming velvet over a teakettle, insert a funnel in the mouth of the kettle. This will spread the steam over a larger surface and the work will be quickly accomplished.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Pressing Woolen Goods and Silks.—When pressing a wool fabric or a piece of fine silk, lay unbleached muslin over it, in order to prevent glossing. After passing the iron over woolens, lift up the cloth and brush the nap with a stiff brush.—Miss Z. I. D.

Reinforcing Stockings.—A good way to strengthen the children's stockings is to sew strong black muslin on the bias, inside the heels and knees. It will not show and will treble the life of the stocking.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Convenient Rubber-Lined Bag.—A rubber-lined sponge bag is a handy thing to have when traveling, but if you cannot buy one the size you wish, you can make an oilcloth bag. Take a piece of white oilcloth of the required size for the lining, and make the outside of dark cloth or pretty cretonne. Make the bag in the shape of an envelope and fasten with a dress snap, or it may be made square and gathered with a drawstring.—M. C. R.

Pieces of felt pasted on the bottom of lamps or bric-a-brac that stands on polished surfaces, will prevent ugly scratches from marring the furniture.—Mrs. R. D.

Lightening the Husband's Day.

Few wives but wish at one time or another that they could help to make the day of their husbands lighter and more successful. Many study this proposition and perhaps think that when they have been out in the field and helped to put on a load of hay or grain, or done something toward the chores, they have done their best and all they can, and this really is a great deal, often far too much for a woman to do in addition to her household cares.

But there is a very good way in which the wife may help her husband aside from sharing the active work out of doors. I mean by the work she does in the kitchen. Good cooking has more to do with the farmer's success or failure than we are apt to think. A man is just what his digestion makes of him. If he has good food to eat, eats it with a relish, digests it properly, the world has a good look to him and he gets through the hardest kind of work in good shape, going to his rest at night with a clear brain and ready for the sleep which will come to him.

This makes it well worth while for the farmer's wife to study the food she prepares and give its cooking the best possible care. Often it is not possible for the farmer's wife to get just the things she would like, especially at some seasons of the year. This places heavier strain upon her to see to it that what she does have is cooked well and served in an attractive manner. Farmer folks do not need such a great variety as may be supposed at any time of the year. Good, plain, simple food, well cooked, is enough to give health and strength for the day's work. One thing above all is necessary, and that is that everything shall be cooked perfectly done. Half-cooked food of any kind is a burden to the strongest digestion and helps to make work hard and disagreeable.

A Restless Life.

Little Helen's oldest sister was conferring on her some bits of useful knowledge as she helped the child undress.

"You know, dear," she said, "all the stars are worlds like ours."

"Well, if that's so, I shouldn't like to live on one of them," declared Helen stoutly. "It would be so horrid when it twinkled!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Explorers of the Dawn

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

II.

I was disturbed by The Seraph, singing his morning song. It was a tuneless drone, yet not unmusical. Always the first to open his eyes in the morning, he began his day with a sort of saga of his exploits of the day before, usually meaningless to us, but fraught with color from his own peculiar sphere. At last he laughed outright, a Jovian laugh, at some remembered prank—and I rubbed my eyes and came to full consciousness. The sun was slanting through the shutters. Where, oh where, was the Dawn?

I turned to look at Angel. He was staring at the slanting beam and swearing softly, as he well knew how.

"We'll simply have to try again," I said. "But however are we going to put in to-day?"

The problem solved itself as all problems will, and the day passed, following the usual landmarks of porridge, arithmetic, spelling, scoldings, mutton, a walk with our governess, bread and butter, prayers, and the (for once, longed for!) bed.

That night we decided to lie awake together, passing the time with stories, and speculation about the mystery so soon to be explored by us.

I told the first story, a long-drawn adventure of shipwreck, mutiny, and coral caves, with a fair sprinkling of skeletons to keep us broad awake.

"It was a first-rate tale," sighed Angel, contentedly, when I had done; "an' you told it awfully well, John. If you like, you just tell another 'stead o' me. Or The Seraph can tell one. Go ahead, Seraph, and make up the best story you know how."

The Seraph, important, but sleepy, climbed over me, so that he might be in the middle, and then began, in a husky little voice.

"Once upon a time there was fwee bwothers, all vewy nice, but the youngest was the bwavest an' stwongest of the fwee. He was as stwong as two bulls, an' he'd kill a dwagon before bweakfast, an' never be cocky about it—"

Angel and I groaned in unison. We could not tolerate this sort of self-adulation from our junior. "Don't be such a little beast," we admonished, and covered his head with a pillow. The Seraph was wont to accept such discipline at our hands philosophically, with no unseemly outcries or struggles; as a matter of fact, when we uncovered his head, we could tell by his even, reposeful breathing that he was fast asleep. It was too dark to see his face, but I could imagine his complacent smile.

The night sped quickly after that. There was some desultory talk; then Angel, too, slept. I resolved to keep the watch alone. I heard the sound of footsteps in the street below, echoing with a lonely sound; the rattle of a loose shutter in a sudden gust of wind; then, dead silence, followed after an interval by the scampering and angry squeak of mice in the wall. The mice disturbed me again. There was a shattering of loose plaster; and, suddenly opening my eyes, I saw the ghost of gray daylight stealing underneath the blind. The time had come!

Silently the three of us stole up the uncarpeted attic-stair. It was unknown territory to us, having been forbidden from the first by Mrs. Handsomebody, and all we had ever seen from the hall below was a cramped passage, guarded by three closed doors. Time and again we had been tempted to explore it, but there was a sinister aloofness about it that had hitherto repelled us. Now, however, it had become but a pathway to the Dawn, and, as we clutched the banisters, we imagined ourselves three pilgrims fearfully climbing toward light and beauty.

Angel stood first at the top. Gently he tried two doors in succession, which were locked. The third gave, harshly—it seemed to me, grudgingly. The Seraph and I pressed close behind Angel, glad of the warm contact of each other's bodies.

In the large attic-room, the air was stifling, and the sloping roof, from which dim cobwebs were draped, seemed to press toward the dark shapes of discarded furniture, as if to guard some fearful secret. It took all our courage to grope our way to the low casement, and it was a struggle to dislodge the rusty bolt, and press the window out on its unused hinges. It creaked so loudly that we held our breath for a moment, but we drew it again with a sharp sensation of relief, as thirsty young animals drink, for fresh night air, sweet, stinging to the nostrils, had surged in upon us, sweeping away fear and loneliness and the hot depression of the attic room.

Mrs. Handsomebody's house was tall, and we could look down upon many roofs and chimneys. They huddled together in the soft gray light as if waiting for some great happening, which they expected, but did not understand. They wore an air of expectancy and humility. Little low-roofed outhouses pressed close to high walls for shelter, and a frosty white skylight stared upward fearfully.

"Is this the Dawn?" came from The Seraph, in a tiny voice.

"Only the beginning of it," I whispered back. "There's two stars left over from the night—see! that big blue one in the East, and the little white one just above the cobbler's chimney."

"Will they be afwaid of the Dawn, when it comes?"

"Rather. I shouldn't be surprised if the big fellow bolted right across the sky, and the little one will p'raps fall down the cobbler's chimney into his workroom."

The Seraph was enchanted. "Then the cobb'r'll sew him wight up in the sole of a shoe, an' the boy who wears the shoe will twinkle when he wuns, won't he? Oh, it's coming now! I hear it. I'm afwaid."

"That's not the Dawn," said Angel, "That's night flying away."

It was true that there came to us then a rushing sound, as of strong wings; our hair was lifted from our hot foreheads, and the casement rattled on its hinges.

This wind, that came from the wings of night, was sharp with the fragrance of heather and the sea. One fancied how it would surge through the dim aisles of cathedral-like forests, ruffling the plumage of drowsy birds, stirring the surface of some dark pool where the trout still slept, and making sibilant music among the drooping reeds.

The sky had now become delicately luminous, and a streak of saffron showed above the farthest roofs; a flock of little clouds huddled together above this, like timorous sheep at gaze. The white star hung just above the cobbler's chimney; dangerously near, it seemed to us who watched.

There were only two of us at the window now, for Angel had stolen away to explore every corner of the new environment, as was his custom. I could hear the soft opening and shutting of bureau drawers, and once, a grunting and straining, as of one engaged in severe manual labor.

A low whistle drew me to his side. "What's up?" I demanded.

"Got this little old trunk open at last," he muttered; "full of women's junk. Look."

Our heads touched as we bent curiously over the contents. It was a dingy and insignificant box on the outside, but it was lined with a gayly-colored paper, on which nosegays of spring flowers bent beneath the weight of silver butterflies and sad-eyed cockatoos. The trays were full, as Angel had said, of women's things: delicate, ruffly frocks of pink and lilac, and undergarments edged with yellowing lace. A sweet scent rose from them, as of some gentle presence that strove to reach the light and air once more. A pair of little white kid slippers looked as if they longed to twinkle in and out beneath a soft silk skirt.

Angel's mischievous brown hands dove among the light folds, discovering opera glasses (treasures to be secured, if possible, against some future South Sea expedition), an inlaid box of old-fashioned trinkets, gold-tasseled earrings, a coral necklace, and a brooch of tortured locks of hair. His eyes were dancing above a gauze fan held coquettishly against his mouth; but I gave no heed to him: I was busy with a velvet workbox that promised a solution of the mystery: for, hidden away with a thimble and scissors, as one would secrete a treasure, was a fat little book, The Mysteries of Udolpho. Someone had drawn on the flyleaf, very beautifully, I thought, a ribbed sea-shell, and on it had printed the words, "Lucy from Charles"; and on a scroll beneath the shell, in microscopic characters, "Bide the Time!"

(To be concluded.)

The Message.

I saw the buds on the dogwood tree:
They made a message of May for me—
Though Winter is coming
And cold skies lower,
At the end of it all
Is a day—is an hour—
When oak-leaves open
Like butterflies' wings,
And suddenly, somewhere,
An oriole sings,
And lilacs promise,
And peonies prink,
And dogwood petals
Unfold in pink—
So Winter may whistle for all of me,
O tight little buds on the dogwood tree!

Coal in Canada.

Canada has the only two coal regions on the sea coasts of North America. The bituminus coal of Nova Scotia is estimated to last 700 years; that of Vancouver Island has been successfully operated since 1860. The estimated coal reserves of the Province of Alberta runs to over 1,100 billion tons, a small proportion being anthracite, while the total resources of Canada approximate 1,360 billion tons, the second country in point of supply in the world.

What Troubled Her.

A little girl who had been exceedingly naughty had been punished. The incident was then dropped.

An hour later her mother, feeling that it was her duty to improve the moral lesson of the occasion, said:—

"Now, Doris, what are you most ashamed of?"

The answer was unexpected, and bore no relation to the late offence.

"Squeaky boots in church," said Doris—and she had the sympathy of everybody present.

Canada's Water Power.

Canada has water energy equal to nearly twenty million h.p. Of this Quebec has 6,000,000; Ontario 5,800,000; British Columbia, 3,000,000; Prairie Provinces, 4,265,000; New Brunswick, 3,000,000; Nova Scotia, 100,000; Yukon, 100,000; and Prince Edward Island 3,000. Ninety per cent. of the 20,000,000 is still running to waste.

An Easy Capture.

When a lady boarded a street car in Liege wearing a little tricolor ribbon, a German officer ordered her to remove the emblem. Three times he repeated his order; then he rose from his seat and tore it from her coat.

"It's easier to take than Paris, isn't it?" she calmly asked.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

"Backing" With Bonds.

Some years ago, an old English lady, observing her Government Bonds to be printed on stiff paper, used them to "back up" a quilt she was making: The Government, when the time for conversion came round, insisted on having the quilt, in order to pay up; and this case serves well to remind War Bond holders and others to be careful with their scrips.

A further somewhat amusing instance of the use made of precious papers is that of a holder of some Dutch Bonds "to bearer." About sixty years ago, the owner, a provincial lady, used these bonds for covering jam-pots, and, after having made her jam, she would trim the edges of the precious "stock" quite freely with her scissors. The dividends were paid regularly up to 1886, however, for it seems that she took good care of most of the bonds, and sent in the detachable parts for fresh coupons.

When, however, the old lady died, the peculiar facts were revealed; for, upon the relatives sending in the bonds for conversion, the old lady's own writing was identified on some of them, viz: "Strawberry jam—1857—first lot"—whilst the marks of the ring of the jam-pots were left on the bonds.

Shareholders and investors generally have been known to use their certificates, etc., for various purposes—but the most amusing case the writer has yet personally heard of is that of an unfortunate holder of a large number of "dud" certificates, which he stuck all over the walls of his library! His idea was that, being printed in different colors and containing various seals and signatures, they looked quite as pretty as wallpaper; and, as they were worthless, they might as well be stuck on the wall as a lesson to his children not to follow in his footsteps. The writer has not yet heard if any of the share certificates have had to be torn off the walls!

Quite Suitable.

The lady was buying a gun for her little boy as a present.

"I want a really nice one, please," she said to the shopkeeper.

"Yes, madam," he answered; "how will this one do?"

"What do you put in it?" asked the customer.

"Just ordinary caps, or I have another one here that shoots slugs."

The lady looked delighted.

"Oh, I'll take that one!" she exclaimed. "That will be quite suitable. We have a large garden and there are lots of slugs in it."

Not His Head.

A Scotsman was being shown over a man-o'-war for the first time in his life, and, being keenly interested in all he saw, plied his guide with all sorts of questions.

The marines seemed particularly to interest him, and, going up to one, he pointed to the "grenade" in the marine's cap, and asked what it was.

The marine looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you know what that is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course!"

"Ach, mon," replied the Scot, impatiently, "I was no axin' aboot yer head!"

The Province of British Columbia contains one-half of the merchantable timber of Canada.

"Pigeon, V.C."

Many visitors to London, walk down Whitehall and never see a building under the shade of the War Office which contains some of the most interesting relics of British history, says a London writer. The building is the Royal United Service Institution, founded in 1829, and placed originally in Vanburg House. Various models were then given to the institution, which now is housed in the banqueting hall of the old Whitehall Palace.

Recently there have been interesting additions to these exhibits. For example, there is a model of the German warship Scharnhorst. This was being taken out by the Germans to German East Africa to be shown in a great exhibition to impress the natives with the size of the mighty German fleet. The ship was sunk, and our divers eventually salved the model, which was found to be covered with barnacles. Another model is that of one of our own latest battleships, accurate in every detail.

The V.C. pigeon is also in the exhibition. This bird was hit by a bullet, which drove the receptacle containing the message in its body. After lying wounded all night it struggled home to the pigeon loft the following morning and delivered the message.

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