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Woman's Sphere

ORDERLY CHILDREN.

Every mother knows what a wonderful help it is when the children can be induced to follow orderly ways. She likewise knows how futile is mere talking toward the establishment of those habits.

There seems to be just one way to impress upon a child the desirability of being orderly, and that is by making it just as easy—and pleasanter—to be orderly than to be otherwise.

"Just as easy to be orderly" necessitates places for the children to keep their possessions. Hooks low enough for the children to reach with ease. A table or shelf very near the entrance door where schoolbooks and lunch boxes may be dropped at night and assembled in the morning. A line or shelf near the stove or furnace register where caps, mittens and overshoes may be dried and warmed. A cupboard for toys and other valuable possessions. These make it just about as easy to put things away as to drop them most anywhere.

As for the pleasantness of being orderly, that is easily worked out in each family. "I don't like mother to pick up things, for she chucks everything in a heap in the dark closet," complained one small boy. That dark closet has taught a more impressive lesson than many weary hours of talking on mother's part. Fred would much rather put his cap where it belongs than to search it out of a mixture of articles in the dark.

"Mother helped us fix a shelf behind the stove and we always put our boots and overshoes there when we take them off," was the virtuous anstion of another small boy. Fine—but, if they are found lying about the floor, they are swept out into the icy woodhouse where it is not at all pleasant to find them when wanted.

No use blaming the little folks for not putting things where they belong when there really is no suitable place where they belong! As for the pleasantness—"I'll never sweep my child's wet overshoes into the woodhouse!" you exclaim indignantly. And yet which really hurts the child more—this rather drastic lesson which he remembers for weeks, or the perpetual nagging in which some mothers indulge, or allowing the child to grow up with untidy habits?

KITCHEN CURTAINS.

Who does not enjoy a light kitchen in which to work! Even the most artistic of curtains seem a superfluity since they darken my windows and shut out an extensive and inspiring view. Keep curtains fresh and attractive adds to the work and when the windows are opened for ventilation, as kitchen windows so often are, light curtains blow about and are more or less in the way. Yet when all curtains are discarded except the roller shades, the room acquires a bare and unattractive appearance. Thus we have a little interior decoration problem the satisfactory solution of which requires a bit of thought.

Curtains that are nothing more than a ruffle across the top of the window look well and in no way interfere with the usefulness of the kitchen window. Made of gay cretonne they add an attractive bit of color to the room. Checked gingham is suitable, or unbleached muslin with a colored binding. The laundering of such curtains is negligible, yet they do away entirely with the bare, unattractive look of an uncurtained window, a window that faces us during many hours of every day.

If some piece of kitchen furniture, such as a cabinet, table or sink, extends across a low window, as is sometimes the case, it never looks well from the outside of the house. A sash curtain fastened at both top and bottom by rods or elastic directly over the glass so that it raises and lowers with the sash looks better and keeps clean longer than one hanging loose from the top, and it leaves the upper sash clear. This arrangement is good when kitchen windows open directly upon the street or driveway and a degree of privacy is desired without needlessly obscuring the view.

WATCH YOUR EYES.

Do you know very much about your eyes? I mean, do you know how they work, and how to care for them?

Do you know why your eyes are healthier if you live in the country or at the seashore rather than in the city? Because when you look over far distances, the muscles are almost wholly relaxed. When you look constantly at things near at hand, the eye must make a greater effort to focus upon the object. Practically no effort is involved in looking across a mountain range or at the horizon of the sea.

The eye is like the camera. The theory is that every object reflects rays of light. The lens of the eye focuses these rays when you look at the object, upon the retina, which corresponds to the sensitized place of the camera. The optic nerve carries this impression to the brain, and the result is sight.

To focus these light rays properly, the eye has what is called a "focal length." If this is too long or too short, imperfect vision results. The lens of the eye or the transparent outer surface may not be curved properly, the muscles that control the focusing of the eye may not be strong enough. So the eye may not be able to focus properly on near objects, or on distant ones. Glasses that are properly made, correct this—and if worn early enough; may be needed only for a short time.

Never strain the eyes; close and rest them every little while when at work, and do not read on jerky strains, nor with the light dim or badly placed. You should not wear other people's glasses, even for a minute; nor look at moving pictures if your eyes time easily, unless you have correcting glasses for them. Avoid using eye-drops unless prescribed by an oculist.

An eye-wash or lotion which can safely be used consists of ten grains of boracic acid and one ounce of camphor water. Drop this lotion into each eye with an eye-dropper, night and morning, or when the eyes are irritated by dust. Luxuriant eyelashes not only add to the beauty of the eyes, but they protect them, preventing the entrance of dust and other foreign matter. The growth of the eyelashes can be promoted by applications of petroleum jelly. Use but a small amount on the edge of the lids, being careful not to let it enter the eye.

A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4478. White Swiss dotted in yellow is here combined with white organdy and finished at the free edges with picot edge ribbon. This model is nice for printed voile, for batiste, embroidered materials or bordered goods. Simple and effective would be a development in white batiste or handkerchief linen, with hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3¾ yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 1½ yards for the waist, and 2¼ yards for the skirt and plastron.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Foes of Memory.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and strangely, too much education.

There is no use in trying to show some people the error of their ways. They will simply persist in looking at yours all the time.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Here was a piece of hopeless bad luck. We were stuck in the middle of Asia Minor with no means of conveyance, for to get a new axle there was as likely as to find snowballs on the Congo. It was all but dark and there was no time to lose. I got out the petrol tins and spare tyres and cached them among some rocks on the hillside. Then we collected our scanty baggage from the derelict Studebaker. Our only hope was Hussin. He had got to find us some lodging for the night, and next day we would have a try for horses or a lift in some passing wagon. I had no hope of another car. Every automobile in Anatolia would now be at a premium.

It was so disgusting a mishap that we all took it quietly. It was too bad to be helped by hard swearing. Hussin and Peter set off on different sides of the road to prospect for a house, and Blenkiron and I sheltered under the nearest rock and smoked savagely.

Hussin was the first to strike oil. He came back in twenty minutes with news of some kind of dwelling a couple of miles up the stream. He went off to collect Peter, and, humping our baggage, Blenkiron and I plodded up the waterside. Darkness had fallen thick by this time, and we took some bad tosses among the bogs. When Hussin and Peter overtook us they found a better road, and presently we saw a light twinkle in the hollow ahead.

It proved to be a wretched tumbledown farm in a grove of poplars—a foul-smelling, muddy yard, a two-roomed hovel of a house, and a barn which was tolerably dry and which we selected for our sleeping-place. The owner was a broken old fellow whose sons were all at the war, and he received us with the profound calm of one who expects nothing but unpleasantness from life.

By this time we had recovered our tempers, and I was trying hard to put my new Kismet philosophy into practice. I reckoned that if risks were fore-ordained, so were difficulties, and both must be taken as part of the day's work. With the remains of our provisions and some curdled milk we satisfied our hunger and curled ourselves up among the pease straw of the barn. Blenkiron announced with a happy sigh that he had now been for two days quit of his dyspepsia.

That night, I remember, I had a queer dream. I seemed to be in a wild place among mountains, and I was being hunted, though who was after me I couldn't tell. I remember sweating with fright, for I seemed to be quite alone and the terror that was pursuing me was more than human. The place was horribly quiet and still, and there was deep snow lying everywhere, so that each step I took was heavy as lead. A very ordinary sort of nightmare, you will say. Yes, but there was one strange feature in this one. The night was pitch dark, but ahead of me in the throat of the pass there was one patch of light, and it showed a rum little hill with a rocky top: what we call in South Africa a *castrol* or saucepan. I had a notion that if I could get to that *castrol* I should be safe, and I panted through the drifts towards it with the avenger of blood at my heels. I woke gasping, to find the winter morning struggling through the cracked rafters, and to hear Blenkiron say cheerily that his duodenum had behaved all night like a gentleman. I lay still for a bit trying to fix the dream, but it all dissolved into haze except the picture of the little hill, which was quite clear in every detail. I told myself it was a reminiscence of the veld, some spot down in the Wakkerstroom country, though for the life of me I couldn't place it.

I pass over the next three days, for they were one uninterrupted series of heart-breaks. Hussin and Peter scoured the country for horses, Blenkiron sat in the barn and played Patience, while I haunted the roadside near the bridge in the hope of picking up some kind of conveyance. My task was perfectly futile. The columns passed, casting wondering eyes on the wrecked car among the frozen rushes, but they could offer no help. My friend the Turkish officer promised to wire to Angora from some place or other for a fresh car, but, remembering the state of affairs at Angora, I had no hope from that quarter. Cars passed, plenty of them, packed with staff-officers, Turkish and German, but they were in far too big a hurry even to stop and speak. The only conclusion I reached from my roadside vigil was that things were getting very warm in the neighbourhood of Erzerum. Everybody on that road seemed to be in mad haste either to get there or to get away.

Hussin was the best chance, for, as I have said, the Companions had a very special and peculiar graft throughout the Turkish Empire. But the first day he came back empty-handed. All the horses had been commandeered for the war, he said; and though he was certain that some had been kept back and hidden away, he could not get on their track. The second day he returned with two—miserable screws and deplorably short in the wind from a diet of beans. There was no decent corn or hay left in that countryside. The third day he picked up a nice little Arab stallion: in poor condition, it is true, but perfectly sound. For these beasts we paid good money, for Blenkiron was well supplied and we had no time to spare for the interminable Oriental bargaining.

Hussin said he had cleaned up the countryside, and I believed him. I dared not delay another day, even though it meant leaving him behind. But he had no notion of doing anything of the kind. He was a good runner, he said, and could keep up with such horses as ours for ever. If this was the manner of our progress, I reckoned we would be weeks in getting to Erzerum.

We started at dawn on the morning of the fourth day, after the old farmer had blessed us and sold us some stale rye-bread. Blenkiron bestrode the Arab, being the heaviest, and Peter and I had the screws. My worst forebodings were soon realized, and Hussin, loping along at my side, had an easy job to keep up with us. We were about as slow as an ox-wagon. The brutes were unshod, and with the rough roads I saw that their feet would very soon go to pieces. We jogged along like a tinker's caravan, about five miles to the hour, as feckless a party as ever disgraced a highroad.

The weather was now a cold drizzle, which increased my depression. Cars passed us and disappeared in the mist, going at thirty miles an hour to mock our slowness. None of us spoke, for the futility of the business clogged our spirits. I bit hard on my lip to curb my restlessness, and I think I would have sold my soul there and then for anything that could move fast. I don't know any sorer trial than to be mad for speed and have to crawl at a snail's pace. I was geting ripe for any kind of desperate venture.

About midday we descended on a wide plain full of the marks of rich cultivation. Villages became frequent, and the land was studded with olive groves and scarred with water furrows. From what I remembered of the map I judged that we were coming to that champagne country near Siwas, which is the granary of Turkey, and the home of the true Osmanli stock.

Then at a turning of the road we came to the caravenserai.

It was a dingy, battered place, with the pink plaster falling in patches from its walls. There was a courtyard abutting on the road, and a flat-topped house with a big hole in its side. It was a long way from any battleground, and I guessed that some explosion had wrought the damage. Behind it, a few hundred yards off, a detachment of cavalry were encamped beside a stream, with their horses tied up in long lines of pickets.

And by the roadside, quite alone and deserted, stood a large new motor-car.

In all the road before and behind there was no man to be seen except the troops by the stream. The owners, whoever they were, must be inside the caravenserai.

I have said I was in the mood for some desperate deed, and lo and behold Providence had given me the chance. I coveted that car as I have never coveted anything on earth. At the moment all my plans had narrowed down to a feverish passion to get to the battlefield. We had to find Greenmantle at Erzerum, and once there we should have Hilda von Einem's protection. It was a time of war, and a front of brass was the surest safety. But, indeed, I could not figure out any plan worth speaking of. I saw only one thing—a fast car which might be ours.

(To be continued.)

A TOOTHPICK RACE.

Draw on a level patch of ground or on an even floor two parallel lines ten feet apart, one for the starting and the other for the finishing line. Furnish each contestant with a bundle of toothpicks.

The idea of the game is to see which of the contestants can first construct an unbroken line of toothpicks from the starting to the finishing line.

There is no set rule how the toothpicks should be placed, except that any given toothpick may be touched by only two others. There must, moreover, be no breaks in the line.

Hollve the Exception.

The London cockney, who mispronounces his h's, is the constant sport of the paragrapher. In Tit-Bits we read of a district visitor who was calling on Mrs. Harris, a new arrival in the village.

"You seem to have a good many children, Mrs. Harris," said the visitor.

"Yes, mum," she replied, "and what's more, all their names begin with haitch. There's 'Ubert, my oldest. Then comes 'Ilda, 'Arriet and 'Orace. Then there's 'Arold and 'Arry and 'Ector and 'Onoria. They're all haitches—all except the baby, and we christened he Hollve."

In Plain Sight.

"She's climbing the social ladder all right!"

"And what beautiful silk stockings she wears!"

Whales measuring as much as 105 feet in length have been caught in the Antarctic.

Minard's Liniment fo. Dandruff.

Millions Due to Britain.

As the debts due to Great Britain have been occupying considerable attention, it may be recalled that the debts of her Allies and the Dominions are as follows:—

War Loans—	
Australia	$ 457,265,000
New Zealand	148,115,000
Canada	69,050,000
South Africa	61,430,000
Other Dominions and Colonies	16,300,000
Russia	3,275,000,000
France	2,920,000,000
Italy	2,515,000,000
Yugo-Slavia	125,000,00
Portugal, Rumania, Greece and other Allies	335,000,000
	$9,922,160,000
Relief and Reconstruction Loans:—	
Austria	60,500,000
Poland	19,500,000
Rumania	11,000,000
Yugo-Slavia	10,000,000
Other States	5,000,000
	$106,000,000
Belgian Reconstruction Loans:—	45,000,000
Other Loans:—	
Armenia	4,145,000
Czecho-Slovakia	10,000,000
	14,145,000
Total	$10,082,305,000

Not Lost, Only Gone.

Pat had got a job as steward on board a liner, and onhis first trip he was anxious to have everything as nice as possible so as to please the captain. Accordingly, the first thing he did was to have a good clean-out of the captain's quarters, and amongst other things he polished up the tea-service, of which the captain was very proud.

Unfortunately, he let the teapot slip overboard, and it sunk like a stone to the bottom of the sea.

He did not know what to do, but at last an idea struck him, and, approaching the captain, he said:

"Captain, can anything be lost if you know where it is?"

"No, certainly not," replied the captain, rather sharply.

"Well, sir," retorted the Irishman, "your silver teapot is at the bottom of the Atlantic!"

To Wind Yarn.

When you have no one to hold your yarn for winding, place two flat irons on the table as far apart as the length of the skein and stretch the yarn over them.

According to statistics the population of the world more than doubled in 114 years ending with the year 1914.

Holland Bulbs

Have a beautiful Window Garden in the depth of winter at a small cost. Special Collection, 7 Beautiful Assorted Bulbs, postpaid, 50c. Special Collection of 13 selected Bulbs, postpaid, $1. Free Illustrated List.

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Write us for prices on highest grade. Basket Reeds—Also Frames and Tray Boards.

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Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

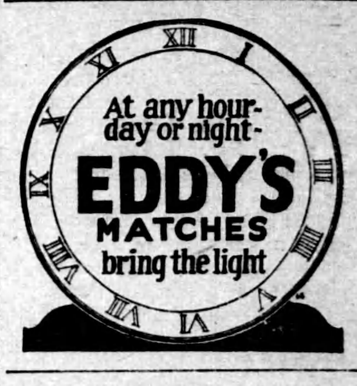
A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package

A Powerful Beak.

Macows, a kind of parrot, native to South America, can break with their beaks nuts which resist attacks with a hammer.

A "listener-in" 200 miles from a broadcasting station hears the notes of a singer sooner than those standing in the transmitting room. This is because wireless waves travel faster than sound waves.



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You can bank on a "444"
Day after day, month after month
Smarts "444" Axe will stand the going where the going is hardest.
Get your hardware man to show you a "444". Note the hang and the "feel" of it—A real axe with a fireblued finish that resists rust.

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JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

Mustard is valuable in the diet

Did you know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.

but it must be Keen's 229

Come to the Lectures, Demonstrations and Practices at the

Ontario Agricultural College

1924 — SHORT COURSES — 1924

Stock and Seed Judging — (Two weeks)—January 8th - 19th.
Poultry Raising—(Four Weeks)—January 8th - February 2nd.
Horticulture Courses:
Fruit and Vegetable Growing—January 21st - February 2nd.
Floriculture and Landscape Gardening—Feb. 4th - Feb. 16th.
Dairy Courses:
Course for Factory Cheese and Buttermakers — January 2nd - March 14th.
Cow-Testing—Jan. 7th - Jan. 19th.
Farm Dairy—Jan. 21st - Feb. 2nd.
Factory Milk and Cream Testing, including Factory Management and Accounts—Feb. 4 - Feb. 16.
Market Milk, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Feb. 18 - March 1.
Condensed and Powdered Milk—March 3rd - March 15th.
Ice-Cream, including Mechanical Refrigeration—March 17 - Mar. 28.
Creamery and Cheesemaking Course, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Mar. 24 - Mar. 28.
Bee Keeping (Two Weeks)—January 8th - January 19th.
Drainage and Drainage Surveying (Two Weeks)—Jan. 8 - Jan. 19.
Farm Power, including Tractors, Gasoline Engines, etc. Two Weeks)—Jan. 22 - Feb. 2.

These courses are planned to meet the requirements of farmers, farmers' sons, dairymen, poultrymen, bee-keepers and horticulturists who may be able to leave home for but a short period during the winter months.

All courses are free, with the exception of the dairy courses, for which a small registration fee is charged.

A change from the home surroundings, meeting other people interested in the things in which you are interested, exchange of experience and the acquirement of knowledge, will do you good.

Plan to attend some course that appeals to you. Reduced rates on railways. Write for booklet describing the courses and ask for railway certificate.

J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A., President — L. STEVENSON, Director of Extension — A. M. PORTER, B.S.A., Registrar