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Woman's Sphere

DOES YOUR CHILD DO WELL IN SCHOOL.

It was a blow to the family pride for the Hardys when young Johnny failed so utterly to make good in school. The Hardys were smart people. John, Sr., was a township trustee; Mrs. Hardy, an ex-school teacher. What law of heredity or power of environment could be operating to put little John in the "dub" class?

Fifty paces away stood a billboard with circus pictures on it. Idly throwing stones at the elephant as he studied over little John's report card, Hardy landed one right on the tip of the animal's trunk.

"Try that, Johnny," he cried. "Hit the elephant right on the tip of his sneezer, like your dad did."

"How d'ye know that's his sneezer? How d'ye know it's an elephant, standing way off like that?" demurred Johnny.

"Can't you see it?" exclaimed Mr. Hardy, a great light dawning upon him.

"I can now!" admitted Johnny, having gone within thirty feet of the billboard.

That made the diagnosis. His dullness was explained. That very afternoon Johnny was sent to the oculist. When he started to school again on the following Monday it was a new John who took the seat in the "dub" row. And it was a new John who jumped with astonishing speed and agility over row after row until he reached the "king" row. Spectacles had wrought the miracle. Properly fitted lenses had opened the windows of a new world for little John Hardy.

This is no uncommon incident. Intelligent parents often take it for granted that their children would complain if they needed artificial help for their vision. But children who have always had a certain range of vision, children whose eyes are impaired by astigmatism, do not realize that they are under a handicap. They are seeing with just the same accuracy that they have always seen; how are they to know that the object that is nothing much but a blur to them is clear and distinct to others. They make no complaint, because their conception of good vision does not lead them to expect anything better. There is no greater tragedy in our schools to-day than the child who is weighed down by the stigma of dullness, when his real trouble lies in the fact that he cannot see the letters and figures that are placed on the blackboard by the teacher, or has difficulty reading the books that are supposed to be the source of his information.

If your child does not do well in school give him the inestimable benefit of a very careful examination by a conscientious doctor.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS.

Oh, gracious goodness, I declare!
Discouragement will o'er me steal,
When I see Molly sitting there
And never touching her oatmeal.

Oh, Jack, how can you hope to grow
To be a man and join the navy,
When you are so eternal slow
In eating that good bread and gravy?

Now, Fred, it's no use looking hurt,
And putting on that dreadful frown;
You know you won't get your dessert
Till all your vegetables are down.

—Alma Manley Horn.

THE USEFUL TEA WAGON.

The tea wagon has many uses. A rather novel use is that to which it was put by a woman with a small baby. Her tea wagon was of enameled metal and was easily cleaned. She put the baby's clean clothes on the lower shelf and put the baby's bath tub on the top shelf and found it very easy to bathe the baby. The tea wagon was of such a height that she did not have to bend over, thus saving herself backache. She had the baby's clothes near at hand, and since the house was not always warm enough it was possible for her to take the baby into the kitchen and bathe it near the range, with no danger of its taking cold.

Another use for this same tea wagon was on ironing day. As the mother ironed she put the finished pieces on the tea wagon, and afterward wheeled them about to the various cupboards, drawers and closets where she put her freshly ironed clothes and household linens.

LEFT-OVER VINEGAR.

In many households there is often a quantity of spiced vinager left over from sweet pickles of various sorts. It need present no problem to the thrifty housewife, and she does not need to throw it away. If, after heating it, she will add enough dissolved gelatin to make quite a stiff jelly she will find it is a delicious relish to serve with cold meat. Or she will find it makes a pretty salad garnish or, cut in thin slices, it may make a novel and tasty addition to almost any kind of sandwich.

HER MAGIC SECRET.

A mother who always managed to look neat and trim in the midst of the rush of things was once asked her magic secret.

"Oh, there are two of them," she replied laughingly, "a white collar and a hair net."

Although she seemed to consider the question as a joke, in these two articles really lay the secret of her trim appearance. Once her hair had been neatly arranged the hair net kept it so. It was the work of a moment to adjust the fresh, becoming white collar, yet it gave a note of distinction and character to the simplest house dress.

A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE SCHOOL DRESS.

4253. Blue or brown serge would be good for this style. It is also nice for velvet, knit woolens, and taffeta. The sleeve may be in wrist or in elbow length. In black velvet or blue jersey, with collar and trimmings of suede, this style would be unique and attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For collar of contrasting material 40 inches wide ½ yard is required.

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.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Dignified, But Funny.

Little Dorothy's mother was showing her new dress to some of the neighbors. "Oh, mother, what a pretty dress!" cried Dorothy. "Do wear it to-night." "No, darling," said the mother, "not to-night. This is to wear at the party next week when ladies and gentlemen come to diner." Dorothy showed her disappointment. "But, mother," she said, suddenly, "can't we pretend just for this evening that daddy is a gentleman?"

Flexible armor was copied from the scales of the fish. Also consider our latter day mesh-bag, milady's fond conceit. The file, the anchor, rails and grooves of guidance, dovetailing and many manual instruments all have their counterpart in Nature.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

Soon Peter struck a big road full of transport. It was the road from Erzerum to the Palantuken pass, and he waited his chance and crossed it. After that the ground grew rough with boulders and patches of thorn-trees, splendid cover where he could move fast without worrying. Then he was pulled up suddenly on the bank of a river. The map had warned him of it, but not that it would be so big.

It was a torrent swollen with melting snow and rains in the hills, and it was running fifty yards wide. Peter thought he could have swum it, but he was very averse to a drenching. "A wet man makes too much noise," he said, and besides, there was the off-chance that the current would be too much for him. So he moved up stream to look for a bridge.

In ten minutes he found one, a new-made thing of trestles, broad enough to take transport wagons. It was guarded, for he heard the tramp of a sentry, and as he pulled himself up the bank he observed a couple of long wooden huts, obviously some kind of billets. These were on the near side of the stream, about a dozen yards from the bridge. A door stood open and a light showed in it, and from within came the sound of voices. . . . Peter had a sense of hearing like a wild animal, and he could detect even from the confused gabble that the voices were German.

As he lay and listened some one came over the bridge. It was an officer, for the sentry saluted. The man disappeared in one of the huts. Peter had struck the billets and repairing-shop of a squad of German sappers.

He was just going ruefully to retrace his steps and try to find a good place to swim the stream when it struck him that the officer who had passed him wore clothes very like his own. He, too, had had a grey sweater and a Balaclava helmet, for even a German officer ceases to be dressy on a mid-winter's night in Anatolia. The idea came to Peter to walk boldly across the bridge and trust to the sentry not seeing the difference.

He slipped round a corner of the hut and marched down the road. The sentry was now at the far end, which was lucky, for if the worst came to the worst he could throttle him. Peter, mimicking the stiff German walk, swung past him, his head down as if to protect him from the wind.

The man saluted. He did more, for he offered conversation. The officer must have been a genial soul. "It's a rough night, Captain," he said in German. "The wagons are late. Pray God, Michael hasn't got a shell in his lot. They've begun putting over some big ones."

Peter grunted good-night in German and strode on. He was just leaving the road when he heard a great halloo behind him.

The real officer must have appeared on his heels, and the sentry's doubts had been stirred. A whistle was blown and, looking back, Peter saw lanterns waving in the gale. They were coming out to look for the duplicate.

He stood still for a second, and noticed the lights spreading out south of the road. He was just about to dive off it on the north side when he was aware of a difficulty. On that side a steep bank fell to a ditch, and the bank beyond bounded a big flood. He could see the dull ruffle of the water under the wind.

On the road itself he would soon be caught; south of it the search was beginning; and the ditch itself was no place to hide, for he saw a lantern moving up it. Peter dropped into it all the same and made a plan. The side below the road was a little undercut and very steep. He resolved to plaster himself against it, for he would be hidden from the road, and a searcher in the ditch would not be likely to explore the unbroken sides. It was always a maxim of Peter's that the best hiding-place was the worst, the least obvious to the minds of those who were looking for you.

He waited till the lights both in the road and the ditch came nearer, and then he gripped the edge with his left hand, where some stones gave him purchase, dug the toes of his boots into the wet soil, and stuck like a limpta. It needed some strength to keep the position for long, but the muscles of his arms and legs were like whipcord.

The searcher in the ditch soon grew tired, for the place was very wet, and joined his comrades on the road. They same along, running, flashing the lanterns into the trench, and exploring all the immediate countryside.

Then rose a noise of wheels and horses from the opposite direction. Michael and the delayed wagons were approaching. They dashed up at a great pace, driven wildly, and for one horrid second Peter though they were going to spill into the ditch at the very spot where he was concealed. The wheels passed so close to the edge that they almost grazed his fingers. Somebody shouted an order, and they pulled up a yard or two nearer the bridge. The others came up and there was a consultation.

Michael swore he had passed no one on the road.

"That fool Hannus has seen a ghost," said the officer testily. "It's too cold for this child's play."

Hannus, almost in tears, repeated his tale. "The man spoke to me in good German," he cried.

"Ghost or no ghost he is safe enough up the road," said the officer. "Kind God, that was a big one!" He stopped and stared at a shell-burst, for the bombardment from the east was growing fiercer

They stood discussing the fire for a minute and presently moved off. Peter gave them two minutes' law and then clambered back to the highway and set off along it at a run. The noise of the shelling and the wind, together with the thick darkness, made it safe to hurry.

He left the road at the first chance and took to the broken country. The ground was now rising towards a spur of the Palatuken, on the far slope of which were the Turkish trenches. The night had begun by being pretty nearly as black as pitch; even the smoke from the shell explosions, which is often visible in darkness, could not be seen. But as the wind blew the snow-clouds athwart the sky patches of stars came out. Peter had a compass, but he didn't need to use it, for he had a kind of "feel" for landscape, a special sense which is born in savages and can only be acquired after long experience by the white man. I believe he could smell where the north lay. He had settled roughly which part of the line he would try, merely because of its nearness to the enemy. But he might see reason to vary this, and as he moved he began to think that the safest place was where the shelling was hottest. He didn't like the notion, but it sounded sense.

Suddenly he began to puzzle over queer things in the ground, and, as he had never seen big guns before, it took him a moment to fix them. Presently one went off at his elbow with a roar like the Last Day. These were the Austrian howitzers—nothing over 8-inch, I fancy, but to Peter they looked like leviathans. Here, too, he saw for the first time a big and quite recent shell-hole, for the Russian guns were searching out the position. He was so interested in it all that he poked his nose where he shouldn't have been, and dropped plump into the pit behind a gun-emplacement.

Gunners all the world over are the same—shy people, who hide themselves in holes and hibernate and mortally dislike being detected.

A gruff voice cried "*Wer da?*" and a heavy hand seized his neck.

Peter was ready with his story. He belonged to Michael's wagon-team and had been left behind. He wanted to be told the way to the sapper's camp. He was very apologetic, not to say obsequious.

"It is one of those Prussian swine from the Marta Bridge," said a gunner. "Land him a kick to teach him sense. Bear to your right, mannikin, and you will find the road. And have a care when you get there, for the Russkoes are registering on it."

Peter thanked them and bore off to the right. After that he kept a wary eye on the howitzers, and was thankful when he got out of their area on to the slopes up the hill. Here was the type of country that was familiar to him, and he defied any Turk or Boche to spot him among the scrub and boulders. He was getting on very well, when once more, close to his ear, came a sound like the crack of doom.

It was the field guns now, and the sound of a field-gun close at hand is bad for the nerves if you aren't expecting it. Peter thought he had been hit, and lay flat for a little to consider. Then he found the right explanation, and crawled forward very warily.

Presently he saw his first Russian shell. It dropped half a dozen yards to his right, making a great hole in the snow and sending up a mass of mixed earth, snow, and broken stones. Peter spat out the dirt and felt very solemn. You must remember that never in his life had he seen big shelling, and was now being landed in the thick of a first-class show without any preparation. He said he felt cold in his stomach, and very wishful to run away, if there had been anywhere to run to. But he kept on to the crest of the ridge, over which a big glow was broadening like a sunrise. He tripped once over a wire, which he took for some kind of snare, and after that went very warily. By and by he got his face between two boulders and looked over into the true battlefield.

(To be continued.)

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Descriptive Title.

"But, my dear, he's not only handsome, but a Baron."

"Yes, a barren, indeed—he hasn't a cent!"

The man who says "I'll think of what to say when I get there," often thinks of what he should have said after he's left.

In resoling shoes, cut from a discarded inner tube, a piece of rubber a trifle larger than the sole. Place this rubber between the shoe and the new sole, nail firmly and trim. Keeps your feet dry.

BANK OF MONTREAL ANNUAL MEETING

At Annual Meeting of Bank of Montreal Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the President, Reviews Business and Agricultural Conditions in Canada and Deals With Principal Features of Revision of Bank Act.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, Emphasizes Necessity in Canada for Reduction in Cost of Living and Taxation.

An opportunity of obtaining a thorough knowledge of present conditions, as well as to gauge the outlook for the next year in Canada, was afforded at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal.

The President's Address.

Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, in his address to shareholders, said, in part:—

"Our banking year has been one of many perplexities. Our profits, in common with banks at home and abroad, are not so large as during war and succeeding years, but I feel sure it has been a gratification for you to know we have been able to pay our usual dividend as well as a two per cent. bonus.

"The lessened profits are due partly to the fact that our customers have leaned less heavily upon us, but chiefly because we felt that in view of the possibility of untoward developments in the banking world, our cash reserves should be kept exceptionally strong to enable us to lend aid if and when called upon to do so.

"There is also the incidence of much heavier taxation to be considered in connection with the balance sheet. Our resources, however, are so large and our earning power so constant that I have no misgivings as to the maintenance of substantial profits.

The Bank Act Revision.

"The revised Bank Act embodies no novel principles. The powers and privileges of the banks remain very much as before, neither enlarged nor contracted; but provision has been made in the way of wider authority of auditors and heavier responsibility of directors, by which means it is hoped to strengthen the safeguards for depositors and shareholders. It is true to say that however rigid the law, the solvency of banks—as for that matter, of all business—depends upon the integrity, diligence and perspicacity of the management.

"The amended Act continues to the banks scope for wide and helpful operation in finance and commerce, restrained by considerations of safety, but not so hampered as to prevent fair profits under prudent direction. In this connection it may be observed that, despite the notion held in some quarters respecting the profitable nature of banking, capital has not greatly sought this source of investment. In the quarter century from 1876 to 1901, the capital of Canadian banks remained stationary, and in the subsequent twenty years of rapid commercial development, less than $60,000,000 was added. Banking resources, apart from deposits have been derived for many years past more from accumulated reserve of profits than from the investment of new capital, a condition which it may become desirable to correct when trade expands, in order to maintain an adequate note circulation.

General Manager's Address.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, in his review of the affairs of the Bank during the year, said, in part:—

"Canada's economic position will not be satisfactory until we succeed in balancing our public revenue and expenditure, including railways.

"For the time being we are handicapped in three distinct respects, two of which are common to all countries engaged in the war from the beginning and at present endeavoring to balance their budgets, viz.: high cost of living and high taxation. Further, Canada is suffering from lack of adequate population.

"As the first two handicaps diminish we shall doubtless attract a greater volume of immigration and, what is still more important, we shall retain the people who come, as well as our natural increase. Therein lies economic salvation for the Dominion. The remedy is in our hands and is practicable. We have only to conduct our personal and public affairs more economically than do our neighbors in that most wealthy and free-spending of all countries, the United States.

Priceless Advantages.

"Meanwhile we must not lower our Flag, now is there any occasion for doing so. Canada has priceless advantages as a place to live in, to work in and to play in. These should be obvious to all—as, indeed, they are to our friends in the United States, who now have $850,000,000 or more commercially invested in Canada—and they will without question attract to us in the fulness of time the people we need.

"Prosperity in full measure cannot, however, return to the country until agriculture, our chief industry, becomes again more profitable. The lot of the farmer in the last few years has been hard, owing to low prices for products and high cost of requirements. This unfortunate state of affairs still persists. It is the result of worldwide, not local, conditions, and is by no means confined to Canada. Agriculture, however, cannot be permanently depressed. In the nature of things an improvement is bound to ensue, but the burden in the meantime bears heavily upon this vital industry. For your information, of this Bank's current loans in Canada, upwards of $33,000,000 are to the agricultural community.

1924—The Stranger.

In shadowy council, see, they sit,
The old, old Years that once drew breath,
The Years of Pericles and Pitt;
Of Pharaoh and Elizabeth,
Of Cromwell, Charlemagne, De Witt,
And many a Caesar done to death,
The Lords of Babylon and Heth,
Plantagenets and all who lit
In holy or unholy Writ
The torch that flames and perisheth.

A Stranger steps towards the throng,
Unknown, unnamed, and unakin.
Humble their haughty signs among,
Wise as the unwise Seraphin;
A weakling, yet past measure strong,
A pilgrim, yet a paladin,
Powered with the spirit-will to win.
Disowning centuries along,
He moves 'mid agony and song,—
Ye solemn belfries, ring him in.

—Walter S. Sichel.

"The Man of Perfect Service."

From Serbia comes an interesting account of a popular hero who lives in one of the country districts. He is a peasant named Marko, but he is known far and wide as "The Man of Perfect Service."

"With nine of his peasant comrades he was detailed during the Great War to do orderly work with a general and his staff. It was the duty of Marko and his companions to keep everything in order about the general's headquarters.

They had not been at work long before the general received loud complaints of their slackness. He called them before him. "Brothers," he said, "you are here to render service to myself and my officers. Let it be done joyously and perfectly. That is all."

After the appeal they showed marked improvement. But before long the complaints began again. One night as Marko and the others were settling to sleep the flap of their tent lifted, and the general appeared. "Good-night, brothers!" he said. "I hope all is well with you."

"Good night," was the gruff rejoinder. When the flap had fallen Marko cried, "Brothers indeed! Who's he calling brothers! Don't we do all the work! What is he a general for, I'd like to know? He's no better than the rest of us."

The next morning when they awoke they discovered to their astonishment the officers' boots, brightly polished, standing in a row just inside the tent. They hastened into the hall and found the fire burning merrily and the place looking cleaner than they had ever seen it before! They rubbed their eyes and spoke to one another of the old fairy tales of elves that came to help the good housewife.

When the same thing occurred the next morning they decided to set one of their number to watch during the night. Towards morning the sentinel saw the general appear in the tent and quietly arrange the officers' boots, all perfectly polished, in a row. As soon as the general had gone the man aroused his comrades and told them the staggering news.

Presently Marko was summoned to the general's presence; he guessed that the general had overheard his foolish words of complaint. "Marko," said the general, "did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?"

"Why, yes, sire!" was Marko's amazed response.

"Then you remember the lesson He gave His disciples when He washed their feet."

Marko's heart was suddenly filled with shame.

"Marko," continued the officer, "I am your general because a general is supposed to be able to do any of the duties of those under his charge as well as much more. I have shown you that I can do your work, but you must not think that I have not enjoyed doing it!" His eyes twinkled with delight. "In every perfect service there is hidden a great treasure. Whenever a man truly serves he finds God."

That was the beginning of a great change for Marko and his friends. There was never any more need of complaint, and when the war was over Marko returned to his own district to begin there a new life of service. So perfectly has he achieved it that many have cause to think with undying gratitude of "The Man of Perfect Service."

Mr. Pupp—"Talk is Cheap."

Mr. Parrot—"Some of the things I say when my mistress has company makes her feel cheap, I know."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Soon Put Right.

Pat Macree was in search of a new house, and at last, after many weary months of unsuccessful search, he found one which he thought would be just the thing.

Accordingly he went off at once to see the agent about it.

That gentleman at once gave him the key and accompanied him on a tour of inspection round the premises.

Looking out of one of the back windows Pat remarked that the railway ran rather close to the house.

"The trains do make rather a noise," the agent admitted. "They may interfere with your sleep at first, but you'll get accustomed to that after the first two nights."

"Arrah, shure, Oi'll not want to get accustomed to it at all, sir, answered Pat, " 'cause Oi can easily go an' slape in me aunt's house thim couple o' nights!"

London judges are sentencing men to prison instead of fining them for cruelty to animals.

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