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Woman's Sphere

THE OVERHELPFUL MOTHER.

In reply to an inquiry about her studies, a young high-school girl recently said, "I've had too much help in my French; so I haven't got along very well. You see mother knows French, and she likes to help me, and I've hated to take that pleasure away from her. But when I begin again next year I'm going to do it all by myself."

The love of independence and the joy of self-help are inborn in every normal person; they appear in the two-year-old who insistently refuses to be helped as well as in the young man who wants to "shift for himself." What healthy girl or boy fails to find zest in doing work all by herself or himself, in beginning a task and hanging on to the end, even though the way leads through hard places? Tasks are like games: they are no fun if they are too easy.

To-day there is no spinning or weaving for the girl, no woodpile for most boys. As household labor has lessened, the high school curriculum has changed. The work there has grown harder; young people are expected to know more. Some wise parents have met the new conditions sensibly. Many welcome the serious study put upon their children; but some—and their anxiety is easily understood and forgiven—have tried to help by doing part of the work themselves. Many a mother confesses to hemming for her daughter when the assignments in domestic art are heavy or troublesome. Many fathers do the lessons in mathematics that are puzzling their children.

A young girl said recently, "I have a pile of essays that have good marks on them; but when I graduate I'm going to lay them away, tie them with ribbons, and label them 'Mother's Essays,' for she gave me the ideas for most of them and helped me to write all of them." That mother wanted her daughter to succeed, but she forgot that it was not a case of making an essay but an essayist.

Everyone knows the misguided, overhelpful mother who dresses her daughter beyond the family income. One mother works in a department store that her daughter may dress like a girl of fashion. The girl has an excellent voice, but she will never be a singer because the mother has taken away her power to do—the ability to hold fast unto the end.

A young boy came home the other day and threw his books impatiently on a chair. "I'm sick and tired of school," he said. His mother had some of the ideas of the Spartans. "I'm sick and tired of housework," was her reply, "but it's my work. Going to school is yours. Go ahead and do it." And the boy who was only a few months ago "sick and tired of school" has done so well at school since then that he is now president of his class and stands well in his studies.

To many young people life is becoming hard because it is too easy. Watch any normal healthy boy or girl; see how a good hard task brightens the eye and brings to the face a glow of interest. Strong, healthy young backs need burdens to carry—not overheavy, but good hard Latin verbs, algebric equations, compositions that make them think, and the hundred tasks that are just heavy enough for the young backs to hold without strain but with wholesome exercise. When the parent comes along and lifts the burden, he subjects his child to the danger of flabby muscles, lowered vitality, loss of power, unfulfilled possibilities.

The dangers of overwork have been emphasized until the phrase is in current and continuous use. Is it not time to thing of underwork and its attendant evils?

LYE, THE HOUSEWIFE'S PURIFIER.

Many doctor's bills would be avoided if women realized the small amount of trouble that is required to keep their homes not only clean but sanitary and germ-proof.

One of the most powerful, economical and easy-to-obtain disinfectants in the world is lye. The generous use of this commodity will prevent the spread of disease germs.

For cleaning pots and pans and washing dishes, a weak solution of lye will make the work easier and also purify the utensils. There is no quicker way to poison an entire family than by using unclean kitchen utensils or plates, cups or water glasses that have been previously used by a person suffering from some malady. The use of lye will greatly reduce this hazard.

Around the bathroom, thorough cleaning is made easier and infinitely more effective by using lye. In this instance, lye also acts as a disinfectant as well as a cleaner.

The nicest way to use lye is with a mop or brush for heavy cleaning of floors or walls. The use of lye in this manner keeps it from coming in contact with hands and avoids possible drying out of the skin or irritations caused by lye. Lye attacks grease, and for this reason, it will absorb oil from the skin. Care should be taken that it does not come in contact with any exposed parts of the hands or face.

The art of making really good, strong, pure lye is gained after many, many years' experience and the older lye manufacturers usually turn out the best product.

TWO DAINTY APRONS.

Pattern 3438 supplies these styles. It is cut in one Size: Medium. No. 1 will require ⅞ yard of 36-inch material, and No. 2 will require 1¼ yard.

Lawn, dotted Swiss, dimity, crepe and embroidered materials are attractive for these styles.

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

KITCHEN CANS AND CONTAINERS.

I have the gayest and prettiest set of kitchen containers that I have ever seen, and they are home-made too. I saved all of the cans containing coffee, tea, and so on, that came to my kitchen and then interested friends in saving for me, so I have a variety both in sizes and styles.

I removed all paper labels and gave each can two coats of white enamel guaranteed for metal work. Next I cut from magazines, wallpaper books, seed catalogues and such things all of the pretty flowers, butterflies, birds and border designs that took my fancy. These I trimmed closely, following the design with a pair of very sharp shears so that there would be no rough, unsightly edges, and glued them onto the cans that they best fitted, being careful not to get too large a design for the size and shape of my can. It is great fun fitting and picking the designs before gluing and trying different effects by holding the cut-outs against the cans.

After these were in place I labeled each can, some with small letter and some with large letters, some with the word running straight across the can, some with a diagonal effect, others with one letter above the other. These I traced on very delicately with graphite paper, such as is used for china painting, and then filled in the letters carefully with blue enamel, using a child's water-color brush so that the letters were smooth.

One especially pretty can was treated with a spray of cherry blossoms and then lettered with Japanese letters. When every can was done I went over it with a very thin coat of clear shellac and let it dry thoroughly.

The sight of my shelf with all of those gay things in a row is guaranteed to chase away the worst case of blues I have ever had, and my husband declares that things taste better when they come out of such pretty packages.—E. C. R.

The average Englishman has great practical sagacity, a keen sense of right and wrong, and a tolerance edged by humorous contempt.—Canon Barnes.

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ISSUE No. 2—'24.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

It was bitter cold, and we spent most of the day wrapped in our greatcoats and buried deep in the straw. Blenkiron was a marvel. There was no light for him to play Patience by, but he never complained. He slept a lot of the time, and when he was awake talked as cheerily as if he were starting out on a holiday. He had one great comfort—his dyspepsia was gone. He sang hymns constantly to the benign Providence that had squared his duo-denum.

My only occupation was to listen for the guns. The first day after Peter left they were very quiet on the front nearest us, but in the late evening they started a terrific racket. The next day they never stopped from dawn to dusk, so that it reminded me of that tremendous forty-eight hours before Loos. I tried to read into this some proof that Peter had got through, but it would not work. It looked more like the opposite, for this desperate hammering must mean that the frontal assault was still the Russian game.

Two or three times I climbed to the housetop for fresh air. The day was foggy and damp, and I could see very little of the countryside. Transport was still bumping southward along the road to the Palantuken, and the slow wagon-loads of wounded returning. One thing I noticed, however. There was a perpetual coming and going between the house and the city. Motors and mounted messengers were constantly arriving and departing, and I concluded that Hilda von Einem was getting ready for her part in the defence of Erzerum.

These ascents were all on the first day after Peter's going. The second day, when I tried the trap, I found it closed and heavily weighted. This must have been done by our friends, and very right too. If the house were becoming a place of public resort, it would never do for me to be journeying roofward.

Late on the second night Hussin reappeared. It was after supper, when Blenkiron had gone peacefully to sleep and I was beginning to count the hours till the morning. I could not close an eye during these days and not much at night.

Hussin did not light a lantern. I heard his key in the lock ,and then his light step close to where we lay.

"Are you asleep?" he said, and when I answered he sat down beside me.

"The horses are found," he said, "and the Master bids me tell you that we start in the morning three hours before dawn."

It was welcome news. "Tell me what is happening," I begged; "we have been lying in this tomb for three days and heard nothing."

"The guns are busy," he said. "The Allemans come to this place every hour, I know not for what. Also there has been a great search for you. The searchers have been here, but they were sent away empty. . . . . Sleep, my lord, for there is wild work before us."

I did not sleep much, for I was strung too high with expectation, and I envied Blenkiron his now eupeptic slumbers. But for an hour or so I dropped off, and my old nightmare came back. Once again I was in the throat of a pass, hotly pursued, straining for some sanctuary which I knew I must reach. But I was no longer alone. Others were with me: how many I could not tell, for when I tried to see their faces they dissolved in mist. Deep snow was underfoot, a grey sky was over us, black peaks were on all sides, but ahead in the mist of the pass was that curious *castrol* which I had first seen in my dream on the Erzerum road.

I saw it distinct in every detail. It rose to the left of the road through the pass, and above a hollow where great boulders stood out in the snow. Its sides were steep, so that the snow had slipped off in patches, leaving stretches of glistening black shale. The *kranz* at the top did not rise sheer, but sloped at an angle of forty-five, and on the very summit there seemed a hollow, as if the earth within the rock-rim had been beaten by weather into a cup. That is often the way with a South African *castrol*, and I knew it was so with this. We were straining for it, but the snow clogged us, and our enemies were very close behind.

Then I was awakened by a figure at my side. "Get ready, my lord," it said; "it is the hour to ride."

Like sleep-walkers we moved into the sharp air. Hussin led us out of an old postern and then through a place like an orchard to the shelter of some tall evergreen trees. There horses stood, champing quietly from their nose-bags. "Good," I thought; "a feed of oats before a big effort."

There were nine beasts for nine riders. We mounted without a word and filed through a grove of trees to where a broken paling marked the beginning of cultivated land. There for the matter of twenty minutes Hussin chose to guide us through deep, clogging snow. He wanted to avoid any sound till we were well beyond earshot of the house. Then we struck a by path which presently merged in a hard highway, running, as I judged, south-west by west. There we delayed no longer, but galloped furiously into the dark.

I had got back all my exhilaration. Indeed I was intoxicated with the movement, and could have laughed out loud and sung. Under the black canopy of the night perils are either forgotten or terribly alive. Mine were forgotten. The darkness I galloped into led me to freedom and friends. Yes, and success, which I had not dared to hope and scarcely even to dream of.

Hussin rode first, with me at his side. I turned my head and saw Blenkiron behind me, evidently mortally unhappy about the pace we set and the mount he sat. He used to say that horse-exercise was good for his liver, but it was a gentle amble and a short gamble that he liked, and not this mad helter-skelter. His thighs were too round to fit a saddle-leather. We passed a fire in a hollow, the bivouac of some Turkish unit, and all the horses shied violently. I knew by Blenkiron's oaths that he had lost his stirrups and was sitting on his horse's neck.

Beside him rode a tall figure swathed to the eyes in wrappings and wearing round his neck some kind of shawl whose ends floated behind him. Sandy, of course, had no European ulster, for it was months since he had worn proper clothes. I wanted to speak to him, but somehow I did not dare. His stillness forbade me. He was a wonderful fine horseman, with his firm English hunting seat; and it was as well, for he paid no attention to his beast. His head was still full of unquiet thoughts.

Then the air around me began to smell acrid and raw, and I saw that a fog was winding up from the hollows.

"Here's the devil's own luck," I cried to Hussin. "Can you guide us in a mist?"

"I do not know." He shook his head. "I had counted on seeing the shape of the hills."

"We've a map and a compass, anyhow. But these make slow travelling. Pray God it lifts!"

Presently the black vapor changed to grey, and the day broke. It was little comfort. The fog rolled in waves to the horses' ears, and riding at the head of the party I could but dimly see the next rank.

"It is time to leave the road," said Hussin, "or we may meet inquisitive folk."

We struck to the left, over ground which was for all the world like a Scotch moor. There were pools of rain on it, and masses of tangled snow-laden junipers, and long reefs of wet slaty stone. It was bad going, and the fog made it hopeless to steer a good course. I had out the map and the compass, and tried to fix our route so as to round the flank of a spur of the mountains which separated us from the valley we were aiming at.

"There's a stream ahead of us," I said to Hussin. Is it fordable?"

"It is only a trickle," he said, coughing. "This accursed mist is from Eblis." But I knew long before we reached it that it was no trickle. It was a hill stream coming down in spate, and, as I soon guessed, in a deep ravine. Presently we were at its edge, one long swirl of yeasty falls and brown rapids. We could as soon get horses over it as to the topmost cliffs of the Palantuken.

Hussin stared at it in consternation. "May Allah forgive my folly, for I should have known. We must return to the highway and find a bridge. My sorrow, that I should have led my lords so ill."

Back over the moor we went with my spirits badly damped. We had none too long a start, and Hilda von Einem would rouse heaven and earth to catch us up. Hussin was forcing the pace, for his anxiety was as great as mine.

Before we reached the road the mist blew back and revealed a wedge of country right across to the hills beyond the river. It was a clear view, every object standing out wet and sharp in the light of morning. It showed the bridge with horsemen drawn up across it, and it showed, too, cavalry pickets moving along the road.

They saw us at the same instant. A word was passed down the road, a shrill whistle blew, and the pickets put their horses at the bank and started across the moor.

"Did I not say this mist was from Eblis?" growled Hussin, as we swung round and galloped back on our tracks. "These cursed Zaptiehs have seen us, and our road is cut."

I was for trying the stream at all costs, but Hussin pointed out that it would do us no good. The cavalry beyond the bridge were moving up the other bank. "There is a path through the hills that I know, but it must be travelled on foot. If we can increase our lead and the mist cloaks us, there is yet a chance.

(To be continued.)

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FIFTY MILLION INCREASE IN DEPOSITS REPORTED BY ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Bank Makes Remarkable Progress in Past Fiscal Year. Position Further Strengthened by Holdings of Short Term Securities. Earnings Well Maintained.

A gain of fifty millions in deposits, liquid assets of approximately 50% and cash amounting to no less than 28% of liabilities to the public are among the outstanding features of a remarkably strong statement which The Royal Bank of Canada is forwarding to its shareholders for the fiscal year ending November 30th. A $50,000,000 gain in deposits is really prenomenal under conditions that prevailed during the past year and must be accepted as unmistakable testimony of the confidence that is everywhere placed in this strong Canadian banking institution. What will make such a large gain still more satisfactory from the shareholders' standpoint is that owing to the general character of the business done by the Bank there are no especially large deposits of any nature.

General Position Further Strengthened

The general business of the Bank continues to show an expanding tendency. Total assets are now $538,358,554, as compared with $479,362,366 for the previous year, or a gain of about $59,000,000. Liquid assets are $233,125,474, as compared with $216,048,331, while cash on hand amounts to $81,604,539, against $71,935,920 a year ago. In the liquid assets a number of other large increases are shown, the principal being a gain in short term government securities. Dominion and Provincial Government securities now stand at $28,783,050, up from $22,950,224, and Canadian, Municipal and British, Foreign and Colonial Government securities, other than Canadian, amount to $15,900,363, against $7,901,927 a year ago. Call loans total $46,372,574, compared with $48,610,020 last year.

Larger Business Handled.

In the many fields of industry and commerce served by the Bank there has evidently been a demand for increased accommodation. This is reflected in a gain in current loans, which now stand at $264,722,967 against $242,937,776. During 1923 the balance due to the Dominion Government of $17,461,750, reported a year ago, has been entirely paid off.

Growth in Deposits.

In the large gain of $50,000,000 in deposits it is to be noted that those in the Savings Department now amount to $311,759,127, as compared with $277,595,882, an increase of no less than $34,163,245 for the year.

Earnings Well Maintained.

The earnings for the year were well maintained, profits having amounted to $3,909,316. This compares with $3,958,469 in the previous year. The profits added to the balance carried forward from the preceding year brought the total amount available for distribution up to $4,916,830. This was distributed as follows:

Dividends and bonuses to shareholders	$2,856,000
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000
Appropriation for Bank Premises	400,000
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including war tax on Bank Note circulation	475,000

leaving an amount to be carried forward of $1,085,830, as against $1,007,514 at the end of the previous year.

The principal accounts in the statement of assets and liabilities, as compared with 1922, are as follows:—

	1923	1922
Liquid Assets	$233,125,474	$216,048,331
Total Assets	538,358,554	479,362,366
Call and short loans	46,372,574	48,510,120
Deposits not bearing interest	109,575,137	94,408,078
Deposits bearing interest	311,759,127	277,595,882
Total Deposits	421,334,265	372,003,961
Dominion and Provincial Govt. Securities	28,783,050	22,950,224
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	15,900,363	7,901,927
Current Loans and Discounts	264,722,967	242,937,476
Deposit in Central Gold Reserves	11,500,000	8,000,000
Notes of Bank in Circulation	31,226,541	26,645,902
Balance due to Dominion Government		17,461,750

THE WAY WE ALL DO.

I do not need that load of stuff that clutters up my garret.
I would destroy the lot of it but somehow cannot bear it.
And so I let the whole mess stay, and never scrutinize it,
But some glad day the time may come when I can utilize it. T. M. P.

A PRESSING TIP.

To iron the placket of a wash skirt smoothly and so the imprint of the hooks may not be seen on the right side, lay the placket, hooks down, on a thick pad or a folded Turkish towel and press on the right side of the skirt. The hooks will not be bent and the right side will be smooth and flat.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

BRAND NEW U. S. ARMY **Horse Cover or Stable Blanket**

The outside of the horse cover or stable blanket is made of waterproof brown cotton duck, lined with a strong, heavy blanket material, extending from under the hem to the edges. Size 76 inches at bottom, 64 inches at top, depth of neck 35 1-2 inches, depth of back end 33 inches. Two surcingles, each three inches wide, strongly stitched and reinforced. It is the genuine article—strong, durable, warm and will fit any fair sized horse. Buy the real thing and order a few blankets while the supply lasts. You will never duplicate them again at the price we are offering them to you. Weight 9 pounds. Shipping weight, 10 pounds ..... $2.50 each

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Horse Brushes

Brand new, oval shaped. Size, 6 1-2x4 1-2. 60c each $6.00 dozen

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New U. S. Army stuff ..... 15c each $1.50 dozen

Unused Double Rein and Double Bit Bridles ..... $2.25 each

Brand New 5-pound, Olive Drab, wool Bed Blankets. Size, 72 x 84 ..... $4.25 each

All goods guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

U.S. Army McClellan Saddles

Brand new, steel stirrups. Shipping weight 25 pounds. $6.00 each

All Leather Saddles

Brand new, wooden stirrups. Shipping weight 25 pounds. $8.00 each

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IN VIEW of the great demand for farm help existing in Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway will continue its Farm Help Service during 1924 and will enlarge its scope to include women domestics and boys.

THE COMPANY is in touch with large numbers of good farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland and other European countries and through its widespread organization can promptly fill applications for help received from Canadian farmers.

In order to have the help reach Canada in time for the Spring operations farmers needing help should arrange to get their applications in early, the earlier the better, as naturally those applications which are received early will receive first attention.

Blank application forms and full information regarding the service may be obtained from any C.P.R. agent or from any of the officials listed below. THE SERVICE IS ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.

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