Your Grocer

Do you know your grocer and do you co-operate with him in trying to save his time and your money? We are familiar with the housewife who comes into the store, not knowing what she wants, and wastes valuable time of the clerk's and keeps other customers waiting while she tries to make up her mind.

A shopping list prepared at home would have avoided this. One cannot always know what attractive things will be in the market, but these can be promptly picked up as extras. The woman without a shopping list is likely to phone to the grocer, after she gets home, and order something she forgot, requiring an extra delivery. We all have to pay the overhead in the upkeep of the grocery, and many such customers demand extra clerk hire and delivery service.

If possible do your marketing outside of the regular daily rush hours, which are from eleven to one and five to six o'clock. You will get better attention and save the grocer rush and annoyance. It helps if you know the location of the various goods in the store and make your order accordingly, not expecting the clerk to chase from one end of the store to the other to show you a cheese or a box of prunes.

Some customers will pinch every peach and fee of the food carelessly, increasing its tendency to spoil. If you do this, you should purchase it yourself and not leave it for the grocer to sell to another.

Consider the size of packages. The larger size is cheaper, in proportion to its contents and is economy if you can use it to advantage.

Calories and Reducing

It is almost impossible to reduce by resolving to eat less, in a vague, general way. The only sure and scientific method is to count your calories and know how much you are eating. This is not as difficult as it seems. Maintenance diet for a man at hard work is 2600 calories daily; for a woman at hard work, 2400; for a woman at light work 2200. If you are a short person about 1700. To reduce, you must eat less than that regular maintenance diet; about 1200 calories or less a day.

Knowing the caloric value of a few common foods, you can estimate that of similar foods. The following list will help:

Slice of bread or toast, 100; cracker, 25; muffin, griddle cake, 150; waffile, cornbread, 200; piece of pie, cake, pudding, ice cream, 300 to 500, depending on size and richness; teaspoon sugar, 100; chocolate cream, 100; almond, double peanut, 10; half walnut, 15; cup unsweetened gelatin, 50; pat of butter, 100; tablespoon cream, 40; cup skimmed milk or buttermilk, 80; cup whole milk, 160; cheese, inch cube, 100; meat, small helping lean, 100; fat, 300; one egg, 75.

Fruits—apple, peach, fig, slice pineapple, dish berries, 50; one banana, large orange, pear, 100.

Vegetables—Large helping raw, 15; half cup cooked watery vegetables, 25; starchy vegetables, 50; lima beans, baked beans, dried peas, half cup, 400.

Cereals—Half cup cooked to mush 150. Prepared all-bran, half cup, 25.

In estimating fried or sweetened foods, the fat and sugar added must be counted.

In reducing, eat a variety, but Count Your Calories and keep as near 1000 or 1200 a day as possible. It will make you more comfortable if you eat generously of vegetables and fruits and filling foods of low caloric value.

Beautiful Hands

Washing the hands frequently or having them much in hot water dries the natural oils of the skin and makes the hands wrinkled. Do not put your hands in hot water more than is absolutely necessary. Use tepid water instead. Wash the hands with soft water and a mild soap and rub them with a cut lemon to counteract the alkali of the soap. Rub in the lemon before the hands are dried.

A hand lotion massaged into the hands every night, oftener if the hands are rough, will replenish the natural oils. If the lotion is not absorbed, and threatens to soil the sheets when you retire wear a pair of clean cotton gloves at night. To wear gloves as much as possible will help to retain the beauty of the hands—rubber gloves when scrubbing about the house, canvas gloves when doing rough work in the basement or garden, kid and fabric when on the streets or travelling, to keep the hands clean and to protect them from the drying effects of sun and wind and from becoming chapped.

A Man's Room

Men and women have different tastes, in room decoration as well as in most other matters. The woman's room will be dainty, ornamental, perhaps fussy. A man prefers his room, sturdy, simple, comfortable, with splashes of color.

A man likes a large able or desk in his room. He will spread out his belongings or work on this. He likes a large comfy chair, leather covered, with a footstool near and a reading lamp beside it. At one side he wants his elbow table of magazines, while his book case is within easy reach. A cabinet with many drawers is a convenience for his belongings. On this, instead of a vase or statuette he prefers a ship model to stir his imagination. The draperies of his room he likes full of color and perhaps gaily flowered.

Fashions, Fads, Foibles

Hemlines are coming down. They now are twelve to thirteen inches from the floor for daytime, shorter for sports; eight inches for late afternoon, with a few reaching the ankle; instep or floor length for evening.

Daytime silhouettes are straight with slight flares. Boleros, or short jackets; peplums; deep flounces and ruffles are frequent. Sleeves are doing strange things. They may be plain, have capes from the shoulder, be puffed above the elbow or bell shaped below it. The bell sleeve often has a tight inner sleeve. Many afternoon dresses have short sleeves.

Belts are at the normal waist line. Fabrics most used are plain woolens, light weight knit fabrics, monotone tweeds, Scotch plaids, heavy silk velvets, laces, satin, broadcloth. Colors are green, with a yellowy green for evening; warm browns and maroons and black, with an off-black, a dark prune, called "ink." Color combinations, new and unusual, feature this season. We have pink and red, red and blue, black and turquoise, and green and blue. The one-piece, lightweight wool dress is very popular.

Hats are worn astonishingly far back on the head; or diagonally, up on one side, down on the other. The double brim is new, cut and fold in clever ways, either up or down. The beret-hat, like a skull cap, covers about that much of the head. It may show hair generously all around. There is more than usual variety in this season's hats.

Perspiration

If the sweat glands of the underarm and feet are excessively active, they may be made less so by the use of a twenty-five per cent. solution of aluminum chloride in distilled water. After a bath, daub this on and allow it to dry. Do not put on your clothing until it is dry. Do this twice a week, twenty-four hours apart, during the first week. After that once a week will be enough.

Morning Prayer

"Now I get me up to work.
I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk
If I should die before night,
I pray Thee, Lord, the work's all right."
—Selected.

Love of Life

Love you not the tall trees spreading
wide their branches,
Cooling with their shade the sunny
days of June?
Love you not the little bird lost among
the leaflets,
Dreamily repeating a quaint, brief
tune?

Is there not a joy in the waste windy
places;
Is there not a song by the long
dusty way?
Is there not a glory in the sudden
hour of struggle?
Is there not a peae in the long quiet
quiet day?

Love ou not the meadows with the
deep lush grasses;
Love ou not the cloud-flocks noiseless in their flight?
Love you not the cool wind that stirs
to meet the sunrise;
Love yo not the stillness of the
warm summer night?

Have you never wept with a grief that
slowly passes;
Have you never laughed when a joy
goes running by?
Know you not the peace of rest that
follows labor?—
You have not learnt to live then;
how can ou dare to die?
—Tertius Van Dke.

Thoughts on Books

Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings.—Socrates.

The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander.—Landor.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds.—Channing.

The value of a book consists, not in what it will do for our amusement, but in what it will communicate—Grindon.

The novel, in its best form, I regard as one of the most powerful engines of civilization ever invented.—Herschel.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil? Examine in what state of mind you lay it down.—Southey.

He who writes for fools finds an enormous audience. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good never too much.—Schopenhauer.

Teacher: "What are the constituents of quartz?" Bright Boy: "Pints."

MASTERPIECE

They Stifled an Exclamation as He Threw Back the Cover With a Dramatic Gesture

By George Godwin

When Carlton Grant was translated from the prim sedateness of an English county town to that gay whirligig that is life in the Lation Quarter of Paris, it was but natural, perhaps, that he should have sought romance.

"Romance?" Julien Croissart shrugged. "Sometimes, mon ami, life is a romance, but always it is a riddle—the riddle of how to conjure from stony hearts the credit necessary for such excellent bock as this."

They were seated in the Cafe des Cubistes. Julien Croissart est down his empty glass on the red-and-white check table cover and sighed.

A borrowed tube of gamboge—their ateliers faced one another across the top landing of a crazy old building—had started this friendship between the young Englishman and the happy-go-lucky designer of strange, and sometimes even staggering, posters. In a month they were bosom friends.

"But, my friend," exclaimed Croissart, his dark eyes sweeping over the motely crowd of students and artists at the little tables, "there it comes, yes! On two legs, under a big sombrero, and with many whiskers."

"What comes?" asked the puzzled Englishman.

"Why, romance, of course," answered Croissart; "but come, we will talk with him."

The young artist rose and went to meet the bearded giant whose mighty mane gave him the appearance of some old Wotan of mythology.

"Cher maitre," he greeted him, "you will drink a bock with me and meet my friend"—and he shot a significant glance towards his companion—"a great admirer of yours, cher maitre."

These words produced an electrical effect upon the giant. He lumbered slowly and clumsily towards the table and sank into the chair.

"So monsieur knows my work, and monsieur admires—greatly admires, hein?"

"What my good friend admires most," cut in Croissart, "is the 'Astarte' in the Luxembourg."

Carlton Grant was gazing with awe upon one addressed as Master.

Maitre! This was indeed luck. This was the real thing.

Carlton Grant had met students in plenty, and artists, too. But chiefly of that sort whose masterpieces are to be painted upon a to-morrow which never arrives.

"That is the misfortune, the penalty of fame," boomed the bearded maitre. "My 'Astarte,' what is it? A mere trifle, an indiscretion of my youth—in the very early manner."

Carlton Grant now realized that, if he was to avoid a blunder, he must talk with care. Yet, for the life of him, keen student of Modernism that he was, he could not recall a great modern painter named so picturesquely, Camille de L'Orme.

He had managed to stammer out a few fulsome compliments when he was saved by the source of danger himself.

"Ah, monsieur, as your English friend so greatly admires my work, he must see my masterpiece, for, my dear Julien, it is now—finished!"

"I shall deem it a great honour, cher maitre" spluttered Carlton Grant, enchanted at such condescension. He was rewarded with a vivid smile and a long and mysterious gaze from the great man's strange, secret eyes.

"Then, at once—now!" The giant was already on his feet, and so quick of movement that he overturned the chair and swept from the little table his beer glass.

"Come!" he commanded, "we will go at once." And there was a note of urgency in his deep voice.

Julien Croissart shrugged his shoulders. "Charmed," he murmured without enthusiasm; and, linking his arm in that of the Immortal—a familiarity that scandalized the Englishman—he moved towards the door.

"What I will show you," boomed de L'Orme over his shoulder, "is my 'Dance of Spring,' my chef-d'euvre. It is finished."

Ten minutes later they had climbed the steep stairs of the eyrie of le maitre. There was nothing about this habitation to suggest fame or success; it was, indeed, eloquent of poverty, failure, and decay. But Grant told himself that this was not England, but Paris, the Latin Quarter, and a French genius. Did not Verlaine live in squalor?

"Madame will be enchanted," boomed the great voice, as their host waved them, with a royal gesture, towards the open door of his atelier.

A light flared up from within as a lamp, borne aloft by a woman, illuminted the darkness of the entrance. Carlton Grant saw a slender woman with a palild face whose beauty was marred by the pittings left by smallpox.

"Ah, messieurs," she chirped, "it is not everybody who is permitted to see the 'Dance of Spring.' "

She turned to the young Frenchman.

"You know, do you not, monsieur, how much persuasion my husband usually needs before he will uncover his masterpiece?"

She laughed gaily, but something in that voice chilled the heart of the stranger. This woman, he told himself, was playing a part—but what part? Her face was a mask of tragedy.

Madame de L'Orme, placing her hand on the arm of her husband, moved towards the closed door of the atelier. A moment later they were in the Master's studio. It was a bare, whitewashed apartment, canvases stacked against the walls, in the centre a big easel shrouded in a dingy linen covering.

Le maitre advanced to the centre of the room, his great body casting a shadow before him. The two young men followed on the heels of the woman with the lamp.

"Monsieur," boomed de L'Orme, "you are well acquainted, as you have yourself told me, with my work. Bien! Now you shall see the full flower of my genius!"

The great figure lumbered towards the canvas, hands outstretched to remove the coverings that hid the great work of art. With a dramatic gesture he drew the covering aside. " 'The Dance of Spring!' " he announced. "The masterpiece of Camille de L'Orme!"

Grant stifled an exclamation as Croissart, seeing the amazement on his face, gripped his arm and signalled with tense fingers. There was silence. The two young men were close together, the woman with the lamp, the bearded figure beside—what?

No masterpiece, this, but a frightful jumble of colour, a riot without design, coherence, meaning, a ghastly botch.

"You say nothing?" came the deep voice, now vibrant with excitement. The speaker shrugged his massive shoulders.

"It is easily understood. Take your time, my young friends, take your time. 'The Dance of Spring!' Look well, for here have I captured as never before all the beauty of the world, the great world of sun and flowers, the world of the pink and white blossoms. Yes, here you see the world of Spring—the world of youth." He paused, and continued: "Consider the nympths, mark well the dappling upon lithe bodies as they play in the shade."

The voice ceased. The lamp swayed in a slow circle, the shadows of the men revolved like beams from a lamp of darkness. Then again his voice:—

"Presently, gentlemen, you shall say the words I know are gathering in your hearts."

The Englishman looked at the speaker and from him to the woman. He saw a quiver, very slight, but accentuated by the shadows, play about her dolorous mouth. Pain was stamped upon the pitiful pitted brow, but in the deep eyes only love looked out, the love of a woman for a little child.

Then he heard himself saying: "It is marvellous, marvellous. It is not a painting, it is Spring itself. Surely you have Spring in your heart that you could paint thus!"

"It is enough." As he spoke, Camille de L'Orme advanced upon his strange masterpiece and reverently covered it.

"It is for the nation," he explained. "It is for France."

Five minutes later the two friends were out in the darkness of the narrow street again. Overhead the stars climbed up above the high walls of the leaning houses, and from afar, mysterious and alluring, came the throb of the city's heart. Julien Croissart lit a Caporal cigarette.

"You English say of us that we are logical, but without sentiment," he remarked. "Well, it is not true."

"It is certainly true sentiment that does not mock the mad," said the Englishman, sighing.

"The mad, mon ami, are to be pitied," Croissart shrugged.

"And those who love them too."

"Ah!" exclaimed Croissart, "now you are thinking of Madame. Yes, fifteen years ago she earned money as a model, for she was indeed beautiful. Doubtless, like you, mon ami, she sought romance—and found it in her handsome Louvre attendant." For a while he was silent. Presently he began to talk again, as though to himself. "But life plays tricks upon us," he said; "smallpox ravaged the little beauty."

"And her lover deserted her? . . .

Julien Croissart stopped and gazed at the lean, keen face of his friend.

"But, no!" he exclaimed. "You do not understand? Did you not see the way she looked at him to-night? It was after they were married that his mind went—after the smallpox through which she nursed him."

"But the name?" put in the other.

"The name?" Croissart laughed. "Know, my friend, that in the archives of the Prefecture there is the dossier of one Andre Dubois, formerly of the staff o the Louvre, and now a madman calling himself Camille de L'Orme," he explained.

They walked in silence for a space. Carlton Grant was seeing the tragedy of it all so clearly. "Poor fellow, imagining himself the creator of such masterpieces as those among which he had spent his working life."

At length he said: "I suppose in his mad eyes that ghastly daub is a beautiful picture in which the splendours of all the springtime are held captive?"

Croissart swung about, sending his spent cigarette, like a little red comet, into the night. For a moment he gazed at his friend with astonishment in his soft eyes. Then he exclaimed:—

"Is it possible that you have not understood—that you do not see? It was the smallpox which made him mad—but first it made him blind."

* * * * *

Half an hour later they were once more in the Cafe des Cubistes. Before them stood a waiter, white-faced, weary-eyed.

Julien Croissart was searching his pockets with diligence. Presently he abandoned the search and turned to his friend.

"I have found the romance for this evening," he smiled, "is it not so? Very well, it is for you to find the solution of my eternal riddle; at this moment, how to pay for these two drinks."

President Elect C. W. N. A.

Malcolm MacBeath, of "The Sun," Milverton, Ont., (left) newly elected President of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, photographed in front of the Nova Scotian Hotel at Halifax after his election at the closing session of the annual convention held in the Nova Scotian, August 8, 9, 10, with Hugh Savage, of "The Cowichan Leader," Duncan, B.C., (centre) retiring President and E. Roy Sayles, of "The Renfrew Mercury," Renfrew, Ont., General Manager of the Association.—(Canadian National Railway's Photograph.)

How Can You Tell Which Way a Rabbit Has Run?

The triangle formed by the tracks of a rabbit in the snow points in the opposite direction from which the animal was running. When a rabbit runs it touches the ground with both small front feet close together and then strikes with the two large hind feet apart and ahead of the front feet, forming the base of the triangle with the hind feet and the apex with the front ones. In other words, the hind feet strike the ground last and leave it last with each leap, but they strike far ahead of the front feet, consequently the two foremost and most widely separated tracks are made by the hind feet, not by the front feet as so often supposed. Unless one understands the relative position of the feet while the rabbit is in motion it is sometimes hard to tell by its tracks which way it has run, because the feet are so covered with hair that often the toes do not show in the track.

GRIEF AND MIRTH

He measures me of little worth,
Who only lets me share his mirth,
But he who lets me share his grief,
Has love for me beyond belief.
—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

Sunday School Lesson

October 12. Lesson II—Mary, the Mother of Jesus (An Example of Motherhood)—Luke 2: 15-19; John 2: 1–5; 19: 25–27. Golden Text—Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.—Luke 2: 19.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE HEART OF A MOTHER, Luke 2: 15-19.
II. THE CONFIDENCE OF A MOTHER IN A GOOD SON, John 2: 1-5.
III. THE CARE OF A GOOD SON FOR HIS MOTHER, John 19: 25-27.

INTRODUCTION—Not very much is told us of Mary the "highly favored" (Luke 1: 28), but what is told is good. In the story of the angel's visit she is represented as the simple, modest, pure-minded virgin, obedient to the heavenly vision and the word of God, though not without fear and questioning. It is evident that her kinswoman Elizabeth thought highly of her and received her visit with gladness. In the song of praise which is attributed to her (Luke 2: 46-55) there is also evidence of a mind richly stored with the sacred literature and history of her people. It is true that in the most strenuous and active period of his ministry Jesus became separated more and more from his mother and his brothers and that they were at times anxious for him. His friends on one occasion are said to have even doubted his sanity (Mark 3: 21, 31), and his mother may have shared their doubts. But there was probably no more in this than the natural wonder and fear with which they must have regarded his words and deeds and the growing excitement and enthusiasm of the people who gathered in multitudes about him. We have reason to believe that in the end he recovered their confidence and that both his mother and his brother were numbered among his disciples.

I. THE HEART OF A MOTHER, Luke 2: 15-19.

The stories told us in the first chapter of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, regarding the birth and infancy of Jesus, the visit of the wise men, the vision of the shepherds, the scenes in the temple, and the flight to Egypt, reveal to us something of the wonder, the mystery, and the high hopes which gathered about the new-born child. Another story of his early boyhood and first visit to Jerusalem with his parents (Luke 2: 41-51) makes a similar impression. This was no ordinary child—to a true mother what little child ever is? Mary might have been pardoned if she had magnified in memory some of the things which had been said and done regarding him. She "kept all these sayings pondering them in her heart," vs. 19, 51. What a treasure house the heart of a mother is! Even the commonplaces of child life add to her golden store, and each new wakening faculty of body or mind has for her a beauty beyond compare.

II. THE CONFIDENCE OF A MOTHER IN A GOOD SON, John 2: 1-5.

The writer of the Gospel saw in the incident related here some expectation or anticipation on the part of his mother of the exercise of Jesus' marvelous powers. It may be, however, that in calling his attention to the lack of sufficient wine for the festive occasion she was simply doing what she was accustomed to do at home, relying upon the willingness of her son to help and his resourcefulness in times of need. She was solicitous for these friends of hers, who were celebrating a wedding according to the custom of the time, that they should not be put to shame before their guests, and she appealed to this strong, capable, kindly son with the hope that he might be able to do something.

The answer of Jesus (v. 4) sounds harsh to us in the English translation. It is not necessarily so in the Aramaic language in which it was spoken.

III. THE CARE OF A GOOD SON FOR HIS MOTHER, John 19: 25-27.

It was the last dread scene on Calvary. "Standing by the cross" were four sorrowing women, the mother of Jesus, her sister, who was Salome, mother of John and James the sons of Zebedee; Mary the wife of Clopas who was probably "the other Mary" spoken of in Matthew 27: 56, 61, and 28: 1, and Mary Magdalene. John his beloved disciple and friend was with them and to him Jesus commended the care of his mother. What the circumstances were we do not know. It must have been that at that time none of her own sons was in a position to assume that responsibility. It was natural, therefore, that his nephew, her sister's son, should care for her. Jesus would, in his last thought for her, place them in the relation of mother and son. In the midst of the long drawn out agony of those hours on the cross he had thought for his mother and gave her another son, who "took her unto his own home."

Only once again is Mary mentioned in the New Testament, and that is as one of the company gathered in the upper chamber in Jerusalem after the risen Christ had parted from them, where they "with one accord continued steadfastly in prayer," until the great day of Pentecost came. We may imagine her growing old in the home of John the apostle, who best interpreted the teaching of Jesus as a gospel of love, and who, we may well believe, exemplified that teaching in his life. We may think of her as still preserving her rich treasures of memory and often speaking of the words and deeds of her great son to those who had known him in the days of his flesh in Jerusalem and Galilee. We can pay her no higher honor than to remember her as a good mother, chosen of God to give a mother's care to Jesus our Saviour and Lord.

Customer: "Haven't you anything you could guarantee to waken me early in the morning?" Assistant: "Yes, but I don't think his mother would like parting with him."—Passing Show.