A Money-Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen w[illegible] cut down butcher's bills. It enormou[sly] increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twent[y] times the amount taken. It *must* be Bovril.

THE SWALLOW

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

III.

I prodded him back eagerly into his tale.

"M'sieur is amiable. The long and short of it is that when it became dark my good [l]ads began to try to rescue [my] body. [F]our or five times that one-twentieth of a corner of my eye saw a wriggling form work through sand-bags and start slowly, flat to the earth, toward me. But the ground was snow-covered and the Germans saw too the dark uniform. Each time a fusilade of shots broke out, and the moving figure dropped hastily behind the sandbags. And each time—" the colonel stopped to light a cigarette, his face ruddy in the glare of the match. "Each time I was disappointed. I became disgusted with the management of that theatre, till at last the affair seemed to be beyond hope, and I had about determined to turn over and draw up my bad leg with my good hand for a bit of easement and be shot comfortably, when I was aware that the surface of the ground near me was heaving. I was [illegible] enough to madness between cold and pain, and I regarded the phenomenon as a dream. But with that, hands came out of the heaving ground, eyes gleamed. A rope was lashed [illegible] and I was drawn [illegible] trenches." The cigarette [illegible] point. "M'sieur sees [illegible]

[illegible] my [illegible] to run to [illegible] and [illegible]. He wriggled himself [illegible] and being Indian, it was [illegible] to him to crawl out on his stomach. They were [illegible] enough, my good fellows, when they found they had got not only my body but also me in it."

"I can imagine, knowing Hurons, how that Huron enjoyed his success," I said. "It's in their blood to be swift and silent and adventurous. But they're superstitious; they're afraid of anything supernatural." I hesitated, with a laugh in my mind at a memory. "It's not fitting that I should swap stories with a hero of the Great War, yet I believe you might be amused with a story of one of my guides."

The Frenchman, all civil interest, disclaimed his heroism with hands and shoulders, but smiling too—for he had small chance at disclaiming with those two crosses on his breast.

"I shall be enchanted to hear m'sieur's tale of his guide. For the rest, I am myself quite mad over the sport. I love to insanity the out-of-doors and shooting and fishing. It is a regret that the service has given me no opportunity these four years for a breathing spell in the woods. M'sieur will tell me the tale of his guide's superstition?"

A scheme began to form in my brain at that instant too delightful, it seemed, to come true. I put it aside and went on with my story. "I have one guide, a Huron half-breed," I said, "whom I particularly like. He's an old fellow—sixty—but light and quick and powerful as a boy. More interesting than a boy, because he's full of experiences. Two years ago a bear swam across the lake where my camp is, and I went out in a canoe with this Rafael and got him."

Colonel Raffre made of this fact an event larger than—I am sure—he would have made of his winning the war-cross.

"You shame me, colonel," I said, and went on hurriedly. "Rafael, the guide, was pleased about the bear. 'When gentlemens kill [th]ings, guides is more happy,' he explained to me, and he proceeded to tell me an anecdote. He prefaced it by informing me that one time he hunt bear and he see devil. He had been hunting, it seemed, two or three winters before with his brother-in-law at the head-waters of the St. Maurice River, up north there," I elucidated, pointing through the window toward the "long white street of Beaupo[rt]," across the St. Lawrence. "It's very lonely country, entirely wild. In[di]an hunting-ground yet. These tw[o] Hurons, Rafael and his brother-in-law, were on a two-months' trip to [hun]t and trap, having their meagre [be]longings and provisions on sleds wh[ic]h they dragged across the snow. [T]hey depended for food mostly on w[ha]t they could trap or shoot—moose, [car]ibou, beaver, and small animals. B[ut] they had bad luck. They set many t[rap]s but caught nothing, and they sa[w] no game to shoot. So that in a m[on]th they were hard pressed. One [co]ld day they went two miles to visi[t a] beaver trap, where they had seen si[gn]s. They hoped to find an animal caug[ht] and to feast on beaver tail, which [is] good eating."

Here I had to st[op] and explain much about beaver ta[il], and the rest of beavers, to the F[re]nchman, who was interested like a [bo]y in this new, almost unheard-of be[ast]. At length:

"Rafael and his brot[he]r-in-law were disappointed. A be[av]er had been close and eaten the b[ar]k off a birch stick which the men h[ad] left, but nothing was in the tra[p]. They turned and began a weary wa[lk] through the desolate country back to their little tent. Small comfort waited for them there, as their provisions were low, only flour and bacon left. And they dared not eat much of that. They were downhearted, and to add to it a snowstorm came on and they lost their way. Almost a hopeless situation—an uninhabited country, winter, snow, hunger. And they were lost. Egaré. Perdu,' Rafael said. But the Huron was far from giving up. He steered through the falling snow, not thick yet, and spied a mountain across a valley. He knew that mountain. He had worked near it for two years, logging—the 'chantier,' they call it. He knew there was a good camp on a river near the mountain, and he knew there would be a stove in the camp and, as Rafael said, 'Mebbe we haf a luck and somebody done gone and lef' somet'ing to eat.' Rafael prefers to talk English to me. He told me all this in broken English.

"It was three miles to the hypothetical camp, but the two tired, hungry men in their rather wretched clothes started hopefully. And after a hard tramp through unbroken forest they came in sight of a log shanty and their spirits rose. 'Pretty tired work,' Rafael said it was. When they got close to the shanty they heard a noise, something moving inside. They halted and looked at each other. Rafael knew there were no loggers in these parts now, and you'll remember it was absolutely wild country. The men were startled. Then something came to the window and looked out."

"Something?" repeated the Frenchman in italics. His eyes were wide and he was as intent on Rafael's story as heart could desire.

"They couldn't tell what it was," I went on. "A formless apparition, not exactly white or black, and huge and unknown of likeness. The Indians were frightened by a manner of unearthliness about the thing and the brother-in-law fell on his knees and began to pray. 'It is the devil,' he murmured to Rafael. 'He will eat us, or carry us to hell.' And he prayed more.

"But old Rafael, scared to death, too, because the thing seemed not to be of this world, yet had his courage with him. 'Mebbe it devil,' he said—such was his report to me—'anyhow I'm cold and hungry, me. I want dat camp. I go shoot dat devil.'

"He crept up to the camp alone, the brother-in-law still praying in the bush. Rafael was rather convinced, mind you, that he was going to face the powers of darkness, but he had his rifle loaded and was ready for business. The door was open and he stepped inside. Something—'great beeg som[et'i]ng' he put it—rose up and came at him, and he fired. And down fell the devil."

"In the name of a sacred pig, what was it?" demanded my Frenchman.

"That was what I asked. It was a bea[r]. The men who had been logging in th[e] camp two months back had left a ke[g] of maple syrup and a half barrel of flour, and the bear broke into both—successively—and alternatively. He probably thought he was in bear-heaven for a while, but it must have gotten irksome. For his head was eighteen inches wide when they found him, white, with black touches. They soaked him in the river two days, and sold his skin for twenty dollars. 'Pretty good for devil skin,' Rafael said."

The Frenchman stared at me a moment and then leaned back in his chair and shouted with laughter. The greedy bear's finish had hit his funny-bone. And the three others stopped talking and demanded the story told over, which I did, condensing.

"I like zat Hureng for my soldier," Colonel Raffre stated heartily. "Ze man what are not afraid of man or of devil—zat is ze man to fight be Boches." He was talking English now because Colonel Chichely was listening. He went on. "Zere is human devils—oh, but plentee—what we fight in France. I haf not heard of ozzers. But I believe well ze man who pull me out in sheet would be as your guide Rafael—he also would creep up wiz rifle on real devil out of hell. But yes. I haf not told you how my Indian soldier bring in prisoners—no?"

We all agreed no, and put in a request.

"He brings zem in not one by one always—not always." The colonel grinned. He went on to tell this tale, which I shift into the vernacular from his laborious English.

It appears that he had discerned the aptitude of his Hurons for reconnaissance work. If he needed information out of the dangerous country lying in front, if he needed a prisoner to question, these men were eager to go and get either, get anything. The more hazardous the job the better, and for a long time they came out of it untouched. In the group one man—nicknamed by the poilus, his comrades,—Hirondelle—the Swallow—supposedly because of his lightness and swiftness, was easily chief. He had a fault, however, his dislike to bring in prisoners alive. Four times he had haled a German corpse before the colonel, seeming not rightly to understand that a dead enemy was useless for information.

(To be continued.)

Harvest Slumber Song.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Red is the moon in the night's still
deep,
White are the stars with their silver
wings
Folded in dreaming of beautiful things,
And over their cradle the night wind
sings
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Soft in the lap of the mother night
The wee baby stars, all glowing and
bright,
Flutter their silver wings and crow
To the watchful winds that kiss as
they blow
Round the air cradle that swings so
low
Down in the lap of the mother night.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Red is the moon in the night's still
deep,
And the wee baby stars are all folded
and kissed
In a luminous cradle of silver mist,
And if ever they waken the winds cry,
whist,
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

—Wilfred Campbell.

The Fishing Birds

In my Chinese Days Miss Gulielma F. Alsop describes a remarkable river industry that she saw while visiting a friend in Soochow. We were rowing on the river at the time, she says, and as we turned a bend we saw a long, narrow boat swinging at midstream, in which two men stood motionless and silent. At first glance, it looked as if the boat were not floating on the water, but as if it were held just above the surface by a flock of strong black birds as large as eagles. Fascinated, I watched the birds. They screamed and fluttered their sooty black wings. Suddenly a number plunged into the water. I saw them struggling and flapping; then the men pulled them up by stout strings, caught them under their arms, and jerked the fish from their mouths. I saw a gleam of silver as they tossed the fish into a basket. The commotion among the birds subsided and they settled down in horizontal rows, making dark patches on the water.

"How many?" called a voice from the shore.

"Three," answered one of the men. "Later, more," he said. "The sun not yet falls down the hill of heaven. Wait till the fish see not the shadow of the black birds."

My companion explained the custom of cormorant fishing, which is an ancient Soochow industry. The birds are tied by stout ropes and perch on sticks parallel to the sides of the boat. They are kept very hungry so that they will fish, and the men can steal the catch from their mouths.

If you put several newspapers under the oilcloth on your kitchen table you will find that the oilcloth will last twice as long.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Timber Mines

Men employed in driving a new gallery in a gold mine at Charlotte Plains, in Victoria, Australia, have made a most astonishing discovery. At a depth of three hundred feet below ground they have come upon pieces of timber perfectly preserved, which have every appearance of having been sawn and shaped by the hand of man.

This timber lies in the bed of an ancient river now being worked for gold, and the timber is oak. Now, oak has the peculiar property of lasting for centuries when buried in water or wet sand. Oak piles have been taken out from under old wooden bridges constructed by the Romans, and found as sound as when they were put there, nearly two thousand years ago.

Oak, known as bog oak, is found buried in Irish peat bogs, and is perfectly black, intensely hard, and very valuable. At present there is an absolute famine in seasoned oak wood, but if we could suppress Bolshevism and open up Russia to trade, that famine would soon be ended. Just before the war it was discovered that the bed of the River Moksha, for a length of over four hundred miles, is simply full of magnificent old oak trees bedded in sand.

The river is shallow and broad, and the oak can easily be raised. As a matter of fact, a company was being formed to work these wonderful deposits when war intervened.

Smaller deposits are found in England. There is a pool in the River [illegible]rt, known from time immemorial [as] Oak Pool, in the bottom of which [are] masses of fine old oak. The strange thing is that there are no oak trees growing near the spot at present.

Woman's Sphere

How Much Does Mary Weigh?

The increasing attention being called to infant mortality and the observance of baby days in some villages has impressed most of us mothers with the importance of knowing baby's weight. We have learned that if baby stops growing for a few weeks, something is radically wrong and we must see the doctor at once, even though no other symptom has so far manifested itself. Some of us have scales and keep a record of baby's growth, registering her quarter pound or half pound perhaps, with great pride.

But do we keep track of the older children? Do we realize that they should be steadily growing, too, in height and weight? And that if they stop increasing in weight it is just as bad as for baby? Most of us, I'm afraid, pay little attention to the children after they get safely through that "second summer." Which same summer, by the way, wouldn't be a bit worse than the first if we would use the same care in feeding.

Steady growth is the law for all young animals, and if we do our whole duty we will see to it that the children of all ages maintain their growth. We can't stop watching them with the second summer nor with the sixteenth. In fact, I wonder if we ever can conscientiously stop keeping an eye on them, even after they cast their first vote. So if Johnnie or Mary are to be kept up to the mark, we must weigh them every month or so, and measure them at least twice a year. Measuring everyone every birthday is not only an exciting event, it is instructive as well, as it gives us an idea as to which ones are keeping up.

Common sense and judgment must be used in making our deductions from these weighing and measuring tests. We all know there are children who seem undersized, but are perfectly well, while often the large boy or girl who grows "by leaps and bounds" is really the one who needs medical attention. Too rapid growth is as harmful as too slow. If the undersized child seems perfectly well, sleeps well, eats well, is not nervous or whining, is not troubled with adenoids or any of the other ailments which afflict so many children, there is no reason to be alarmed if he does remain undersized. But if he is fretful or cross, tires easily, sleeps badly, is captious about his food and all out of sorts, consult a doctor.

The following table of weights and measures will give the relative size for both boys and girls from two years old to fourteen:

Age. Years.	Height. Inches.	Weight. Lbs.
BOYS.		
2	33.8	30.3
3	37	35
4	39.3	38
5	41.6	41
6	43.75	45.1
7	45.75	49
8	47.75	53.8
9	49.7	[illegible]
10	51.7	6[illegible].2
11	53.3	70
12	55.1	76.75
13	57.2	84.8
14	59.9	94.5
GIRLS.		
2	32.9	29.3
3	36.3	33
4	38.8	36.4
5	41.3	39.6
6	43.3	43.2
7	45.5	47.3
8	47.[illegible]	51.6
9	49.4	57
10	51.4	62.2
11	53.4	68.7
12	55.9	78.2
13	58.2	88.5
14	59.9	98.2

Baby's Play Box.

I have never had as much real good from any other article in my home as from the plain grocery box forty inches long by twenty-five wide, and eighteen inches or a little more in height, that was converted into a play box for Baby. A soft pad was made just large enough to fit the bottom in order that it could be taken out and cleaned easily. Pieces of an old quilt were tacked over the upper edges, making them soft, and the inside was carefully lined with an old flannel blanket, the edges being brought down to cover the padding at the top. This did away with danger from slivers and there were no tacks at the top to scratch a little hand or chin.

When baby was old enough to creep I could go down cellar or upstairs without fear of his attempting to follow me, for I dropped him in the play box for safe keeping. With baby in his box I could go to the chicken coop or garden without worrying lest he climb and fall, or burn himself on the stove. He never pulled off a tablecloth or tipped over a pail of boiling water; he never pulled the cat's tail in my absence and found how sharp are her claws, and when company came I could drop him in his play box and sit down to visit for a few minutes without constant anxiety.

The only objection to the play box is that some mothers make it a place of punishment. "Now don't touch that or I'll put you in your box," should never be the maternal attitude. Have some new toy, if possible. If not, loan baby the coveted egg-beater, a set of little cake tins, or a ball of yarn when he is put in the box and he will soon come to recognize it as a real pleasure palace and never as a prison.

How To Wash Ginghams.

Gingham is such a popular fabric now that it is well to know the best method of washing it so it will retain its beauty of color all during its days of usefulness.

When washing gingham, as well as other colored fabrics, it is just as well to take for granted that it is apt to fade. To forestall this the colors may be set by first rinsing the garments in a pail of cold water in which salt has been dissolved—one tablespoonful of salt to a gallon of water. After wringing out in the salt water, put the articles into a tub of clear, warm water to which a little soapsuds has been added. Wash rapidly so that the dye in the material will not have a chance to be affected by the alkali in the soapsuds. Be sure that the water is not too hot, for that will dull the colors considerably. Rinse twice in clear water to which more salt has been added, and then starch wrong side out in the usual way unless the material is particularly dark.

Hang in the shade to dry, and when taking down from the line do not dampen along with the other clothes, as colored fabrics should not lie damp more than two hours before they are ironed. When ironing, guard against an overheated iron, just as against the hot water, and wherever there are several thicknesses of material, as in belts, put cheesecloth between the iron and gingham to prevent that shiny look that is often the result of careless ironing.

Teach Women How to Vote.

The hunky, and the dark-skinned race,
and the mysterious Chink,
The Polack and illiterate man, are
capable you think.
What tho' they cannot write their
names, and fail to understand
The urgent needs, the loyal pride, in
this our lovely land!

But when it comes to women, you
strike a different note,
You must stand by and patient try to
teach her how to vote.
So tell it o'er a hundred times!—she
might be at a loss,
Poor simple creature—why, and how,
and where to make a cross!

Oh, she might shine pre-eminent long
years agone—to come;
A solid power behind cruel war, a
torch in every home.
In cities' strife, in farm and field, and
by the bed of pain—
Yet you would use her, if you could,
for your own grasping gain;

'Tis true you love her, and admire, and
even laud her deeds,
And hold her precious, for she fills all
of your endless needs.
Yet slow, but sure, she'll find the cure
—for every ill of note
Will be redeemed when women start
to teach you how to vote!

The Needs of Parents.

This is the age of the child, but parents should also be conserved. They are necessary. Father and mother should also watch the scales—not to gain half a pound a month, but to see that they do not gain it. Too much coffee, too much meat, too much sweets, and not enough of coarse foods (roughage), vegetables and fruits supplemented with a certain amount of worry and no exercise, spell discomfort, increased blood pressure, irritability and pessimism.

A woman of forty, medium height (5 feet 4 inches), should weigh about 138 pounds, and a man, [5] fee[t] [illegible] inches, 160 pounds.

Do not let Johnny ha[ve a] corner on the scales; it is very [es]sential to his welfare that he should [ha]ve parents with good digestions a[nd p]lacid dispositions who tip the [bea]ms at the proper figure.

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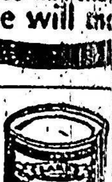

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"Seated [illegible] both banks of the River Rhone [illegible] it leaves the limpid water[s] [illegible] Geneva as a placid strea[m] [illegible] contrast to the muddy turbulence [illegible] the other end of the lake, Geneva is not the metropolis of the [illegible] republic of Switzerland [illegible] surpasses it in [illegible] cent. and Bern [illegible] it is doubtful [illegible] world war [illegible] was visited [illegible] tourists [illegible] into [illegible] Europe [illegible]

"Although [illegible] back beyond [illegible] time when [illegible] mentaries [illegible] Gaul [illegible] the Allob[roges] [illegible] phenomena [illegible] To-day [illegible] a population [illegible] thirty [illegible]

"The [illegible] being the [illegible] tional Red [illegible] dark [illegible] ligious [illegible] when [illegible] secute[d] [illegible]

"Re[illegible] Without [illegible] had [illegible] Bonivard [illegible] talized [illegible] were [illegible] who [illegible] deft [illegible] virtual [illegible]

[illegible]

"Geneva [illegible] the [illegible] nations [illegible] dering [illegible] from the [illegible] the [illegible] Mountains [illegible] lages [illegible] are suitable [illegible] ters of the [illegible] tarial [illegible] self [illegible]

He [illegible] guerre, but [illegible] how he [illegible] and friends [illegible] but they [illegible] details, and [illegible] tently evaded [illegible]

"I think [illegible] an irate [illegible] the use of [illegible] pretending [illegible] know [illegible]

The [illegible] I know [illegible] trouble [illegible] cross [illegible] pect a [illegible] when he [illegible] what [illegible] weren't [illegible] and then [illegible] ever did [illegible] lightly [illegible] least, I was [illegible] were ordered [illegible] luncheon [illegible] Now, you know [illegible] from an [illegible] first lunch[eon] [illegible] the first time [illegible] oysters [illegible] saw these six [illegible] rons set before [illegible] But I didn't [illegible] much was [illegible] couldn't decline [illegible] eye of my hostess [illegible] disgust. I was [illegible] down; [illegible] But—I ate these [illegible] smiled as I [illegible] two years after [illegible] ed. "Now [illegible] But it wasn't [illegible]

"Maybe," said [illegible] in her teens [illegible] get the girl for [illegible]

"No," sighed the [illegible] "she agrees [illegible] Guy Margin [illegible] real [illegible]

Hence [illegible] who sit down and [illegible]

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Hiram Lodge, No. [illegible] Markdale, meets in Mc[illegible] Farland Block, on Tues[day] [illegible] or before the full moon [illegible] Visiting brethren cordially [illegible] H. C. Duff, W.M.; [illegible] tary.

C. O. O. F., No. [illegible]
Markdale Council, Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, No. 8[illegible] [illegible] ond Monday in the month [illegible] Hall at 8 o'clock. A. [illegible] Councillor; Herb. M. I[rwin] [illegible]

SAUGEEN LODGE, [illegible] I.O.O.F. [illegible]
Meets first and third [illegible] the month at 7.30 p.m. [illegible] Main street. Visiting brethren welcome. Herb. M. Irwin [illegible] McEachnie, Sec.

MARKDALE, L.O.L. [illegible]
Meets in Sarjeant's block [illegible] day evening on or before [illegible] each month. Visiting brethren welcome. Earl Davis, [illegible] McFadden, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. W. PATTON, [illegible]
Rocklyn, Ont. Issuer [of Marriage] Licenses. Business strictly [confi]dential.