HO WINS

is an average man;
particular plan,
y peculiar luck;
arnest and full of

tor he does not
wers "No" or "Yes";
that the rest can't
down till he's put it

o learned—that the man
in his employer's eyes;
ys to know more than one
well,
esn't pay all he knows to

ks and works; till one fine
better job with higher pay,
men who shirked whenever
y could
sed by the man whose work
de good.

man who wins is the man
works,
either trouble nor labor shirks,
ses his hands, his head, his
yes;
man who wins is the man who
s.

—Charles R. Bartlett.

## WHEN MOTHER WON

By Grace Gertrude Barden

RS HOYT from her porch, gazed at the rich colors of the sunset and the long range of fir-capped mountains in the stance, and a song of gladness rose her lips. The hills, with their fleck- sunshine and shade, brought back mo of the richest and happiest years her girlhood and in later years she oked to them for peace, strength and urage.

The sound of voices interrupted Mrs. oyt's reverie, and she proudly watch- her daughter Alice coming down street with her chum, Lucile Hard- g. When they reached the gate, the rls, absorbed in their conversation, not notice Mrs. Hoyt.

I don't believe my mother can go turday afternoon. That's the ouble," Lucile was saying. "Why on't you ask your mother to take us, Alice?"

"Well," and Alice hesitated for a moment. "You see, my mother is different from yours. She is a quiet, stay-at-home person and seldom goes out. She doesn't have pretty clothes like your mother and well—she's just different, that's all.

When Alice was called to dinner, half an hour later, she found her favorite chicken patios and the cup-custards just as she liked them—so creamy and yellow. She did full justice to the meal, but rushed away the moment it was over. "Just for an informal evening at the Meades," she explained to her mother.

Once more Mrs. Hoyt looked towards the hills, now wrapped in purple shadows. Since her husband's death, ten years before, she had sacrificed her time and all the money possible for her daughter's happiness. Many a time her nature was tried for patience and courage. Now, she realized that Alice had come to value the friendship of others more than hers.

When she arose her face bore its accustomed sweet and calm expression, but determination was expressed in her eyes and tightly closed lips.

The next day, when Alice was at school, Mrs. Hoyt hunted up her college books and arranged them in her bookcase.

"I must read and study," she said to herself, "I must get in touch with things."

So she began to read and now and then to attend a lecture. Thus the ambition of her college days returned. She felt the keen joy of living once more.

One afternoon, after a brisk walk, she sat down and wrote her experience in the open. She simply put down what she felt; for her eye, ear, and heart were trained by nature. Great was her delight, a short time after, to receive a check from the editor of the magazine to whom it was sent. He wrote that her material was fresh and her style pleasing. Mrs. Hoyt's eyes were shining and wistful as she read the letter.

At dinner that evening she listened patiently to Alice's continual praise of Mrs. Meade.

"She is president of the Women's Club, you know, mother. She was telling me this afternoon that the club is going to offer a hundred dollar prize for the best essay on birds. The prize will be awarded the first of March. There'll be a big meeting at her house, and the one winning the prize will read the essay and be the guest of honor. Mrs. Meade is so clever. Isn't she great, mother? She also asked if I would help her that evening."

Alice was quite disappointed at her mother's seeming lack of interest and presently left the house for the home of a friend.

As soon as she had gone, Mrs. Hoyt excitedly set about her evening work, and her eyes were like stars.

The morning paper had the full particulars concerning the competition for the essay, and Mrs. Hoyt learned that there were two months in which to do the work.

Every morning as soon as Alice had gone to school, her mother would open a desk and draw forth paper and pen. She began to feel a thrilling sense of power in being able to express herself. She had always been a lover of nature and her new work seemed to bring a better love and understanding of humanity.

Her afternoons spent in the open studying the birds and observing their habits, gave her a fresh start in life. She grew younger in spirits, and the bird songs brought hope and peace. On the plea of being lonesome, she spent a week at her sister's home in Meriden, New Hampshire. While there many an hour was given to the famous Bird Sanctuary where many find inspiration for a closer association with nature. She also drank in eagerly the bird-lore of the friendly townspeople.

After her return home Alice left her one evening for the Meades. For awhile, Mrs. Hoyt sat in deep thought. Then rising, she looked long at herself in the mirror. It was a sweet, but strong and cultured face that the glass reflected; although there lines of care. Tears came to the eyes as she remembered father

eyes were bright with interest as, seating herself at the library table, she began to plan an evening dress.

"Simple in outlines, but it is just as Jack would like it," she murmured, as her pencil traced the paper. When the drawing was completed, she looked at it with satisfaction.

Mrs. Dunquin will not forget how I like my gowns. It is pleasant to think of planning a new one again." And she folded the paper away in a drawer of her desk.

A few weeks later she drew from the box an exquisite gown. As she shook out the folds, there was a flush on her cheeks, and the years seemed dropping off. She thought of Jack and the pride he took in her appearance.

"Well, it's for Alice, now," she said, as she carefully hung the dress away. "And Alice will like it, too."

At length the gown was completed and handed in. Then came the never-to-be-forgotten morning when there came a note from the president saying she had won the prize! At the close were the words:

"It is the request of the donor that the name of the winner is not to be announced until the evening reception."

"That is a bit hard on Alice," said the mother, smiling, "but better in the end."

On the evening of the reception, Alice left early with Lucile. As soon as she had gone her mother began to dress. Her hair she arranged carefully just as Jack liked it. She presented a sweet picture as she stood before the glass, and when she turned away, there were tears in her eyes.

"Nothing counts very much without you, after all, Jack," she said. The reception-room was crowded when Mrs. Hoyt entered from the dressing-room. She looked about for Alice, but not seeing her, joined a group of acquaintances. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Meade arose and explaining the conditions of the contest announced the winner of the hundred-dollar prize.

Amid a shower of hand-clapping Mrs. Hoyt quietly made her way to the front. Before she began her gracious little speech of thanks, she caught sight of the flushed face of Alice, sitting as though spellbound, and there was a quiet smile on her lips as she opened her paper and began to read.

As Alice listened she revelled in the depth of her mother's thoughts. Her eyes filled with tears as she recalled that for the first time she was really appreciating this strong, sweet nature.

"To think I never dreamed—never even dreamed of it! And how glad I am that I understand!"

During the remainder of the evening, Mrs. Hoyt was the center of an interested group. Congratulations and affectionate words were as music to her ears, so long had she held herself apart from her friends.

But the happiest moment of all came when Alice, making her way through the little circle, slipped a hand within her mother's arm and whispered joyfully:

"Oh, mother, what wonderful times we are going to have together—you and I!"

## IGNORING THE SIGNBOARD

### DANGEROUS CURVE, DRIVE SLOWLY

That is a sign very familiar to those who motor through the country. The driver of a car usually respects such a sign, for he knows that it has been set in its place simply and solely to warn him and other drivers of cars of the danger that awaits him unless he is careful. If he pays no attention to the warning sign and gets a bad spill, the chances are that he will get little sympathy. "Serves him right," is likely to be the verdict of those who know of his mishap. "Why didn't he pay attention to the signboard?"

Other signboards are set up in the vicinity of schoolhouses, and the motorist is asked to drive slowly lest he run down some heedless or frightened child. If, ignoring such a signboard, he runs past a schoolhouse at full speed, he will find that he rouses hot indignation among the people of neighborhood, whether he injures a child or not. "Why does he think that sign was put there?" will be their natural question.

It is easy enough for us to see why a motorist should watch for the warning signboards along the road. If he ignores them, he is in great danger of being hurt himself or of hurting somebody else. And when he meets with an accident because he has deliberately disregarded some warning signboard, it is hard for us to feel much sympathy for him.

Before prohibition went into effect it was common to read of motorists who had been hurt themselves, or who had run down and injured somebody else, because they had been driving under the influence of liquor. Every story of that sort, every accident from that cause, was a warning signboard, with a message that could not have been plainer if it had been painted in huge red letters. But the same kind of accidents happened over and over, showing that little attention was paid to the warnings that already had been set up along the way.

We see plainly enough what the motorist ought to do in the matter of warning signboards, but when it comes to ourselves it is a different matter. Jack, who finds any game much more interesting if he can play for a small stake, knows perfectly well that Uncle John ruined himself and family because the fascination of gambling was too strong for him, but sees no warning for himself in his uncle's experience. He is so sure that the habit will never get any real hold upon him! It is as though a motorist should spin around a dangerous turn at top speed, confident of rounding the curve successfully, though dozens of other drivers had met with serious or fatal accidents at the same point.

The newspapers are full of stories that to the thoughtful reader are like great signboards warning of dangerous places along life's road. We read of girls and of women who want to spend more than they or their husband's earn and who come to grief because of their extravagance. We read of men who in a pinch, help themselves to money belonging to their employers or to organizations of which they are members, and who find themselves branded with the ugly name of embezzler. Could we have any more forcible warning of the danger that lies in the harmless-looking by-paths of dishonesty?

We cannot go far along life's road without seeing the signboards that warn us of danger, without having our attention called, over and over again, to the men and women who have met with misfortune because they ignored the warning signboards along their way. If it is foolhardy for the motorist to disregard the warnings that have been placed solely for his benefit, what shall be said of those who go carelessly along the highway of life giving no heed to the dangerous curves where so many men and women have been wrecked? Every such wreck is a warning of danger. Why ignore them if we hope to make the journey safely and with honor to ourselves?

of Attested Value.—Parmelee's ble Pills are the result of care- dy of the properties of certain nd herbs, and the action of such sedatives and laxatives on the ve apparatus. The success the anders have met with attests ue of their work. These pills n recognized for many years t cleansers of the system t. Their excellence was m the first and they lar daily.

# Blooming Railway Stations

Superintendent's Office at Outremont, P.Q.

Flower Beds at C. P. R. Station, Kenora, Ontario.

Flowers are amongst the assets of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Flowers bloom in C.P.R. gardens at most of the principal stations from one end of the country to the other. There are flower knots outside the Algonquin Hotel at St. Andrews, on the Atlantic coast, and one of the most beautiful flower gardens in America blooms around the Empress Hotel in Victoria.

In the old days most of the pioneers were too busy opening up the untrodden ways to give much attention to the cultivation of flowers. Yet flower cultivation along the C.P.R. seems to have progressed with the commercial prosperity of the railway system itself, for it is now thirty-one years since one of the C.P.R. employees produced a few varities of flower seeds in his own plot and distributed them amongst his friends at some of the stations—with the object of starting flower gardening along the line. The start was auspiciously made, and now the C.P.R. has a floral department with headquarters at Windsor Street Station, Montreal. Mr. R. M. Winnegar is the horticulturist and forester.

Every year thousands of packets of flower seeds, bulbs, trees, shrubs, grass seed, and large quantities of fertilisers are distributed free of charge to station agents, section foremen, caretakers of round houses and employees living on the property of the company. The seeds that will flower along the railway in the summer and autumn are sent out in March. Full particulars for cultivation are printed on each seed packet. Bulbs for spring flowering are sent out in the fall.

Seeds and plants of the best kind are always provided. Standard flower seed packets contain nasturtiums, alyssum, mignonette, sweet peas, phlox and kochia. Ferns and house plants are sent to large stations. An endless variety of perennials are distributed, and amongst the varieties of trees supplied are maple, birch, beech, poplar and catalpa. Shrubs include laurel leaf willow, sumac, barberries and weigelia.

In all cases the cultivation of flower beds is done by the employees of the company, many of whom have become expert gardeners. On each division of the C.P.R. prizes are given every year for the best display of flowers, and some of the products of gardens kept by the railway amateurs have won prizes at Canadian and United States floral exhibitions.

During the last thirty-one years the encouraging influence of the C.P.R. flower growers has materially assisted in the inauguration of floral societies all over the country. Many of the railway officials are members of these societies. Flowers have improved the appearance of the railway stations, and inspired by the beauty of the stations, residents of the towns have planted flowers that beautify their homes. In this flower flame along the C.P.R. has often thrown the spark that ignited a fire of flowers.

## USE MORE BEANS

The ripe bean is a form of food very much neglected in Canada. Lack of variety is one of the serious faults in our national diet. Many people seem inclined to use a very limited number of foods and, as far as possible, to make each day's meals resemble those of the day before; while, in other cases, the dull routine of a fixed seven-day cycle prevails. It is well-known that a varied diet is more wholesome than a restricted one, and, especially in these times when good food is scarce and high in price, it is really deplorable to note the neglect of some of the best Canadian-grown food materials, such as beans, peas, Indian-corn and barley, while an imported product, rice, remains quite popular in spite of its inferior quality as food and the commercial objection that Canadian money must be sent to some foreign country to pay for it.

Of all the neglected foods, the bean is perhaps the most important. It contains a large percentage of protein (approximately double the amount found in cereals) and protein is the most expensive ingredient in the materials which we consume. The bean may fairly be said to rank first among the common foods of vegetable origin; peas are of almost equal value, but wheat and barley fall below. Oats also are distinctly inferior on the whole, though they contain much more fat than beans. While it is not true, as has sometimes been assumed, that vegetable protein, as found in beans, can entirely take the place of animal protein, as found in meats, eggs and milk, nevertheless the vegetable proteins have a high food value and the bean could, in many instances, be advantageously substituted for part of the meat ration. Considerable economy would be attained in this way, as beans are very cheap indeed in comparison with most animal products. It must be noted, however, that beans cannot be eaten freely by everyone. There are a few individuals for whom they seem quite unsuitable; but the vast majority of people would have better, cheaper and more enjoyable meals if beans were used more often. Matters of diet are so often settled by customs of the country rather than by intelligent thought that it is very hard to bring about changes, however desirable. Yet there seems no good reason why the regular use of beans should be limited almost to Massachusetts and a few other favored localities. In these days when, owing to the high cost of living, many individuals are inclined to break away from some of the older and more expensive customs, the introduction of the bean as a regular article of diet offers an opportunity for the display of a little originality and the exercise of judicious economy at the same time.—Chas. E. Saunders, Dominion Cerealist.

## A GOOD LOSER

Some one has said, "The art of being a good loser is half the battle, both in play and in good living." It is said that the Germans do not love play for play's sake. The German youth never enjoys a defeat in any of his games. He is in them for the sake of the victory. Sport for sport's sake is practically unknown to him. He must win, or he can't be happy. The German is not a good sport, because he is not a good loser. A prominent physician who has spent many years in Germany and is conversant with German customs, gives it as his opinion that if the German people got to love baseball as Americans do, and played it for the sake of the game, it would revolutionize Germany. The goal is the only thing they have any use for. They simply win. German children are constantly supervised and never appear easy and free from restraint.

It is well to recognize the fact that there are other things more important than a victory. The person who always wants to win is usually selfish and arrogant. The man who is ever standing for his rights is not likely to stand for very much else; while the man who exalts himself upon his dignity is certainly liable to have a hard fall.

The world admires a good loser, whether it be in sports or in an election. If some one beats us in an examination and captures the medal or scholarship we were ambitious to win, it is really a mark of culture and strength of character to gracefully acknowledge our defe[illegible] compliment the winn[illegible] the loss of mo[illegible] friends, it is a [illegible] up under, our [illegible] the best of t[illegible]

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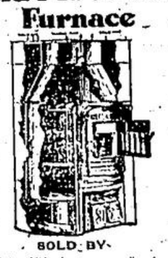

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## CISTERNS MADE FROM TREE TRUNKS

An African tree of the mallow family is the gigantic baobab, sometimes called the Monkey Bread Tree. The trunk often attains a diameter of forty feet and frequently serves as a natural cistern, retaining rainwater in large quantities in a cavity formed at the top of the broad trunk.

Taking the hint thus afforded by nature, the Arabs hollow out the huge baobabs and fill them with water during the prevalence of rains, as a provision against the dry season. These cisterns are in many cases twenty feet in height and eight or ten feet in diameter and hold many gallons of water.

The leaves of the baobab, which do not appear in the dry season, are large and palmlike. The flowers resemble the white poppy, having snowy petals and violet-colored stamens.

The fruit is large, of a melon shape and contains numerous seeds about the size of peas. These seeds are packed in a pulp which is said to taste like gingerbread with a pleasant acid flavor and is highly prized by the natives.

The wood of the baobab is light and soft, and the roots are of extraordinary length. The tree, one of the largest known, is a native of western Africa, but is found in Abyssinian and has also been cultivated in many of the warmer parts of the world.

## BASEBALLS MUST BE ACCURATE

Without the "white pellets," which crack sweetly against the bats of the major leaguers there would be no base ball. All the year around in one or two large factories, numbers of boys are working assiduously at long benches, producing baseballs. The requirements of the leagues are very strict, for each ball must weigh exactly five ounces and its circumference must measure nine inches. The weight must also be evenly distributed or the ball is worthless. Only two factories in the United States are authorized to make balls for the National and American leagues, but innumerable other factories flourish for the small boys, the corner lot squads, and the "bush leaguers."

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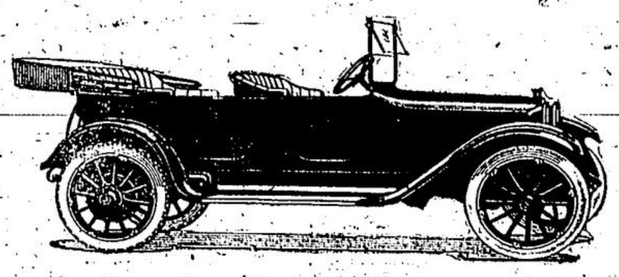

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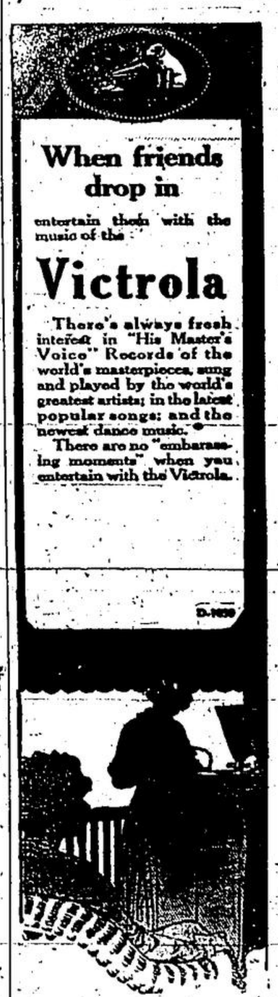

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