

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR



On Land or Sea

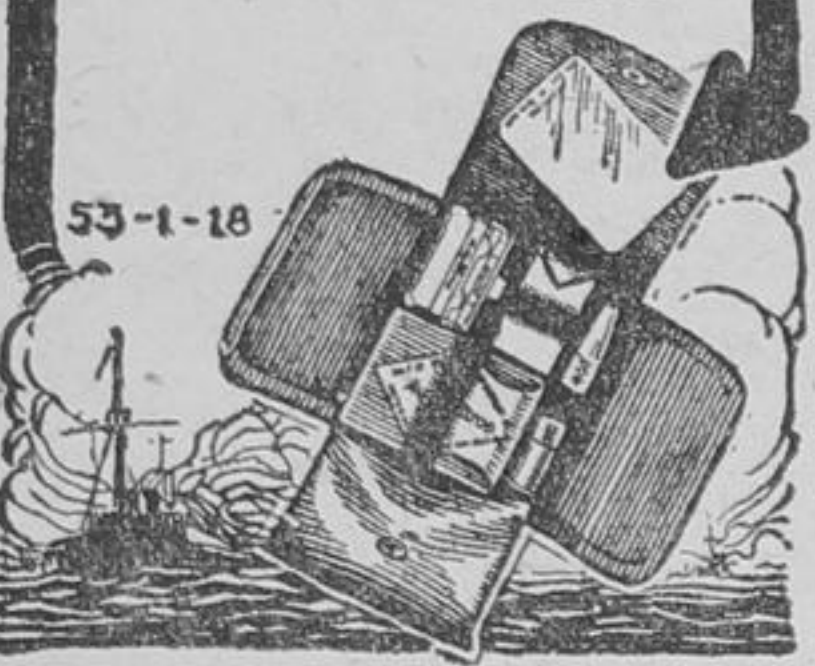
The AutoStrop answers the call efficiently—it is the only razor in the world that automatically sharpens its own blades, therefore, it is the only razor that is always ready for service.

The AutoStrop will give your soldier or sailor the same clean, comfortable shave he enjoyed at home, no matter where he is or under what condition he uses it.

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AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Limited

83-87 Duke St. Toronto, Ont.



53-1-18

Health

Exercise.

All writers and all lecturers on health topics urge the advantages and indeed the necessity of abundant exercise. Their prescription is, however, somewhat indefinite, for they never say exactly how much exercise a person should take, and they do not often tell us what is the best form of exercise; unless, indeed, they are writing or speaking of some course of treatment directed to special ends, such, for example, as gymnasium exercise—which is excellent if you take it in moderation, but entirely inadequate if it is the only form of exercise that you take.

In certain conditions of ill health, particularly in heart disease, the physician often prescribes exercise in doses that are as exact as his doses of medicine. He measures the exercise by means of paths laid out on level and graded places and marked with distance and elevation signs. He gives the patient instructions to walk such and such a distance on level ground or on a designated ascent. Sometimes, also, the physician prescribes resistive movements, such as contractions of the arms or of the legs.

In health there is no need of such exact dosage; yet even then some attempt at regulation is useful. A person receives the advice, "You ought to take a lot of exercise." If he is indolent, that may mean to him a half-mile stroll once or twice a day—not enough to send the blood through his body an inch an hour quicker; another person, ambitious and conscientious in doing what he is told to do, will take "hikes" of ten or fifteen

The Cause of Heart Trouble

Faulty digestion causes the generation of gases in the stomach which inflate and press down on the heart and interfere with its regular action, causing faintness and pain. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup after meals sets digestion right, which allows the heart to beat full and regular.

About the House

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF THRIFT.

The war is developing many ideas hitherto unknown to most Canadians, and the greatest of these is thrift. We hear it on every hand, from the kitchen and linen closet, through every branch of home-making—and in the streets it pursues us in the form of placards beseeching us to save for the different funds which the war has made necessary.

Food we must save, and we're doing it gladly and willingly. Linen we can't buy anyway, and wool is almost out of sight. And we are finding that we can get along beautifully with the Japanese lunch cloths for our tables, and that while shoddy isn't so satisfactory as pure wool for garments, we can wear it and be warm, if it is going to help win the war.

Many women in some way miss just what the food board desires of them, and undernourish their families. It is not thrift, but the worst sort of extravagance to rob the growing children of the foods they need to promote the healthful growth of bone and muscle. Adults may get along for quite a while on diminished rations, but children need certain foods to make the cells which build up the organs and it is nothing short of criminal to deprive them of these things. Milk, which just now is plentiful in Ontario, though there are differences of opinion about its cheapness, is one of the best things for the growing boy and girl. And we are not asked to save on that. On the other hand, we are urged to buy it and save on meat. Few children dislike milk and they should be given it freely—to drink, in custards and puddings, milk gravy and vegetable cream soups. In the soups, especially, it is an ideal dinner or lunch dish. The milk furnishes the protein necessary for growth, and the fat, if the cream is not taken out, while the vegetables give the mineral salts necessary. Any vegetable may be cooked until soft, put through a ricer, and the water in which it is cooked, with the pulp, added to scalded milk, the whole thickened with a little cornstarch, and served piping hot.

Plenty of milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit, and a certain amount of simple sweets may be given the children without interfering with the thrift

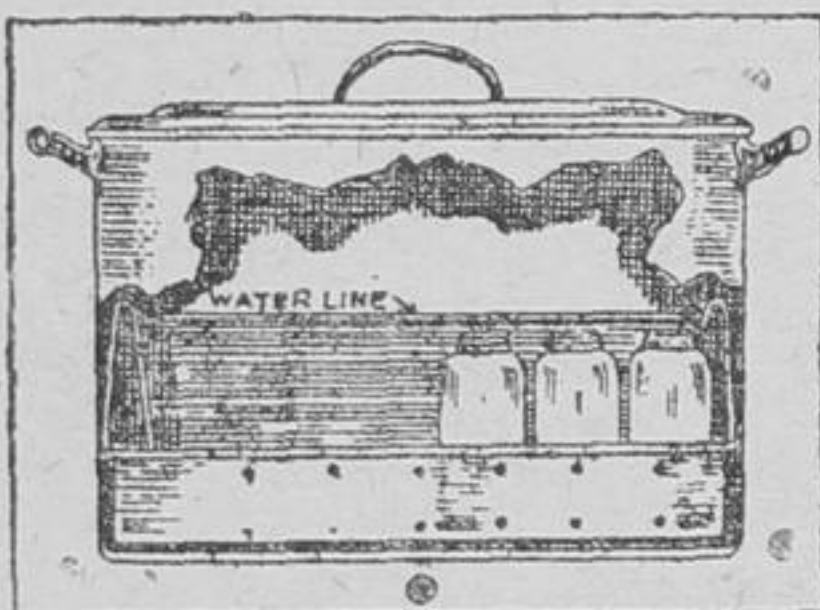
program. And if the youngsters do not hear some of the old folks say they dislike the barley, potato or oatmeal breads, they will eat them with a relish. Feed the children well, and don't neglect yourself. Only see that your food conforms to the program laid down by the food board, instead of to the program arranged by the finicky notions of the family. This is not a time to humor your stomach.

There is another form of thrift which is misnamed. And that is the mistaken notion which impels a woman to get along without kitchen conveniences when she can afford to have them. I am not speaking now of power washing machines and vacuum cleaners, mangles and acetylene ranges which every woman longs for but which many cannot afford, but the dozens of little things which every woman could have and doesn't buy for the sake of saving a cent. For instance, a carpet sweeper can be bought for \$4.50 which will last for years. Brooms are to-day \$1.00 apiece and the carpet sweeper will outwear twenty-five or thirty brooms. Yet how many women go on without this very handy article when they might just as well have it. Charcoal and gasoline irons cost no more than a good set of the sort which must be heated on the stove. But how many women sweat through the heat of July and August because they won't invest in a different iron?

And the host of little things which help. Think of getting along without a pancake turner, when you can buy one for a nickel. Or without a ten cent paring knife, or an egg-beater or whip, either of which costs a dime. Strainers, spatulas, wire potato mashers, knobs for covers, dippers, can fillers, can openers, measuring cups, soap shakers, basins of all sizes, market baskets, scoops—why, what can't you buy for ten cents? Turn a woman loose in a ten-cent store with two dollars and she could pick up enough to save herself hundreds of steps a day. Yet how many women keep on saving money and losing time and temper, under the mistaken impression that they are thrifty.

Let us be thrifty, by all means. But be sure that what we practice isn't niggardliness.

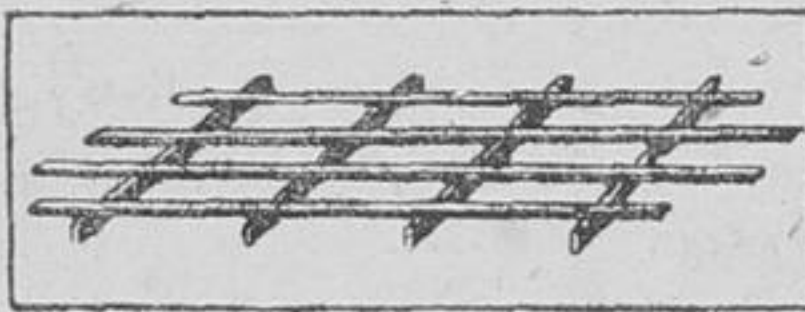
Wash Boiler as Canner.



The good old family wash boiler makes a very good home canner. The jars rest on a rack perforated at the

side to allow the boiling water to thoroughly circulate around the jars. A home-made rack can be made, however, of strips of wood or wire mesh.

To Go in the Wash Boiler.



This is a home-made wooden rack to be placed in the bottom of wash boiler that is used for home canning. The jars rest on the rack.

miles a day and spend an hour at gymnastics—perhaps much to his injury. The amount must depend on whether the person is stout or lean, young or old, of active or phlegmatic disposition.

There is for all of us a happy medium between too little and too much; the way to find it is to use common sense. Exercise should never be carried beyond pleasant fatigue—a point that varies, of course, according to the condition of the person. For most of us, brisk walking is the best and most available form of exercise. A good plan is to begin with a mile a day and to increase the distance gradually, keeping short of real fatigue—not lazy inertia—until you cover four or five miles every day. If you are under seventy and in average health, that is not too much, when taken in two or three installments. If it causes undue fatigue, you are probably not so well as you think you are, and you should go to your physician for a thorough examination of your heart, lungs, kidneys and nervous system.

WORKED METEORIC METAL.

Aztecs Made Iron Knives from Gifts From the Skies.

In the old world the art of smelting ores was discovered about 1200 B.C. It has sometimes been suggested that iron tools and weapons may have been made at an earlier period from meteorites, and recently a considerable amount of evidence in behalf of this hypothesis has been presented by C. F. Zimmer.

He has compiled a list of the known iron-containing meteorites, nearly all accumulated within the past century, and he shows from these alone about

250 tons of iron might be obtained. Of this amount more than 99 per cent. is malleable, consisting of nickel-iron alloy. He also shows by means of a series of illustrations how easy it is to detach from the meteorites fragments of iron suitable for use as tools or implements when mounted in handles.

Thus it seems fairly probable that a widespread use may have been made of meteoritic iron in pre-historic times. At the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico knives and daggers, which, they declared, had been obtained from the sky. Moreover, the use of meteoric iron by Eskimos and American Indians is a matter of recent history.

GIRLS! LEMON JUICE IS SKIN WHITENER.

How to make a creamy beauty lotion for a few cents.

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quarter pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, whitener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands.

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For the BOYS & GIRLS



How Little Bear Helped The Wildcat Babies.

One time the wildcat babies ran away. It was late in the afternoon when Little Bear found them crying beside the brook. They were not far from their home, but the trouble was that they were on the wrong side of the brook.

"Swim across!" advised the beavers. But the baby wildcats were afraid of the water and would not try to swim.

"Wade in, wade in!" advised Father Deer. The baby wildcats shook their front paws and would not wade into the water; they did not like to get wet.

"Slide right in and paddle over!" suggested Mrs. Otter. But the baby wildcats would not slide in and paddle over; they were afraid of the water; they did not like to get wet.

"Float over, float over!" advised the ducks. But the baby wildcats would not even try to float.

"Jump on a log and spread your tails wide and sail across!" said the red squirrel. But the wildcat babies did not dare to jump on a log. They were afraid that it would turn over and dump them into the water.

By the time Little Bear came along, the baby wildcats were crying big tears into the brook and wailing at the top of their voices. Little Bear could not help laughing; but he felt sorry for his little neighbors, and determined to help them out of their trouble. He thought and thought and thought and thought! At last he asked the baby wildcats how they happened to be so near home and yet on the wrong side of the brook.

"Mother went away and didn't come back," Yowler explained, "and I said we ought to stay home and be good, but—"

"He did not!" interrupted Billy Wildcat. "He said, 'Ma will never know if we go walking just a little way,' didn't he, Fluffy?"

"Yes, he did," answered Fluffy. "And we walked and we walked until we were lost—and Yowler was the worst one of us. Why, why, Yowler!" "Don't quarrel," said Little Bear. "I want to know how you happen to be on the wrong side of the brook?" "Yowler, he made us cross the away-off-seven-mile bridge," was Owlley's answer.

"If you don't stop this quarreling, I shall leave you," threatened Little Bear. "And now I know what to do, if you will be good. We will build a bridge. I'll carry big stones and drop them into the brook, and every one of you shall bring little stones."

So straightway Little Bear began building a bridge of stones. It was hard work, but he tugged at rocks and rolled stones and lifted stones and splashed and struggled and struggled and splashed until at last there was a fair bridge of stones across the singing brook. The baby wildcats did not help much because they were too busy quarreling and crying.

"Now step over," advised Little Bear, "and be careful that you do not slip."

One by one the little "fraid-cats," careful not to slip, crossed the brook, stepping high and carrying their tails in the air. At last Little Bear left them at their own door, just as Mother Wildcat appeared.

"You naughty children!" she exclaimed. "I have searched the woods far and near for you! There is a

circus man wandering round here, and it is a wonder he didn't find you! Scoot into the house this minute!"

"Little Bear is good!" piped in the shrill voice of little sister Fluffy. "He made a stone bridge for us and brought us home!" Little Bear loved her for owning up like that.

"Well," said Mrs. Wildcat, "if he knows what is good, he will be glad to have me take him home, or the circus man may get him."

Little Bear knew what was good for him; so he gladly put his little wet paw into Mrs. Wildcat's paw and trotted along by her side. Mrs. Maria Wildcat meant well, and he knew it. Some folks are always irritable when they are worried. Anyway, she took Little Bear home; and great was Little Bear's surprise when, on reaching his own gate, Mrs. Wildcat suddenly stopped and said, "Mer—row! Mer—row!" in her most impolite fashion.

At the same moment Father Bear and Mother Bear came running down the path from the house to see what was the matter; and at that very minute up jumped the circus man from beside the gate, where he had been hiding, and ran away as fast as he could go—so fast that he looked like a straight line flying down the road!

For the first time in his life Little Bear kissed Mrs. Maria Wildcat good night without being told. And all that evening until bedtime he and Father Bear played a merry game of Mrs. Maria Wildcat scaring a circus man—"Mer—row! Mer—row! Mer—row!"

Aunt's Joy.

"I told you last Sunday, children," said the Sunday-school teacher, "that you should all try to make someone happy during the week. How many of you have?"

"I did," answered a boy promptly. "That's nice, Johnny. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

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