

About the House

The Dainty Girl's Charm List.

She is not at all the girl with the perfect features, dreamy eyes, long glossy lashes, Cupid's bow mouth—you know the girl we all like to dream about and wish we might be.

Yet—

She is the envy of all the girls, they copy her style and her mode of hair-dress, they run to her for ideas and the boys!—well, they are simply baffled by her indescribable charm.

This girl of whom we are talking, knows something of the secret of personal daintiness and has attained a degree of artistry in appearing lovely.

Her careful toilet for the day really begins the evening before. Hanging by her dressing table, in plain sight, is her Charm List and what a gay time she does have checking off each item.

First there is a thorough scrubbing of teeth, and the prescribed twenty strokes in brushing the hair. (They tell us that girls in "the 60's" made it 100 strokes!) Next, a nice warm bath with a delicately perfumed bath soap which is refreshing and such a joy! After the bath, a sprinkling of talcum on shoulders, neck and arms. This gives you such a velvety comfortable feeling and then you are all ready for the fresh sweet nightie and to cuddle down (like a contented kitten by the fire for a refreshing slumber of at least eight hours.

Each garment for the morrow is all arranged, buttons, hooks and eyes on, necessary mending done and everything nice and clean. No wonder she sleeps a "beauty sleep!"

Our Dainty Girl revels, once a week, in a sudsy ceremony that calls for a washbowl of beautiful frothy suds into which go her frilliest bits of underwear, dainty collars and cuffs, sheer blouses and dresses, and best stockings.

She also has discovered that her stocking bill is reduced almost in proportion to the frequency of the washings, so after each day's wear, they are treated to a dip in suds or clear warm water. The voice of thrift prevails even when they are brand new and it is such a temptation to put them on in all their freshness from the box for their first wear. They last longer, too, if introduced to the wash bowl before their first wear.

On down the list is the weekly manicure when her nails are filed, cuticle removed and the buffer gives just the mere suggestion of a shine.

Very important is the matter of removal of all perspiration odor, which sometimes persists in spite of perfect cleanliness. A special toilet preparation, used about once a week after the bath, overcomes this difficulty.

And you should see the Dainty Girl's tiny little brush, much smaller than a tooth brush, which she uses just

for her eyebrows, for she knows that her eyebrows must be brushed quite as religiously as her hair.

And the matter of perfumery? One of the newest ideas is to select one's fragrance according to one's type. Who could think of the quaint girl, who suggests hoop skirts and brocades, without thinking of the fragrance of lavender buds? The retiring, shy girl chooses the scent of the "modest" violet. Surely many types of girls may use the fragrance of the rose. The Dainty Girl gathers the petals in rose season, carefully dries them and fills attractive bags for her dressing-table drawers and shirt-waist box.

Here is her Charm List:

Evening beautifiers—Brush teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); warm bath; thorough rub down; a sprinkle of talcum; a fresh nightie; apply cold cream when needed; apply hand lotion, garments ready for tomorrow; complete relaxation (at least eight hours' sleep).

Morning toilet—Exercise before open window; brush teeth; drink glass of water; wash hands; press back cuticle of nails; splash of cold water on face; dash of powder on nose to remove shine; brush eyebrows; dress hair becomingly.

Once-a-week aids to loveliness—Manicure nails; clear skin with cold cream; wash-bowl laundry, special care of feet; weekly mending.

Every two weeks—Shampoo hair.

MONEY ORDERS.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

SMOKE

in
½ lb.
tins



and
15¢
pkts.

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality



CAMPERS

ONTARIO'S forest wealth is dwindling. Every year forest fires take disastrous toll. Careless campers cause eleven per cent. of Ontario's forest fires. Last summer 112 cases of neglected camp fires were reported. This summer be careful.

Save Ontario's Forests They're Yours

When you build your fire to make tea, fry bacon or add cheer to pipe and story-telling time, use a woodsman's precautions.

The real woodsman builds his fire on an old fireplace, if there be one handy. Failing that he scrapes away all litter, moss and fibrous rotted wood down to the mineral soil, or the bare rock, and preferably some place close to the water. He knows that if fire gets into the moss or the upper woody layer of forest soil, or in a half-rotted log or stump, it "holds over," burns away unnoticed underneath, and unless followed up and carefully put out, is liable to break into a flame later. He knows how hard it is to put such deep-smouldering fire out. So he makes his cooking fire surprisingly small and compact, and chooses a spot that is absolutely safe.

It is a mark of his finished woodsmanship how thoroughly he drowns his fire out with plenty of water when he is through with it. Save the forests. You may want to camp again.

Ontario Forestry Branch
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto

DON'T

- DON'T take chances with fire in Ontario's forests.
- DON'T throw away cigarette or cigar butts, pipe "heels" or burnt matches until you are dead sure they are out.
- DON'T neglect to drown out your fire with lots of water.
- DON'T build your camp fire against a rotten log or stump—nor on windy points; nor near moss patches; nor at the base of a tree. Build it in a former fireplace, or on a flat rock, or on a spot cleared down to the true soil below, or by the edge of the water.
- DON'T forget that the upper layer of ground in the forest consists of partially rotted wood which will burn.



With The BOY Scouts

A half dozen Wolf Cubs (Junior Scouts) assisted by a couple of Girl Guides, rescued a six-year-old girl from drowning in a mill-race near St. Catharines recently. They formed a "human rope" by catching hold of hands, the eldest boy on the end (unable to swim) going out into the water and after frantic efforts managing to grab the little fellow as he was carried down by the water.

Being "friends to all" and, particularly, "brothers to all other Scouts," the Boy Scouts, like all other people, like to get round to see their friends and "brothers." This is why the Boy Scouts have so many little "rallies" as they call them, when boys of various troops in a district get together for better acquaintance, competitive games and general good times. Such a rally was held a few days ago at Mitchell and was attended by Scouts from the two troops there, from Seaforth and by a big party of Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs from Stratford, the latter being motored over in cars loaned by members of the Rotary Club.

The Kiwanians have always been good friends of the Boy Scouts and the Scouts never begrudge doing them a "good turn" when an opportunity presents itself. During the Kiwanis Clubs' International Convention in Toronto there were lots of good turns to be done and the Boy Scouts of Toronto, as representatives of their brother Scouts all over Canada and the United States, made a great name for themselves as "the little helpers." Over four hundred of them participated in one event—the spectacular tattoo before 27,000 people at the Exhibition Grounds, while others acted as guides, escorts for important officers of the organization, and as convention messengers.

Lord Byng is now touring Western Canada, and as in Ontario, is being greeted by the familiar Boy Scout smile everywhere he goes. And he is taking just as keen an interest in the boys of the prairies as he did in those of the East. In each of the Western Provinces he will conduct a training class for Scout leaders and will hold conferences with Scout officers on problems relative to their work. On the way west he met groups of Boy Scouts at Sudbury, Port Arthur, Fort William and Kenora, and when he returns he will meet others at several points in the Temiskaming district.

The Boy Scouts of Port Huron, Mich., where they have some twelve troops, have a splendidly equipped camp in Papst Grove on the shore of Lake Huron, three miles south of Lexington. An invitation has been extended by the Port Huron Scouts to the Boy Scouts of Sarnia to spend several days with them at this camp. This is another illustration of the splendid feeling of comradeship fast developing between the Boy Scouts on either side of the American-Canadian border line. Another instance was the "International Scout Rally" held at

Fort Erie, Ont., on June 3rd, when Boy Scouts from the city of Buffalo and Erie County, N.Y., spent a whole day with Boy Scouts representing various Scout towns and cities in the Niagara Peninsula from Hamilton east.

Many of Ontario's Boy Scout Troops are now in camp, and before the summer is over it is expected that many thousands of the "boys in khaki" will have enjoyed such a summer outing. And Scout camps are not just recreation camps either. They are training camps—places where Scouts not only have the very best possible opportunities to put into practice hosts of the things they learned in their troop meetings during the long fall, winter and spring months, but also where they learn much about the things of nature at first hand, learn to live together and cultivate some of the great qualities of healthy, manly citizenship.

A Lesson in Confidence.

When Mark Twain was a boy he wanted to learn to be a pilot on the Mississippi River. The task was by no means easy, for the pilot of a river steamer had to know just where the shallows were, just where the rocks lay hidden, and just where the channel swerved. He had also to know just what each ripple and each eddy signified.

After some time, so the story runs, Mark Twain thought he had learned all there was to learn. He was sure that he knew where all the reefs and shallows were. But there was something that he did not know.

One day the pilot was watching him as he was steering the course. Soon Mark Twain began to sheer off to one side.

"Where are you going?" cried the pilot sharply.

"I am avoiding that reef," Mark Twain pointed to an angry ruffle of water that stretched in front of them. "Never mind it," said the pilot. "Keep straight on."

The boy could hardly believe the man's words. There was the sign of a reef as plain as could be! He fancied that he already heard the crash of the boat, the screams of passengers and the cries of the children. "Yet the pilot cannot be wrong," he thought, "and he says to keep straight on." Setting his teeth, he drove the boat straight at the angry streak of broken water.

As the prow of the steamer touched the edge of it he held his breath for fear; but to his utter astonishment and delight the steamer rode on smoothly.

The ripples had been caused, not by a reef, but by the wind. It is true that on either side were rocks or shallows, but the ripples were in deep, safe water.

The Bible exhorts us not to be afraid of sudden fear. It is good advice. "I have had many troubles, most of which have never happened," says a certain motto.

To steer straight on in simple obedience to right is the crown of courage.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took their changes and chances of this mortal life like men.—Kingsley.