

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Almost every homemaker has a scrap book of some kind and sometimes a variety of them. Almost everyone who has worked on a scrap book will enjoy these thoughts:

Scrap Books
I have a stack of scrap books, large and small
They have been growing since my high-school days.

A heterogeneous medley are they all
Religion, suffrage, sermons, poems and plays.

Mostly the slumber sweetly in a drawer
But once or twice a year I take them out.

Some stormy night (hark to the winds loud roar!)
Collect some clippings, and then have a bout

Of cutting, pasting, reading, dropping shears.

Recalling when or how I put this in.

One hour can recall a dozen years
Reminding me how happy I have been.

Columns of them are things I wrote myself

If they were dollar bills, how rich I'd be:

But dollar bills, though very worthy pelt
Can pay no dividends to memory.

War bits from France and England—poetry
Nonsense and jokes—a dozen little bits,
Cram-full of thoughts of help for you and me,
Satire and comment, sharpeners of the wit.

Others were copied out by school-girl friends:
And some have crossed the sea from shore to shore.

But chief charm of my scrap-books is: to me
They still have room for many clippings more.

Grafton, Ontario. Betsy Anne.

Jayn's Method
The time has come, Plain Pete declares,
To speak of scrap-book ways:

They've been a real delight to me, begun in childhood days.

The habit is a happy one, as, armed with paste and shears,
I've put into their compact forms my interests through the years.

There's one that holds my home of dream, in many shapes and styles—
It's garden, too, is growing there—small wonder it beguiles!

And then there is a memory-book wherein, in mixed array
You'll see odd bits from here and yon, of friends of yesterday.

I also have a poesy book, with fragrant bits of verse
They smile in many kinds of type, and charm in rhymes diverse.

Another one, its blue suede top my tribute to his eyes,
Reveals the world's deep interest in "Lone Eagle of the Skies".

My well-thumbed tome of kitchen-lore contains rare cuts, indeed,
And handy short-cuts, ways and means for we folk have to feed.



MONKS GIVE SANCTUARY TO UNUSUAL CASE

The monks of Downside Abbey, near Bath, England, have given sanctuary to a man who declared that every man's hand was against him. They have by their act provided an epilogue to one of the most baffling and sensational murders of the late eighties, for the man they have befriended states that he is Charles Parton, who, at the age of eighteen, was sentenced to death for murdering John Fletcher, a Justice of the Peace, Town Councillor, and wealthy manufacturer in Manchester, England. The above pictures show the picturesque old English Abbey, and, inset, Charles Parton and three of his children. He is now the groundsman of Downside Abbey.

Some other pages speak of us, "Among Ourselves", you see
Wherein kind shadows, chattily, oft come to visit me.

Oh! Scrapbooks have a pleasant way of talking, rambling on—
Although "real" books are friends so true, to "scrap" I turn anon!

So I shall watch with bated breath for tales of other tomes,
When you, dear neighbor folk, reveal your scissored catacombs.

A glad discussion this will be, much better than the "pink".
Here's hoping that our scrap-book clan take generously to ink.

From The Toronto Globe. Jayn Jawn

Recipe for a Good Letter
To write a good letter take a handful of grit

And plenty of time and a little wit.
Take patience to set it and stir it all up

With a ladle of energy—then fill a cup
With kind thoughts and helpful thoughts and merry thoughts,
With bright words and wise words and words strong and true.

Mix all these together and then add for spice
Some good news, some funny news, all news that is nice.

Then seal with a love kiss and stamp it with care
Direct to your friend's heart—and presto! it's there.

Dandy.

REDUCING LOSSES FROM WINTER DISEASES OF VEGETABLES

Winter diseases of vegetables under normal conditions are responsible for heavy losses which are even greater when the recognized principles of plant disease control are not practiced. Through the efforts of the Division of Botany, Experimental Farms Branch, Ottawa, great progress has been made towards establishing recommendations which will eliminate many destructive vegetable diseases. This information, if carefully applied, will reduce such losses materially, for a sound product if properly handled and stored may be delivered to the consumer with a minimum of waste.

Vegetable diseases which give trouble during the winter take the form of rots, as for example, rhizoctonia rot of turnips, neck rot of onions, late blight of celery, and fusarium rot of potatoes. Turnips and cabbages are commonly affected with what is known as black-rot, while practically all vegetables are affected by soft-rot. When present, the germ causing this disease gains entrance to the vegetables through cuts and bruises. It is necessary therefore to exercise the greatest care in handling vegetables. Furthermore, the conditions of storage must be looked into carefully. High temperatures with an excess of moisture are favorable to the spread of soft-rot and other diseases.

Temperatures of from 36 degrees to 40 degrees F. combined with good ventilation provide the ideal storage conditions both for disease control and keeping qualities. While storage conditions and careful handling of the crops are necessary, there are other very important practices, which, if followed will prevent the development of many diseases associated with losses sustained during storage and transportation. Inasmuch as some disease germs live in soil for a number of years it is advisable to practice a rotation of non-susceptible crops. Many diseases may be controlled by the best known methods of seed treatment. Spraying to control blights is exceedingly beneficial and should be looked upon as a matter of routine. In addition it must be remembered that there are now available varieties showing a high degree of disease resistance. Further information bearing upon these matters may be obtained from the nearest Laboratory of Plant Pathology.

Send The Chronicle on page 7.

In the Crow's Nest

High up on the foremast of a giant liner there is a big bulge, like a huge barrel around the mast. It is the eye of the ship, for in it throughout a voyage without a moment's break two men stay whose sole work is that of watching the sea and sky.

It is the liner's lookout, and only men who have exceptionally good eyesight are chosen for the work of staying aloft in this lookout. The very life of the mammoth, carrying perhaps 5,000 people, depends on them.

The lookout men are like eagles in an eyrie, and they have need to be alert and of piercing vision when rushing across the Atlantic at the rate of nearly 30 miles an hour. They are better placed than the officer on the bridge for seeing things ahead, and they are provided with a loud speaking telephone so that they can communicate with the bridge without their words being drowned in the howl of a gale or the roar of the sea. Powerful binoculars are furnished them.

The crow's nest is a source of fascination to passengers some of whom make great efforts to be allowed to visit it; but the captain rarely gives permission. For one thing, the men must not be hampered in carrying out a very rigid duty, and for another thing it is not by any means everybody who is physically capable of reaching the nest, writes a Tit-Bit man.

How do you get to the coveted bawel, and what is it really like? First you go down to the sea deck and enter a door in the huge steel funnel which forms the mast. Then you climb a 70-rung steel ladder, an uncanny performance in the darkness, when the ship is pitching and rolling.

Having clambered up you reach the platform of the nest and find yourself in a circular cage which is protected by a canvas screen called the "dodger"—and that protection and as much more as you can get is needed when the liner is driving into anything like bad weather.

From the nest you get a wonderful view of the ship, and you realize how essential it is for the lookout men to climb up inside the mast to avoid the danger of being blown or washed overboard. Here is the telephone and just above your head, within easy reach, is the ship's bell on which the lookout repeats the time bells which are struck every half-hour by a quartermaster on the bridge.

A message from the nest—and it may be one of life and death; as, for instance, an iceberg is suddenly sighted right ahead—is acted upon with the swiftness of thought. The eye—the nest—sees; the brain—the bridge—acts, and helm and engine do the rest. It is all a marvellous example of human efficiency and discipline.

As a rule the lookout men work in three watches, with two hours on and four hours off duty. It is an undoubted advantage to have two men working together in this way in clear weather. In thick weather the lookout is strengthened.

In a giant liner eight men are responsible for this important task of seeing, as completely as human intelligence can see, what is ahead and around the monster which is racing across the vast ocean.

Two hours at a stretch do not seem much but in that lofty metal box you are glad of plenty of thick clothing even on a summer day. Imagine what it is like in a winter gale! The liner has her own high speed plus the high velocity of the wind. Show your face to that combination, with snow and ice

thrown in, and you may well wonder why your features are still left. To the intense cold and discomfort must be added the aggravated motion so high above the deck—it is as if human beings were peas in a giant rattle.

The noise is appalling. The roar of the wind, accompanied by thunderlike crashes of enormous seas breaking on board is deafening. In such a swirl and smother of water it looks as if the mast must be snapped and the nest hurled into the turmoil.

But the lookout does not worry. He knows that the nest is staunch and true and that the nest will not give way even under the charges of those wandering terrors of seas known as the "Three Old Men of the Atlantic."

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY BUMPED IN MARKET

Every now and then "Death Valley Scotty" gets his name in the newspapers for some sensational exploit or other and then he abruptly disappears. The generally accepted theory is that after his occasional visits to civilization and the bright lights he returns to his inaccessible fastnesses in Nevada and proceeds to dig up enough gold for a future comet-like appearance. A few days ago Scotty appeared in a rather unusual role. He said that he had lost \$6,000,000 in the stock market. Something a little more original had been expected of him and the general impression was that he was slipping and could not much longer be depended upon for a sensational news story. But when he said that he had lost \$6,000,000 it did not worry him because he knew where he could get another \$6,000,000, interest somewhat revived, for the people who lose \$6,000,000 and say they are not worried are few and far between. The mystery as to

where he can get the other millions remains. That, we suppose, is necessary, for the very essence of Scotty is mystery. Indeed without the mystery there might be no Scotty at all. The fact that he has been able to baffie quite a few people who have tried to solve the problem that he cheerfully presents is what gives him interest and makes it worth while writing about him, says J. V. McAree in the Toronto Mail and Empire.

Breaking Train Record

The right name of our hero is Walter Scott, and on one occasion when he was asked if he was any relation to the famous Walter he replied that he was the famous Walter, and certainly he has provided the newspapers with more live matter in the past 20 years or so than the author of the Waverley novels. He first burst upon a dazzled public eye in 1905. He suddenly appeared in Los Angeles from nowhere and said that his aim was to break the railroad record from that city to Chicago. He announced that he had a hidden mine in a hidden valley and all the money, practically, in the world. After convincing the officials of the Santa Fe Railroad of his solvency he asked what it would cost to take him and his wife and a few chosen friends to Chicago in a special train consisting of locomotive, diner, baggage car and sleeper. The price was set at \$5,500, and he was promised that the trip would take just 48 hours. Scotty wished the road to guarantee that this time would not be exceeded and offered to pay \$20 for every minute under the specified time, if the railroad would pay him \$20 for every extra minute. This offer was declined and it was a fortunate thing for Scotty that it was, because the trip took just 44 hours, 54 minutes, breaking the former record by nearly eight hours.

Money to Burn

Naturally news of the exploit had preceded Scotty and the newspapers published bulletins reporting the progress of the train. When he arrived there was an enthusiastic crowd awaiting him for news of his free-handed principles had spread abroad. As soon as the train came to a standstill a cheer arose and Scotty appeared waving a sombrero. "Now boys," he said, "I'm going to buy. Show me the joy parlor that's got the biggest stock of bubble bottles." Thirteen guides immediately stepped forward and were about to lead Scotty away in divers directions when he bethought himself and turned back to the car. He walked up to the engine driver and taking a large bundle of money from his pocket gave him a hundred dollar bill. He handed \$50 to the fireman. Then four negro porters who had been kept busy icing wine and drawing corks for the past 48 hours lined up and Scotty presented each of them with \$100. He said: "You did the best you knew how, boys. But you know and I know that you don't know nothing about the business of cooling bubble bottles. Speed is the only thing you lack. Cultivate rapidity, boys, cultivate rapidity. And action. What I want is action. Good-bye and God bless you."

The Death Valley Legend

He then permitted himself to be led away, followed by no inconsiderable part of the population of Chicago. For

KIDNEY TROUBLE BACKACHE
The most common cause of kidney trouble is the use of cheap, adulterated medicines. These medicines irritate the kidneys and cause backache, headache, and other symptoms. The only safe and effective remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a natural, vegetable-based medicine that restores the health of the kidneys and the entire system. It is sold in all drug stores and health food stores.

some weeks thereafter, the recklessness with which he spent his money was a feature of the local news. Then he vanished, but not before the legend which he had brought with him had become firmly established. This was the effect that he was the owner of the richest gold mine in the world, which contained ore that a man had only to dig up with a pick and take to a bank. This mine was supposed to be located in Death Valley, Nevada, and was situated that it was impossible for anyone to reach it who did not know the secret trails. Since then stories have been circulated about adventurous men who sought to penetrate the desert that guards the valley and perished of thirst in the attempt. The original claim is supposed to have been staked by a prospector named Breyfogle, who went mad when the wealth of his discovery dawned upon him. Scotty in some manner, more orthodox, became his heir and he announced that his main object in life was to spend all the money he had.

NO ANTS—NO COCOA

"Without Black Ants No Cocoa" reads a sign posted at the entrance of great plantation in Central Java. It does not go unheeded, for the native hand in some four million nests of these little creatures each year and receive payment in return. These black ants live only upon trees infested by the white cocoa louse. Neither the louse nor the ants injure the trees. The enemy is a certain beetle whose name is Helopeltis, which also attacks the tree.

It has been found that when the black ants are present the Helopeltis fails to injure the trees. Apparently the sap-sucking pest is disturbed by the activity of the ants, for the latter do not attack the beetle. This is why the black ants are protected. Food is provided for them by picking the white cocoa louse from the shells of the fruit, where they congregate, and placing them on the cocoa trees to attract the ants and drive the beetles.

It will pay you to advertise The Chronicle.

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