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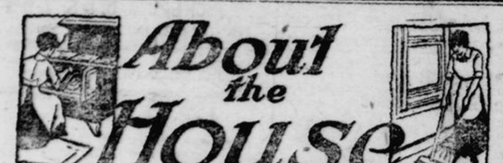

Our Children's Health—Or Unhealth?

Here are a few extracts from the report of a physician on conditions as he found them in a certain State to the south of us. Do these conditions also prevail in our own fair land? I am afraid they do. This is what he says:

"Not to bring up a child in the way he should go, physically, mentally and morally, is a terrible sin of omission.

"That the hpysical condition of our children is deplorable appears in the statistics of every medical inspection that has been published.

"Who are we that seventy per cent. of our school children should have rotten teeth? Who are we that thousands of our children are born of diseased parents? Who are we that thousands of our children, on account of vicious environment and wicked neglect, are allowed to be diseased and refective? Who are we, that because of forcing bad air, bad food and bad sanitation upon our children they take on tuberculosis and die in early life?

"Ignorance is not our excuse and we are not ignorant. On the contrary, we know, but we seem not to understand, and certainly are not sufficiently practical to make use of our knowledge.

"Nowhere is there greater disobedience of the laws of inheritance and the laws of health than in rural districts. There, mating is wholly, entirely and absolutely haphazard. And there laws of health and well-being are largely ignored. In cities, the conditions seem a wee bit better, for there typhoid is less, tuberculosis is perhaps less, and the death rate, leaving out accidental deaths, is less. In cities, people more thoroughly separate themselves from their sewage and the bath is more in evidence. Adenoids and defects of the nose and throat are more prevalent in the country than in cities, and this despite the purer country air. It still may be said the reason country air is so pure is because the farmer keeps the bad air inside.

"As in the city schools, we also find in those of the country the larger proportion of children are neglected. Bad teeth prevail to such a degree that we express surprise when a good set is found. Coughs, colds and catarrh get every child one or two times every school term, and some sniffle through every day of the year.

"Cases of catarrh, weak and watery eyes, and running ears are found, many dating from the time the helpless youngsters had measles or scarlet rash. Emaciation from actual starvation is not occasional. In one rural school of twenty-seven pupils, I found seven anemic, emaciated children, and five of them were actually starving. One little wizened girl had had one batter cake with molasses for breakfast, and in her dinner bucket for lunch were one soggy biscuit and one apple. All of twenty-seven pupils in the school needed medical attention. There was not a child that did not have two or more decayed teeth. Every child had suffered from one or more attacks of so-called 'cold' during the winter, and sixteen said they had had colds ever since school opened in the fall."

The rest of the description of the school and teacher kept me awake nights for a week, so I omit it to save your feelings. This is bad enough. Also his description of a primary room he visited in a city school where a consumptive teacher had stopped up the ventilation system because she was chilly.

The doctor draws the conclusion from his experience with parents that medical inspection and care of children must be made compulsory, just as was found necessary in the matter of education. Why not? Surely good health in our coming citizens is of as great importance as education. In fact, there can be little education without good health back of it, for diseased body means also a weakened mind.

Your child and my child may be getting proper care. But are our neighbors'? Their tubercular children are a menace to ours. Isn't it our right to see that they are taken care of?—D.H.

Helping Our Returned Men.

Writing on "Invisible Wounds" Capt. Arthur H. Samuels, says that the greater percentage of soldiers passing through reconstruction centres are suffering from internal rather than outward surgical injuries, injuries, men who are suffering from shell shock, for instance. They look fit. "It will be difficult," he says, "in many instances for the business man eager to open his door to the returned fighter to understand why men who look hale and hearty enough will be unable to go into certain jobs involving heavy indoor work. They must not be passed by because their sacrifices are not obvious." No small part of the keen intuition that knows how to sympathize by silence and unobstrusive helpfulness and that is so absolutely necessary in the great work of helping these men to "find themselves" rests with the women of every community. If the returned man becomes discouraged and outclassed after leaving the reconstruction centres the fault will be found to rest almost invariably with the women who have sympathized in unwise rather than helpful ways. Open commiseration is often nothing less than refined cruelty and is never the best sort of help. Thus there is added another phase to women's war work, study of the best ways of helping unobtrusively.

Breakfast Cereals.

This is now an appropriate time to add the breakfast cereal to the morning menu. The body for the next six months will require considerably more starches, sugars and fats to maintain sufficient heat and energy. An ideal manner of supplying this need will be found in the breakfast cereal and milk.

Table for Proportions

One cupful of oatmeal to four cupfuls of water: cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rolled oats to three cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of farina to four cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of cracked wheat to five cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of hominy to six cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of cornmeal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of barley to five cupfuls of water; cook for 4 hours.

One cupful of barley meal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rice to five cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rye meal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

For variety add any of the following:

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped raisins.

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped dates.

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped prunes.

One-half cupful of peanuts put through the food chopper.

Three tablespoonfuls of peanut butter.

Try serving cereals with the following in place of sugar: Place one-half cupful of syrup in a small pitcher and add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Heat until very hot, stirring frequently until creamy.

Full silos mean big winter milk.

CHRISTMAS

will be happier for you if you have provided the first step for your children's future.

Begin saving for them now by purchasing good stocks on our

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

So much laid by monthly actually gives them ownership in any securities specially favored by you.

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The Sealed Room

By Edwin Baird.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Stookey, knowing a propitious moment when she met one, quietly withdrew, closing the folding doors behind her.

Tom moistened his lips.

"I'm going back to-night. I thought, perhaps—I came to see—if you wouldn't go home with me."

For all his nervousness, there was a thrilling inflection in his voice which caused her to lower her yees, and the warm blush in her cheeks mounted higher and higher still, until it bathed her white brow in a crimson flood.

The Great Moment had arrived! He loved her! He wanted to marry her! It was like a dream come true.

And yet—who can fathom the heart of a girl?—she did not answer his question, then. Instead, she asked another—a question so wholly unexpected that it left him gasping in utter bewilderment.

"Do you happen to know if that unattached foreman on your ranch is susceptible?"

"W-why—what on earth! You surely don't— What do you mean, anyway?" he demanded, staring at her with Heaven knows what wild thoughts in his mind.

She could meet his eyes now, smilingly. Having succeeded in perturbing him, her own palpitation promptly subsided.

"I was only thinking," she said, "of a very particular friend of mine who feels strangely drawn to country life, and I was wondering— Am I talking ridiculously like a matrimonial bureau?" she laughed.

"You're talking like an angel!" he boldly declared; and he was thinking: "By George! Wouldn't it be immense if old Yocum should take a notion to marry!" However, he was too intent upon his own love affair to take much interest in another's problematic one.

"Listen to me, Winifred—I love you, dear. I want you to be my wife. Aren't you going to marry me?"

"I—I—" She abandoned the fluttering sentence and, hiding her face against his shoulder, vigorously nodded her head up and down.

Outside in the slovenly street, the world flowed on, heedless, selfish, higgledy-piggledy—a sordid, self-centred world of greed and misery, and the everlasting pursuit of happiness. But to these two, alone with their love, this world was a paradise, ineffably pure and perfect.

But they were interrupted in a most extraordinary and wholly unexpected manner.

Tom heard a familiar voice in the hall asking for Miss Henrietta Plum, and he strode to the folding doors and flung them open, and beheld George Yocum—Yocum, who had, violent argument, inveighed against hasty marriages!

If Tom, on hearing Yocum's voice, had been unable to believe his ears—and he had been so astounded—Yocum could scarcely believe his eyes.

Had you been a diligent reader of a certain Chicago newspaper you might have learned, one autumn day, that marriage licenses were issued at the county building in Chicago to Mr. Thomas McKay and Miss Winifred Snow, and Mr. George Yocum and Miss Henrietta Plum. But you would have vainly searched, in this or any other paper, for details concerning the wedding, which was performed for the four of them by Rev. Philip Webb. Mrs. Stockey and Mrs. Buckle and the Zuckermans and Dora Kirk were among those there.

And the little minister still tells of the splendid donations—checks of four figures each, no less—which the bridegrooms made to "the cause."

(The End.)

IN FULL MARCHING ORDER

A Soldier's Vivid Description of An Army March.

Was just thinking I have often spoken of marching, and I will give you an account of a march with full maching order, as you might like to have an idea of what it means. These marches, however,, are not all as bad as I'll paint this one.

First, we are warned to fall in at X o'clock, in full marching order. Let me tell you what "Full marching order" is. The skeleton equipment, that on which the various articles fasten, consists of a wide, heavy, webbed, canvas belt with two shoulder straps; in the front, attached to the strap, are the cartridge pouches, holding 120 rounds of ammunition; on the belt on right side are the bayonet, entrenching tool handle and haversack; the last contains your shaving outfit, cleansing and eating utensils, etc.; one the right side is the water bottle. Then comes the real load: the pack, a canvas valise slung on the back by straps round your shoulders. It carries a greatcoat, sweater coat, extra underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, ground sheet and housewife. Then add to that the box respirator, or gas mask, on the chest, entrenching tool at back on belt and your rifle, and you are ready. The "Fall in" always entails a seemingly unnecessary amount of standing around in platoons, which is rather trying. While standing, a good way of easing the load is to place muzzle of rifle under the pack, butt on the ground, and let your shoulders down. You have only then to keep the pack balanced. At last we get the word and start off. One's sensations and forms of mild torture experienced are so varied that I'll describe them to you.

First of all, we march at east, that is to say, one may chat with his pal on left or right, sling the rifle, instead of carrying it at a slope, and smoke, although it is bad policy to smoke, you need all your wind. One period is usually three-quarters of an hour with a ten minute rest after.

The first five or ten minutes all goes well; you trot along humming or chatting, making more or less humorous comments on the various, and what seem to us, peculiar houses and vehicles., etc., which we see on the way. We have apparently forgotten that we are human pack mules. Soon, however, one begins to realize he is carrying something. You feel a heavy or choking sensation, like an attack of indigestion as though your lungs are being squeezed slightly. But that is a trifle, you think. You straighten up, take a deep breath and it is forgotten. In a minute or two the right shoulder begins to ache a little with the heavy backward pull on it. You shift your rifle to the left shoulder—that's easier for the right, but soon the left starts to keep company and you cannot shift any weight anywhere else.

Then you slip a hand behind you and underneath the pack, raising it and shifting the weight to your arm. This is a great relief, but only momentary as the strain on the arm is too great, and one lets the pack down again. Next commences across the back of the neck and reaching into both shoulders a dull, heavy pain. This steadily grows worse. Another way of easing yourself is to slip a thumb under each set of shoulder straps and raising the whole equipment a little. But, as you can imagine, you can only hold it for a very short time.

From this time on it is a series of various changes and shiftings of weights, none of which relieve you only to the extent of lessening it in one place and increasing it in another.

Oe has reached now that dull state in which he has but one desire, and that—to lie down and get off that awful burden, anywhere, anyplace. But the man in front of you; you can through moisture-dimmed eyes see his legs, the heels of his boots seem to be coming back to you but never getting any closer; he is plodding along, and through your mind runs the thought: "He is carrying the same load, full of that same pain. If he can keep up, I can," and still your legs monotonously forge ahead. I can't explain it, but you are in a state of semi-consciousness like one walking in his sleep. Then you try to think of something pleasant. In my case I try to picture myself at home, and you may not believe it, but it helps a lot. Some chaps have fallen out, but you plod along. To fall out means the extra exertion of stepping out of the ranks; your legs do not seem capable of changing direction so you stay in your place praying for the welcome words of command: "Fall out"!

Perhaps one chap with a little more "pep" left in him informs us that we have ten minutes to go before the rest period. That ten minutes magnifies itself into an eternity of time, in your mind, but here's where the old thought of mine so often comes in: "There's an end to all things, and so will be to this march."

When the time is up you stagger out to the right and let yourself down, lying so that the pack forms a back rest and also so that the weight is all taken off your back and shoulders. Then for a moment the sudden flow of blood sends sharp, shooting pains around the cords of the neck, but that is over and oh the blessed relief then. In a moment you feel fit enough to reach for a cigarette. A drink would taste all right, but it is not wise, as you have another walk ahead of you, to take one.

The ten minutes soon pass and you pull yourself on your knees, then to your feet and step into your section of fours.

Then comes another spell of it a little worse as you start out tired, but you know that at the end is an hour's rest for dinner, so you "Carry on."

* * * *

I want to say this, not that I'm in the infantry, not at all, for I've seen very little. Here's what I mean: Of all the units in France the difference in corps, etc., the rank and file of the infantry have the most hardships, hardest work and absolutely the least comfort, whether in or out of the line, and are lowest in grade of units. The most credit is due to them, for outside of fighting, which all do, they, as I said, endure the most.

The aviators fly so many hours per day and go way back of the line to a comfortable billet and lots to eat, with things ready for them. The artillery have greater chance for sleeping places and for carrying grub. The infantry throw their load off their back and probably dig a hole in the side of a trench at night and eat out of their mess tin, which they are lucky enough to have.

Im not complaining for I've not experienced much of it, just enough to realize that this branch of the service deserve what they won't get—the most credit after the war.

"Judge not without knowledge, nor without necessity, and never without love."—Alex. Whyte.

Ex-Empress Eugenie of France, widow of Napoleon III., has lived to see the day she prayed for—the fall of the Hohenz terns.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE

HOW TRAGIC LETTERS REACH THE HOMELAND

The Courtesy of the British Soldier is Shown in His Care of a Fallen Comrade's Treasures.

I was warned for a bombing-raid that was likely to prove a "forlorn hope."

Therefore, I wrote a certain letter, putting on the envelope, "To be forwarded in the event of my death," and handed it to a chum to take care of—he was not going on the raid.

"I understand," he said.

That letter did not have to be sent, for I was unhit.

A Fallen Comrade.

We were waiting near a dump. An officer of another regiment came up and said:

"There's a poor laddie of your regiment lying out on the ridge yonder. I thought you might like to know."

I followed his guidance and found the body. I felt in the breast-pocket and found an envelope. It was a fearsome task, but when I read in the brilliant moonlight the words, "In the event of my death kindly forward," I was glad I had found courage to do it.

Later two comrades were killed, and for several days I moved about a battlefield carying those three precious letters, and in danger of "going West" myself. I did not worry about the safety of the letters. I knew that if I "stopped it" others would take and carry them until the chance came to send them to the loved ones in Blighty.

Some weeks later I was wounded, and came home. For four months a comrade carried a packet of old letters, which I had left in my pack when I discarded it on the battlefield. When he at last achieved leave he brought them to me in England.

"I knew they were personal, old chap, and I wouldn't trust 'em to the post," he said.

Those letters were doubly precious to me after that.

Risk Life to Recover Token.

I wonder if those at home who have received the personal treasures and letters of their dead know that great courtesy of the British soldier? How men risk their lives and crawl into No Man's Land so that a dead pal's wife or mother—it is to his womenfolk that the soldier usually addresses that sacred letter—shall have the very last message he ever wrote. Through what infernos of shelling they carry those letters! How they will add to their overburdened kit some token that Bill, or George, would like his "missus" to have, and how they carry such a treasure, and will not part with it until they can find a certain messenger to take it to the bereaved woman!

No; there is no glory in war, but there is love.

CROSSING CANAL DU NORD

How "Tanks" Enabled Infantry to Rush the Hindenburg Line.

The floundering of the early Tanks in the deep mud of Flanders roused joy in German hearts. Surely this mighty engine of war could be defeated by a zone of soft earth or by shallow pools of water! Therefore a line of trenches was cut and flooded as defence, and failed. For, while the Huns were chortling and digging, our mechanicians were planning new stunts for their ungainly toy, including the carriage of a strong bridging-hurdle to repair gaps and span trenches. The great gulf of the Canal du Nord was anticipated deep enough and wet enough to stop the British rush to the Hindenburg line. Accordingly, all bridges were breached and the banks pulverized by shallow mines. Then the enemy retired, lining the further bank with machine guns.

Next morning the first Tank plunged up the shell-riven road, and reached the elements of a bridge. The arch "drushed," as was expected, and the great steel moster sat down heavily in the ruins, immovable, the target for every rifle and Maxim that could be brought to bear. Under cover of a smoke-bomb, the crew scrambled out of the upper manhole, and took shelter where they could in the lee of the fallen giant. Then a second Tank waddled up. There was a halt, and its team of engineers, rising apparently from the earth, deftly reached down certain steel joists which were laid as a pathway from terra-firma to the tortoise top of the abandoned machine in front.

With a mighty churning and grinding, Tank No. 2 crawled out over No. 1, bumped on to the centre pier of the bridge, made a few more bounces, and then crashed the crown of the further arch, sinking to the canal level. Tank No. 3 was on the heels of its predecessors, its Maxims and six-pounders belching shells by the string against the enemy's posts, and covering the working-party. Again the bridging material was laid, and right smartly our third Tank bumped and wabbled across the improvised span of steel, and came into close action, paving the way for our infantry to complete the breach.

Promises to many folks are like piecrust—only made to be broken.

Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of

BOVRIL

23

Canada Food Board, Licence No. 13-142

Food Control Corner

Get Government Feed.

Government feed at reasonable prices may be secured by farmers and live stock men through the Feed Division of the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, which has established reserves at different distributing centres as follows:

Re-cleaned elevator screenings, $56.00 per ton, bulk car load lots, Fort William. There is an export embargo on this class of feed.

Feed corn $1.40 per bushel, f.o.b Tiffin, Ont.

Linseed oil cake meal $64.00 per ton, Toronto, and $66.00 per ton, f.o.b. Montreal in car load lots, packed in 200 pound sacks.

It would be well for farmers to get together and order car load lots of above feeds before winter conditions affect transportation. Address orders for corn, screenings and oil cake meal to the Feed Division, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa.

Bran and shorts upon which there is an absolute export embargo, are sold through the regular trade at fixed prices of $31.00 per ton for bran and $36.00 per ton for shorts, Fort William, plus freight and $42.00 per ton net cash, Montreal, including sacks in each case. Freight will be deducted or added to this price according to distance east or west of Montreal respectively.

There is also a supply of dried beet pulp or sugar beet meal accumulated at the sugar refineries in Western Ontario, selling at $35.00 per ton, f.o.b. Chatham, Wallaceburg and Kitchener, plus a charge of $5.00 per ton for bags, which amount is refunded on return of bags. Farmers within a reasonable radius of these points should look into the advantages of this feed, as it is desirable to use it up in Canada.

The existence of large grain-stocks in Siberia is reported.

Recruiting Officer (examining man for the Army)—"How is it you are so small my man?" Three feet six—I was brought up on shortbread and condensed milk."

FOR CHRISTMAS!

Muskrat Coat

Loose box coat effect, with convertible collar. Extra well made. Length 45". A popular seller.

$120

French Seal

Splendid coats that look well and wear better than any other seal. Special price $112.

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Two of our specialties in which we offer exceptional values.

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STORY OF THE PINK-TAILED TANK

A BRITISH LAND SHIP ON THE WESTERN FRONT

When His Majesty's Ship "Here We Are" Amused the Tommies and Terrified the Enemy.

Lumbering, rolling, dipping heavily into shell holes, heaving clumsily out of them, moving with a motion that can best be described as something between that of a half-sunken ship and a hamstrung toad, came His Majesty's land ship "Here We Are." Such was the appearance of a British tank that a writer in the Cornhill Magazine describes. It dipped its nose and slid headfirst into a huge shell crater in ludicrous likeness to a squat bull pup sitting back on his haunches as he is dragged into a hole, and then as the Here We Are's face and gun-port eyes and bent-elbow driving gear appeared above the crater rim it still more ridiculously resembled an amazed toad emerging from a rain barrel. Fifty yards in its wake a line of men followed to pick up the pieces and the prisoners.

The monster waddled on, lurched, checked and steadied itself with its nose poised over a deep hole, halted and backed away, and edged nervously round the rim of the hole. It reached the barbed-wire entanglements and waddled through, bursting them apart and trailing them in long tangles behind it, or trampling them calmly under the churning cater-pillar bands. The infantry pushed on after it almost without casualties, for the tank was drawing a hurricane of machine gun bullets that beat and rattled on its armored sides like hail on a windowpane. It waddled indifferently through the storm and, crawling carefully across the German trench, halted halfway over and sprinkled bullets up and down its length to port and starboard for a minute, hitched itself over, steered straight for a fire-streaming machine gun embrasure, squirted a jet of lead into the loophole, butted at the emplacement once or twice, got a grip with its upward-sloping caterpillar band, climbed jerkily until it reared on end like a frightened colt, ground its driving bands round and round, and fell forward on its face. Then it crawled out of the wreckage, crunching over splintered beams and concrete, halting every now and then to spray bullets on any German who showed himself, and turning aside to nose over any suspicious looking cranny before it plodded on in search of more trenches.

The infantry followed, rounding up groups of prisoners who crawled, white-faced and frightened, from dug-outs and trench corners. Suddenly a trench wall gave way and the starboard side of the Here We Are sank below the port. After a pause the bands began once more to revolve and to churn out behind them first a cloud of dust and clots of earth and then a mangled debris of clothing and trench-made furniture. On the ground above, the infantry stood shrieking with laughter while the Here We Are pawed out and hoofed behind it into the naked light of day a splintered bedstead, a chewed-up blanket or two, the legs, back and seat of a red velvet armchair, a torn gray coat and a forlorn and muddy pair of pink pyjamas tangled up in a field boot.

When the drivers got their eyes again and the Here We Are rolled majestically forward and up the farther side of the hole, one of the soldiers dragged a long branch from the debris, slid it up one leg and down the other of the pink pyjamas, tied the boot by its laces to the tip and thrust the root into a convenient crevice in the stern of the tank. So beflagged, she rolled her triumphant way up over the captured redoubt and down the other side, with the boot tip bobbing and jerking and swaying at the end of her pink tail.

FISH OILS IN PAINT

Excellent to Mix With Red Lead for Exterior Work.

Fish oil may be used to advantage as a vehicle for pigments in exterior paints. For interior painting, however, t is not satisfactory, as it gives off noxious gases for a considerable time after it is applied. Those oils which have the least of the characteristic "fishy" odor give the best results. Such oils may be used as vehicles for pigments to the extent of 75 per cent., the remainder of the vehicle consisting of linsed oil.

Fish oil is superior to linseed oil in smoked-stack paint or paint that has to be applied to hot surfaces, since it does not blister. It is also in demand for baking japans where a certain degree of flexibility is required. It is used, too, in the manufacture of enamelled leather and printing inks.

When red lead is mixed with linseed oil, chemical action follows which causes it to thicken up and become unfit for use in a short time. The addition of properly neutralized fish oil, will, however, prevent this hardening action and preserve the paint in a fresh and soft condition for many months.

The Ottoman Empire is the slum of the world.—Sir Mark Sykes.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO