

About the House

Eight Commandments for Children.

1. The growing child must have plenty of sleep. Up to six years he should sleep half the time—twelve out of twenty-four hours. Part of the time may be included in the day-time nap.
2. His food should be plentiful and nutritious. Each child should have at least three pints of milk a day. Part of this may be in some other food, such as custard or ice cream. He should also have limited quantities of meat and plenty of eggs, cereals, vegetables and fruits.
3. He should have plenty of out-of-door play—not too much work, nor too long continued.
4. He should have a daily bath or rub-down and a cleansing bath with warm water and mild soap at least once a week, often if possible.
5. His bowels should move freely at least once a day. If they do not his diet and exercises should be so regulated as to bring about that result.
6. He should be interested in life. When dull, or unhappy children are frequently suffering from the want of interest in life. Such a child should be watched to discover if possible what he does enjoy and where his natural interest lies; and it is then an easy task to stimulate his interest until his whole attitude is changed.
7. He should be taught simple lessons of personal hygiene; the use of individual towels, handkerchiefs, toilet articles; good care of teeth, nose, eyes, hands and feet.
8. He should be taught to believe that to be healthy is one of the finest possible achievements in the world, and most patriotic.

How Food Can Be Saved at the Table

Smaller portions should be served. Persons at the table should be given an opportunity for choice, so that no food is served unless a person wishes it.

Bread should be cut at the table.

In serving meat, bone or surplus fat should be left on the serving plate, so they can be utilized in stock or for cooking.

Everything served should be eaten. There should be nothing edible left on the plates.

As far as possible care should be taken to prepare only the amount of food needed by the family.

Smaller amounts of salad dressing should be served.

How Food Can Be Saved After the Meal Is Over.

Bits of vegetables should be kept for soups, salads, etc.

Fruit juice from canned fruit can be used for gelatine desserts or to flavor puddings.

Left over cake and cake crumbs should be used in puddings or to replace flour in dark cakes.

Juice left from cooked vegetables should be saved for soup.

All bread crumbs should be saved.

All left over muffins, biscuit, bread of any kind should be saved, made into crumbs and used in scalloped dishes, baking, etc.

No bit of food is too small to be saved!

Care of House Plants.

In caring for house plants it should

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Peace.

Behold! she stands triumphant once again. Her song rings out anew across the world; For over stormy seas and fields of slain, Exultantly her banner floats unfurled.

Her rebirth, left a heritage to you. Who live the hour of joy, the years ahead

From those whose hearts were brave, and courage true,
That silent army of unconquered dead.

Communing With the Dead.

That is a pretty picture of simple faith that Mrs. Nina L. Duryea gives in her article on The Soul of Fighting France. Among the sand dunes of Brittany, she says, superstition finds fertile soil. Bretons are less French than any other class in France, having retained their own language, customs and beliefs. They have little fear of death, and they are deeply religious. A cemetery is a place where children play, and on fete days it is the meeting place for gossips and swains. Relatives go always once a week with flowers to deck the graves and tidy the wee shrines above them as they do their own homes.

A Breton apparently is not entirely convinced that the dead has really departed to another world; he behaves as if the lost one were still near, hearing, seeing, and interested in his former associates. A discreet watcher will hear a widow say in a pleasant, conversational tone, while she tends the grave:

"Was the rain cold on thee last night? I thought of thee when I lay with the children in our snug bed behind the lattice. Perhaps thou wouldst care to hear that Jean has twins. That has proved a happy marriage, though Marie had no other dot than her good looks. Also the apple crop is excellent, and next week we begin to make cider. An revoir, my well-beloved. Sleep well, for all goes well, and I have money in my stocking."

With a tender pat on the cross she will then return home to her hard life, consoled by this chat with her husband.

CAMOUFLAGE

A Little Episode on the Western Front Described by Eyewitness.

The road ran almost due north and south along the crest of the ridge. Eastwards the land sloped gently away to our front line of the valley. You could just distinguish the wide, greener belt of No Man's Land, and on the top of the next ridge, 2,000 yards away, you could trace a broad dark brown strip which curved and twisted—now on the crest, now just over it, and now out of sight on the other side—the wire of the Hindenburg line.

One night a party of engineers had come to the road, driven in a row of posts along its edge, and nailed from one to the other a strip of camouflage netting 5 ft. high, which successfully screened the road from Boche observers in the enemy's line.

So peaceful was this part of the line that for many months the camouflage had stood unmolested, save for a few shell-splinters which had torn holes here and there, and save for a dozen gas-shells which had plopped through on the road on one particular night.

As a matter of fact there had been very little traffic along the road. Now and then a mess-cart bringing up a case of whiskey to battalion headquarters, once or twice a week a G.S. wagon filled with wire and sandbags, and once a lorry which had brought up a load of material and a party of men to build an O.P.

One day, as the camouflage was beginning to sag and rot, a trio of senior officers walked along the road, peered cautiously—Heaven knows why—through the rents in the camouflage, jotted down things in their notebooks and went away again. The camouflage swayed uneasily in the winter wind.

A week later there was a feverish activity behind the camouflage. Many men and many horses arrived, and with the horses came something else. The wind howled round the posts, and the camouflage quivered with excitement.

Early next morning, about five past six, a man went to each post, uprooted it, and stood by holding it in position. A few minutes later a whistle blew faintly. Each man threw down his post and jumped back out of the way. It was a beautiful dawn; there was absolute stillness along the whole front, such as there had been for months and months. A Boche observer from his post in the enemy's line saw the screen suddenly fall, and barely had time to wonder what it meant.

A quarted of a minute later he knew.

There was a terrific flash nearly a quarter of a mile in length. There was a deafening roar, for fifty guns, ranging from wheel and naked to fired by one man. North and south for miles arose the same stupendous roar.

The battle had begun.

The Judgment's Rehearsal.

We knew Wars heaven brow would be uncrowned; For in a world ruled by the Holy Child
Some home for blessed Peace must aye be found,
And Freedom, Reason, Truth ne'er be exiled.

So when on that last act the curtain rose
And miles of battleships to our feet bowed
In awful silence, o'er our fallen foes,
I seemed to hear old Justice speak aloud:

"'Tis a rehearsal of the Judgment Day;
All Wrong take heed, thy sway will end likewise;
Though feet of Vengeance for a while delay,
God, nature, history—all against thee rise,
And those base exiles whom the Furies keep
Proclaim aloud: 'What peoples sow they reap!'"

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

THE PULSES OF THE WEATHER

Influence of Atmospheric Pressure at Certain Parts of the Globe.

There appear to exist in the earth's atmosphere "centres of action," which have wide control over climatic conditions and make it possible to foretell the character of the weather long in advance.

One of the most important of all these centres is that about Iceland. According to the atmospheric pressure there is high or low, mild or severe winters result in central Europe, and there are those who contend that this influence is also felt on the North American continent.

The North Cape is another similar centre, and between these foci a kind of compensation of action often exists, sometimes at intervals of six months. A warm winter at the North Cape corresponds to a cold winter in Ireland, and is followed by cold winds in central Europe and over the plains of Hungary.

The cause of the phenomenon, it is thought, is to be found in the variations of the north polar ice cap, which constitutes the great reservoir of cold for the Northern Hemisphere.

Ham and Potato Cakes.

Combine leftover mashed potatoes with leftover minced ham. To each three cups of the mixture allow one egg. Mix thoroughly, form into flat cakes, dip in flour and fry in ham fat. If desired, a beaten egg may be put upon each two patties.

To lengthen the life of linoleum,

mix the warm suds and cooked starch left over from wash day, and use to mop up the linoleum. This not only preserves it, but gives a gloss.

When Our Family Dolled Up

By R. M. Boyle

CHAPTER II

The next afternoon, after the housework was done, I saw Agnes out the back of the house drying her hair. I thought, "Mother is surely taking Em's hint to heart!" Turning the thought over in my mind I decided it was up to me to drive into town and get a haircut. I had intended doing it in the city the day before, but had not had time. I got a haircut and a shampoo.

Immediately after supper we went upstairs to put on our new clothes and take a start out of the children. And I must confess that Agnes took a start out of me. I didn't think she would have the nerve to do it, but there she was—blue silk dress, silk stockings, pumps and all as tickled as a girl over her first party.

When we came down-stairs, Em with a surprised "Oh, mother!" just ran up and flung her arms round her mother and hugged her. All of a sudden her eyes lighted on her mother's hair, shining like silver but done in the same way. That was the one thing Agnes just couldn't change.

"Oh, Mother, let me wave it!" begged Em. And waved it was.

Of course, after Mother, I wasn't much of a sensation. But George and I had a good talk. I told him I could see where we had been making a mistake. We had been spending many times as much on new machinery and on repairing the barns and sheds as we had on the house—in fact, we hadn't thought much about how the house looked on the outside.

Mother kept it clean on the inside, and that seemed to be about all that mattered, except Em had announced, a few months before, that it was a good thing there were no small children in the family or something would be broken every ten minutes; they couldn't help it—there was so much bric-a-brac about. To her notion the house was just as old-fashioned as were, and she wasn't far from right.

When George and I went over the books we found that our income had been spent somewhat after this fashion: For running the house, \$500; running the farm, \$785; new machinery, \$250; stock, \$460; improvements in homestead, \$385; amusements, \$45; clothes, \$150; miscellaneous, \$50.

We worked it over and decided that this this is more the way those figures ought to stand:

For running the house, \$700; running the farm, \$785; new machinery, \$250; stock, \$460; improvements in

homestead, \$150; amusements, \$125; clothes, \$400; miscellaneous, \$100. We've been trying to live up to that system, or something like it, for three years now. Don't get the notion that we are dressed up in our best all the time. Probably nine-tenths of the time we're in working clothes; but we're in presentable working clothes. When we worked it out the actual figures showed that a fifty-or-even seventy-five-cent straw hat for working in the fields was more economical than a fifteen cent hat that the first wetting wilted down.

A three-dollar house dress cost a little more at first than a ninety-eight cent wrapper, but it wore a lot better and looked well. A khaki suit for work, cost but little more and looked much better than overalls and blue denim.

Maybe it was luck, and maybe it was something else, but the deals we made with strangers who called at the farm more advantageous than they were in the days when we didn't have a system, or something like that. We looked more prosperous they didn't have the nerve to try to beat us down on our price.

If the prosperity of the farm is any indication, we're better farmers than we ever were, and I can't see that the house is losing out any, somehow or other, just dressing up has put punch into everything we have done lately, and we have had more fun doing it.

Agnes and I have dressed up our grammar, the whole family has dressed up its manners, the house has been dressed up inside and out. George has had a lot of good ideas about marketing that have worked out well. We've attended church oftener and gone to lectures and shows in town and visited more than we ever used to.

Best of all is the change that has come in our relations with our neighbors. We have more friends and are having more fun than we ever dreamed of having before.

We have discovered that our attitude toward the Burgesses was just common, everyday, that they can get, and they know that you don't have to live beyond your income to get it.

The old adage says that fine feathers don't make fine birds, but they are certainly a big help to fine birds. If anyone finds things slipping down, hold steadily, or that he is getting old-fashioned and dull and slow, I say the best tonic is simply—dressing up.

(The End.)

HAVE INCURRED

UNENDING SHAME

Germany's Four Most Infamous PHILATES

Out of a Long List of Criminals These Stand Out as Guilty in a Special Degree.

Among those names which must survive the war and remain forever, as a part of its history and character, four may be selected from that list of 150 German submarine commanders killed or captured by our naval forces which was recently made public. To them, says the London Daily Telegraph, is insured such an immortality as perhaps a German naval officer may desire. First in the category comes the man who placed upon submarine warfare its crown of supreme achievement by the torpedoing of the Lusitania. He was Kapitän-Leutnant Schwieger, commanding U-20, and later U-88. He had entered the navy in 1903, and reached, therefore, the summit of his career, the greatest murder the world has known, before he was thirty-five; it was only in November last that a mine in the North Sea put an end to his memories and to his purposes.

Deliberate Policy.

It now appears that his supreme deed was not of his own initiating; he was selected by his superiors as a suitable officer to carry out a plan devised and prepared as a part of the deliberate policy of the German Admiralty—that is to say, of the German Government. According to the evidence which is available, his success appalled him rather than otherwise; the world's outcry of horror was audible even in Berlin, and upon his return there he showed himself little—possibly by order of his superiors. Even his reward was stealthily conferred; it took the form of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, the Kaiser's personal decoration. U-20 finished obscurely; she stranded in a fog on the Danish coast in November, 1916, and was blown up by her own crew. A year later Schwieger, now in command of U-88, was groping submerged through a minefield in company with another U-boat. The crew of the second submarine suddenly heard an explosion and felt the jar of it in their own vessel. They tried with their special signalling devices to get into communication with U-88, but failed, and she never returned to her base.

The officer who sank the Belgian Prince on July 31, 1917, collected her crew on the deck of his submarine and then submerged was Kapitän-Leutnant Paul Wagenfahr, commanding U-44. He was a little older than Schwieger, having entered the service in 1900; the quality of his work and his successes had been recognized by the Order of the Red Eagle (Roter Adler) and the Hohenzollern Order with Swords; but a swift retribution was at hand. While returning from the very cruise during which he sank the Belgian Prince he encountered a British destroyer saw him on the surface, headed for him at top speed, and meanwhile opened fire with every gun that would bear. The submarine was obviously hit at once, for she failed to submerge in time, and the destroyer succeeded in ramming.

Unclaimed Reputation.

It is claimed in Germany for Kapitän-Leutnant Rudolf Schneider, of U-87, that he sank H.M.S. Fearful and destroyed altogether 130,000 tons of merchant shipping. One of the vessels sunk was the Arabic. In October, 1917, Schneider was washed aboard from the decks of his craft and drowned, and upon her next cruise the submarine met a British patrol boat in the Irish Sea. It was Christmas Day; she saw her enemy in time and submerged to escape. The patrol boat dropped depth charges where the U-boat had vanished; their terrific explosions tore her delicate mechanism to pieces and forced her to the surface. The patrol boat rammed her amidships and cut her in half. She sank, gushing oil and air; no survivors came to the surface.

But Four of Many.

The officer who torpedoed the Sussex in March of 1916 was Oberleutnant-Fr-See Herbert Pustkuchen, commanding UB-20. He was younger than the others mentioned above, having entered the navy only in 1908, but he had had time in his brief service to earn for himself the Iron Cross of the First Class and the Order of the House of Hohenzollern of the Third Class. He afterward was given command of the UB-66 and was lost to his country in June of last year, when his trawler crossed the jumping wires of a partly submerged submarine which was proceeding at four to five knots. The trawler immediately headed for the submarine, which disappeared below the surface of the water. A depth bomb was dropped and found its mark, for a series of heavy explosions followed, one in particular causing an upheaval three times the height of the others. In the meanwhile other trawlers had joined in the fray and had dropped depth bomb charges. Then there was a great silence; not a sound was heard by the eager listeners on the trawlers, but a mass of oil on the surface bore witness of the fact that the submarines

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had met the doom that she richly deserved.

These are but four in that long list of names that shall endure unforgotten as long as the war is remembered. To them there has yet to be added that other list, the names of the submarine commanders—such as he who sank the hospital ship Llandover Castle and murdered the Canadian nurses and the men in the boat—who are yet living. For all of them the fame they sought is secure.

WINNING WITH THE BAYONET
A Weapon Which Strikes Terror to the Heart of the Hun.

There is no question of the fact that Fritz does not like the bayonet. It doesn't suit his temperament. The British, on the other hand, have always led the world with this weapon. They invented the kind of bayonet we are now using, which bears little resemblance to the old-style instrument. It is a one-edged knife with a handle, attachable to the rifle muzzle, and in form suggests a likeness to the short sword of the ancient Roman legionary.

At close quarters this bayonet may often be employed to greater advantage as a knife, chiefly for thrusting, as the Roman soldier used his favorite weapon. It is held low and thrust upward at the enemy's vital—a sort of jab that is hard to ward off.

Use of the bayonet as a knife is an important part of the instruction given our fighting men while in training.

It was the British who developed the system of bayonet instruction by the utilization of "dummies," which are usually sacks stuffed as solidly as possible with straw or shaving, and sometimes strengthened by the introduction of wooden sticks to counterfeit human bones.

In practice work these dummies are suspended from overhead horizontal poles or attached to stakes driven into the ground. Most commonly they occupy trenches, which infantrymen under training ferociously attack. It is the business of the attackers to stab the dummies swiftly in vital parts, which are sometimes indicated by painted spots or attached disks.

One of the points most difficult to teach the average recruit is that he must not thrust too hard. The vital parts of the human body are easily penetrated; it is successful aim that is important. If the bayonet passes clear through the adversary's body it cannot easily be withdrawn, and in the meantime, while trying to wrutch it loose, the soldier is helpless against a second or third enemy.

The bayonet (and the same rule applies to its use as a knife) must never be drawn back for a thrust. It must always be held in advance of the body, counting upon the impetus of the charge and the forward stretching of the arms to plant it in the enemy's carcass. If it sticks fast it may usually be released by firing the gun, which breaks the bones that hold it.

A jab at Fritz's throat is at once the most disconcerting and, if well aimed, the most immediately disabling of thrusts. It will at least force him back, giving a chance for a thrust at some other vital part. If he turns tail a puncture in the kidneys will finish him.

The Hun, it is likely, has a bayonet of his own. It is a deadly kind of dueling. Skillful fencing may win the combat. But no foul is barred. The business is one of killing; and muscle, quickness, presence of mind and steadiness of nerve in the midst of wild excitement are the qualities demanded.

The Freedom of the Seas? The seas are free
While England guards them with her mighty fleet;
England, too proudly fearless for deceit,
Whose rule, to all alike, gives liberty! Never was mariner on any sea,
Drifting forlorn, untimely death to meet,
That did not thankfully her emblem greet,
Who rests on justice her supremacy.

Shall we not trust who has been true so long—
Whose fairies Freedom's banner first unfurled—
Whose honor saved her conquered foes from wrong,
And from their powerful thrones oppressors hurled?

Ah, thrice has man's ambition grown too strong—
And thrice has England's Navy saved the world.

Still Going Strong.

After a night of frequently interrupted sleep, a certain young interne had to come down, still sleepy, to his hospital ward. The first patient was a stout old Irishman.

"How goes it?" inquired the young doctor.

"Faith, it's me breathin', doctor. Oi can't get me breath at all, at all."

"Why, your pulse is normal. Let me examine the lung action," replied the interne, kneeling beside the cot and laying his hand on the ample chest.

"Now, let's hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening.

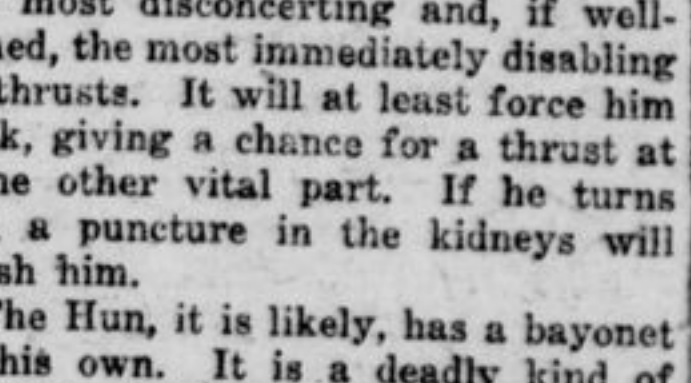
"What's Oi be sayin', doctor?"

"Oh, say anything! Count one, two, three and up," murmured the interne drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, four, foive, six," began the patient.

"When the young doctor, with a start opened his eyes, the Irishman was counting buskily, "Tin hundred and sixty-nine, tin hundred and sixvinty, tin hundred and sixvinty-wan."

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EXPLOIT OF A SEAFARING MAN

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Trapped Over the Burning Sands of Nubian Desert, Ill-Treated by Turkish Captors.

When old salts meet and spin their yarns of the sea the landlubber listens where'er he may be. That was true before the war, and now, as the seafaring men are returning from adventures which eclipse the thrilling tales of the past, their stories gain added zest, as their exploits are concerned with service in the war for democracy. The tale of Captain C. W. Gwatkin-Williams, of the British Navy, commander of the Edinburgh Castle, now lying in New York harbor, is one of the most impressive of its kind recently brought to these shores, as the skipper tells it.

Early in the war Captain Gwatkin-Williams was in command of a small steamship, the Taura, which was taken over by the British Navy and assigned to scout duty off the coast of Ireland. After fifteen months the Taura was ordered to the Mediterranean and finally reached the coast of Egypt.

"We had been cruising for a fortnight in that locality," said the captain, "when on Guy Fawkes' Day, November 5, 1915, as we were celebrating on board ship, a torpedo struck us and wrecked the engine room, killing some of our men and wounding others. It looked like Blighty for all of us. The gun crews took their places and began firing at spots where they figured the submarine might be lurking. The ship was sinking rapidly and some of the crew managed to launch the boats. We were making away from the sinking ship when the submarine appeared, formed us in line and towed us ashore."

The captain said that he, and his crew were turned over to Turkish officers, who kicked them about a good deal and at first refused to give them food and water. Finally a goat was turned over to them for food, and the hungry men killed it and ate it. Later, as they travelled across the Nubian Desert, they were glad to eat the meat of a camel which had been drowned in a desert well, the captain said.

"That march through the desert was horrible," continued the skipper. "The first day we made thirty miles under a beating sun with no food and mighty little water. The heat was terrific, but when night came it grew cool. Some of the men couldn't stand the sudden change from the intense heat and went mad. Others began to give way from the effects of starvation. When we did get food, after a long while, it was not fit to eat. It made us all sick."

"One day, after we had marched a great distance, we missed a camel from the caravan and were ordered by our guards to search for it. We found it after two days in one of the bottle shaped wells where it had fallen and drowned. We cooked the meat and ate it ravenously."

Britain's Day.
(Philadelphia Ledger.)

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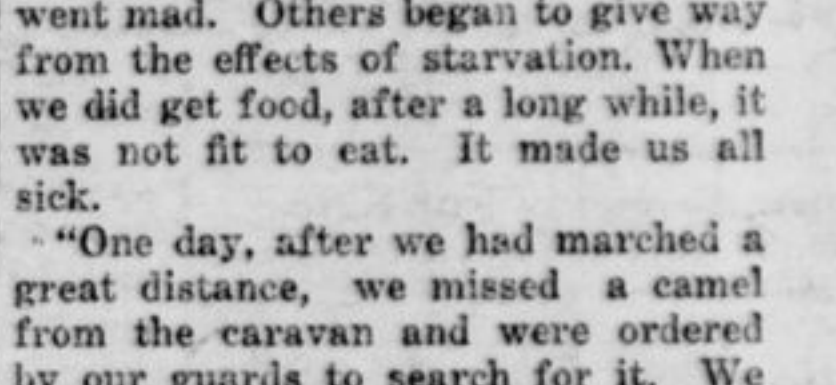
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