

A Money-Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It must be Bovril.

The Dean's Money-Box

A Tale of Temptation Resisted.

The bazaar had been a great success. It had brought in about fifty pounds for Dean Wrexham's Church Restoration Fund.

Charley Drake had done his best to help the dean all day, and, of course, Violet Wrexham, the dean's daughter, had been there as well. But now the function was over, and Charley, sitting in his own room, remembered the letter which Dick Tearl had given him after tea.

He drew the envelope from his pocket and opened it with a slight shudder. He was looking at a statement of account from Messrs. Martyn & Co., stockbrokers, which showed a balance of £50 12s. 6d., due to them on the following day.

He had guessed as much. His gamble in Aro Tin shares had turned out badly, with the result that he owed this money, and had no means of meeting his liabilities.

Yet, if he failed to pay, the consequences would undoubtedly be serious. In the first place, he felt sure that Dick Tearl would tell Violet; for Dick was a clerk in Martyn's office. He was also a distant relation of the Wrexhams, and, most important of all, he was seen on Violet.

Charley felt he had played into Dick's hands by opening an account with Martyn's. His one thought now was to raise the necessary money, to close his account, and so prevent Dick from being able to set Violet Wrexham against him.

His mind went back over the events of the day. He remembered how handsome Violet had looked at the bazaar; how once or twice he had caught her eye, and the message of love which he thought he read in her glance. It maddened him to think that Dick Tearl might cut him out, after all, if he did not pay this wretched account.

"Fifty pounds twelve shillings and sixpence!" The figures seemed to pass continually before his eyes; there was something vaguely familiar about the amount.

Then he remembered. The profits of the bazaar had amounted to fifty pounds and ten shillings precisely—the exact amount of his debt. He knew this, because he had helped Dean Wrexham to count the money. Then, while the dean and Violet remained behind to settle a number of details, he had taken the money in a little cash-box to the dean's house. Violet had lent him her latchkey, because only the cook had been left at home, and she was too deaf to hear the front-door bell.

A sudden thought came to Charley. He thrust one hand into his pocket, and drew out something which he laid on the table before him. It was Violet Wrexham's latchkey; he had forgotten to leave it, as arranged, on the mantelpiece of the library.

A pulse in his temples began to throb; his brain worked rapidly. The dean's money-box contained practically the very sum he needed—and he had Violet's latchkey!

The possibilities of the position stood out in his mind with horrible clearness. If he went back to the dean's house now, he could let himself in without anyone being the wiser. He knew the habits of the family, he knew the house quite well. He could take the money-box, leave the key on the mantelpiece, throw the pantry window wide open, and then slip out of the front door again with the money. Nobody would dream of suspecting him; the open window would suggest burglars, and he would be able to settle Martyn's account. Then he would save up his money, never resting until he had repaid every penny of the borrowed money.

Of course, he was only going to borrow it; he couldn't rob Violet's father!

There was no time to lose. He seized his hat, and hurried out into the London streets. Soon he had reached Carnley Gardens; the Wrexhams lived in the first house, and he entered boldly. Crossing the hall, he opened the library door and walked unhesitatingly into the room.

The money-box was in the top drawer of the dean's writing table. With hands that trembled Charley took the key from under the writing-pad, where he had hidden it, and

thrust it into the lock. In another moment he had extracted the box, and laid it on the table.

Up to this point the excitement of the venture had kept his mind concentrated upon the object of his quest. But now, when the money lay actually under his hand, a curious reaction seized him. What was he doing?

He told himself that he was merely borrowing this money. But was he? Could he ever face Violet again, even if he did repay the "loan," without telling her the truth?

He shuddered and sank down into a chair, his head between his hands. He felt it was wicked madness ever to have contemplated such an act. He raised his head; the money-box was with haggard eyes. To break it open and go off with the notes would be easy enough.

Should he do it? The thought of Violet Wrexham rose in his heart, and swept away all other feelings. A wave of passionate shame and remorse overwhelmed him. He bowed his head, and hot tears of shame seemed to be burning his eyes. No, he would not, he could not take the money!

With a sudden start, he sat up, listening. Someone was crossing the hall with a curiously light step. Perhaps the cook had come upstairs; he did not sound like a person with outdoor boots on. He composed his features as the footfalls drew nearer, and then stopped outside the library door.

A moment later the door was thrown open, and Charley jumped to his feet.

He found himself facing a big man, who wore a greasy cap and shabby clothes. For a few moments the two men eyed one another in silence. Then the stranger closed the door softly, and made a step forward. His eyes were on the money-box; but soon they flew to Charley's face.

"Why, you're the bloke I followed here from the bazaar," he said. "You had the money on you then, and I had the money on this house 'arf an hour since. Wot 'ave you come back for? Are you after the dubs as well?"

Did you leave the pantry window open here from the bazaar?" he asked uncertainly. "If so, it was a darr'd good idea, an' I'm ready to go 'alves with you, provided you give me a clear run out of this. It is a bargain!"

Charley placed himself between the money-box and the thief.

"You'll not touch a penny of the dean's money while I'm here," he said. The big man gave a contemptuous laugh. "The dean's money? What's that? What's happening, the fellow had leaped forward and caught him in a vice-like grip.

Struggling desperately, the couple swayed across the room.

No word was spoken between them. With clenched teeth, Charley fought to hold his own, but his opponent seemed as strong as an ox, and, in degrees, the young man began to realize that he was hopelessly outmatched. Suddenly a great hand swept back his throat; he felt himself swaying backward—backward. Then there came a crash. Something struck him on the back of the head, and consciousness left Charley Drake in a sea of darkness.

He awoke to find himself lying on the floor of the library with the dean's money-box at his feet, and with the assistance of the dean and Violet, he reached the drawing room, where they placed him on a sofa. Then they explained.

He had held out against the burglar just long enough to prevent the fellow's escape. The dean and Violet

were entering the house as the man emerged from the library, and the dean, who had been an athlete in his day, aided by the chauffeur, who left his car in answer to Violet's scream, succeeded in securing the ruffian. Dean Wrexham was very complimentary to Charley about his conduct, and Violet's eyes were more eloquent than words.

Charley Drake stayed to dine with the Wrexhams that evening, and after dinner the three of them returned to the drawing room. But the dean soon betrayed signs of drowsiness. He was not accustomed to wrestling with burglars, and before very long he fell asleep in the depths of his favorite armchair.

Then it was that Charley drew his chair a shade nearer the sofa where Violet sat.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "I've Violet flushed."

"Your father has said a lot of kind things about me this evening," he began huskily; "but I do not deserve them!"

The girl looked at him from a startled eyes.

"I don't deserve—what do you mean, Charley?" she asked. "You stood up to that big man so pluckily, and it is all through you that the bazaar money was not stolen. Surely you deserve every word of father's praise."

He shook his head obstinately.

"You don't understand. Listen!" he said. "I brought the money back here from the bazaar. Then I went out, I opened a letter from Martyn & Co., where Dick Tearl works, and found I owed them about fifty pounds. I've been speculating Violet, and I've lost, and I have not the money to pay with. Well, I remembered that the bazaar money came to about fifty pounds, and I still had your latchkey, so I came back here to steal that money, Violet."

He broke off and looked her straight in the eyes. Her face was very white.

"And you were stealing when that man—"

"No, Vi, thank Heaven I couldn't! When it came to the point, I found I couldn't, and in another couple of minutes should have been out of the house without the money. Then that man appeared, and you know the rest. But I felt you must know the truth. I should never have been happy until I'd told you. And now you know, will you—can you—bring yourself to have anything more to do with me, or must I go out of your life?"

"No, Charley, please don't do that!" "Oh, Vi, then you do care for me a little bit! Listen, dear! I'm never going to gamble again. I promise that I'll make a clean breast of it to my father, and ask him to help me through this once. Then, dear, if I go straight and get on, will you—there's a chance for me. Or do you really love Dick Tearl?"

Tears and laughter were mingled in Violet's tone as she answered.

"Don't be silly, Charley," she said. "I certainly don't love Dick. I—"

But Charley had taken her in his arms.

Harvest Slumber Song.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the night's still deep. White are the stars with their silver wings. Folded in dreaming of beautiful things, And over their cradle the night wind sings. Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep. Soft in the lay of the mother night. The wee baby stars, all glowing and bright, Flutter their silver wings and crow. To the watchful winds that kiss as they blow. Round the air cradle that swings so down in the lap of the mother night. Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the night's still deep. And the wee baby stars are all folded and kissed.

In a luminous cradle of silver mist, And if ever they waken the winds cry, whist, Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep. —Wilted Campbell.

The Fishing Birds.

In my Chinese Days Miss Gulleima F. Alsop describes a remarkable river industry that she saw while visiting a friend in Soochow. We were rowing on the river at the time, she says, and I had a long, narrow boat swinging at midstream, in which two men stood motionless and silent. At first glance, it looked as if the boat were not floating on the water, but as if it were held just above the surface by a flock of strong black birds as large as eagles. Fascinated, I watched the birds. They screamed and fluttered their sooty black wings. Suddenly a number plunged into the water. I saw them struggling and flapping; then the men pulled them up by stout strings, caught them under their arms, and jerked the fish from their mouths. I saw a gleam of silver as they tossed the fish into a basket. The commotion among the birds subsided and they settled down in horizontal rows, making dark patches on the water.

"How many?" called a voice from the shore. "Three," answered one of the men. "Later, more," he said. "The sun not yet falls down the hill of heaven. Wait till the fish see not the shadow of the black birds."

My companion explained the custom of cormorant fishing, which is an ancient Soochow industry. The birds are tied by stout ropes and perch on sticks parallel to the sides of the boat. They are kept very hungry so that they will fish, and the men can steal the catch from their mouths.

Minard's Enimint for sale everywhere.



How Much Does Mary Weigh?

The increasing attention being called to infant mortality and the observation of baby days in some villages has impressed most of us with the importance of knowing baby's weight. We have learned that if baby stops growing for a few weeks, something is radically wrong, and we must see the doctor at once, even though no other symptom has so far manifested itself. Some of us have scales and keep a record of baby's growth, registering her quarter pound or half pound perhaps, with great pride.

But do we keep track of the older children? Do we realize that they should be steadily growing, too, in all through you that the bazaar money was not stolen. Surely you deserve every word of father's praise."

Steady growth is the law for all young animals, and if we do our whole duty we will see to it that the children of all ages maintain their growth. We can't stop watching them with the second summer nor with the sixteenth. In fact, I wonder if we ever can conscientiously stop keeping an eye on them, even after they cast their first vote. So if Johnnie or Mary are to be kept up to the mark, we must weigh them every month or so, and measure everyone every birthday. It is not only an exciting event, it is instructive as well, as it gives us an idea as to which ones are keeping up.

Common sense and judgment must be used in making our deductions from these weighing and measuring tests. We all know there are children who seem undersized, but are perfectly well, while others, who are large and fat, are really the one who needs medical attention. Too rapid growth is as harmful as too slow. If the undersized child seems perfectly well, sleeps well, eats well, is not nervous or whining, is not troubled with adenoids or any of the other ailments which afflict so many children, there is no reason to be alarmed if he does remain undersized. But if he is fretful or cross, tires easily, sleeps badly, is capricious about his food and all out of sorts, consult a doctor.

The following table of weights and measures will give the relative size for both boys and girls from two years old to fourteen:

BOYS.

Age. Years.	Height. Inches.	Weight. Lbs.
2	33.8	30.3
3	37	35
4	39.3	38
5	41.6	41
6	43.75	45.1
7	45.75	49
8	47.75	53.8
9	49.7	59
10	51.7	65.2
11	53.7	70
12	55.1	76.75
13	57.2	84.8
14	59.9	94.5

GIRLS.

Age. Years.	Height. Inches.	Weight. Lbs.
2	32.9	29.3
3	36.3	33
4	38.8	36.4
5	41.3	39.6
6	43.3	43.2
7	45.5	47.3
8	47.6	51.6
9	49.4	57
10	51.4	62.2
11	53.4	68.7
12	55.9	78.2
13	58.2	88.5
14	59.9	98.2

Baby's Play Box.

I have never had as much real good from any other article in my home as from the plain grocery box forty inches long by twenty-five wide, and eighteen inches or a little more in height, that was converted into a play box for Baby. A soft pad was made just large enough to fit the bottom in order that it could be taken out and cleaned easily. Pieces of an old quilt were tacked over the upper edges, making them soft, and the inside was carefully lined with an old flannel blanket, the edges being brought down to cover the padding at the top. This did away with danger from slivers and there were no tacks at the top to scratch a little hand or chin.

When baby was old enough to creep I could go down cellar or upstairs without fear of his attempting to follow me, for I dropped him in the play box for safe keeping. With baby in his box I could go to the chicken coop or garden without worrying lest he climb and fall, or burn himself on the stove. He never pulled off a tablecloth or tipped over a pail of boiling water; he never pulled the cat's tail in my absence and found how sharp her claws, and when company came I could drop him in his play box and sit down to visit for a few minutes without constant anxiety.

The only objection to the play box is that some mothers make it a place of punishment. "Now don't touch that or I'll put you in your box," should never be the maternal attitude. Have

some new toy, if possible. If not, loan baby the coveted egg-beater, a set of little cake tins, or a ball of yarn when he is put in the box and he will soon come to recognize it as a real pleasure palace and never as a prison.

How To Wash Gingham.

Gingham is such a popular fabric now that it is well to know the best method of washing it so it will retain its beauty of color all during its days of usefulness.

When washing gingham, as well as other colored fabrics, it is just as well to take for granted that it is apt to fade. To forestall this the colors may be set by first rinsing the garments in a pail of cold water in which salt has been dissolved—one tablespoonful of salt to a gallon of water. After wringing out in the salt water, the articles into a tub of clear, warm water to which a little soapuds has been added. Wash rapidly so that the dye in the material will not have a chance to be affected by the alkali in the soapuds. Be sure that the water is not too hot, for that will dull the colors considerably. Rinse twice in clear water to which more salt has been added, and then starch wrong side out in the usual way unless the material is particularly dark.

Hang in the shade to dry, and when taking down from the line do not dampen along with the other clothes, for more than two hours before they are ironed. When ironing, guard against an overheated iron, just as against the hot water, and whenever there are several thicknesses of material, as in belts, put cheesecloth between the iron and gingham to prevent that shiny look that is often the result of careless ironing.

Teach Women How to Vote.

The hunky, and the dark-skinned race, and the mysterious Chink, The Polack and illiterate man, are capable you think.

What tho' they cannot write their names, and fail to understand. The urgent needs, the loyal pride, in this our lovely land!

But when it comes to women, you strike a different note. You must stand by and patient try-to teach her how to vote.

So tell it o'er a hundred times!—she might be at a loss, Poor simple creature—why, and how, and where to make a cross!

Oh, she might shine pre-eminent long years ago—To come; A solid power behind cruel war, a torch in every home.

In cities' strife, in farm and field, and by the bed of pain— Yet you would use her, if you could, for your own grasping gain;

'Tis true you love her, and admire, and even laud her deeds, And hold her precious, for she fills all of your endless needs.

Yet slow, but sure, she'll find the cure —for every ill of note Will be redeemed when women start to teach you how to vote!

The Needs of Parents.

This is the age of the child, but parents should also be conserved. They are necessary. Father and mother should also watch the scales—not to gain half a pound a month, but to see that they do not gain it. Too much coffee, too much meat, too much sweets, and not enough of coarse foods (roughage), vegetables and fruits supplemented with a certain amount of worry and no exercise, spell discomfort, increased blood pressure, irritability and pessimism.

A woman of forty, medium height (5 feet 4 inches), should weigh about

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Owing to increasing the nursing staff of the Jeffery Hale's Hospital, Quebec, there are some vacancies for Probationary Young Ladies possessing a good general education and wishing to enter a first-class registered training school. Please apply to the Lady Superintendent.

138 pounds, and a man, 5 feet 8 inches, 160 pounds.
Do not let Johnny have a corner on the scales; it is very essential to his welfare that he should have parents with good digestions and placid dispositions who tip the scales at the proper figure.

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THE HOME OF PERPETUAL PEACE

GENEVA ATTRACTS TOURISTS BEFORE THE WAR.

Twenty Centuries Old, This Beautiful City Has Witnessed Memorable Scenes—Birthplace of Red Cross.

Geneva, to be the capital of the league of nations, is described by Ralph A. Graves as follows:

"Seated serenely on both banks of the River Rhone where it leaves the limp water at Lake Geneva as a placid stream, in contrast to the muddy turbulence of its ingress at the other end of the lake, Geneva is not the metropolis of the miniature republic of Switzerland, for Zurich surpasses it in population by 50 per cent and Berne is the capital. But it is doubtful whether before the world war any other city of its size was visited annually by as many tourists, for it was the main gateway into the world famous 'playground of Europe.'"

"Although its recorded history goes back beyond the Christian era, to the time when Julius Cæsar, in his commentaries on his first expedition into Gaul, mentions it as a stronghold of the Allobroges, its growth has been phenomenal only in its leisureliness. To-day, after twenty centuries, it has a population of only one hundred and thirty thousand."

"The city enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of the International Red Cross, but also has some dark chapters in its past—the religious excesses of the Reformation, when the persecuted became the persecutors.

"Rousseau, of whom Napoleon said, 'Without him France would not have had her revolution,' and the patriot Boissard, whose statue Byron immortalized as the Prisoner of Chillon, were Genevans. And John Calvin, who found Geneva a bear garden and left it a docile school of piety, was virtual dictator here for a quarter of a century."

A True Patriot.

"One of the most picturesque figures in the history of Geneva during this period was Francis de Bonivard, who, when his victorious friends rushed into his dungeon at Chillon crying 'Bonivard, you are freed!' responded with the query, 'And Geneva?' Upon being assured that his city was 'also saved,' he went home rejoicing.

"There is no more beautiful picture of Christian charity than the scene in this city when, on August 30, 1572, merchants of Lyons brought news of the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day. Pastors were dispatched to the frontiers to meet the fugitives, who were reported to be on their way to this asylum, and the venerable Theodore de Beze, who had succeeded Calvin as the spiritual head of the council, directed the whole population to fast and pray for the sufferers.

"Geneva has set aside as a site for the permanent home of the league of nations a beautiful wooded park bordering on the lake, some five miles from the centre of the city. Behind the park tower the snowcapped Jura Mountains. While there are many villages in the vicinity of the park which are suitable for offices and for quarters of the delegates and their secretarial staffs, the capitol building itself must be built."

A Hero.

He had come back with the cross de guerre, but he would not talk about how he won it. Of course his family and friends knew the formal citation, but they wanted him to tell them the details, and he modestly and persistently evaded them.

"I think it's simply silly," declared an irate cousin in her teens. "What's the use of ducking and dodging, and pretending you're not a hero, when you know perfectly well you are?"

The worn turned. "Yes, of course I know I am," he answered coolly. "The trouble is, he didn't give me my cross for the right thing. Do you expect a fellow to talk about his heroism when he gets a decoration for doing what lots of other fellows did who weren't lucky enough to be noticed, and then finds the bravest thing he ever did, or ever expects to do, treated lightly or ignored altogether? At least, I was a hero once. Before we were ordered abroad, I was invited to luncheon by my colonel's daughter. Now, you know I am a country boy from an inland province. It was the first luncheon I'd ever attended—and the first time I'd ever been served raw oysters. I hate shellfish; and when I saw those six soft, slimy, slippery horrors set before me I nearly fainted. But I didn't know whether anything much was to follow or not; and I couldn't decline a main dish under the eye of my hostess. I shuddered with disgust. I wasn't sure they would go down; I feared they might come up. But—I ate those oysters, all six, and smiled as I ate them! She told me so two years afterwards, when I confessed. Now, I call that true heroism. But it wasn't what I got the cross for."

"Maybe," said the saucy young thing in her teens, "it's that you're going to get the girl for."

"No," sighed the unappreciated hero, "she agrees with the rest of you and Gen. Mangin. She only laughs at my real claim to glory!"

Hunger is sure to come to those who sit down and wait.



Address all correspondence to Woodbine Ave., Toronto

Wants to Know? I can in October, 1919. The number to South Africa was 8,400.

No one can win the first conference of sixty-two people and Navy, 1858.

The Princess Light Infantry in December 31, 1911, to participate in a retreat from Moscow.

There are eight 400,000 of the same number as Ireland have with the population of 1,256,135,670,000,000. But no one has ever.

Yes, our brains are novel, but the people. We are complete no matter the months, but not off the traditions of From August, 1919, to March, 1919, the war to Great Britain Mr. Chamberlain.

"Equinox" means Equinoxes occur in autumn, when days in length nearly are equal. E. F. If the moon's silvering will be defects occur only in several ways in the wooden book, also silvered side with a cloth wrappings with soft, but are scratches, pale silver paint, which wherever artists' or back the so-called Blurs or spots show a clean outline, the with alcohol, then clean and painted back with the same silvering. It is to be repaired on corners or edges with Trifly Wax. Pieces of brass are Cut the carpet in the lines foundation for those of strip. The woolen threads form length. With largest size steel in a similar size in and a ball of cotton on ten stitches and the beginning. It is a thread of the needles, with every knitting the stitches, wool which shows side, knitting a strip. Then put in another and repeat the process the strips will have somewhat like that carpet, like the fresh, long-napped but the beginning. It is finished they must be on the wrong side, convenience that the strips—like the rug, as a very cumbersome to handle.

High School Girls contain ideas in their advantage in planning fun.

A "Red Ear Party" called it the opening of high school and the cards of invitation said:

At this time of year you'll recall the (it never will go). So the members of Have planned fun At a regular party.

The school hall decorated, with autumn colors. Ben looked the platonic orchestra sat, and the let and orange halos the soft hats and along the side with the ceiling, with downy masses of paper lanterns away.

The dance program came from the red pencil daughter of the names of the pique people's curiosity stance as: The Pumpkin Skitter; Fast Popcorn Walk; Pumpkin Pie Walk; Harvest Home Ketch. The "Cornstalks" of a grand march, is stiffly round in time.