



Betty's Missionary Subscription

By MARGARET F. FORFAR.

PART I.
Betty sat on the kitchen table, beating eggs for a cream pie. Of course it isn't all proper for comely young matrons to sit upon their kitchen tables. In fact, there is an old saying to the effect that one who does so is not yet fit to be married. Betty, being already married, had ideas of her own upon the subject.

Usually she was the sunniest, merriest person that one could meet. The dimple in her cheek appeared and disappeared so cheerily when she talked, her brown eyes were so alight, her smile so ready to emerge at the slightest provocation, it was no wonder, everybody said, that John was so fond of her.

John was her husband; in other words, John Wilson Burgess, six feet tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a lower jaw that bespoke such firmness of character that even Betty was at times a trifle awed.

To-day, as she sat there, clad in a most becoming apron, had one not looked too closely, she might easily have been dubbed a picture of contented domesticity. But a very careful inspection revealed a frown between the brown eyes and a really vicious manner of attacking the eggs.

She was exceedingly worried, and she shouldn't have had anything to worry about. Her husband was as nearly perfect as a husband could be, her home the coziest nest that one could imagine, her friends amiable, and she had no social ambitions to be thwarted. What more could she ask?

The trouble lay in the fact that she was a little inclined to be extravagant. She never meant to be, but she did see such wonderful bargains sometimes, practically irresistible to one of Betty's temperament.

For this very reason John had arranged for separate bank accounts, depositing her allowance to her credit, cautioning her against over-drawing, and hiding her, if she got into difficulties, to come to him. This she had done more than once, and John had good-naturally advanced her what she needed; but Betty had really been rather ashamed the last time, and determined it should never occur again.

Meanwhile Betty, who was an ardent church worker, had assisted in a big missionary campaign for funds. At the end of the campaign the weary workers had gathered together, only to discover that their objective was still one hundred dollars off. Betty sat right down and wrote to that illustrious firm.

Three days later she received her canvassing paraphernalia. It arrived while she and John were still seated at the breakfast table. She recognized it at once, and thanked a kind Providence for sending John a letter of such importance that she was enabled to hide her parcel without exciting comment. The morning seemed endless to Betty, eager to be off on her money-making quest. And when John left after luncheon her good-byes were so brief, by comparison, that he inquired, "What's on this afternoon, that you are in such a hurry to be rid of me?"

"Nothing at all, you old goose," Betty had retorted, nevertheless slamming the door upon further investigation.

At last she was ready to start. Becomingly gowned for Betty had read that a good appearance is a valuable business asset—she stood on the verandah of the bungalow, looking about her. In the little garden to the south a few late asters bloomed sturdily, and the hedge of salvia, riotous in its scarlet array, seemed to nod encouragement. With a little straightening of the slim young shoulders she walked briskly away in the golden autumn sunshine.

(To be continued.)

Employer's Time.
A plumber and a painter were working in the same house. One morning the painter arrived late and the plumber said to him:
"You are late this morning."
"Yes," said the painter. "I had to stop and have my hair cut."
"You did not do it on your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber.
"Sure I did," said the painter; "it grew on his time."

Long Distance Lens.
With a French inventor's camera lens for long-distance work it is possible to get a picture of a man 600 yards away large enough to fill a plate.

Servant girls in Japan earn on an average of \$1.50 per month.

The sale of intoxicating drinks was prohibited in England as early as the reign of the Saxon King Edgar, who closed hundreds of alehouses.

In Athens goats are marched to the housekeepers' doors and milked before the eyes of patrons. But this system does not prevent adulteration. The milkman wears a loose coat with wide sleeves. Around his waist is a rubber bag filled with water, and a tube runs down his arm. As he milks he presses the tube, and milk and water flow silently together into the milk pail.

Edward's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Do not keep aspirin tablets or any "headache tablets" or other drugs on hand as they should only be taken when prescribed by a trustworthy physician.

A paper of safety pins, a roll of adhesive bandage and a pair of sharp scissors are good to add to your list.

A wise woman will provide herself with an ice bag and a hot-water bag.

Even though a woman living in the country cannot always get ice, there is bound to be very cold water in the well or the spring. Fill your hot-water bag with it and wrap it with a thin towel or cloth, as cold rubber is moist and unpleasant to the touch. Renew this

When Little Tad Will Not Eat.
The statement is often made that children should learn to eat whatever is set before them.

In the case of the two-year-old baby just learning to partake of solid food, this may be true. Take his milk away and leave him with his dish of egg or baked potato or milk toast, and when he finds the milk is not forthcoming, in nine cases out of ten he will eat the new food and like it. But with an older child such a practice is more apt to be harmful than helpful.

Let me speak of my own case. I do not like bread. As a child I did not care especially for it and at meal-times I much preferred potato. From mother, father, brothers, aunts and cousins it was drilled into me—that I must eat it, that it was good for me, that it would make me strong. In the end I grew rebellious and did not eat as much bread as I formerly had eaten, and ever since I have had to force myself to eat it.

I knew two children who had long been the despair of their mother because they would not eat oatmeal. She coaxed and pleaded, but to no avail. Finally she stopped mentioning the cereal they so disliked. Then one morning at breakfast the children found around each of their plates three dainty new dishes—a deep cereal dish filled with steaming oatmeal, a tiny pitcher full of cream and a small pretty sugar bowl containing sugar. It was great fun for each to prepare his own cereal from his own individual bowl and pitcher! They had not done this before. Neither child thought of expressing dislike. They ate with relish. Mother, wise as she was, appeared to take no notice. The next morning she placed another food before them and they set up a clamor for their oatmeal set—they wanted oatmeal!

My oldest little lad decided that he did not like baked custard, and so, of course, baby brother refused to eat it.

One day while baking, my eye rested on a row of small egg cups, attractive with their simple gold stripe decoration. I had an inspiration! Every child loves tiny things, so, I thought, if I bake the custards in those egg cups, the little lads will eat them without a question. And that is exactly what they did.

Three Favorite Salad Dressings.
Salad dressing, well made, is a secret every housewife should master. These recipes are first class in every regard.

Boiled Dressing— $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. mustard, speck of red pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. flour, 2 egg yolks or 1 egg, 2 tsp. melted butter, 1-3 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar. Mix dry ingredients, add slightly-beaten eggs and mix well. Add butter, then mix gradually, and add vinegar very slowly. Cook over boiling water until the mixture slightly thickens or coats the spoon. Strain if needed and use cold. If the mixture should curdle from cooking too long, it can be made smooth by beating with an egg beater.

Thousand Island Dressing—1 cup bottled salad dressing, 2 tsp. chopped parsley, 2 tsp. chili sauce, 2 tsp. chopped sweet pickles, 2 tsp. chopped pimentos. Chill all ingredients, mix and serve over lettuce, or other salad greens.

Tartar Sauce— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bottled mayonnaise dressing, 1 tsp. chopped onion, 1 tsp. chopped pickle, 1 tsp. chopped olives. Chill and mix all ingredients. Serve with canned or fresh fish.

Wet Rubber Cuts.
Wet rubber cuts much more easily than dry rubber, and this suggests the need for extra careful driving of the motor truck during the winter months when the roads are in bad condition. Sharp stones, car tracks, stray bits of metal or what not, will inflict serious cuts on wet rubber, when they might not bother the same tire at all if it were dry. Drive carefully over wet roads.

If the little daughter's winter set of white fur has turned dingy from wear it is easily cleaned at home. Put a gallon of cornmeal into a deep pan and set in the oven to get very hot; put the furs into this and rub just as if washing in soap and water, keep the meal hot while doing this; then with several good shakings the fur will be clean.

The first woman to travel in an airplane was Madame Patrice, who ascended with a male pilot at Turin in 1908.

House Ventilation.
The aim of any ventilation system should be to achieve a constant circulation of air, without causing a direct cold draught. There must be an entrance for fresh air from outside and a means of egress for the foul air. Circulation is rapidly accomplished by the difference in temperature between the inside and the outside air. The greater the difference, the stronger is the current, so that a very small aperture in winter may secure as much ventilation as a wide-open window in summer.

In English houses, with their open fire grates, the chimney serves as an excellent channel for the removal of foul air. In Canada, where we have a furnace in the cellar and cook by gas, we have, while immensely improving the efficiency of our heating systems, not generally provided any means by which ventilation is combined therewith. Every furnace ought to have a pipe connecting with the outside air, which would bring in fresh air and warm it for distribution through the house. Then, if exits for the foul air were also provided, we should have an ideal ventilation system.

Unfortunately, we must, in the majority of existing houses, fall back on the windows to let in clean air. Although they are, at best, unsatisfactory, they can very often be improved. To begin with the type of double window which has no aperture except three little holes or a slit, invariably choked with snow and ice, should be discarded. A sliding or hinged pane should always be provided. Then, if the upper inside window be opened, the air must circulate between the two windows before entering the room and thus a direct draught is avoided, while the volume of new air is readily regulated to suit the coldness of the day and the strength and direction of the wind.

Striving For Success.
The ambition to succeed in what we undertake, to rise high and go far is a natural one, and a worthy one. But neither the naturalness or the worthiness will excuse the use of selfish or unfair methods in accomplishing the same.

If our standards are high enough, our outlook wide enough, our purpose concentrated (and consecrated) enough, we have little to fear from outside forces.

What we are in ourselves marks the limitations of our endeavors, consequently of our successes.—Jean Biewert.

In India military bands are forbidden to play "Home, Sweet Home" because of its pathos having so potent an effect on the English people who may hear it.



Hints for Home Nursing.
In the care of the sick in every thing else in the world, there are two methods—the difficult and the simple. So much depends upon the care of the sick, that the average housekeeper, with her increased work, responsibility and anxiety, is prone to forget how much she owes to herself both in care and consideration. She owes this care for her own sake and the sake of those depending on her.

One cannot care for the sick unless one is physically fit. The woman who sits up nights after a grave injustice is doing herself a grave injustice. She is also being unfair to the patient. A nurse, however thoroughly trained, must have a regular amount of sleep, fresh air and nourishment. This assertion is contrary to very current ideas on the subject of nurses who are "trained" and therefore—some suppose—do not require sleep. Only cases of emergency should cut a nurse off from her rest.

Every person requires enough sleep to keep the brain from becoming befogged. The danger that may result by a person who is half asleep and utterly weary, measuring and administering a medicine containing poison, cannot be over-estimated. The gravest results have followed such mistakes, all because physical endurance was overtaxed.

It is a well-known fact that patients who should know better, have a way of imposing upon mothers or others whom they love and who are trying to care for them. They refuse medicines and nourishment; they will not follow the doctor's instructions. The doctor is constantly discouraged—oftentimes unkindly criticized.

But let a nurse who is an absolute stranger come into a sick room and the patient obediently sits up and swallows medicines and regurgitates. The very gruel which climbed the stairs with it for the fortieth—or fiftieth—time that day is cheerfully drained when the hand that holds it is a stranger's. This is unfair all around and nurses realize exactly how the loss of sleep, aching feet and tired backs can undermine one's nervous system until the poor, over-wrought body is "too tired to sleep." But if one plans one's work, observes punctuality and insists gently but firmly, that the patient observes punctuality—in receiving medicines and treatment—there would be time for the home-nurse to rest. She should understand how simple it is to do one's work the easy way and thereby obtain better and greater results.

In almost every home there is a medicine chest. Just how carefully or carelessly it is stocked never occurs to one until the moment of emergency comes.

If the contents of our medicine cupboard were checked up occasionally there would be less confusion in the household when accidents occur.

First, place your medicine chest where you can reach it quickly—and keep it locked, or, at least, place it beyond the reach of childish hands.

Keep a supply of perfectly clean, soft old linen and flannel on hand; tear the linen into long strips and roll it up tightly; pin it securely. Thus you are provided with bandages. A few narrow ones for cut fingers; some wider ones for arms and legs. The pieces of old flannel are useful for compresses or fomentations. Fold them neatly; keep them in a small box with the bandages and some oiled muslin or oiled silk, which will be necessary in the event of fomentations.

Get a bottle of antiseptic lotion from your druggist, for cuts and scratches. Tell him what it is for and he will give you the right thing, for that is his business. Keep vaseline, olive or sweet oil on hand and a simple liniment for sprains or to rub on rheumatic limbs. These your doctor will be glad to prescribe or advise you about when you tell him what you wish. Absorbent cotton in a little packet is necessary too.

A corked bottle or covered tin of sodium bi-carbonate (ordinary baking soda); a bottle of castor oil; fruit salts; a bottle of Caron oil for burns (this is prepared by any chemist, being a mixture of lime-water and linseed oil); all these are useful. A can of mustard and one of flour, a large spoon and a bowl, if kept in a medicine cupboard, will greatly facilitate the preparation of a mustard plaster.

Lined meat for poultices, a little camphor, smelling salts and a bottle of toothache drops should complete the list.

Do not keep aspirin tablets or any "headache tablets" or other drugs on hand as they should only be taken when prescribed by a trustworthy physician.

A paper of safety pins, a roll of adhesive bandage and a pair of sharp scissors are good to add to your list.

A wise woman will provide herself with an ice bag and a hot-water bag.

Even though a woman living in the country cannot always get ice, there is bound to be very cold water in the well or the spring. Fill your hot-water bag with it and wrap it with a thin towel or cloth, as cold rubber is moist and unpleasant to the touch. Renew this

When you get up late
A rapid brushing up of the soap, a few turns on the strop while the lather is getting in its work; followed by a once-over with your AutoStrop Razor and the job's done. Three minutes altogether by your watch. You can't beat that! And you have a cool slick shave into the bargain.

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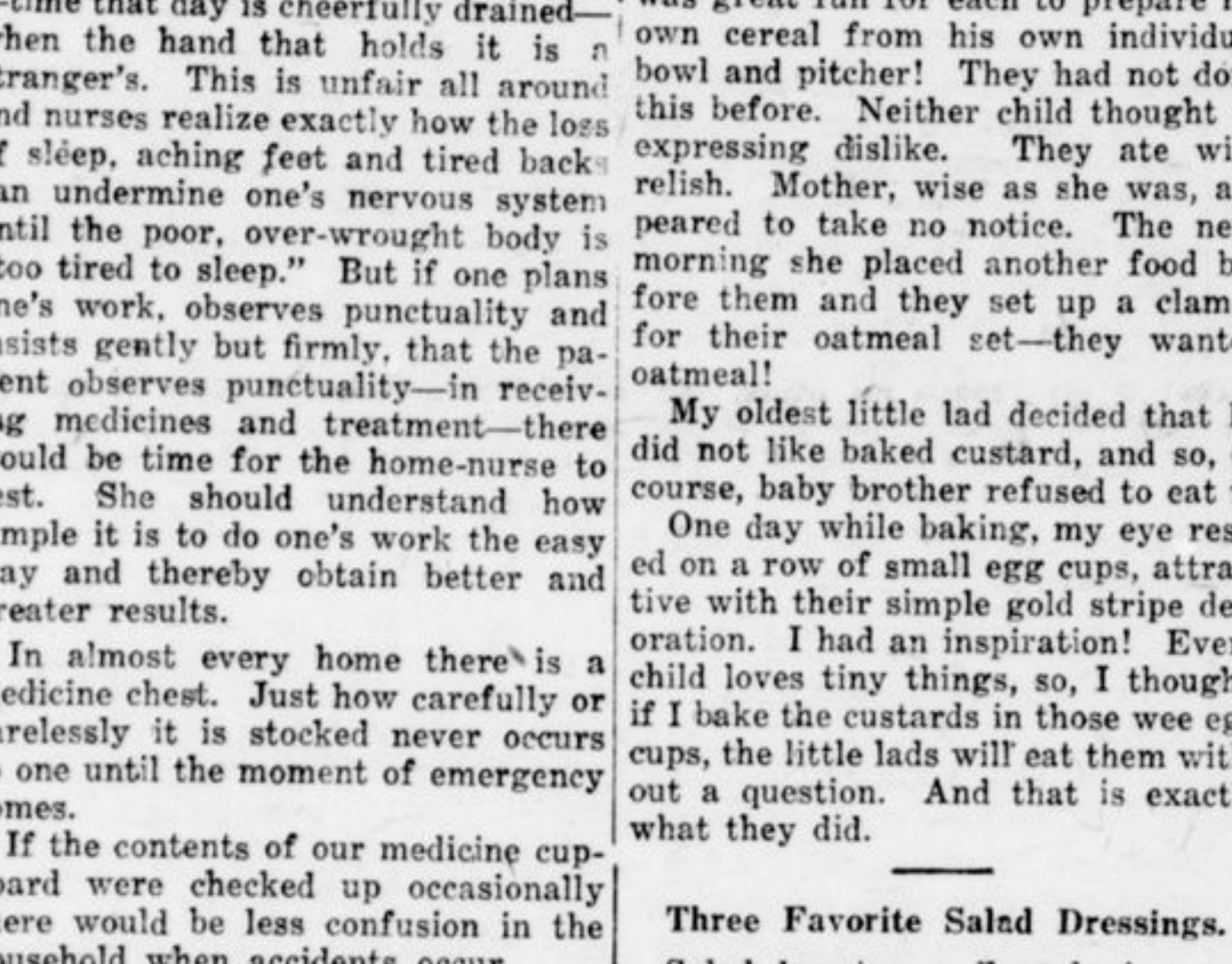
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Herbert Samuel, former British Postmaster General, believes that a great emigration to Canada will take place in the near future.

The "Silver City" is the name given to Algiers, the capital of Algeria, in North Africa. This city, which rises in terraced form from the sea, is built of stone and the buildings are white of color. Seen from the ocean in the brilliant tropical sunshine, it gleams like silver.



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AIRCRAFT FOR FOREST PATROLS
EXPERIENCE OF SEASON JUST PASSED.
Proves That Improved Methods of Conservation Are Still Necessary.

One direction in which forest protection will probably be improved is through the use of aircraft. During the past season, an experiment along this line has been maintained by the St. Maurice Forest Protective Association, in co-operation with the Quebec Government, using seaplanes loaned by the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service. Similarly, in the North-western states, forest patrols by aircraft have been maintained, through co-operation of the U.S. War Department with the National Forest Service.

While these experiments have not yet produced absolutely conclusive results, they at least indicate clearly that aircraft will have an important place in forest protection in the future, provided the question of expense can be met. One point seems very clear, and that is that no matter what the cost may be, with reason, it will be much less than the average annual loss sustained by forest fires. In the United States, the proposal is that the Federal Government adopt definitely the policy of full co-operation with state and private agencies. It being assumed that a National Air Service is to be maintained in any event, assignment to forest patrol would constitute an extremely useful activity when personnel and equipment are not needed for national defense.

Aerial Patrol Established.
Under such an arrangement, with the Federal Government assisting, through the assignment of aircraft and aviators, the additional cost for an effective aerial patrol could be brought well within reason. Existing agencies can well afford to incur more expense in forest protection than they are now doing, provided the results are commensurate with the increased costs, and that this would be the case with aerial patrol now seems probably well established. It is probable that smaller machines than those thus far used for this purpose would prove preferable, because much cheaper in first cost as well as in maintenance and operation. Full co-operation between the air force and the ground staff would of course be a prime essential. Look-out towers have many times proved their value in the detection of fires; an aeroplane or seaplane would take the place of many such towers.

The systematic mapping of the country, by aerial photography, is another closely related activity, the possibilities of which are receiving consideration in both Canada and the United States. In Canada, it is receiving the attention of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service, the Geodetic Survey and the Geological Survey. The St. Maurice Forest Protective Association, using the machines loaned by the Naval Air Service, and with the co-operation of the Geological Survey, is now experimenting along this line.

The Coming of Winter.
Across the Northern hills he came,
O'er frozen marsh and leafless wood,
Where yesterday bright Autumn stood
With high uplifted torch aflame.

But yesterday these bare, brown trees,
While yet his shrilling winds were hush'd—
Felt his lean fingers touch—and
Blush'd to drop their golden draperies.

Yet strangely where the wild rose gave
Her life upon a fragrant sigh,
His herald winds had piled high
The brooding leaves upon her grave.

With icy breath upon the morn,
A frosty mantle white he weaves,
O'er stubble of the gather'd sheaves,
And silver'd tassels of the corn.

His drapes by the river's edge
He plays on broken pieces of Pan,
The shivering ripples heard and ran
To hide affrighted 'mid the sedge.

The rabbit too prick'd up his ears
Within the swamp grass where he lay,
And woke to make his trembling way
Among a million frosted spears.

Within her home the meadow mouse,
Upon the North wind heard his shriek
Above her own affrighted squeak,
Nor dared to look from out her house.

For me—I smiled, for well I knew
His reign at most could not be long,
Again shall lift the iark's sweet song
From meadows where his couriers
flung.

Again a shy, sweet living thing,
A Dryad 'neath the leaves asleep,
From out some violet shall peep,
And earth shall wake and call it—
Spring.

What wonder then I smiled, although
He swiftly charged along the hills,
Across the frozen marsh and rills,
And gave my check a stinging blow?

For after him come daffodils,
And plaintive strain of bluebird trills,
The gladness, in the air that thrills,
The robin's warbling note—and so
I watch'd the unaffrighted eye
Of the blue jay go flying by
With chattering, linden sky,
And guard flakes of snow.

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