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Woman's Sphere

LIVELY PICNIC GAMES.

The games and contests at a picnic should include not only the old regulars, but a lot of mind and body relaxing bits of fun. Arrange the program so that everyone is interested, not only the younger people, but also the settled middle-aged fathers and mothers and the grandmothers too.

Start with some sort of scramble that will liven things up—a peanut rush is as clean and good as anything. Buy these by the bushel and they will not be so terribly expensive. If the picnic is large—for church or school—have several people in different places throw the peanuts while the children run. This makes the scramble a little more difficult and therefore more interesting.

Then try these games and contests:

Cookie Chase—String lines between the trees and hang round, hard cookies from them by short pieces of string.

Then, with hands behind them and blindfolded, watch the contestants "chase" their cookies. The string being pliable certainly makes the cookie jump, and once lost from the teeth it is mighty hard to find again. The one who first succeeds in eating his cookie wins the prize.

Picnic Hopscotch.—This should be played in pairs—a man and woman, or girl and boy, taking the hops into the different squares together, arm in arm, one hopping on the right foot, the other on the left. If it is a beach picnic, mark out the squares on the sand; if in the woods, outline them with small stones on a smooth piece of grass.

Play it like the old-fashioned game, throwing the flat pebble first into number one and hopping after it and out of the square again. The first couple to go through all nine without falling or pulling each other down wins, of course.

Bubble Race—Don't forget the kiddies. Give them all the laughter they want in a soap-bubble race, encouraging them to blow as large ones as possible and giving a prize for the one which blows highest in the air before bursting.

Blind and Halt Race—This race must be in pairs also. One is blindfolded, the other must lean upon the blind, walking only on one foot, dragging the other or hopping.

Line the couples up, give the word and see which couple reaches the goal first. The poor blind one naturally goes slowly in caution and they do not make any great headway—unless recklessly—with such dragging weight. However, it is their privilege to take any chances they wish and they usually do, making the race extremely funny.

Water Battle—Most picnics are held near some place where bathing is possible, so there should be some sort of water contests. Choose sides and line up in the water, knee deep, facing each other. Then give the word and watch the battle. With the hands only, each side splashes the other, trying to make it so terrific that the contestants must turn away from its force. If a player falls or turns about, the judge blows a whistle and he is out of the contest. It will dwindle down to two, and as these take their last stand it is bound to be hilarious.

After some tub races for the children, a game of prisoner's base and a lollypop hunt—the candy being wrapped securely in waxed paper and hidden in trees for the children to find—gather your picnic crowd around a fire in the evening and while marshmallows toast, hold a whopper contest, a prize going to the one who can tell the biggest story of wild life on something which has happened on the farm.

PREVENT SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Young mothers must remember that milk must continue to be the staple article of diet for a child in his second year; in fact, it remains so for long afterward. No child over a year old should be given the bottle. He should be taught to drink from a cup. But it is just as important to have the milk clean and sweet as when he took it by the nipple route. The possibilities for damage by impure milk are not all put away when the bottle is abolished.

It is neither necessary nor advisable to maintain an exclusive milk diet in the second year. The baby may have well-cooked cereals; oatmeal, cornmeal, rice, prepared wheat. He may have some bread after it is twenty hours stale, and graham crackers are allowed in reasonable amount. Gravies that are not too rich are allowed on bread; and chicken, mutton, or beef broth with well cooked rice may be served.

As he reaches the later months of the year, he may be allowed an egg, poached or soft boiled, and a small portion of baked potato. To add to the joy of living, you may give him puddings of cornstarch, custard, rice, tapioca, and he may also eat stewed prunes, apple sauce and sweet oranges. No, I said nothing about candy.

In spite of all these precautions your baby may develop symptoms of the dreaded summer complaint. Give him enough castor oil to clear the bowels thoroughly. Depending somewhat upon conditions this may be from one to two tablespoonfuls; don't overdo it. Stop all food, and give barley water for twenty-four hours. Now and then, I find a very sick baby who frets himself into a worse state because not allowed to eat. In such cases, I compromise on unflavored gelatin, which is usually relished. If the baby is better at the end of one day, you may begin giving a mixture of barley water and milk. If he is not markedly better you have waited long enough. Get the best doctor within reach.

HANDKERCHIEFS I MADE.

I had in my possession several white voile and linen blouses whose style had become obsolete many seasons ago. Some were worn around the armholes, some had frayed edges, others had mended collars.

However, the fronts, backs, and parts of the sleeves were good.

Beginning by pulling a thread to get a straight edge, I cut a ten-inch square from each of the fronts. In some cases these had bits of drawn work and in others small fragments of embroidery.

I bought a spool of No. 80 white thread and six yards each of two patterns of the tiniest lace edging I could buy. I rolled the edges of the squares I had cut from the old-fashioned blouses and whipped in the narrow edges, and found myself the possessor of several dainty handkerchiefs of which I am quite proud. —J. A. H.

USING THE WILD FRUITS.

Wild Plum Conserve—5 lbs. pitted plums, 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 5 lbs. sugar, 3 oranges, juice of 2 lemons.

Slice the oranges in thin slices, crosswise, removing seeds. Grind raisins in meat chopper. Put fruit, sugar and lemon juice in kettle with just enough water to keep fruit from sticking, bring to boiling point and simmer gently until the fruit is clear and thick and of the consistency of marmalade. Put in hot, sterilized glasses or jars, cool and seal.

Wild Plum Catsup—5 qts. wild plums, 4 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 qt. boiled water, 1½ tbsp. cinnamon, 1 tbsp. allspice, 1 tbsp. cloves.

Prepare the plums as for sauce, first boiling up with soda and then pitting. Boil vinegar, sugar, water and spices, then add pitted plums, bring to boiling point and simmer gently for about thirty minutes. Put in hot, sterilized jars or bottles and seal.

High Bush Cranberries—In September the high-bush cranberries begin to ripen. These should be picked under-ripe as they then make better jelly. Carefully wash and pick over the berries and put in a kettle with just enough water to cover. Cook gently until the fruit is tender. Strain through jelly bag. Add an equal amount of sugar to the strained juice, bring to the boiling point and simmer gently until it jellies. Pour in hot, sterilized glasses and cool and seal.

MY ENAMELED VASE.

I had in my possession an old brown-and-white vase with very good lines, but it had an absolutely impossible red rose painted on one side.

I knew nothing of china painting, nor was the vase valuable enough to justify spending even a small amount of money. However, I had some blue enamel, bought at the ten-cent store for my oil stove.

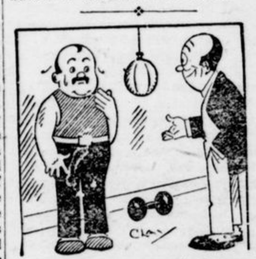
I mixed a little black paint with it to soften it into a pretty gray and "flowed it onto the surface of the vase. It dried quickly, covered all the inartistic properties of the vase and left an object not unlike the new high-lustre vases sold in art shops.

SAVE YOUR HANDS.

Cheap white crepe paper napkins cut into squares a quarter the size of a napkin and hung on a hook near the stove will save your hands if used to grease pans. They can be burned after using.

Rare Variety of Game Fish Being Introduced Into New Brunswick.

At the request of a number of public bodies of St. John, New Brunswick, the Department of Marine and Fisheries undertook to establish the European brown trout in loch Lomond near St. John. The first eggs for this purpose were obtained in January, 1921, from the United States Bureau of Fisheries. A small number of the fry from these eggs have been retained in the ponds at the hatchery, and in the autumn of 1923, when the fish were a little over two years old, a few of the larger and better developed yielded some 5,000 eggs, which are undergoing incubation. The eggs of the brown trout are not easily obtained in America, and in continuation of the stocking of loch Lomond, some 200,000 Loch Leven trout eggs, a variety closely related to the brown trout, were obtained through the United States Bureau of Fisheries in exchange for Atlantic salmon eggs. The Loch Leven trout eggs were secured from wild trout captured in the streams of Montana and are the result of small distributions of such fry made some years ago. An equal number of Loch Leven trout eggs are undergoing incubation in the Banff hatchery, and the resultant fry will be distributed in selected waters of the Prairie Provinces.



Probably Going to the Dogs.

"When a man's exercise makes him pant it's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, I should say he was going to the dogs."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Jowett was a gentle-looking woman with soft, white hair and a pink-and-white complexion—the sort of woman one always associates with old lace. In her youth it was said that she had played the harp, and one felt that the "grave, sweet melody" would have well become her. She was dressed in pale shades of mauve, and had a finely finished look. The Indian climate and curries had affected Mr. Jowett's liver, and made his temper fiery, but his heart remained the sound, childlike thing it had always been. He quarrelled with everybody (though never for long), but people in trouble gravitated to him naturally, and no one had ever asked him anything in reason and been refused; children loved him.

Mr. Jackson, the Episcopalian clergyman, followed hard behind the Jowetts, and was immediately engaged in an argument with Mr. Jowett as to whether or not choral communion, which had recently been started and which Mr. Jowett resented, as he resented all new things, should be continued.

"Ridiculous!" he shouted—"utterly ridiculous! You will drive the people from the church, sir."

Then Mr. Elliot arrived. Mrs. Duff-Whalley greeted him impressively, and dinner was announced.

Lewis Elliot was a man of forty-five, tall and thin and inclined to stoop. He was not a sociable man, and resented being dragged from his books to attend a dinner-party. Like most people he was quite incapable of saying No to Mrs. Duff-Whalley when that lady desired an answer in the affirmative, but he had condemned himself roundly to himself as a fool as he drove down the glen from Laverlaw.

Mrs. Duff-Whalley always gave a long and pretentious meal, and expected everyone to pay for their invitation by being excessively bright and chatty. It was not in the power of present guests to be either the one thing or the other. Mrs. Jowett was pensive and sweet, and inclined to be silent; her husband gave loud barks of disagreement at intervals; Mr. Jackson enjoyed his dinner and answered when spoken to, while Lewis Elliot was rendered almost speechless by the flood of talk his hostess poured over him.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Elliot," she remarked in a pause, "that the people I wanted to meet you couldn't came. I asked Sir John and Lady Tweedie, but they were engaged—so unfortunate, for they are such an acquisition. Then I asked the Olivers, and they couldn't come. You would really wonder where the engagements come from in this quiet neighborhood." She gave a little unbelieving laugh. "I had evidently chosen an unfortunate evening for the County."

It was trying for everyone: for Mr. Elliot, who was left with the impression that people were apt to be engaged when asked to meet him; for the Jowetts, who now knew that they had received a "fiddler's bidding," and for Mr. Jackson, who felt that he was only there because nobody else could be got.

There was a blank silence, which Lewis Elliot broke by laughing cheerfully. "That absurd rhyme came into my head," he explained. "You know:

" 'Miss Smarty gave a party,
No one came.
Her brother gave another,
Just the same.' "

Then, feeling suddenly that he had not improved matters, he fell silent.

"Oh," said Mrs. Duff-Whalley, rearing her head like an affronted hen, "the difficulty, I assure you, is not to find guests but to decide which to select."

"Quite so, quite so, naturally," murmured Mr. Jackson soothingly; he had laughed at the rhyme and felt apologetic. Then, losing his head completely under the cold glance his hostess turned on him, he added, "Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

Mrs. Jowett took a bit of toast and broke it nervously. She was never quite at ease in Mrs. Duff-Whalley's company. Incapable of an unkind thought or a bitter word, so refined as to be almost inaudible, she felt jarred and bumped in her mind after a talk with that lady, even as her body would have felt after bathing in a rough sea among rocks. Realizing that the conversation had taken an unfortunate turn, she tried to divert it into more pleasing channels.

Turning to Mr. Jackson, she said: "Such a sad thing happened to-day. Our dear old dog, Rover, had to be put away. He was sixteen, very deaf and rather cross, and the Vet. said it wasn't kind to keep him; and of course after that we felt there was nothing to be said. The Vet. said he would come this morning at ten o'clock, and it quite spoiled my breakfast, for dear Rover sat beside me and begged, and I felt like an executioner; and then he went out for a walk by himself—a thing he hadn't done since he had become frail—and when the Vet. came there was no Rover."

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Jackson, helping himself to an entree.

"The really dreaful thing about it," continued Mrs. Jowett, refusing the entree, "was that Johnston—the gardener, you know—had dug the grave where I had chosen he should lie, dear Rover, and—you have heard the expression, Mr. Jackson—a yawning grave yawned. It was too heart-rending. I simply went to my room and cried, and Tim went in one direction and Johnson in another, and the maids looked too, and they found the dear doggie, and the Vet.—a most obliging man called Davidson—came back . . . and dear Rover is at rest."

Mrs. Jowett looked sadly round and found that the whole table had been listening to the recital.

Few people have not loved a dog and known the small tragedy of parting with it, when its all too short day was over, and even the "lamentable comedy" of Mrs. Jowett's telling of the tale made no one smile.

Muriel leant forward, genuinely distressed. "I'm so frightfully sorry, Mrs. Jowett; you'll miss dear old Rover dreadfully."

"It's a beastly business putting away a dog," said Lewis Elliot. "I always wish they had the same lease of life as we have. 'Threescore and ten years do sum up' . . . and it's none too long for such faithful friends."

"You must get another, Mrs. Jowett," her hostess told her bracingly. "Get a dear little toy Pekinese or one of those Japanese what-do-you-call 'ems? that you can carry in your arms: they are so smart."

"If you do, Janetta," her husband warned her, "you must choose between the brute and me. I refuse to live in the same house with one of those pampered, trifling little beasts. If we decide to fill old Rover's place, I suggest that we get a rough-haired Irish terrier." He rolled the "r's" round his tongue. "Something robust that can bark and chase cats, and not lie all day on a cushion, like one of those dashed Chinese . . ." His voice died away in muttered thunder.

Again Mrs. Duff-Whalley reared her head, but Muriel interposed, laughing. "You mustn't really be so severe, Mr. Jowett. I happen to possess two of the 'trifling beasts,' and you must come and apologize to me after dinner. You can't imagine more perfect darlings, and of course they are called Bing and Toutou. You won't be able to resist their little sweet faces—too utterly darling!"

"Shan't I?" said Mr. Jowett doubtfully. "Well, I apologize. Nobody likes to hear their dog miscalled . . . By the way, Jackson, that's an abominable brute of yours. Bit three milk girls and devastated the Scot's henhouse last week, I hear."

"Yes," said Mr. Jackson. "Four murdered fowls they brought to me, and I had to pay for them; and they didn't give me the corpses, which I felt was too bad."

"What?" said Mrs. Duff-Whalley, deeply interested. "Did you actually pay for the damage done and let them keep the fowls?"

"I did," Mr. Jackson owned gloomily, and the topic lasted until the fruit was handed round.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Jowett to her hostess, as she peeled a pear, "if you have met a newcomer in Priorsford—Miss Reston? She has taken Miss Bathgate's rooms."

"You mean the Honourable Pamela Reston? She is a daughter of the late Lord Bidborough of Bidborough Manor Surrey, and Mintern Abbas, Oxfordshire, and sister of the present peer; I looked her up in Debrett. I called on her, feeling it my duty to be civil to a stranger, but it seems to me a very odd thing that a peer's daughter would care to live in such a humble way. Mark my words, there's soemthing shady about it. As likely as not she's an absconding lady's maid—but a call commits one to nothing. She was out anyway, so I didn't see her."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Jowett, blushing pink, "Miss Reston is no impostor. When you have seen her you will realize that. I met her yesterday at the Jardines'. She is the most delightful creature, so charming to look at, so wonderfully graceful—"

"I think," said Lewis Elliot, "that that must be the Pamela Reston I used to know. Did you say she was living in Priorsford?"

"Yes, in a cottage called Hillview, next to The Rigs, you know," Mrs. Jowett explained. "Mhor made friends with her whenever she arrived and took her in to see Jean. You can imagine how attractive she found the whole household."

"The Jardines are very unconventional," said Mrs. Duff-Whalley, "if you call that attractive. Jean doesn't know how to keep her place with people at all. I saw her walking beside a tinker woman the other day, helping her with her bundle; and I'm sure, I've simply had to give up calling at The Rigs, for you never know who you would have to shake hands with. I'm sorry for Jean, poor little soul. It seems a pity that there is no one to dress her and give her a chance. She's a plain little thing at best, but clothes might do wonders for her."

"There I totally disagree," shouted Mr. Jowett. "Jean, to my mind, is the best-looking girl in Priorsford. She walks so well and has such an honest, jolly look. I'm glad there's no one to dress her and make an affected doll of her. . . . She's the kind of a girl a man would like to have for a daughter."

"But what," asked Mrs. Duff-Whalley, "can Miss Reston have in common with people like the Jardines? I don't believe they have more than £300 a year, and such a plain little house and one queer old servant. Miss Reston must be accustomed to things so very different. We must ask her here to meet some of the County."

"The County?" growled Mr. Jowett. "Except for Elliot here, and the Hopes and the Tweedies and the Olivers, there are practically none of the old families left. I tell you what it is——"

But Mrs. Duff-Whalley had had enough for the moment of Mr. Jowett's conversation, so she nodded to Mrs. Jowett, and with an arch admonition to the men not to stay too long, she swept the ladies before her to the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

The party of Scotch editors, who are making a coast-to-coast tour of Canada to investigate the opportunities here for immigrants, are shown during their stay in Toronto on their way to the western provinces.

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ORIGIN OF THE NAME "YELLOWHEAD PASS"

In the 18th Report of the Geographic Board of Canada which is now in the press, in addition to the decisions of the Board since its commencement, there is given in brief form the origin of the names ruled upon where this is known. In many cases more detailed information is in the records of the Board and can be supplied to persons interested in the meaning of any particular name.

One of the most interesting place-names is Yellowhead Pass, one of the most famous of all Rocky Mountain passes.

The pass takes its name from a spot at its western entrance, where the Robson river coming south from Mount Robson joins the Fraser. Here was Tete Jaune cache, or in English, Yellowhead cache. From being applied to the cache, the name spread to the pass, the earliest name of which was the Leather pass, so called because supplies of dressed moose and cariboo skins for mocassins, ropes, etc., were taken west by the fur-traders through this gateway to New Caledonia, where leather was scarce.

Tete Jaune cache was known by this name in 1827, but the first clue to the meaning of the name is in "The Northwest Passage by Land," a book published in 1865, describing the adventurous journey of two English University students (Milton and Cheadle) across Canada to the Pacific via the Yellowhead pass. The author of this book states that Tete Jaune cache was "so-called from being the spot chosen by an Iroquois trapper, known by the sobriquet of the Tete Jaune or Yellowhead, to hide the furs he obtained on the western side."

The only other printed reference to the origin of the name is in a letter to the Montreal Gazette in 1874 from Malcolm McLeod, whose father, John McLeod, was a figure of some note in the fur trade in the third decade of the nineteenth century. His diaries, letters and papers were in the possession of the son. McLeod states that Tete Jaune cache commemorates a French Canadian named Decoigne who cached his furs here. The statement reads as follows: "Tete Jaune was so called from the color of the hair—not infrequent amongst French Canadians of Breton and Norman French origin—of a enterprising French trapper, of the name of Decoigne, who used this singularly appropriate locality—an immense hollow, but comparatively level, of some 70 square miles in area, amongst the mountains there—for his "cache" or entrepot in his line of work."

There is one person named Decoigne in fur trade annals. This is Francois Decoigne, whom John McDonald (one of the early fur traders, called to distinguish him from others of the name "John McDonald of Garth") in his autobiography styles "a young Canadian gentleman from Berthier, M. Decoigne, a clever young man." He was employed in the fur trade in 1795 and we find him as a clerk in the Northwest Company at Fort George on the North Saskatchewan river September 18, 1798, and in the same region in 1799. In 1804 he was in the Athabaska Department. In May, 1814, he was in charge of Jasper House, Brule Lake, when Franchere, the first man to describe in a book the Jasper Park region, came east from the Pacific coast. Later Decoigne transferred to the Hudson's Bay Company but continued to operate in the same district, namely, the Athabaska.

Mirror Magic.

The cult of the mirror is easily one of the oldest in the world. We can hardly believe that there was ever a time when a charming face went wholly unmirrored, however primitive the medium of reflection had to be.

Eye gazed entranced at her own image reflected in a glassy pool; and we know how, long before the invention of glass, the women of old Egypt, Greece, and Rome had their hand-mirrors of polished metal—burnished discs of bronze or silver set in a more or less decorated frame.

Some of those ancient mirrors, employed as they were in the service of beauty, were things of beauty in themselves. They had a kind of sacred character, too, as symbols of the goddess of beauty, Venus Aphrodite, to whom their fair owners often dedicated them in the native hope that the goddess would impart to the faces they reflected something of her own matchless loveliness and fadeless youth.

We need be in no doubt that the women of those days valued their personal charm, and spent as much care on preserving it as ever women do now!

Every old mirror is a thing of memories. What a throng of shadowy ghosts we might see in the metal mirrors taken from Egyptian tombs, or in the palace mirrors at Holyrood and Versailles, or in that curious old looking-glass shown in the museum at Brighton and said to have belonged to Nell Gwynne!

Perhaps the old superstition that it is unlucky to break a mirror is not so very ridiculous after all. So much of ourselves seems to pass into a mirror.

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