

Expectant Mother

Mothercraft Nurse Outlines Daily Routine During Pregnancy

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom." "The normal woman is never safer, healthier, happier, or more uplifted than during pregnancy. Life should run bright and full at these times: if the habits are simple, sensible, regular, and active, there is no ground for worry or anxiety as to childbirth. The expectant mother who takes proper care of herself, and avoids invalidism, is safeguarded all through. Nature can always be relied on to do her part kindly and surely, if the mother does hers," declares Mothercraft nurse.

"From the time of 'conception' up to the time of what we call its 'birth' the baby is a living, growing being, entirely dependent on its mother. All that the past can do for the baby, all that 'heredity' can do, has been done nine months before its birth.

During the first nine eventful months of life in the womb the health of the mother is the health of the baby. The unborn babe is warmed by the mother's warmth, and fed with her blood. If the mother fails to take proper exercise and to breathe pure air she brings on indigestion and constipation, and tends to suffer headache, neuralgia, and weariness, because her blood becomes impure and poisoned. The most delicate and sensitive parts of the unborn child are its rapidly growing brain and nervous system; naturally these suffer most, but impurity of the mother's blood leaves no part of the young organism undamaged.

A baby fed for the first nine months of its life on impure blood (whether the impurity is due to the mother suffering from indigestion and constipation or to her taking alcohol) comes into the world handicapped.

The first duty of every mother is to spare no pains to keep herself strong and healthy and her blood pure, for the sake of her child. Indeed, she owes this duty to herself also, because if the mother is in good health before the baby is born she need have no anxiety that anything will go wrong at the time of birth." (Extract from *The Expectant Mother and Baby's First Months* by Sir F. Truby King, C.M.G., M.B., B.Sc. (Public Health Edin.))

She should see her doctor early in pregnancy, also her dentist. Her husband should be interested. So much health and happiness comes from sensible co-operation and life is easier when we take our responsibilities seriously.

Fresh air—Day and Night. Sunshine—An important essential of life.

Exercise—An expectant mother should never shut herself indoors, but go out for a walk every day. She should carry on a normal life. A daily rest should be taken.

Water—Plenty of water to drink in between meals. Water helps in removing waste products from the body. Each organ of elimination must be kept in good working order if she is going to be healthy and have a pure blood stream.

Diet in pregnancy—The mother and child's health depends so much on proper diet. Fresh fruit and vegetables, whole wheat meal flour, whole grain cereals, milk, butter, eggs, cheese and fish. Minerals are as important as vitamins. Care must be taken in cooking vegetables. Cook in very little water or in casserole, if cooked in water, use as little water as possible and do not throw this away but use as a soup. It contains valuable mineral salts. It is an excellent idea to take some raw apple or other raw fruit at each meal.

The health of mother and child depends on good prenatal care. —Published under the auspices of the Canadian Mothercraft Society.

Parting Guest

I know I welcomed winter With a delighted smile; He was a zesty, keen guest, I loved him—for a while—

But love is only transient, It passes like a song, Winter wore his welcome out By staying far too long.

And such bewitching sunshine Entices me today; It has a touch of April — And just a hint of May.

Even my white hyacinth And golden daffodils Take on an added beauty From sunny window sills.

So I speed my parting guest With an impatient frown, March wind, will you hurry, please, And show him out of town! Montreal, —K. A. Mackinnon.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's strange Christian name was taken from the village of Rudyard, Staffordshire, where at a picnic his father and mother first met.

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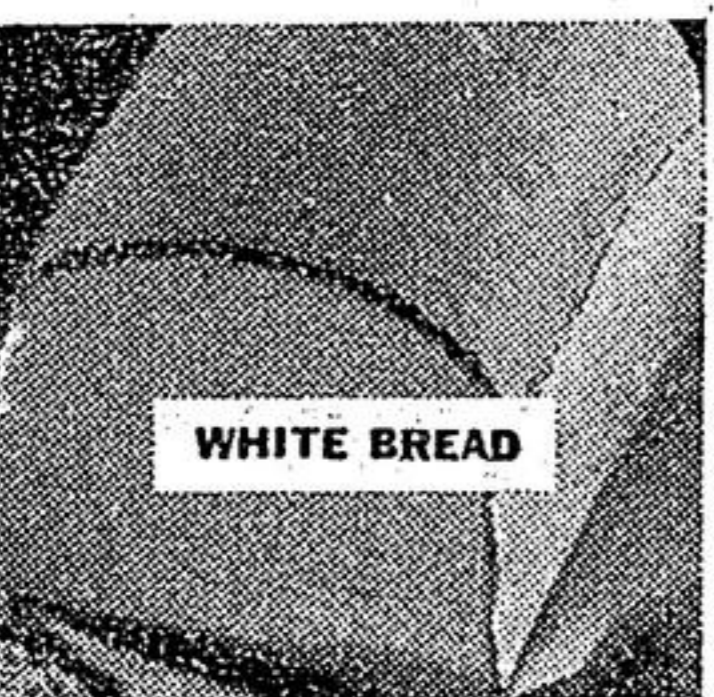
By PEARL BELLAIRS

SYNOPSIS
Jean Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Piers Hannen, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.



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Jean leaves Miss La Fontaine to become a mannequin at the Salon Celeste. Piers Hannen takes Joan and her family for a cruise aboard his yacht.

Joan is horrified when confronted by Hannen with a blackmail letter from her father. He proposes that she marry him.

She lay in the attic bed unable to sleep. Her last night here! The last night of her old life. To-morrow, body and soul, she would belong to Piers Hannen—and such a cold, changed, terrifying Piers Hannen. How could sleep be possible in the circumstances. She did not even know where she would be to-morrow night, except that she would be with him!

She heard her father come in long after Maud was in bed and asleep. She heard voices down below and then all was quiet. She lay awake through the night, only dozing a little sometimes. She woke with a start to see the first pale light, and as her father left early for the factory, she got up at once so that she might catch him before he went. She planned to walk some of the way to the works with him, and tell him that he had been found out.

She dressed hurriedly, and with her head aching violently, went downstairs. The fire was alight, and a glimmer of gas still burned overhead. But Mr. Denby was not there, and her mother was sitting alone at the table, as yet unalaid for breakfast. She was stirring a cup of tea she had just made, and something in her unkempt hair, her drawn face, and red-rimmed eyes told Joan at once that she had not been to bed all night.

"Mother!" she cried. "Darling! What is it? What is the matter?" Mrs. Denby took the spoon out of her cup and laid it down in the saucer.

"Denby's gone," she said, flatly. "What do you mean? Father?" "He's gone, Denby has!" replied her mother, in a strange, harsh voice, looking at her with eyes that were swollen and red with weeping. "He's gone on a boat for New York. He'll be sailing now," she added, glancing out at the growing light, and then burst out: "And good riddance too, it is!"

Helplessly the poor woman began to cry again. Joan put her arms round her.

"Mother, what do you mean?" "I desay it's wrong to say it, but I'm glad he's gone! I'm glad of it, though he has been my husband all these years! He wasn't a good man, Denby wasn't. Last night he came in: 'I'm off,' he says—just like that! 'What do you mean, Bert?' I asks him. 'The detectives are after me,' he says, 'over a job I've been doing: They've been following me, I heard to-night. So I'm not waiting for the police to get me,' he says. 'I got a pal can get me, a berth on the ship leaving for New York at daybreak,' he says. 'And I'm off!' 'But what about me and the boys?' I says, wild-like. I was that upset—' Mrs. Denby broke off, sobbing bitterly. "Oh,

it was terrible, such a shock, like! What 'job' he meant, I don't know!" "What did he expect you to do? What did he say?" asked Joan, horrified.

"Say?" Her mother looked down into Joan's face as she knelt before her, and became suddenly calm. She wiped her eyes. "He says: 'You and the kids can go to blazes! I'm fed up, anyway! That's what he says, not another word!'"

"And he went?" "He went—and slammed the door after him!"

"Oh, mother, mother, how could he go like that? How dreadful! Are you sure he's gone?" "I looked up and down the street a while ago, and along comes that pale of his, Roakes. I know he'd be the one who was getting Bert the berth in the ship, so I asks him, 'Has Bert gone, Mr. Roakes?' I asks. 'Yes, he's gone, Missis!' says Roakes. 'I just been waving him goodbye from the quay! A nasty sort of man, Roakes is—Denby always took up with the bad ones!'"

This strange way of referring all the time to "Denby," "Denby," and not "your father" had been puzzling Joan for more than a minute or two; and gazing steadily into Joan's face, the mother said quietly:

"Don't you worry, my lass, about Denby being a bad lot. He wasn't your father!"

STARTLING CONFESSION
Astounded, Joan stared at her; and in reply to her bewildered questioning, Mrs. Denby explained: "It's all so long ago. Your father, my girl, was Mr. Henry La Fontaine, Miss La Fontaine's younger brother, him that went to the North Pole and was lost." She began to cry again, a little. "Oh, I desay you think I'm wicked—it's terrible for you, I know. But it's better for you to have no name that to be the child of a man like Denby!"

Joan comforted her, as soon as her own emotion and dismay would permit her.

"Darling, darling little mother! I am sure you never meant to be wicked! Then Miss La Fontaine is my aunt—how strange, how strange it all is!"

Quietly, her mother told Joan the story. "He was killed, Joany, before you were ever born—and I married Denby. He was good to me at first; it was good of him to marry me, as things were. But I had a little money then—no, you didn't know. He had it off me pretty quick, and spent it all. I never told you about you not being his girl like Maude and the boys, because he didn't want it. I never let Miss La Fontaine tell you either; it didn't seem fair to Denby, him having given you his name, like. But now he's gone there don't seem to be any reason why you shouldn't know. Oh, Joany, Joany

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baby, will you ever forgive me?" Joan did her best to reassure her mother; and Mrs. Denby, at last, wiped her eyes, and said cheerfully enough:

"I desay it might all be worse. Now you're marrying Mr. Hannen; he's got so much and he's so kind that I desay he'll do something to help me and the two boys!" (To Be Continued.)

EDMONTON. — A group of University of Alberta students here believe they have found the secret of scholastic success. They go to bed at 7 p.m. and arise at 1 a.m. From then until lectures start they study.

"There is always a tendency to criticize sovereigns till they have been able to forge their own greatness."—The Dean of Windsor.

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When The Buffalo Wore Two Coats

(From the Regina Leader-Post)

The Leader-Post's inquiring reporter took a half hour off to interview a number of old-timers on the present state of the weather compared with the old days. Here are some of the views:

Extra Peters, Lemon Hill, Sask.: "She sure stayed down pretty steady in January, but it ain't nothing to what it was in '92. I was hauling cord wood from the valley that Winter and the wood froze right to the sleigh rack so we had to burn the rack because we couldn't get it away from the wood. Yes, sir, that was a cold Winter and the next Summer we had a great crop of wheat, mosquitoes and bill collectors."

Beniah Bentley, Spruce Crik, Sask.: "Weather, did you say? Yep. I see it's pretty cold all right, but not like it was back in '82, when I was riding herd west of Wood Mountain. Me and Ike Weaver shot a buffalo bull that Winter and the son-of-a-gun was wearing two buffalo coats. And, by cripes, he needed them."

Ira Swatfoot, Moose Mountain: "To tell you the truth, young feller, I think she's been pretty cold the last couple of weeks. It pretty near froze my mother-in-law stiff in January, but we didn't notice much change in her. But I was out one day there a couple of weeks ago, and I sure would have froze my ears off if it hadn't been that I had froze them off completely back in the cold Winter of 1907. Having no ears now, and knowing enough to keep my nose out of other people's business, I get along pretty well now; Winter and Summer. Good day."

Henry Woolbottom, Goose Gulch, Sask.: "Weather? What weather? Cold weather? Who cares? I ain't in"

go outside and get it. I'm staying been out of the house since Christmas. If you're looking for weather,

Early to Bed Undergoes Revision

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Daily Newspapers Being Issued By United States Government

From the New York Times
The initial issue of the first official daily newspaper of the United States Government rolled from the giant presses of the Government Printing Office the other day.

Edited, published and circulated by Government personnel, it is devoted exclusively to the rules, orders, regulations, specifications and judicial interpretations of the executive branch of the Federal establishment.

A special appropriation of \$100,000 is available from the recent Deficiency Bill to finance the venture through the remainder of the 1936 fiscal year, which ends June 30 next. The daily is officially styled The Federal Register and is in the same format as The Congressional Record, the closest approach heretofore in American history to the official gazettes of other great capitals.

The Congressional Record, however, is devoted exclusively to the transactions and debates of the House and Senate and appears only when Congress is in session. It is published by and for Congress and never has been offered as an official record of government. By contrast, The Federal Register undertakes to present in official, authoritative and uniform manner the multifarious decisions of the 130-odd Federal administrative units.

It will be a formal journal, devoted exclusively to official texts. Editorial comment is specifically forbidden by the statute creating the enterprise. News of matters beyond the administrative and quasi-judicial agencies is to be limited sharply to the official utterances of department or bureau chiefs, as transmitted formally to the Federal Register Administrative Committee, composed of the Archivist of the United States, an

Assistant Attorney General and the Public Printer.

The Register will appear daily throughout the year except on Sundays and Mondays and days following holidays.

The initial run was 15,000 copies. About 1,000 copies are required in the Government departments and agencies, principally in their legal divisions. The remaining copies are for sale at 5 cents a single copy, \$1 a month by subscription or \$10 a year.

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