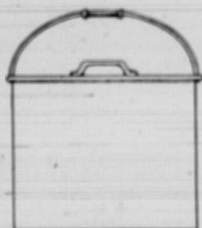




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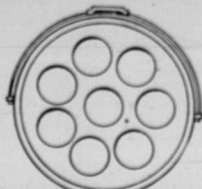
Pasteurizing Device

Here is shown a very simple utensil to aid the process of what is commonly known as sterilized or pasteurized milk, a preparation now so universally recommended by physicians and nurses all over the land, for general use, not only of children and infants but adults as well. The old idea that because you had your own cow and did the milking yourself, the milk must necessarily be pure is now happily exploded. Casual observation and special investigation unite in accusing your neighbor of not carefully washing his hands before performing the milking rite. Neither does he properly cleanse his milking vessels, nor is his cow properly lodged. All of which disadvantages render this milk very unwholesome and even dangerous to be used as food for either old or young unless purified or



made safe by some subsequent mechanical process; and even though all possible care is taken in the handling of the milk, still it may be dangerous from the unhealthful germ cause.

To be absolutely safe in the matter some careful genius has invented a plain, cheap, simple, easily obtainable utensil, the proper use of which removes all uncertainty in the case, and gives assurance alike to feeder and fed. The device illustrated here may be made by any tinsmith and the dimensions may be made to exactly suit the purpose for which it is intended. If a mother wishes to pasteurize milk for an infant an excellent plan and the one adopted by the diet kitchen in connection with the Free Dispensary in Winnipeg is to buy at any drug store, a dozen round ten-ounce bottles (they are stocked on purpose).



If the infant takes 4, 6, 8, 10 ounces at a feed, put just that amount in each bottle, stop the bottles with absorbent cotton and set them in the pasteurizer in the rings made to receive them, fill up to the necks of bottles with cold water, place a weight upon the top to keep them from upsetting, put on the pasteurizer cover which has a hole punched in its centre into which a cork is forced, and an aperture made in the cork large enough to admit a dairy thermometer. Place on the fire and heat quickly until the thermometer shows 160 degrees. Strange to say that the heat will rise to 170 if no more fire is used. Keep at this temperature for at least 20 minutes. Lift out the bottles. Cool as quickly as possible but do not freeze. Keep very cold. When wanted warm one bottle at a time. Put baby's mouth-piece on the bottle and feed from that. It should be stated

that any dilution or other addition to the milk should be put in bottle with the milk before sterilizing. Any left over from the feed is thrown out.

The bottles themselves are boiled for ten minutes after being emptied as a means of cleaning them before using. So much for the babies.

If older children or adults are to feed upon the milk and if simpler management is desired it may be quite as effective. The ordinary quart or pint sealer may be boiled for ten minutes, filled with plain milk, jar cover screwed into position, set into any pot or other suitable vessel, having a tight cover with a thermometer indicator. A low stand of some sort beneath the jar to keep it from contact with the bottom, lest it break from overheating, the pot filled with cold water and brought to a boil in exactly the same way as with the small bottles in the regular sterilizer, and cooled quickly and kept tightly covered and very cold until used.

Now for the sterilizer: Anybody can imagine a flat bottomed perpendicular sided circular zinc pan about 11 inches in diameter, 8 inches high and having a tight zinc cover, one that will push in like a steamer lid. Inside and soldered to the bottom at regular spaces apart are 10 one-inch high zinc rings, into which the bottles set to keep them from falling about—plenty of space being left all round each for the water. A bail is fitted in for convenience in handling.

PLEASE HELP HIM

Dear Isobel:—Being a constant reader of THE GUIDE and receiving much help therefrom, I venture to trespass upon the ladies' page, asking for help. Could or rather will any of the ladies inform me how to clean a blue serge suit, which has a few grease spots on it? Also can anyone tell me of anything to use in cakes instead of eggs. I read some time ago that baking soda and baking ammonia could be used, but forget the proportions. Thanking you in anticipation.

"BACH."

Rossburn, P.O., Man.

AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION

One morning about twenty years ago a lawyer on the way to his office stopped outside a barber's shop door to get a "shave."

The little bootblack who plied his trade there was no stranger to him, although he knew him only by his street name. This morning the boy was unusually silent. The lawyer missed his bright remarks and began to rally him a little, when suddenly the boy looked up in his face and said:

"Mr. Bartlett, do you love God?"

The lawyer was an upright, self-respecting man, but neither a church attendant nor much given to religious thought, and he took the question at first as an attempt at a joke on the part of the boy; but he soon found that it was meant in all seriousness. No one had ever asked him the question before in quite the same way, and it staggered him.

"Why do you ask me that, Bat?" he said, after a rather awkward pause.

"What difference does it make to you?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. Me mother an' me's got to get out; for the place we live in'll be tore down pretty soon, an' a feller like me can't pay much rent. Mother does all she can, but you see there's three of us, an' me grandmother's lame. I dunno what to do. Yesterday I heard two men talkin', an' one of 'em said God would help anybody that loved Him if they'd tell Him they was in the hole. I thought about it most all night, an' this mornin' I made up my mind I'd lay for somebody that knew Him well enough to ask Him."

The lawyer was embarrassed. All he could say to the threadbare little boot-

black was that he had better ask some one else. He had better keep inquiring, he told him: for in a city of so many churches he would surely find the sort of person he wanted. He thrust a dollar into the boy's hand and hurried away.

But all that day he found his thoughts reverting to the bootblack and his strange question. "A fine position for an educated man in a Christian country!" he said to himself. "Struck dumb by an ignorant street Arab! I could not answer his question. Why not?"

The lawyer was an honest man, and his self-examination ended in a resolution to find out the reason why. That evening he went, for the first time in many years, to prayer meeting, and frankly told the whole story, without sparing himself. From that day life had a new meaning for him, and a higher purpose.

A few days later, at a conference of ministers of different denominations in the same city, the lawyer's strange experience was mentioned by the pastor who gave him his first Christian welcome. Immediately another minister told of a young man in his congregation who had been awakened to a religious life by the same question put to him by the same little bootblack. The interest culminated when a third declared that he had a call from the bootblack himself, who had been brought to his study by a man who had appreciated his unexpected question and knew how to befriended him.

Such an incident could not be allowed to end there. The boy was helped to good lodgings, and to patronage which enabled him to provide better for his "family." At last he had found somebody who loved God; and in time he had learned to love Him himself, and "know Him well enough to ask Him." Opportunities for a decent education were opened to him, and he showed so much promise that his lawyer friend took him in, first as an office boy and finally as a student.

Many would recognize the bootblack to-day if his name were given, not only as a member of the bar in successful practice, but as a church member and a worker in Sabbath school. He loves boys; and the few who knew that he was once a bootblack understand his interest in little fellows who need a friend. Helping them is for him loving God in the most effectual way.—Youth's Companion.

TO THE OLD YEAR

(By Virna Sheard)

A toast to thee, O dear old year!
While the last moments fly,
A toast to thy fair memory
We'll hold the glasses high
And bid thee many a fond farewell—
As thou art passing by.

A toast to those who reaped success
In this sweet year of grace;

A toast to every one of them,
Come give the victors place—
Come ring them in with right good will
These winners of the race.

And one toast more to those who failed
Wherever they may be;
With faces white they fought the fight
But missed the victory.
Remember them—the ones who strove
On land and on the sea.

Fair dreams to thee—O grey old year;
Thy working time is done;
No more for thee the silver moon
Or golden noontide sun.
O sad old year—O glad old year—
We'll know no better one.

ANECDOTES ON JEROME K. JEROME

Story-book people are very well worth meeting. Jerome is an essentially good talker; his driving common sense makes everything fresh as well as amusing. "Speaking as a brother, I rejoice to see that woman is being afforded every opportunity to earn her own living," said he. "I can think of nothing less likely to fit her for being a wife and mother than the profession of husband-hunting. Speaking as a man, I object to being regarded as woman's last resource, as the one and only alternative to the workhouse, and I trust the working woman in thinking of husbands will demand a better article than the husband-hunter has been able to do." Jerome lives in a rambling old house on the Thames. He is married to a delightful little woman—Spanish, I believe—and they have an adopted daughter as well as their own girl. They live in an easy, patriarchal

fashion. When one of the daughters married a young Irish squire it seemed quite natural that they should both make their home beneath the big and hospitable parental roof where so many forgather. Sometimes in the summer four or five of Jerome's literary brethren assemble for combined work and rest, and of a hot summer morning it is said you may see W. W. Jacobs working in the arbour, Pett Ridge writing in the punt, Barry Pain wandering round till he found a sunk ditch, and Jerome himself established in some shady spot, a benignant father of the flock. It goes without saying that he is an expert river man. The youngest girl at sixteen was much addicted to skating, and would lure Jerome to Prince's skating rink; and now and then they would come in to tea-parties. They reminded me somewhat of an American family in their perfect equality and comradeship.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Anonymous

Little by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it; long, if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear,
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has away.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in man
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.
—Scrap Book.

TREATMENT FOR NOSE BLEEDING

Full-blooded people are more frequently subjected to nose bleeding than those of the opposite type and when the attacks do not appear at too frequent intervals, the hemorrhage should not be checked too suddenly, as this is Nature's means of relieving the overburdened blood vessels.

Men as a rule are more liable to this trouble than women.

Violent exertion, extreme heat, bending the body with the head downwards, habitual torpidity of the bowels, a blow upon the nose and a persistent picking of the nose, are the usual causes. It is also one of the forerunners of typhoid fever.

At times nose bleeding will start without any warning, while in other cases it is preceded by dizziness and heaviness in the head, flushed face, an itching in the nostrils, sometimes by chilliness over the whole body or merely cold feet.

Nose bleeding also occurs just previous and during a very heavy cold. The blood vessels upon the internal surface or lining membrane of the nose are very easily ruptured, so that a sudden rush of blood to the head in the flashes of heat which accompany a cold and severe blowing of the nose produces nose bleeding.

In the majority of cases cold water snuffed up the nostrils and applied freely to the nose, back of the neck and face will check it. By inserting very carefully the tips of the fingers on the side from which the blood is flowing, so as to compress the ruptured vessels for ten or fifteen minutes, will, in most cases, always give relief.

It is dangerous for anyone, save a physician, to attempt to plug the nose, for this is a very delicate bit of work and requires a practiced hand.

When the blood appears to come from both nostrils and one is unable to check it in a few minutes, it is best to send for a physician at once. Keep the cold compresses on the nose, face and neck as previously mentioned, but the feet must be kept warm.

The attention of children and very nervous women should be diverted as much as possible, for fear and excitement increase the flow of blood.