

About the House

HERE'S THE PIN.

"Mother," said little Herbert, "will you please pin my collar tight? Here's the pin." Sure enough, in his small hand he grasped a large safety pin with which to more closely confine the collar of his play coat.

"Why, what a dear, thoughtful child," exclaimed an acquaintance. "I think you have the most helpful children I ever saw. Almost any boy twice Herbert's age would expect mother to get the pin, herself."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Briggs, "it was seeing just how helpless many children—and adults as well—are that made me determined to try and teach my children to be self-reliant."

"I began with Linda as soon as she could toddle. 'Bring mother your mittens and we will go for a walk.' 'Bring your warm coat and we will take a ride.'

"One day Linda came to me with her buttonless little play jacket. 'Boke,' she announced. 'Where is the button?' I inquired. 'Go get mother the button and we will sew it on again.' In a moment she was back with the button.

"I placed a workbasket where the children could reach it and they began bringing me necessary repairs—thread, blunt scissors, needlecase, and the like. They quickly learned where to get wrapping paper, twine and paper bags.

"I believe this training is teaching the children to be more patient and thoughtful. Many times I have watched them when a toy broke or some article of clothing gave out. Instead of casting it impatiently aside or running to me for help, they almost invariably look it over thoughtfully. 'We'll have to have hammer and nails, Linda,' Herbert will announce. 'I'll get them.' Or, 'Mother can sew that shoestring together if she had linen thread. I'll get it, Herbert.'

"Just now this is a great help to me. But I believe that in the future it will be the children who will reap the reward."

MOTHER AND THE STREET.

"I can never, never ask anyone to come and see me here!" Evelyn declared chokingly.

Donald looked queerly at his sister; then he glanced down the street and whistled under his breath. It was not a pleasant outlook. The houses looked as if they never had been cared for. Nearly all had cheap lace curtains that varied in shade from what Donald called "pale dirt" to iron gray. Each house had a yard, but most of the yards were bare, and the chief use of the fences seemed to be to hold all the torn papers that blew down the street.

"So far as I can judge," Donald declared, "this neighborhood needs mother's garden about as much as any place very well could."

"Mother's garden!" Evelyn echoed. "You don't mean mothers going to have a garden in this place!"

"She certainly is!" replied Donald. "What's more, the game of mother and mother's garden will be worth watching. Better fall into line, Evelyn; you'll miss heaps of fun if you don't."

"Fun!" Evelyn retorted scornfully. "It didn't seem that anyone could go in and out of a yard several times a day and not see what was happening in it; yet Evelyn went in and out and saw nothing new. Once or twice, to be sure, she noticed Donald digging up a border or seeding bare spots, but she went by quickly without specially remarking what he was doing. Once or twice too she caught her mother talking over the fence to one of the neighbors, but each time Evelyn went straight into the house.

One Saturday when she was downtown shopping she returned earlier than she had expected. At the corner of the street she stopped; something seemed to catch at her heart. Had there been an accident? The yard in front of her house was full of people. When she became calmer she saw that they were nearly all children, and that each was holding a purple or yellow pansy.

"Chestnut Street Dooryard Association! Notice any difference, sis?" She turned at the sound of her brother's voice. Donald put his hand under her elbow. "It's time this blind streak passed, young woman. Now walk up Sunday." Then she smiled.

NEW USES FOR DOOR BUMPERS.

Those wooden door bumpers that screw into the wall back of the door extending out three or four inches with a hard rubber tip at the end are useful for other than their original purpose.

Screwed into the bottom of the legs of an ordinary dining chair transforms it into a very acceptable high chair for the child, not yet large enough to use a chair of usual height. Some housewives prefer such an ar-

angement to the usual high stool for working at a table or sink since the back of the chair offers extra support to the worker.

In the same way a low work table and down the block and tell me what you see."

At heart Evelyn was a good sport. She admitted what she might have admitted days before: almost all of the yards had been raked up; some had the beginnings of gardens, and here and there clean white curtains were hanging behind freshly washed windows.

"That's after three months of living near mother!" said Donald.

"I think," Evelyn said slowly, "I'll have Lina Craig come and see me can be successfully raised so as to prevent unnecessary stooping. If the bumpers are stained or painted to correspond with the article with which they are used their appearance is good, for at a casual glance a visitor might likely suppose that they had been put in place when the chair or table was made.

If the sink is so low as to be inconvenient for dishwashing fasten four of the bumpers to a square frame or platform as a stand upon which to place the dishpan. This makes a strong, steady foundation and, a fact that will appeal strongly to the careful housekeeper, the rubber tips will not mar the enamel sink.

Yet another use for them was found when the kindergarten set became too low for the children to work at in comfort while the adult-size table and chairs were still uncomfortably high. Bumpers proved to raise the low tables and chairs to just a suitable height for the youngsters.

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL HOUSE FROCK.



4454. This model has convenient pockets, inserted at the joining of waist and skirt. The lines are simple and the style is easy to develop. Cretonne and unbleached muslin are here combined. Crepe in two colors would also be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5 yards of one material 32 inches wide or, 1 1/4 yards of plain material for the waist portions and belt, and 3 3/4 of figured material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS AN EXCELLENT REMEDY

When the baby is ill—when he is constipated, has indigestion; colds; colic or simple fever or any of the other many minor ills of little ones—the mother will find Baby's Own Tablets an excellent remedy. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus banishing the cause of most of the ills of childhood. Concerning them Mrs. E. D. Dugway, Thunder River, Que., says:—"My baby was a great sufferer from colic and cried continually. I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets and the relief was wonderful. I now always keep a supply of the Tablets in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Son, don't wait to be a great man—be a great boy.—The Watchman.

Losing Population from the Timber Zones.

By Robson Black, Manager Canadian Forestry Association.

At the present time every voice is raised and every ambition stung to win new population. New population costs. Immigration is expensive salesmanship. While every conservationist wants to see new settlers brought to Canada, his sense of proportion makes him ask why we cannot spend at least a couple of extra dollars to block the emigration of Canadian families driven out of the forest areas by the plague of human-set forest fires. District after district has been abandoned, whole counties have decreased in population, railway lines have lost the bulk of local traffic, towns have been boarded up, and for the sole reason that a forest resource which should have been perpetual has been swept off the ledger of Canadian assets by the recklessness of Canadian citizens.

Whose fault is it that the forests of Canada run down hill? We as citizens own 85 per cent of the forest lands of the Dominion and are directly and personally responsible for what is done with the only crop that can grow on these our lands. Every civilized country on earth looks to the state with its self-perpetuating life, its providential relationship to its people, to look after the forest properties which, unlike wheat or potatoes, require as much as a century to mature. The state is the obvious and only efficient custodian of the rights of future generations in a very slow growing but utterly essential national resource.

Before an intelligent and helpful interest on the part of the public can bring about a measure of complete forest protection we will have to jettison two or three fetishes, all of which are predominantly false and yet fix themselves upon succeeding generations. One of these fetishes is that the forest resources have been "given away" or otherwise alienated. They never were and are not to-day. All but fifteen per cent of the timbered acres of Ontario are under the control of the Ontario Government as concerns measures of conservation. The right to cut timber is leased on ten million acres and the remainder of eighty million acres is still held by the Crown. What is the meaning of a lease to an operating company? That 42,000 workmen in Ontario shall be allowed to draw a regular week's pay, and that 36 million dollars shall be allowed to circulate as wages each year and that 123 millions received for forest products in Ontario shall be enjoyed by every business interest and every workman in the province. The so-called timber baron cuts down logs worth five dollars. Out of that he hands over \$4.50 as wages and for materials and the remaining fifty cents he splits between interest on his investment and taxes to the Ontario Government, aggregating \$4,400,000 a year. Strangely enough we visualize the motor car industry as the "life blood" of Oshawa and Walkerville and a dozen other towns, and the "meal ticket" of thousands of workmen, and at the next instant discuss the lumber business as the sinecure of a quartet of "barons" into whose purse pour untold millions wrung from a wretched peasantry driven to build two-car garages with high price boards. More men have left the lumber industry in the last ten years than have entered it, and most who moved out were not financial gainers for their experience.

You ask what is to be done to give Canada a permanent forest, and the immediate and only comprehensive answer is Keep out the fires. We citizens burn ten times the trees that the lumbermen have cut, and since the earliest days of Canadian history have put a torch to 600,000 square miles, as against about 100,000 square miles utilized by all the lumbermen from coast to coast.

Please let us lay off the cry for tree planting to produce timber until we look into a much more inviting proposition. An acre of human-made plantation of spruce is a lovely sight. How few of us know that there is in Can-

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



ada a plantation of just 50 million densely packed acres of young forests set out by Nature without human contrivance or expense. They lie in patches from coast to coast. That 50 million acres is richer than all the gold mines for its gold grows and repeats into endless generations. All that plantation asks is that fire be kept out. If that is done that young growth will be able, under careful management, to meet all Canada's needs for the future and provide a great surplus for export.

The Russian Press.

The Russian people complain that readable and interesting newspapers in their language have ceased to exist. All they have is an "elaborate machinery for spilling paper." An observer in Russia writes that under the present government the newspapers are merely the mouthpieces of a small despotic group; the really able journalists have given up their profession, and the daily run of printed matter is little more than a lot of colorless propaganda. Before the revolution the Moscow *Ruskoje Slovo* had a circulation of more than 1,200,000; to-day the combined circulation of all the soviet press is no more than that.



What Ails the Dance?

Friend—"What you doing—subscribing to the dance?"
Doctor—"No—prescribing for the dance."

For Astronomers.

For astronomical or other long distance work a short telescope tube to be attached to one tube of binoculars has been invented.

The United States annually gives away 65 million packages of vegetable and flower seeds.

Good All Year Egg Production.

S. W. Knife.

Now is the time to get your birds into winter quarters. They should be fully matured by this time, and to start off in the race for high egg production for the year, should have a certain amount of surplus flesh and fat. There is no particular secret in getting late Fall and Winter eggs. The essential factors are good stock, well matured (not mongrels, as they cost more to keep and pay less dividends). Hens should be confined from early in October throughout the winter in a well ventilated, dry, frequently cleaned and disinfected house, free from draughts. For each bird allow 3 1/2 to 4 sq. ft. floor space. Provide straw litter about 6 inches deep for them to exercise in. Feed grain in the litter night and morning, and above all, feed at regular times, not 7 a.m. to-day and noon to-morrow.

Laying mash should be available to the hens at all times. They never eat too much of it. Feed greens, mangles, cabbage, etc., daily, if possible.

Remove any sick birds at once. Keep drinking vessels clean. Gather your eggs often and market them before they get old. And you will soon have the pleasure in seeing your profits come in.

Vision.

A drift of smoke across the dim horizon,
A single bird that flutters high and free,
The glory of the sunset as it dies on
The opal tinted splendor of the sea.
The thousand voices of the twilight,
calling
Across a silence that is soft and deep,
The magic sound of far off water falling,
And then—at last—the perfect peace of sleep!

Though others may drift over many oceans,
May hear the jungle heart throb through the hours;
May join in frenzied wars and strange commotions,
May wander far afield to pluck vague flowers,
They only search the thing that is my treasure,
Adventure's spirit—that is life to me—
The glowing dreams that come to do me pleasure,
The wistful bits of romance that I see.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

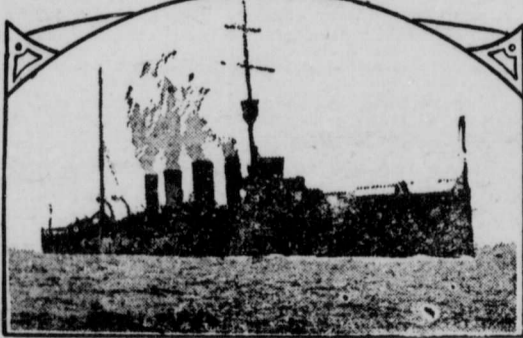
A Plain Talk.

The ancient Egyptians worshipped the River Nile because it seemed like a god to them.

It was the overflowing of the Nile every year that enriched the surrounding valley, made their crops possible, and saved them from starvation. The overflowing of the great river not only gave the people their sustenance, but it made them prosperous.

Just as the overflowing of the Nile fertilized and enriched the Nile Valley, so it is the life overflowing with tolerance, love, optimism, that enriches humanity with its abundant harvests.

Unless your life overflows with kindly deeds, good will, good cheer, with unselfish service, unless you give as well as try to get, there will be barren wastes all about you, so far as you are concerned.



BRITISH WARSHIPS TO TOUR WORLD.

Five light cruisers of the type shown in the picture are to start in November on a tour of the world in which outlying parts of the Empire will be visited. The ships will include the Delhi, the Dauntless, the Danae, the Dragon and the Dunedin. They will be commanded by Sir Hubert G. Broad.