

**Magnifying Children's Ills**

**Mrs. K. A. Grimes**  
The normal child is blessed with an elastic frame that readily throws off any ordinary indisposition. Even actual diseases of transitory type, such as whooping cough, measles, etc., are little to be feared, if the child has a healthy, well-nourished body, and is given prompt and sensible treatment. The system easily recuperates after such illnesses, and, with good care and proper food, the patient is soon "as good as new."

No departure from normal health, however, should pass unnoticed, even if very slight. Any preventive or curative measures that are known to be beneficial should be taken at the outset of the trouble, and no pains should be spared to restore health conditions to their proper balance. The parent who neglects to do this is, in the last measure, reprehensible.

But there is a great difference between the sane, common-sense handling of real illness, and the over-anxious aggravation of fancied ailments. So much stress is laid on the force of mental suggestion nowadays, that it would seem as though every mother would realize its influence on the plastic child-mind. If a child is told that he is sick, and treated so, he soon becomes so in reality—so far as reality can exist in his own mind, which is the worst form of trouble to cope with.

**ILLS OF SCHOOL CHILDREN**

Very often a child comes in from school, over-heated and over-tired, his digestive organs over-taxed by a luncheon of rich pastry, and in consequence, a little feverish. A cool bath and a quiet sleep are usually all that needs to remedy the conditions. But mother, alarmed at his rapid pulse, and the heat rash on his tender skin, loudly expresses her belief that he has "caught" the measles, or whatever may have been the latest local scare-crow. She bundles him into bed



**A Corner of a Farm Bathroom**

A fully equipped bath-room and a complete water system have greatly added to the comfort and convenience of Mr. Isaac Holland and his family for several years. Mr. Holland, whose farm is in Oxford Co., Ont., won second prize on his farm in contest No. 4, of the Interprovincial Dairy Farms Competition.

—Photo by an editor of Farm and Dairy.  
With ostentatious care, tells him excitedly that he probably will be out of school for a long time, and telephones for the doctor.

The little fellow, scared to death at all this boding activity, tosses restlessly his temperature steadily rising, and the discussion of other similar "cases," and the half-understood consideration of half a dozen suggested remedies, is apparently becomes very much more.

**FATHER WORKS A CURE**

Meanwhile father has come home. He has a level head, and a cool temperament, and takes in the situation at a glance. Assuring the worried,

hysterical mother that he will take the very best of care of the little fellow, he sends her off to get the rest that, by this time, she is much in need of. As soon as she is safely away—it would have done no good to try it



**Where Wash-day Work is Simplified**

A small gasoline engine in the basement of Mr. Isaac Holland's house on his prize-winning farm in Oxford Co., Ont., supplies the power for turning the washing machine, churning, and so forth, and for pumping the water used in the water system installed in the house.  
—Photo by an editor of Farm and Dairy.

Leforo—he takes the small patient out of the tumbled sheets, wraps him in a clean, cool gown, and carries him over to a rocking-chair by the window. There he tells him old, entertaining little stories of fairies and moon-beams, or, perhaps, of "what papa did when he was a boy," until the excitement is utterly forgotten, and the tired little head nods happily against father's restful shoulder. The rapid pulse slows, the red blaze on the cheeks subsides into a healthy pink glow, and the relaxed muscles show that the tension is over, and the recovery well begun. A dose of some cooling laxative completes the cure, and the next morning the laddie wakes, "fine and fit" again.

Of course the mother was not to blame—and yet, wasn't she? Instead of yielding to the first impulse of frightened maternal anxiety, should she not have trained herself to a calmer nerve control, and a fundamental knowledge of childish ailments that would have been able to distinguish false symptoms from true ones? Such training should surely be counted a part of the equipment for intelligent motherhood.

When one sees girls of from 12 to 18 continually complaining, discontented, anemic, and what our grandmothers used to call "ridgily," one wonders what sort of mother they must have. The girl of that age ought to have something else in her mind's eye besides brooding over physical ills. Even if she is naturally slender, and not over-strong, no end is gained by focusing her attention upon herself and her ailments. Put her out into the fresh air—but do not tell her it is for her health's sake—give her some new and novel interest, a pair of skates, a camera, or a gun, even, and then never ask her how she feels. Take it for granted that life is too full of pleasure and interest for her to feel badly. Nine times out of ten she will forget her petted indispositions, and take on a tint of ruddy, healthful color.

Not that every move should not be watched. See that the slight body is well and sensibly clothed, that the strength is not over-taxed, and that the morbidly-turned mind is brought into contact with only sane, normal, healthful subjects. But never let her know you are watching, for that would spoil it all.

Nine-tenths of our listless, physically and nervously-wrecked women have been made so by the unwise sympathy of friends in magnifying ordinary transitory ills into dreadful and incurable ones. Often the seed is sown in their girlhood days by the over-anxiety of nervous, easily excited mothers. It will be an unmitigated blessing when the world learns to talk health, not disease, especially before children.—Farmers' Review.

**Conveniences in the Home**

Although it costs some money, there is as much necessity for a good water supply under pressure, and a bathroom outfit in the farmhouse, as there is for a steel binder, hay loader, gas engine, or other convenience in the barn and field.

The binder, loader and gas engine on the farm are mighty handy and save the farmer considerable hard hand labor, but they are used only a precious few days during the whole year. The bathroom and water supply under pressure costs no more than one of the above-mentioned tools and is also mighty handy every day in the year for every member of the family. The manufacturers send full information, blue prints, and specifications to enable any farmer to install the bathroom equipment and water supply.

If there is no good natural drainage away from the building, it is better to put in a septic tank instead of the old style cesspool. We have one

of these tanks on one of our places, and it has given perfect satisfaction.  
—J. H. Brown, Michigan.

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The best advice I can give to poultry women is to banish merrils, and go in for a special breed. With ordinary intelligent care the results will be an addition to the slender purse and an added interest in life.—Mrs. Annie L. Jack, Chateauguay Co., Que.

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