

warm pillows and fur robe and woolen blankets. How his chubby cheeks would glow when mamma lifted him from his warm nest after his outdoor nap, and how he would kick and gurgle, as if life was one grand sweet song. He was dressed in gingham rompers at the age of six months with a long sleeved short petticoat and wool shirt under this, which was his regular uniform for two or three years. Also long stockings and shoes.

Plenty of Sleep

A regular hour for retiring and regular time for forenoon and afternoon nap till he was four years old, helped to keep him fat and good-natured. Even when he was not sleepy, his face was washed, his shoes taken off, and he was placed on a bed, and in a few minutes his eyelids would close and he was on to "Bylo-land."

A baby grows when he is sleeping. If any unforeseen circumstances interfered with his regular naps, we had a peevish, unreasonable child, and he was not to blame for it. His sleeping room was ventilated an hour in forenoon and in the afternoon.

Little Things That Count

From the very first his eyes were bathed every day till he was 2 or 3 weeks old with a solution of one teaspoon of boracic acid in a glass of warm water and he was kept in a moderately dark room the first week, and this prevented eye trouble. This same preparation was used as a mouth wash. After each feeding his mouth was swabbed with this which prevents canker sore mouth.

Extra pains had to be taken to keep him from chafing for he was so fat. By carefully drying him each time and dusting with talcum powder, all chafing was avoided. The daily bath was never neglected in warm water or cold as agreed with him best.

So much depends on us mothers as we start our child on the voyage of life whether we give it a wise start. Experience teaches much, and lacking that, we can derive much by the observation of those well experienced in baby lore. Rules can be laid down and good rules are of great value, but we mothers must learn to apply them, for ourselves, suiting them to each individual child. The best advice I can give to young mothers is the advice of Samantha Allen's "Be mejum." Strike the happy medium in all rules pertaining to baby's welfare. Don't, in your anxiety to secure fresh air, chill the baby in draught, and don't go to the other extreme and keep him in a sweatpack of flannels in an overheated room. "Be mejum, be mejum," in all things.

—Mrs. Jessamine Bergum.

A Boy's Room

I have been watching with interest the evolution of a room shared by two brothers.

They have a top floor to themselves and one room is their chamber and the other is their "den." The den was quite a promising room to begin with for its ceiling is open up to the peak of the roof, and it has two gable windows so it is always cool and airy.

The boys carried in their two Morris chairs, battered but comfortable, and their bookcases, which are crowded with boys' books. They covered the walls with their pictures and banners, and they had fixed the place up almost before any other room in the house was ready. (Did you ever notice how much more willing boys are to fix up than to clean up?) There was an ancient melodeon, from which one of them in moments of sadness would extract lugubrious melodies, and there was of course the usual collection of Indian clubs and sporting bric-a-brac.

One of the lads went to work last summer for the first time. He left home at ten in the morning and he took the job that he had hunted up himself at eleven. His father had promised him that he should have his earnings to spend as he chose, and he started out with the noble resolve of saving it toward his education. But after a series of hot days of our midsummer, he changed his mind and came home one day when the vacation was nearly over carrying a twenty-dollar phonograph.

Now I don't want to advertise talking machines, but I do wish to state that that boy conferred a blessing upon his

whole family. The phonograph traveled all over the house, though its resting place was in the den. When the household had to eat peanut butter for breakfast it raised their thoughts to higher levels with the sextet from Lucia, and on cleaning day it shed optimism abroad on the pinions of Red Wing. The boys' savings went into "records," but the family chipped in, too, and many guests were forced to listen to the diversified repertoire.

When Christmas was approaching one of the boys heard of a bargain in a secondhand billiard table, and he proposed an original plan for securing it. He would present a part of it to his father, and the father would present a part to him; his brother would do the same, and Father would reciprocate; then the two boys would present the

rest to each other. The total would buy the table. This was agreed to, and within an hour the male members of the family were on their way to examine the article.

The last thing the father was heard to say was: "Now, boys, we won't say anything to the owner to-day about buying it. We will just get the price." Fifteen minutes later all returned and Father was carrying the front end on his shoulder!

The den became suddenly popular in the neighborhood, and serious-looking lads were constantly heard ringing the doorbell and telling the maid that "they had come to return a book," but it would be several hours before they would be heard clumping down the stairs. The table was a center of genuine enjoyment to the whole family all winter, and it

never lost in interest, though it occasionally stood against the wall for a time, while a boxing match went on.

One object in the room has not been mentioned. It was a box with a cover and a padlock. It was known as "the treasure chest," and it was mysterious. I was never allowed to look inside. But I have understood that it contained things to eat and that it furnished those supplementary meals which doctors recommend as needful to growing youths. The empty plates and glasses that were frequently found under the adjoining beds have been thought to bear out this theory. The mother was reconciled to these nocturnal repasts in general, but when an unopened jar of preserves disappeared, some earnest questions were asked which restricted the menu from the treasure chest thereafter.



Everything is good in its place. The bile, which, under certain conditions, causes so much distress, is of the greatest value as an antiseptic and cathartic when it is properly handled by the liver.

The chief function of the liver seems to be the filtering of bile from the blood, where it acts as a poison, and pouring it into the intestines, where it hastens the course of the food mass through the alimentary canal, and by its antiseptic influence prevents fermentation of the food.

When you suffer from biliousness and indigestion and have a coated tongue, bitter taste in the mouth, headaches and loss of appetite, you will do well to look to the condition of the liver. Other symptoms are wind on the stomach, which causes belching, and the formation of gas, which gives rise to dizziness and pains about the heart.

Because the liver has failed, the food in the alimentary canal is fermenting instead of being digested, looseness and constipation of the bowels alternate, the whole digestive system is thrown out of order and the blood is poisoned.

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