

can." Should we not change that for the family life into "Let those who are able help and those who are strong be kind?"

Home means much more than just a place to live in, no matter how luxuriously furnished by all that money can procure. Suppose you know of a house, large, well heated and lighted. A table well supplied and served. Someone from Toronto, someone from New York, someone from Hamilton or Winnipeg, goes there to live, and you go there, too. Is that home? Though those people are all nice, pleasant and interesting. Is that really home? Is not something lacking? How gladly you accept the invitation of your friend who lives at home to drop into his little cottage, where perhaps not nearly so many creature comforts await you, and where possibly you may have to pick up a doll, or step over a train of toy cars before you can take possession of the easy chair beside a glowing fire. But as you do so you are apt to say, or, at least, to think: "How cozy it is here. Why? Because you feel already the atmosphere of home—of family life. Who provides it? Does the father and mother alone? If there be grown up members in the family, do not they help or hinder? Whose music is that on the open piano? Whose books scattered around the tables? Whose work-basket over there? Do you not think the kind of music, the nature of the book, etc., have something to do with the tone of the family life. Books that can be and are read and discussed by the family mean much more to each one than when read alone. Music, too, that is not merely company music but enjoyed in the home circle will go with them through life. Doubtless many of the older ones here to-day remember some old song or hymn that even now cannot be heard without recalling the dear old time when first heard, though the voice that sang them then has been hushed for many a year.

Then, again, the little courtesies of home life mean so much. Are we as careful as we should be to not neglect them? Have you ever been in a room where a couple of young men almost bump heads as they eagerly stoop to pick up a glove or handkerchief dropped by a lady caller, while their mother or sister struggles to open a door for herself as she carries out a tray of cups and saucers? Picking up the glove was right, all right—but what about the other part? I know that often we parents are somewhat to blame for such inattention. We perhaps neglected to show and inculcate courtesy while the children were young, which would have made it second if not first nature in them to do those little things for each other and especially for their elders. Irritability and fault-finding also are very potent home spoilers and often they are more a habit than anything else. I heard once of a lady who was a victim to the fault-finding habit. She always had a grievance. Everything was wrong, or, at least, not quite right. She grew very hard to live with and at last her long-suffering cook gave notice and quit. As the girl was leaving she passed the verandah where her master was sitting, and stopping she said to him: "Good-bye, Mr. Howard, I'm real sorry for you, sir; I can leave, but you can't." We can only hope the poor fellow did not want to leave, but it would not be very strange if he did.

The fact that our influence in the home is so much greater than elsewhere ought to make us—especially more while such heavy clouds hang over so many homes—try to be our best and brightest selves there.

Another thing that I consider of great importance in the home is punctuality. I have not time to dwell on this now, but the lack of this quality is often more annoying than many graver faults. We, by our unpunctuality keep dinner a little late and so prevent someone else keeping an appointment, or we are not quite ready when the car comes to the door; are looking for our gloves or collection when the last bell rings for church; or for our cardcase when our friend comes at the appointed time, to go calling with us, and so on through the day. We do not realise that we are really stealing someone else's time in this way. Of

course, I know that a boy came to the door to sell postcards, and the maid wanted some final instructions in the kitchen, and the telephone bell rang just when we wanted to dress. But the trouble is that we do not make sufficient allowances for these almost inevitable interruptions, and the consequence is that someone else is held up in a very temper-trying way. What harm would it do even if we did happen to be ready a little while too soon. There is always something useful or pleasant that we could do for those few minutes. To remember our motto will help us also to smile when we can, for every heart has its own burdens, and just now when our country is convulsed by the horrors of war, and so many are torn by anxiety or grief for their dear ones, we must each one strive to "do our bit" by making our country a country of homes, true homes that will help our brothers and sisters, our boys and our girls to be better and happier men and women; homes that will be a foretaste of that Home not made with hands, where we hope to meet our loved and lost, and from which we shall go out no more for ever.

Millie Lief, who won the Eaton prize (a trip to Winnipeg, etc.), returned home after spending the week-end with her aunt at Brandon. She reports a splendid time at Winnipeg, where with sixteen other prize-winners they visited all the places of interest, chaperoned by Miss Marjorie Elanders, of Manitoba Agricultural College. Besides the course of lectures taken in at the College, they were entertained by Lady Aikins of Government House and to two dinners by Eaton's.

Address Given by Dr. M. S. Fraser of Winnipeg

At the invitation of the Home Economics Society—a department of the Community Club of Manitoba—Dr. M. S. Fraser, of Winnipeg, Superintendent of the Manitoba Government Health Department, gave a very instructive and interesting address to quite a representative audience in the Methodist church on Thursday night, December 6th.

Dr. Fraser in his address emphasized the need of a larger appreciation on the part of the public in the application of laws which make for good health, a sound mind required a sound body, which was indispensable to the best citizenship. Food conservation was at present very important, but healthy children in our public schools was more important—proper food, ventilation, heat, light. Laws of health were simple, but grossly abused in many of our schools at present.

The American people, said Dr. Fraser, were in advance of us in looking after the health of children in the schools. The Manitoba Government had established a system of medical supervision—through trained nurses, whose duty it is to visit the school districts, invested with authority to examine the pupils and, where necessary, see that proper treatment be given to the health, or physical imperfection of the child, that it may have a chance for a suitable education, to which the state is com-



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mitted. Municipalities, school boards and his own department were co-operating in this most praiseworthy service in the interests of the rising generation in our province.

Rev. F. C. Middleton gave an interesting report of the Social Service Convention held in Winnipeg recently.

Mrs. A. Kirk and Mrs. Hansen both favored the audience with solos, which were well received.

Mr. F. C. Bennest, in his usual happy

manner, acted as chairman.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to Dr. Fraser and the other members for the excellent and helpful programme.

THE OLD BRITISH ARMY

(From the "London Times.")

The British army played an important, prompt, and honorable part in the battle of the Marne, but its supreme achievement came less than two months afterwards at the first battle of Ypres. The Marne broke the Kaiser's aims, and the first battle of Ypres sealed his doom. He poured out his hordes against our thin lines in the vain hope of reaching the Channel ports. On one black day he all but succeeded, and had not the heroes of our old army died in their tracks the result of the Marne might have been undone. Ypres was the complement and the seal of the Marne.

HIS ITALIAN BOSS

Father X, a well-known member of the Roman Catholic Church, is famous for his wit, but a labourer on the railroad got the better of him one day. The labourer, one of the good father's parishioners, was laying asphalt paving under the superintendence of an Italian foreman, and the priest smiled and said: "Well, Pat, and how do you like having an Italian boss?" Pat smiled back as he quickly answered: "An' faith, father, an' how do you like havin' one yourself?"



Despatch Rider—"I'm looking for the church, mate. Can you direct me?"
Military Policeman (controlling traffic)—"Yes, but you'll 'ave to look slippery, my son—it's in that barrer!"