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Canadian Service Flag Company

57 Queen Street West, Toronto

Teaching Truths Concerning The Beginnings of Life

(Continued from page 12.)

a "mistake" as rapidly as possible. To guard little children from stories of wrong and horror by which they are terrified, or their minds fouled by adults or other children forms no small part of the parents' task.

We pass on from this to the methods of instruction of older boys and girls of the period of adolescence. With the development of their own bodies comes the application of the various truths you have been trying to teach them from Nature or in allegorical form. Let the application be made tenderly and beautifully; let it be in connection with flower-life, with colour and sunshine and gladness. Give them the thought of fullness, of development and the greatness of the trust that God their Father-Creator has put into their keeping.

Then slowly and carefully, without shock or tale of horror, point out that from the beginning of the ages it has been the Arch Fiend's plan to spoil or destroy any or all of God's beautiful work, and against this, God's most beautiful thought, he levied his most vigorous onslaught. Show them how the breaking of law brings its own punishment, and the slighting of a trust is sin. Never let them have to say in awful bitterness of soul, as they view a broken, ruined life, when their years are but few, "This would never have happened if Mother and Father had taught me about such things, but they did not, and I did not know."

There occur to me, as I write, several instances, and that these are personal experiences will possibly be forgiven me when I say that, as such, I can vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Many years ago, before the thought of studying medicine had come to me at all, I had the good fortune to read Mary Wood-Allen's little books, which are classics for this teaching. I was so glad to find someone who put into language the thought of the beauty of God's work for which I was trying so hard to find expression. Thus, when other girls but a few years younger came to me with their puzzling questions, I told them eagerly and as well as

I could the story as it had come to me, always in connection with flower life and beauty.

I count it among my great blessings to have had some of these girls come back to me in later years. Three of them, now happy married women, have at different times said to me somewhat as follows: One said, "I never think of the birth of a baby or of marriage relations except in connection with a flower; you told me about it that way, you know." Another, a trained nurse before her marriage, said: "I can see you yet, sitting there with a flower in your hand, explaining things to me, and then warning me so earnestly against possible dangers I might meet."

The third is a mother of a number of children. All may be called "better babies," because each was deliberately planned for and greatly desired.

One day, in chatting to her, remembering that she had been a motherless girl, I said: "How did you ever get such sane ideas about all these things?" She turned a pair of surprised eyes on me. "Why, you told me all I ever knew about them." "I! Why, my dear, how could I have told you, when I did not then know myself?" "Not the actual facts," she replied, "but you set my thought in that direction, and the rest was easy to follow out."

That is it—the thought set in the right direction, and all is well. And, oh, my readers, wasn't it worth while? It was unpopular then, and rather peculiar, but even that was of no moment when one considers the harvesting.

The books written by Dr. Winfield S. Hall are cheap, simple, scientifically true and adapted to all ages:

"The Mother's Reply," "An Open Letter to Parents"—For mothers of young children.

"The Doctor's Daughter," "Life's Story"—Young girls.

"Life Problems"—Older girls and young women.

"John's Vacation," "Strength of Ten"—Young boys.

"Chums"—Older boys and young men.

"Sex Hygiene"—Parents and adults.

Sinoked Glasses

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dinner and when you weren't here by ten o'clock and there was no message I began to get worried."

"No message!" interjected her husband. "But I left a letter with Julia. She knew that I went to consult with Dr. Ryall."

"Then why didn't she tell me?" besought Jeanette, piteously. "She just hinted things and we found that you had taken your bag and that Dr. Oswald had your practice and I remembered what you had said about going to the front and we thought that you had gone there and were never coming back. We decided not to tell anyone, not even father and mother, for a week, but just to say that you were away on business and if there was no word by that time—" she broke down again.

Evan was still too bewildered for more than an inarticulate murmur.

"You may go now and I'll bid you Godspeed," Jeanette consented, dabbling her eyes with a crumpled ball of wet linen. "I realized the truth as I lay awake in the dark. I would have given worlds for the touch of your hand." She took it up now and pressed it against her wet cheek. "Or even for the memory of a farewell unshadowed by anything except the sorrow of parting. Perhaps God will be good and send you back to us. But if it is necessary that you sacrifice your life for the greater good—"

"I've been reading and I know that many a life is saved and many a boy kept from becoming a permanent cripple, because the surgeon is on the spot and has the nerve and the skill to act quickly. You may be instrumental in sending hundreds of other men back to waiting wives and mothers and babies even if you never come home to us. I dreamed last night of the boys who were undergoing operations without chloroform... and who were calling for their mothers... over in those hospitals which are so close to the

firing line that no woman is permitted to enter."

"I can't understand Julia," ejaculated Evan, with a guilty fear that he did understand. "I'd like to shake the little wretch. You must have been in torment for a week while I was—"

"Some surgeons use the knife for cancer instead of permitting the victim to suffer for years," observed a cool, clear voice at the doorway. "This seems to be the proper cue for the entrance of the heartless and designing maiden." Julia's burnished hair was wind-tossed and her cheeks glowed from vigorous outdoor exercise. "Come on, Witch Marian," she added to the wee mite by her side. "Run and hug papa and then aunty will tell you a fairy story."

Papa, returned, had charms, but one of aunty's fairy stories would have demoralized the following of the Pied Piper himself. Julia ignored the fusillade of questions and accusations which were hurled in her direction and calmly extended her arms to the child.

"Once upon a time, Witch Marian—" the voice was low and musical, but there was a penetrating quality about it which made it perfectly audible above the exasperated voices of the other two. Evan saw that he must listen or resort to physical violence. He chose the former alternative.

"There lived a grey fairy and a green fairy and several pretty little rainbow fairies," the tale continued. "Now the grey fairy was once a beautiful sea shell pink fairy, but when all of the little rainbow fairies came and when she found herself in her own little house of dreams she was so busy that she neglected her own gossamer soul dress and it became drabbed and soiled. Then she was the grey fairy."

Jeanette was listening intently. "The green fairy was the grey fairy's sister," the voice crooned on. "She was just the naughtiest fairy ever! She

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