



### The Joy of Being.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Whither my road is leading me  
Perhaps I do not know;  
But, oh, the path is fair to see,  
And sweet the winds that blow!  
In sun or storm, by day or night,  
If skies are lowering or bright,  
The highroad holds so much delight  
I run with heart aglow.

The lanes may thorny be, and lead  
To steps heart-breaking high;  
The forests wild with bush and weed  
My strength may mortify;  
Yet, with resolve to do and dare,  
I hold within my soul small care  
For hazards spread o'er pathways where  
The goals worth winning lie.

It is enough to live and plan,  
To joy in earth and sea;  
To do what things a mortal can  
With spirit blithe and free;  
To prove one's strength of soul, and will  
To meet and overcome the ill,  
And in the end to gain the thrill  
Of manful mastery!

### Among the Books

#### The Romance of Jeffery Farnol.

THIS week a serial story begins running in "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine." A few of our readers may have read it, a number more may have heard of it, but we are assured that it will be new to the great majority of our readers. Its name is "The Money Moon," and it was written by the famous English author, Jeffery Farnol.

Writing of the modern authors a short time ago, in "The Bookman," J. P. Collins remarked that "the majority of the younger novelists have come through the war rather badly." His opinion was that before the war writers had got into a habit of artificiality, and that when the great contest came, smiting everything "old and new," they were left somewhat adrift, only the few surviving who have "seen the world and found something to say."

Among these few the very first one he mentions is Jeffery Farnol, who, he says, is "a healthy example of the point at stake." Continuing, he outlines for us "the romance" of the life of Farnol, which, during its early years at least, ran in a similar channel to that of many writers who have achieved greatness, in that it followed that great teacher, the school of adversity.

As Mr. Collins remarks, "certain good fairies round Mr. Farnol's cradle were none the worse for seeming otherwise," and, besides, the budding author had the advantage of a father who could infect the household with his own love of books and a mother who was all affectionate encouragement.

Briefly the story is this: Farnol was born in Birmingham, in a home of culture, though in the midst of dingy surroundings. Evidently there was not much money, for the youth had to rough it—perhaps the best possible experience for one possessed of the gift of authorship. But, "he was luckier than some of us," says Collins, "for he got a chance of trying engineering; and luckier still, perhaps, that he soon left it behind. One of his few early successes was to scale a factory stack for a wagered florin, and those who know what 'Brum' could produce in the way of chimneys will see that here was a youngster nothing could daunt.

"On the other hand, no factory of brass or iron could hold a lad who was drawing audiences with story-telling when

he was not drawing caricatures. He tried iron work, carpentering, jewelry, the brush, and goodness knows what. At Westminster Art School he made a lifelong friend of Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist; but he was shaping for deeper moorings still. He married the daughter of an American scene-painter, and went West with them to pursue his studies in comparative indigence, or what would have proved so, but for his father-in-law. Through him Farnol obtained a post in the scenic studios of the Astor Theatre, where he proceeded to paint miles of panorama as a background."

Looking on from outside, the very practical critic might have thought all these changing occupations a frittering-away of life, but they provided the patch-work from which books are made and in between whiles Farnol found time to write a tale. It was "The Broad Highway," nevertheless three American firms refused it, one with the expressed objection that it was "too English and too long." Then another backset met the story. An actor friend took the manuscript to Boston to try its luck there, promptly forgot all about it, and finally brought it back in the bottom of his trunk where it had lain for many months in oblivious peace.

However, as the biographer remarks, "even broad highways will sometimes turn." Farnol and his wife went back to London, where the family, rescuing the much-travelled manuscript from perdition, sent it to an old friend of the family who was literary enough to recognize literature. This friend sent the story to Mr. Rymer, of Sampson Low, and thus "the firm that found 'Lorna Doone' had lit upon another gem of price."

The book was an immediate success in England. It was taken up by a Boston firm, and in a short time Farnol "was placing serial rights with 'McClures'" at fabulous rates before the title was fixed or the scenario dry upon the paper. The hard, poverty-stricken days were over; Jeffery Farnol's name was becoming a household word, and an enthusiastic public was re-living, as it pored over his pages, the sun-lit chequered old days of adventure and romance.

"The Money Moon" is one of Farnol's lighter tales—for the policy of our Home Magazine department is to alternate a psychological story such as our last one—Poole's "His Family"—with one in lighter vein; so do we seek to please all tastes. Other books by Farnol are: "The Amateur Gentleman," "The Definite Object," "Beltane the Smith," "Our Admirable Betty," and the less important "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," "The Chronicles of the Imp," and "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn."

It is rumored among the gossips, says "The Bookman," that Mr. Farnol is at work in a new vein which should suit him to perfection. Such a rumor is enough to set romance lovers on the qui vive, for so painstaking is Farnol, so vivid is his imagination, so sure his artistic touch, and so readily does he contrive to interest the reader in the common life of the common people among the green lanes of England, that any talk of a new venture which exactly "suits him" will be awaited with curiosity and expectation.

### Your Health.

By "MEDICUS."

DURING the past week three sufferers (one in Durham Co., Ont., one in York Co., Ont., and the other in Oxford Co., Ont.) have written to the Health column giving symptoms that indicate Hyperchlorhydria or sour stomach. Briefly the symptoms are: Palpitation of the heart, headaches,

nervous symptoms, sleeplessness, and thinness as a result of dieting. The following article, which has been written especially for these sufferers, may be found useful to a great many people, for sour stomach is a very common ailment.

#### Hyperchlorhydria (Sour Stomach.)

CAUSES: (1) Fast eating—The hurry of the twentieth century, the rush of work, the American quick-lunch counter. All have combined to make it easy for us to bolt our food, and because the stomach for many days, weeks and months shows no signs of resentment, we continue the practice, and, like all bad habits once formed, it is most difficult to avoid. "Chew every mouthful once for every tooth." If you have cut your wisdom teeth you should have 32 teeth, and that means 32 bites to every mouthful. Prove to yourself that you have cut your wisdom teeth by eating slowly.

(2) Improper mastication. Your teeth may need filling and it hurts to bite hard. Perhaps your teeth "don't hit and do miss," or your plate doesn't stay up when you eat taffy or laugh and you leave them out altogether. Or, it is possible your lower set never did fit; they tip when you bite and so you leave them in the "broken china teapot." Don't imitate the chickens (although they can teach you many useful things). Remember, your stomach is no gizzard. "Time spent at meat and mass is never lost," there's more truth than poetry in that.

Fletcher perhaps went too far when he advised us to "Fletcherize" even milk. In other words he wanted us to chew milk as you would bread; but he emphasized a very fundamental truth, that we as a nation eat too fast. Bellamy, in his book "Looking Backwards," pictures our descendants a few generations ahead, and they have no teeth because people in the past had not used them very much, so that eventually children never "cut a tooth." If you wanted boiled pork and cabbage you would ask for lozenge No. 9; toast and coffee, lozenge No. 40, and so on. How delightful for the housewife! No dishes to wash, no tables to set, no waiting meals for tardy husbands, etc., etc., but look at the fun they missed. Bellamy didn't expect us to reach that state for many centuries to come, but it looks as if we are going to disappoint him. One of the most common causes of pyorrhea is the fact that we don't use our teeth. We don't chew crusts or dry toast, etc. If you were to tie your arm in a sling for a year or two it would become useless. Nature just says if we don't use the things she gives us she will take them away, or destroy them,—a fairly logical arrangement.

(3) Excess of salt (sodium chloride) causes an excess of acid in the stomach (hydrogen chloride). Condiments, pepper, mustard, etc., irritate the stomach and stimulate an excessive secretion of acid.

(4) Nervous conditions. If the patient has had appendicitis, or gallstones, and not had an operation, he is very likely to suffer from hyperchlorhydria.

Treatment.—Remove the cause, bad habits of eating, improper mastication etc. A visit to the dentist will likely pay big dividends.

Diet.—Don't diet yourself too much. Certain foods will disagree at certain times and perhaps not at other times. If you stop eating this thing and that thing, you will soon be living on bread and water, and then finally water. The result will be you will lose weight, get thin and nervous, and then your troubles are made worse. You have heard of the dog chasing his tail. It works something like this: The thinner you get, the less you eat; the less you eat, the worse your

stomach gets; the worse your stomach gets, the thinner you get; the thinner you get, the less foods agree with your stomach, the less foods agree with you, the worse your stomach gets, etc., etc. So if possible put on 10 or 15 pounds in weight, and that means you will have to eat things that cause you some discomfort. Fried fat—e. g. fried potatoes, fried meat, fried eggs, hot buttered toast, etc., disagree because in the heating of fats free fatty acids are liberated and irritate the stomach. Fruits are not usually acceptable to the patient's stomach because of the presence of acids. You can overcome this in cooked fruits and vegetables by adding milk, which contains alkalies, e. g. apple sauce, baked apple and milk, tomato soup with milk. If you eat more salt than the rest of the folk it will help your stomach to cut it down, likewise pepper.

Drugs.—Go to the drug store and buy one ounce of Bismuth subcarbonate or subnitrate and one ounce of the oxide of magnesia. Take them home, and mix thoroughly on a large paper, using an ordinary knife, and take a teaspoonful of the powder one half an hour to one hour after meals, or whenever the discomfort is greatest. If it purges you (the magnesia) reduce the dose. You will find that this powder will give you a great deal of relief and it is practically harmless. I prefer it to baking soda.

Stomach tube. If your stomach is very bad, suggest to your doctor to use a stomach tube. That gives you wonderfully quick relief.

#### Western Ontario Women's Institutes in Session.

FULLY four hundred women crowded into The Auditorium, London, on the afternoon of October 26th. Passer-by looked, and wondered, and the enlightened remarked, "The Women's Institute."

—In Convention, of course, and a very live Convention it was, which wound up with a set of Resolutions vital enough, and far-reaching enough to make those who know nothing of the Women's Institute sit up and think about it. These Resolutions are not given in this paper this week, and for this reason. They are going down to the big Central meeting next week, with those from the Ottawa Convention, so that all can be incorporated into one strong set of Resolutions to be presented to the proper authorities. When the report of that meeting appears, as it will shortly, in these pages, the Resolutions will be printed in full.

To come back to the Western Convention. There never was—there never could be—a convention at which a better feeling prevailed from start to finish.—Not a word of carping criticism, not a single clash,—it was constructive from start to close. Even when "hydro" went off, and the delegates were obliged to sit in darkness for two or three hours, the proceedings went briskly on and not an hour was lost, although Mr. Putman did go about for some ten minutes with two bicycle lamps—like the old Greek fellow who set out with a lamp looking for "an honest man."—Mr. Putman declared he was looking for "an honest woman"; he must have his little joke. And now I must tell you another good one on him.—But no, that will come further on, in next week's story.

Just now we must get over the general features by mentioning the social events of the Convention. First of all, "the city" entertained the delegates to a banquet out in McCormick's big biscuit factory, where the banquet hall was decorated with witches on broomsticks, black cats and pumpkins (pictures).