

The Young Woman and Her Problem

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stands them, she is genuinely sincere. Her own personality is charmingly attractive—the type that inspires girls to form an idea of true, wholesome, dignified womanhood.

The idea of "Canadian Girls in Training" was born from the united thinking mind of men and women in charge of Sunday school work in Anglican, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, in fact all provincial Sunday school Associations connected with the Canadian Council, which proves that our Sunday schools are keenly alive to the value of work among girls. In the booklet on "Canadian Girls in Training" I find this important truth: "No apology is needed for attempting to help those who are working among our girls, for girl-life is of such infinite value to Canada to-day that no foresighted thinker dare ignore it. In the latent powers of teen age girls lie those faculties and characteristics which will make the foundations, good or bad, of the homes on which the Dominion is built."

Four-fold development is the foundation of this organization—starting from the ideal found in Jesus, who "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." The only woman who is finding her true self, as God intends she should, is one who seeks to keep her body in health, as a "Temple of God", whose mind is growing in its love of truth, whose will is trained to right choices, whose heart is set to love God and her neighbor.

The four-fold standard in "Canadian Girls in Training" is outlined as follows:

- I. Physical.
 1. Health Education.
 2. First Aid in Home Nursing.
 3. Physical Culture.
 4. Sports: Team and Group Games and Individual Sports.
 5. Outdoor Life.
- II. Intellectual.
 1. School and Vocational Training.
 2. Home Craft.
 3. Home Reading.
 4. Knowledge of Current Events.
 5. Public Speaking.
 6. Nature Study.
 7. Music.
 8. Art.
 9. Educational Trips and Lectures.
 10. Hobbies.
- III. Religious.
 1. Daily Prayer and Bible Reading.
 2. Public Worship.
 3. Group Bible Study.
 4. Personal Dedication.
 5. Systematic Giving.
 6. Self-Discipline.
 7. Mission Study and Reading.
 8. Recognition of God in Nature.
 9. Music, Art and Poetry.
- IV. Service.
 1. Personal Relationships.
 2. In the Home.
 3. In the Church.
 4. Through Organizations:
 - (a.) Membership.
 - (b.) Contributions to Programme.
 - (c.) Leadership.
 5. In the Community.
 6. Choosing a Life Work.

The outline is so complete in suggestions for activity in girls' life that any community encouraging an organization of "Canadian Girls in Training" would be blessed with finer feminine influence—for the four-fold girl is the vivacious, useful, strong Canadian girl of To-day and To-morrow.

Anyone requiring further information regarding this important movement among young girls might write to the Secretary of the National Advisory Committee, 604 Jarvis St., Toronto.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Found Wanting

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within fifteen minutes the one-time image peddler passed out of the swinging doors, poorer by his half-dollar's wage, but insured against all accidents to life and limb.

On his way home he gave to the children all the figures in his basket. "Now Giuseppe need never know," he thought, as he wearily climbed the long flight of stairs. "Never, never know."

He was very silent that night. Gemma noticed his depression, but why should he not be depressed when he had stumbled and broken all the images. It was enough to make them all disheartened.

Giuseppe took the hard, gnarled hand in his long soft one. "Do not fret, amico mio," he said soothingly. "I understand, though just now we can ill spare the money. In the future be more careful and remember that the work of an artist is not like the great nets for fish. One may break what may never be mended. Did any speak of the work to-day?"

Invention did not come easily to Pasquale. But he loved to see Giuseppe's face brighten, and to-night he passed from words of praise to extravagant forecasts of the future.

All that night he heard the dry, hard cough of Gemma and the low words of Giuseppe, "Thou art better, dear one. Did not the doctor say, 'When the warm weather comes she will be well'? These were his words and it is not long to the spring. Courage, my Gemma. Ah, soon we shall be famous. Did you hear what the stranger said to Pasquale? Yes, Gemma, we shall be rich, with more riches than you ever dreamed of, and then we shall go home."

Pasquale could not hear Gemma's low whisper, but soon Giuseppe spoke again.

"Yes, there will be a procession to meet us. All the village will be there and the mayor, too, and thou shalt ride in the carriage, thou and Pasquale. It will not be long now, little Gemma. Soon thou shalt go home."

"Soon thou shalt go home. Soon thou shalt go home." Only Pasquale knew how soon.

It was later than usual next morning before Pasquale was ready for his day's round. He carried in a supply of coal for Gemma, then he cleaned the dishes. Twice he started, and finally returned from the street to tell Giuseppe that he felt sure the rent would be forthcoming.

"Not if you are so late in starting," retorted Giuseppe. "Is it not enough that yesterday you fell with the basket, but to-day you must fail with the sales?"

They did not see him again. At noon Gemma thought she caught sight of him standing near the corner and staring at their window. But she could not be sure.

The news did not reach them till late on the following night. Accidents were frequent in these slippery streets, and the hospital had all it could do without

sending word to friends of pauper patients. Besides, the man was done for. Even the policeman who helped lift the unconscious Pasquale from under the electric car recognized that, and the newsboys who crowded around the ambulance knew it too. "God, what a man," said the surgeon, bending over the prostrate body. "Look at that muscle! He was good for fifty years yet."

Suddenly the brown eyes of the patient opened. "Have they got my legs?" he whispered. The quiet nurse understood Italian; she understood too, what legs meant to a day laborer. "No, no," she said soothingly, slipping the merciful needle into the man's arm. "Your legs are right here, and you'll be out in a few days."

The man turned his shaggy head on the pillow. "I couldn't even fall straight," he muttered. "Couldn't even—fall straight."

Two weeks later, when the Romantic sailed for Italy, the first names on its second-class passenger list were: Mr. Giuseppe Antilli, artist. Mrs. Gemma Antilli.

Lift the Voice in Song

By Fred. Scott Shepard.

Sing a song of hope,
When the sky seems drear,
For behind the clouds
Is the sunshine clear,
And before the light,
Gloom will disappear.

Sing a song of cheer,
When the heart is sad;
For God overrules
Both the good and bad,
And the Father's care
Will the soul make glad.

Sing a song of praise,
When the heart o'erflows
With the joys of life
Or its weight of woes,
For God's grace and love,
Freely He bestows.

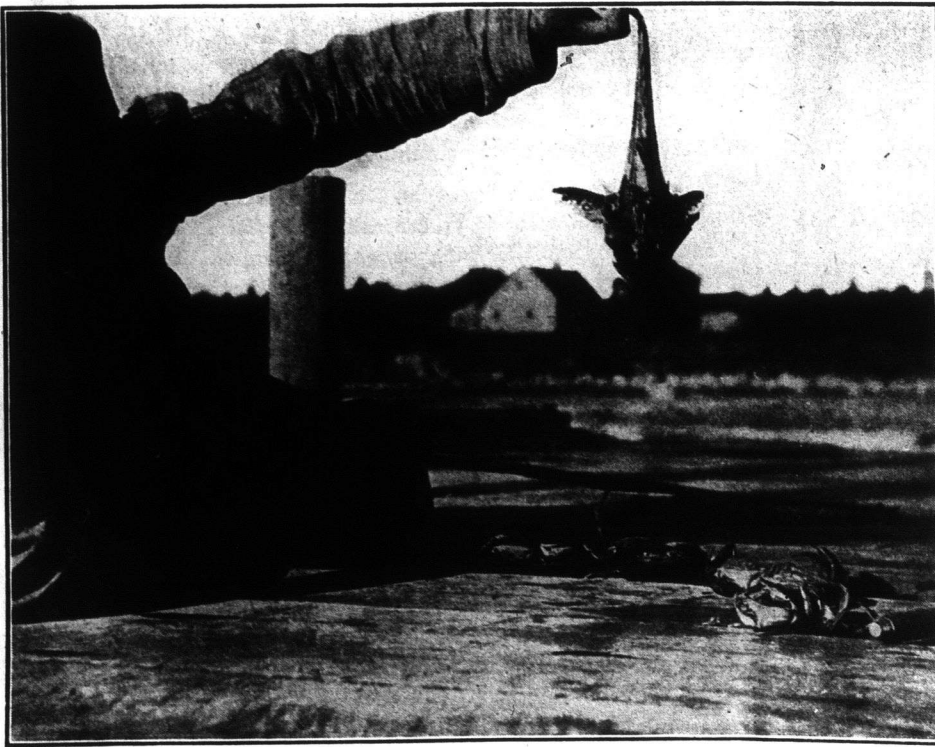
So what'er the day,
Lift the voice in song,
For the cheery heart
Helps the work along;
God is God of all—
Be then brave and strong.

MY DAFFODILS

By Margaret E. LaMont.

Within my wondering hand I hold,
Four daffodils of fairest gold
From Southland sent, so I am told,
From southern hills.
I quite forget the day is cold,
My daffodils.

Your lips breathe forth the breath of
spring,
You make me hear the robins sing
And see the flash of bluebird's wing,
And all my ills
Beneath your magic lose their sting,
Sweet daffodils.



The vicious dogfish so familiar to Nova Scotia fishermen

"ODE TO A CANADIAN BOY WHO WAS KILLED AT THE FRONT"

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The soul of honor, the tongue of truth,
He the light and life of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle
call;
Whom all eyes followed with one content,
The cheer of whose laugh and ready
call
Chilled each murmur of discontent.

It was only last night as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit, the picket guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap.
He was humming the words of that old
old song:

"Two white roses he had in his cap and
one he held on the point of his sword";
When sudden and sharp a whistling ball
Came out of the woods and that voice
was still;
And something I heard in the darkness
fall,
And in a moment my blood ran chill,
And I called in a voice as one might
speak

In a room where someone was lying dead,
But there came no answer to what I
said;
So we lifted him back to his saddle
again,
And all through the mire, the mist and
the rain,
We took him back to his bed in the
camp,
Where I saw my the light of the
surgeon's lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks
And one over his heart blood red.

I saw in a vision how fast and far
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the far off
North,
Till it reached a home in a distant street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to
beat,
And the neighbors wondered that she
should die.

THE MYSTIC NORTH

By U. K. N.

I love the call of the mystic North
Where the air is pure and strong;
The far-flung space of the great North-
land

Where summer days are long;
It calls my soul from evil ways
When I look to the Polar star,
I feel the lure of the hidden North
That beckons from afar.

I love the whisper of the North,
The land of the brave and strong;
I feel the beckon of the wild
That calls me all day long.
I often watch the wild geese fly,
Sailing along to the North afar;
And wish that I, like them could go,
Flying swiftly to the Polar star.

I love to see the mystic fires
That play neath the Polar star,
With a soft enchanting quivering light
That calls to me from afar.
I feel the call of the wilderness,
When I look to the clear North sky,
Where the Great Bear hangs in mighty
space,
And the glittering snowflakes fly.

Yet to me the North must ever remain
A land of promise and mystery;
Where great rivers flow, to Arctic shore,
And the sun shines down in vain.
For this I know, the great Northland,
With its spirit brave and free,
Must ever remain to me a dream,
Until touched by a Master hand.

The Past

By Lilian Hall Crowley

"When I grow up to be a man
And forget how bad I be,
I'll tell every one I can,
'That good little boy was me'."

A Power of Its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Eclec-
tric Oil has a subtle power of its own that
other oils cannot pretend to, though there
are many pretenders. All who have used it
know this and keep it by them as the most
valuable liniment available. Its uses are in-
numerable and for many years it has been
prized as the leading liniment for man and
beast.