

a change of clothing at least three times a week. The clothing must be disinfected.

When working over the patient, never stoop so that you inhale her breath; never kiss your patient. Before meals, wash and disinfect your hands, rinse your mouth with a solution of listerine, and never eat in the patient's room. The nursing of infectious and contagious diseases is the same as in all other cases of fever. Always remember that vasoline applied to the parched lips will give great relief, especially to typhoid patients. In giving medicine, always give exactly what the doctor orders, and always give it on time.

Never give medicine without reading the label, and do not use spoons for measuring, as they are never accurate.

Small graduating glasses can be bought at any drug store for ten cents. The bottle should always be recorked immediately after use, and all poisons should be marked as such, and kept under lock and key.

The Windrow.

It is now asserted by physicians that infantile paralysis is spread by the bite of the stable fly.

A painting, "Dancers," by the French artist, Degas, was recently sold in Paris for \$87,000, the highest price ever paid for a work by a living painter. It will probably be added to the collection of Mrs. J. M. Sears, Boston. At the same sale, Goya's "Spanish Woman," was sold to an Irishman, Sir Hugh Lane, for \$31,240. The Degas canvas was 2 feet 3 inches long, and 2 feet 2 inches broad.

The Woolworth Building in New York, the tallest in the world, is 750 feet, or 51 stories high.

"Anna Boberg, a Swedish artist, the only woman represented at the recent exhibit of Scandinavian art in New York, sought in vain adequate expression for the artistic in her soul, until, acting upon a happy inspiration, she cast her lot among the simple fishing folk of the North. There, beyond the Arctic Circle, she lives in the Lofoten Islands, tossing about in rude fishing craft, or, enveloped in sealskins, painting in the open the salty studies of snow-ribbed mountains plunging into the waves, and ribboned sails putting out to sea, for which she has become famous."—Literary Digest.

"Long before Thomas A. Edison had become widely famous, in other words, when in 1877 he was engaged in developing and improving the telephone, he noticed that in the transmitter, which has since borne his name, when the voice was directed against the face of the disk, the vibrations would cause the pin attached to prick his fingers, or indent any soft substance held near it. He stored this fact away in his mind, but it suggested nothing of special interest to him. Even before that time he had perfected an invention for the automatic repetition of telegraph messages, consisting of an apparatus by means of which the dots and dashes of the original message were recorded in a series of indentations on the strip of paper which followed afterward could be fed into a sending machine, and thus the famous inventor recorded another link unconnected but important. An assistant of Edison, in speaking about the talking machine, once said: 'I remember that Edison had been working at his bench in the laboratory nearly all day, silent for the most part. Quite suddenly he jumped up and said with some excitement, "By George, I can make a talking machine!" Then he sat down and drew the designs of his proposed machine on a slip of yellow paper. I don't think it took above ten minutes altogether.' A model of this machine was made within thirty-six hours, at a cost of \$8.

"It was fitted with tin foil, and Mr. Edison, turning the handle, spoke into the mouthpiece the nursery rhyme beginning, 'Mary had a little lamb.' Then he set the recorder back to the starting place and again turned the cylinder. To the astonishment and even awe of

everybody, the machine began to repeat, in a curious metallic but distinct voice, 'Mary had a little lamb.'"—American Exporter.

In all his writings, Dr. Woods Hutchinson emphasizes the conditions essential to wholesome living. These are abundance of simple, nutritious food, well-heated and well-ventilated quarters in home, school, and shop, and daily exercise in the open air. "And the best way," he says, "to ventilate yourself is to turn yourself out of doors frequently. No system of ventilation that has yet been devised, however ideal and perfect in every respect, has ever been able to make it wholesome for a child to remain indoors for more than an hour at a stretch, or an adult for more than three hours, except when asleep." There are intelligent and progressive housekeepers everywhere who know the conditions that make for wholesome living; the crying need is that the number of such should be greatly increased. No longer should our physical well-being be regulated to realms of luck and chance; it rests upon the knowledge and observance of natural laws, in the keeping of which there is great reward.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Ten Books Every One Should Read.

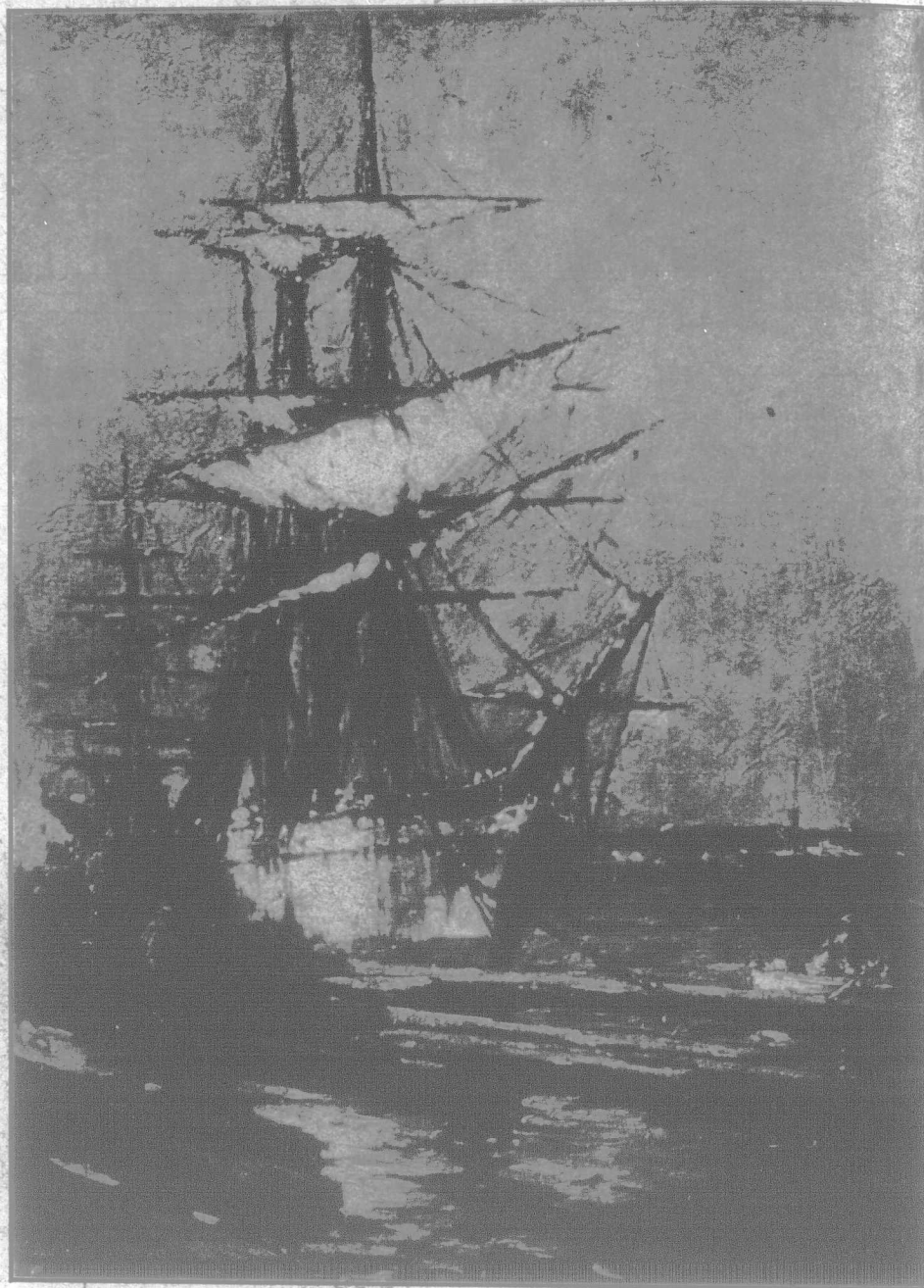
[A paper given by Mrs. Chas. Hancock at a meeting of the Starryville Branch of the Women's Institute.]

In considering the subject, "Ten Books Everyone Should Read," the first problem that confronted me was, "What is meant by everyone?" "Of the reading of books," it has been said, "there is no end," and from the many adapted to such varying needs and conditions, I have endeavored to choose ten which we, I think, as members of the Women's Institute, should read.

First of all stands pre-eminently the Bible. In it we find help and advice for all times and occasions, and, looking at it from a practical point of view, where can we, as present or prospective housekeepers, find better morals to copy than Martha the careful; Dorcas the charitable; or Hannah the devout mother?—while Solomon's perfect woman spoken of in Proverbs, 31st chapter, may well be copied by each one of us. We all remember the description, beginning, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies," and leading up through a list of housewifely virtues to the climax, "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Surely, with all our boasted twentieth-century advantages, we cannot produce more perfect specimens of womanhood than the one here pictured.

Next to the Bible stands, in importance, I think, some reliable history of our own land. It always seems a pitiful thing when anyone, man or woman, can answer glibly almost any question on, say, the price of stocks, or the latest trimming for spring hats, but on matters relating to the growth of our own fair Dominion, is obliged to maintain a painful silence. I know of nothing in the way of literature more fascinating than Dr. Withrow's "History of Canada." From cover to cover it is filled with information told in such an interesting manner that when one has started reading one is loath to lay the book down. So fascinating is the story of the early Indian occupants, the long struggle for mastery between the French and English, the final supremacy of the latter, and the attempts to found and develop a colony in this country, until our "Land of the Maple" became what she is, the fairest jewel in the Crown of the British Empire. The only fault one can find with the book is that there is not enough of it. The work, as it stands, only deals with Canadian history as far as 1876, or shortly after confederation, but by supplementing it with current history as found in our newspapers and magazines, we can have a pretty intelligent idea of the growth and progress of Canada, our Home.

Most of us, I suppose, enjoy books of travel, and I know of none more interesting and instructive than one published a few years ago by E. F. Knight,



"Evening Glow."

From a painting by F. McGillivray Knowles, R. C. A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition, Ottawa.

"With the Royal Tour." It was written by one of the correspondents appointed to accompany the present King and Queen in their recent tour around the world. After reading it, I realized, as never before, how grossly ignorant most of us are as to the extent and nature of the vast British Empire of which we form a part. It follows the course of the royal party, describes the countries and principalities visited, touches in a few words on the receptions accorded the regal visitors, and, I think, makes one feel close akin to our brothers in India, Ceylon, Australia, and the other British Colonies.

There is a small book, occupying but little space on any book-shelf, but which has proved of large value in many homes, and which I think should be within the reach of all. It is called, "Emergencies, and How to Meet Them," by Dr. Dulles. It deals in brief, concise manner, with such subjects as poison and antidotes; treatment of drowning, sunstroke, etc.; removing foreign bodies from eye, ear, etc.; treatment of sprains, burns, and so on. No doubt most of us know these things, but the difficult matter is to remember them at the time when they would prove most useful, and it is a great comfort to have close at hand something that will tell us exactly what to do with the least possible loss of time.

Another tiny book that must be valued for its real worth rather than its size, is "The Care and Feeding of Children," by Dr. Emmet Holt. While we may not all be mothers, we are all brought more or less in touch with children at one time or another, and none of us can be too well informed as to the proper method of treating them. Mothers, and older sisters, will find lots of information, while the older mothers who have served their apprenticeship, will at least find amusement in criticising what no doubt some of them will term the new-fangled way of raising babies. The

book is in the form of a catechism, and questions are asked and answered on such subjects as baby's bath, clothing, etc.; the care of eyes, mouth, etc. It also deals with the more common ailments of children, colic, earache, convulsions, and so on, and considerable space is devoted to the important subject—the artificial feeding of infants. When one thinks for a moment of the hundreds of little lives sacrificed each year through ignorance or carelessness on this vital subject, one cannot help wishing that this little volume might be in the hands of every woman, especially every mother who is unfortunate enough to be obliged to resort to this unnatural method of feeding her little ones.

There is an old saying that "all the world loves a lover," and it is equally true that all the world, or, at any rate, all the feminine half of it, loves a love story, and it is right that this should be so. In this prosaic work-a-day world, it does us good to forget, once in a while, the sordid cares and worries of life, and live for a time amongst the rose-colored scenes of romance. The works of fiction are quite right and proper in their place, provided that taste is not indulged at the expense of all solid reading. In the line of fiction, I think I never read a cleaner, sweeter love story than the one Mrs. Craik has told us in her inimitable "John Halifax, Gentleman." If my choice of fiction were to be restricted to one volume, it should certainly be that, for one might look far before finding a purer, more lovable character than the heroine, Ursula March, or a nobler type of man than John Halifax, honest as the day, and proud to a degree, and knowing no other fortune than the honor of being able to write his name, "John Halifax, Gentleman." There are some very dainty passages in the book, and one cannot help feeling refreshed and helped by an hour spent in reading it.

There is one volume that I would like