

About the House

MIRROR MOTHERS.

Mirrors have a habit of telling the truth, and in our own hearts we believe them. If we didn't we would not exclaim "Well, I had no idea I was so tanned," or "Who would have thought my hair would show the gray so plainly at my age?" If the mirror says wrinkles, we know wrinkles are there; if it says smiling eyes, we can verify the truth—for we know whether the heart is beaming or aching.

We mothers can see when the baby is sweet and clean and altogether lovable, when the little son is neat and when the man of the household is shaved, but we have to see a mirror to know the truth about ourselves. Even that is but a half truth if we do not place the mirror where it does not face a light but rather lets the strong light shine upon us.

I knew a woman with three children, who was honest enough to confess that she did not have time to follow the physician's instructions to brush her teeth morning and night as well as after each meal. It was not just the time involved but the mental effort to remember to do it when there were so many other things for her to plan and do. When she said she could and would brush them once a day regularly, he said to make that once just before retiring, as then came the longest period when the teeth were not in use. Farm mothers are limited during the rush season as to time, and it is the everlasting question not what to do but what do we dare leave undone. This does not change the fact that pretty teeth play a large part in both looks and health.

When a mother really takes time to look squarely into the mirror—that is, if she is not saying to herself: "Those beans must be on by ten—I must mend Ruth's organdie—I wonder if there is enough bread for dinner," and so forth—the first thing she sees is this head adornment about which the young women have so much controversy as to whether to bob or not to bob. Brushing the hair vigorously every day, washing it often enough to remove surplus oil and take out the dust, then massaging the scalp a little to keep it free and the blood circulating there, is about the sum total of all the articles on keeping the hair beautiful. Did you ever notice what makes the magazine-cover woman look so lovely even in aingham dress? Nine times out of ten it is her hair, left loose enough to frame her face. The only one to wear the hard twisted knot is the lady of the cartoon. We can dress the hair loosely and leave it fluffy only by using a generous supply of good hairpins. The celluloid or rubber pins justify their extra cost in both service and appearance. The shade matching the hair is well worth while too.

Regular meals, with plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruit the year round, lay the foundation for the good healthy skin. Then the matter of sunburn, tan, freckles, dryness or oiliness, is not hard to handle. The lotions on the market, the powders and cold creams are worth while. There is a combination now of cold cream and powder that has sprung into popularity among women because of its easy application and good results.

Fashions change, money can buy clothes, new styles can be acquired, but when the story of self-neglect is written upon the face and form it is too late to change it. Self-neglect should not be charged to us, for we of the farm are blessed with all that Nature can supply in the way of healthful surroundings.—Lena Martin Smith.

COLORFUL RAG RUGS.

When making rag rugs why not make "something different"? Ordinarily to carry out any color scheme, some dyeing must be done, and right here is the chance to achieve something. Get the dye bath ready as directed on the package, but instead of treating the cloth as directed thereon, wring it from the water, place it in the dye bath still twisted from the

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug stores.

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wringing, even allowing some parts of it to protrude from the water a bit.

Then let it cook the allotted time without any stirring. The result will be a mottled color, varying from almost white to the darkest shade of the color—in other words, tints and shades of the same color. When the rags are sewed and woven the result is an indistinct but pleasing marbled effect as the background for the rug. One very pleasing combination I have tried is a mottled dull blue as the body of the rug with a stripe at each end made up as follows: A narrow band of plain black, gray, gray-rose and solid rose; then the gray-rose combination, gray and black to complete the stripe. This is especially good for dining room or bedroom. Another pretty effect could be obtained by using tans, browns and orange.—Mrs. H. N. Good.

A "FANCY DRESS"—FOR MASQUERADES, PARTIES, ETC.



2574

2574. This is a good design for a Bopeep, or Kate Greenaway costume. It is also suitable for a "Dutch" or "Period" dress. One could use crepe paper, or saten, or make the dress of printed voile, silk or dimity. The Fichu may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material. To make fichu and sash of contrasting material requires 1½ yards 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

FASTENING CUT CROCHET.

To prevent crochet lace from raveling after it is cut, catch up all the stitches with a thread of contrasting color, taking care not to twist the stitch. Then with hook and thread matching the lace, work in single crochet across the cut end, catching the hook through every stitch. Fasten the thread neatly, and draw out the colored thread.

DEFINITIONS—THE WINTER SPORT.

It isn't skating nor skiing nor such, Nor coasting nor cutter riding—not much!

It's thumbing the catalogues in the coal oil's rays And picking out things to get—some of these days. —Someple.

MY BROKEN CHAIRS.

When I had chairs with the bottoms broken out, I used to get new ones at the ten-cent store that looked well but would not last. Then the idea struck me to try heavy tin or galvanized iron cut out to fit in under the ten-cent bottom. It makes the chair stronger than ever.—H. M. T.

KEEPING THE CHILDREN NEAT.

If mothers of small children will arrange a mirror, comb, towel, and so forth, within reach of the little hands, the problem of keeping them neat and clean will be greatly reduced.

They appreciate having their own things for individual use. If the supply of small towels is limited, make them of small flour sacks, hemming with colored thread.

WHEN MASHING POTATOES.

A pinch of baking powder beaten into potatoes while mashing them will make them lighter and fluffier in appearance without taking anything from the taste.—V. W. S.

Canada's national parks in the Rocky mountains are nearly as large as Belgium and two-thirds as large as Switzerland.

How the Pompeians Advertised.

The Pompeians were past masters in the art of poster advertising, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Naples, where he is gathering material for the Italian volume of his World Travel. Among the discoveries which have been unearthed by Professor Spinazzola's new method of excavation, are advertisements painted in every color of the rainbow. There are theatrical posters, posters of politicians, who beg the people to elect them to the city council, and letters from women advocating the choice of their favorites. On the wall two ladies recommend a certain C. Lollium as Chief of the Public Buildings and Roads. New paintings have been discovered both on the inside and outside of the houses and especially on the walls of the "Street of Abundance," where most of the work has been done.

"The method of excavation," Mr. Carpenter writes, "which Professor Spinazzola has employed for the last ten years is as different from the old way as that of the steam shovel compared with the fingernail. The old method was to go with pick and spade straight down through the earth into a house or street and dig out the debris, stopping only at the solid walls and paved floors or streets. As it is now, the ground is carefully surveyed, and then taken off in layers about as thick as a finger-nail. Impressions are looked for, and when found are modeled and the parts of the houses which have disappeared or been burned are reconstructed as they were in the past. Every article found in a house is left inside that house and it is sometimes possible to reconstruct the furniture and put it back where it stood. In one garden the old fountain is playing as it did in the days of the Caesars and the very same plants which grew there then are being replaced by the aid of botanists of today."

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL IN WINTER

Winter is a dangerous season for the little ones. The days are so changeable—one bright, the next cold and stormy, that the mother is afraid to take the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. In consequence they are often cooped up in overheated, badly ventilated rooms and are soon seized with colds or grippe. What is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They will regulate the stomach and bowels and drive out colds, and by their use the baby will be able to get over the winter season in perfect safety. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



A Large Pain.

Turtle—"So you're calling on Mr. Hippo, who has a pain in the small of his back?"

Dr. Monk—"Yes, and I've ordered two barrels of liniment for him to have his back rubbed with!"

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Home and the Baby.

Home was never home before,
Till the baby came,
Love no golden jewels wore,
Till the baby came,
There was joy, but now it seems
Dreams were only rosy dreams,
Sunbeams not such golden beams,
Till the baby came.

Home was never really gay,
Till the baby came,
I'd forgotten how to play,
Till the baby came,
Smiles were never half so bright,
Troubles never half so light,
Worry never took to flight,
Till the baby came.

Home was never half so blest,
Till the baby came,
Lacking something that was best,
Till the baby came,
Kisses were not half so sweet,
Love not really so complete,
Joy had never found our street,
Till the baby came.

Worried the Waiter.

A little woman and her tall husband entered a small restaurant and took seats at a table.

"You will have soup, of course," the husband, glancing at the menu.

"Yes," said the little woman, as she tried to reach the floor with her toes. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded, and, as he handed his order to the waiter, he said, "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter. He fidgeted for a moment, got very red, and then bent over John's left shoulder. "I say, mister," he said, in a low voice, "I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock boiled or fried?"

All the world loves a lover; but few people have any use for the self-lover.

BARREL USED AS BIRD BATH

By Bert Morehouse

The lot at the rear of our home we have fitted up as a bird sanctuary, and we are greatly enjoying the visitations and carols of the birds which are our invited guests.

In the centre of the sanctuary is the birds' open-air bath and drinking fountain, made from a barrel left here by the plasterers when our home was built last spring. The value of the barrel for the purpose was discovered quite by accident one day after a heavy shower. The barrel stood bottom up and it was covered with an inch of sparkling rain water.

We thought nothing of it at the time. But an hour or so later from our study window, which overlooks the bird sanctuary, we saw a blue jay fly down and get a drink from the water on the barrel. Not long after that a pair of robins appeared and gave themselves a delightful shower bath before they flew away.

That gave us an idea. We already had a good sized lunch counter attached to one of the oak trees. Now we went out and smoothed off the ground, laid a foundation of inch boards, and placed the barrel on them. Then we used a carpenter's level to make sure that the bottom would hold an inch of water all the way around.

Then we gave the improvised bird bath two coats of paint and let it set hard. After that, to make the birds' watering-place attractive, we planted marigolds around the barrel, with coleus in between them.

For the one dollar and small amount of time we expended in fitting up this bird sanctuary, we are constantly receiving both knowledge and pleasure in studying our bird guests and listening to their singing recitals.

The Gold-Beaters.

The recent re-gilding of the railings outside Buckingham Palace reminds one that gold-beating is at once the most ancient and the most modern art in the world. It is believed that the art was introduced into England by the Romans about 2,000 years ago. Probably they got it from the Greeks, who in turn were instructed by the Egyptians.

Although powerful machinery is used for gold-beating, the final process has to be done by hand. Seen in its virgin state, in a crucible just taken from the furnace, the gold glistens like diamonds, and after being poured into a mould and cooled in a special bath a 200-oz. brick of 22-carat quality is worth about \$1,500.

The men who beat gold by hand wield hammers weighing fourteen or twenty-one pounds each. The skill of the workers is such that gold can be beaten to the thinness of 1-282,000th of an inch, and one ounce can be made to cover an area of more than 200 square feet.

A skilled craftsman takes a week to beat two and a half ounces of gold into leaf, and one ounce produces 2,500 gold leaves three and a quarter inches square.

Alberta and Saskatchewan now ship many of their dairy products to England by way of the Panama Canal. The rate of \$4.50 a hundred pounds is \$1.77 cheaper than the rail-and-sea route by way of Montreal.



FUTURE MAKERS OF EMPIRE

Little British lads home on leave from their training ship. The picture shows how the men of the Royal Navy commence their training at a very tender age, and grow up among the traditions of seamanship which have made Great Britain a "land of hope and glory."