

**Eat More Candy.**

"Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butterscotch and they'll have little need of cod-liver oil," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the Christmas *Woman's Home Companion*.

"In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or mid-day dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel 'empty' again, and how 'unfinished' the meal will seem. You can't get any working man to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free-lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing *except sweets*. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal, the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The United States government buys pure candy by the ton and ships it to the Philippines to be sold at cost to the soldiers in the canteens. All men crave it in the tropics, and the more they get of it, the less 'vino' and whisky they want.

"In fine, the prejudice against sugar is born of puritanism and stinginess, equal parts. Whatever children cry for *must* be bad for them, according to the pure doctrine of original sin; besides, it costs money. I know families in the rural districts yet where the head of the family groans over every dollar's worth of sugar that comes into the house as a sinful and 'unwholesome' luxury."

If you wish to explain anything to a child, you do not read him the definition given of it in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, but you use short and familiar words, and you point him to some specific examples, which has come within the limited range of his experience, from which he can grasp your idea. Even so, you do not suppose for a moment that the child has fully grasped your thought. All you hope to do is to give him some idea of what you mean which will serve his purpose until his mind has grown and he is able to take in the whole truth.—*Sunday School Times*.

Each pupil of a class should be called upon as often as possible in every recitation. The teacher should see that every pupil in the class is held responsible for a part of the class task—that each one makes a success or a failure in his recitation. Each pupil should be compelled to exhibit himself.—*Ex.*

**The North-West — Canada.**

Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear  
Of the windy, wide North-West?  
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,  
That rolls as far and rolls as free,  
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,  
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh, could ye see, and could ye see  
The great gold skies so clear,  
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,  
The mountainous snows that take no mark,  
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,  
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel  
How fresh is a Western night!  
When the long land-breezes rise and pass  
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,  
When the dark blue skies are clear as glass,  
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and forever know  
The word of the young North-West!  
A word she breathes to the true and bold,  
A word unknown to the false and cold,  
A word that never was spoken or sold,  
But the one that knows is blest.  
—Moria O'Neill, *Blackwood's Magazine*.

**A Bird Song.**

A little bird whispered so light and low—  
"Cheerily! cheerily! greet the day.  
Summer is coming, I know, I know,  
Nobody ventures to say me nay!  
Hark! Hark! my brightest song,  
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"

A little bird whispered so light and low—  
"Look at me! look at me! look and learn:  
Winds in the larches may blow and blow,  
All that I think of is Love's return!  
Hark! hark! the earth is glad,  
Cheer up! ah, cheer up! no longer sad."

A little bird whispered so light and low—  
"What is it? what is it makes thee mourn?  
Pansies and daisies are all aglow,  
Poppies will color the rising corn;  
Sing! sing! thy brightest song,  
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"  
—Frederick G. Bowles, *Pall Mall Magazine*.

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