

About the House

DOES YOUR CHILD DO WELL IN SCHOOL.

It was a blow to the family pride for the Hardys when young Johnny failed so utterly to make good in school. The Hardys were smart people. John, Sr., was a township trustee; Mrs. Hardy, an ex-school teacher. What law of heredity or power of environment could be operating to put little John in the "dub" class?

Fifty paces away stood a billboard with circus pictures on it. Idly throwing stones at the elephant as he studied over little John's report card, Hardy landed one right on the tip of the animal's trunk.

"Try that, Johnny," he cried. "Hit the elephant right on the tip of his sneezer, like your dad did."

"How d'ye know that's his sneezer? How d'ye know it's an elephant, standing way off like that?" demurred Johnny.

"Can't you see it?" exclaimed Mr. Hardy, a great light dawning upon him.

"I can now!" admitted Johnny, having gone within thirty feet of the billboard.

That made the diagnosis. His dullness was explained. That very afternoon Johnny was sent to the oculist. When he started to school again on the following Monday it was a new John who took the seat in the "dub" row. And it was a new John who jumped with astonishing speed and agility over row after row until he reached the "king" row. Spectacles had wrought the miracle. Properly fitted lenses had opened the windows of a new world for little John Hardy.

This is no uncommon incident. Intelligent parents often take it for granted that their children would complain if they needed artificial help for their vision. But children who have always had a certain range of vision, children whose eyes are impaired by astigmatism, do not realize that they are under a handicap. They are seeing with just the same accuracy that they have always seen; and are they to know that the object that is nothing much but a blur to them is clear and distinct to others. They make no complaint, because their conception of good vision does not lead them to expect anything better. There is no greater tragedy in our schools to-day than the child who is weighed down by the stigma of dullness, when his real trouble lies in the fact that he cannot see the letters and figures that are placed on the blackboard by the teacher, or has difficulty reading the books that are supposed to be the source of his information.

If your child does not do well in school give him the inestimable benefit of a very careful examination by a conscientious doctor.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS.

Oh, gracious goodness, I declare!
Discouragement will o'er me steal,
When I see Molly sitting there
And never touching her oatmeal.

Oh, Jack, how can you hope to grow
To be a man and join the navy,
When you are so eternal slow
In eating that good bread and gravy?

Now, Fred, it's no use looking hurt,
And putting on that dreadful frown;
You know you won't get your dessert
Till all your vegetables are down.
—Alma Manley Horn.

THE USEFUL TEA WAGON.

The tea wagon has many uses. A rather novel use is that to which it was put by a woman with a small baby. Her tea wagon was of enameled metal and was easily cleaned. She put the baby's clean clothes on the lower shelf and put the baby's bath tub on the top shelf and found it very easy to bathe the baby. The tea wagon was of such a height that she did not have to bend over, thus saving herself backache. She had the baby's clothes near at hand, and since the house was not always warm enough it was possible for her to take the baby into the kitchen and bathe it near the range, with no danger of its taking cold.

Another use for this same tea wagon was on ironing day. As the mother ironed she put the finished pieces on the tea wagon, and afterward wheeled them about to the various cupboards, drawers and closets where she put her freshly ironed clothes and household linens.

LEFT-OVER VINEGAR.

In many households there is often a quantity of spiced vinegar left over from sweet pickles of various sorts. It need present no problem to the thrifty housewife, and she does not need to throw it away. If, after heating it, she will add enough dissolved gelatin to make quite a stiff jelly she will find it is a delicious relish to serve with cold meat. Or she will find it

makes a pretty salad garnish or, cut in thin slices, it may make a novel and tasty addition to almost any kind of sandwich.

HER MAGIC SECRET.

A mother who always managed to look neat and trim in the midst of the rush of things was once asked her magic secret.

"Oh, there are two of them," she replied laughingly, "a white collar and a hair net."

Although she seemed to consider the question as a joke, in these two articles really lay the secret of her trim appearance. Once her hair had been neatly arranged the hair net kept it so. It was the work of a moment to adjust the fresh, becoming white collar, yet it gave a note of distinction and character to the simplest house dress.

A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE SCHOOL DRESS.



4253. Blue or brown serge would be good for this style. It is also nice for velvet, knit woolsens, and taffeta. The sleeve may be in wrist or in elbow length. In black velvet or blue jersey, with collar and trimmings of suede, this style would be unique and attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For collar of contrasting material 40 inches wide 1/2 yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Paths.

For good adventures I indorse
The little paths you come across;
But not the prisoned ones that we
Keep straight and clean and orderly
In yards and gardens. There they stay
And never roam nor swerve nor stray;
Sedate and staid in brick and gravel,
Whose dull business is to meet
The burden of domestic feet.

For, oh, the kind of path I mean
Is dim and shadowy and green;
A narrow, winding one that strayed
Wayward and daring; undismayed
By ditches, hills or woods that cramp,
Ragged and restless as a tramp.
An idle vagabond, cajoling
Gypsy feet like mine to strolling,
That dreams at midday in the shade
Of vibrant, singing walls of jade
In whose cool shadows can be heard
The music of a brook or bird.

A path whose curves and bordering
trees
May hide a thousand mysteries;
With grass grown high enough to
screen
A pygmy or a fairy queen;
And forests dense whose gloom may
hold
Wild, fierce brigands or hidden gold
A dryad may be there to free
From some strong, ancient ogre tree,
Or something weird and strange,
almost
As queer and lonely as a ghost.

Oh, they belong—these roving trails—
To us who believe in fairy tales,
And miles and miles I would spend
To find what may be at the end.
—Annie Blackwell Payne.

Here is a hint from the Japanese. If you need some almost transparent white glue to mend a torn picture, mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, gradually add boiling water and stir constantly until a paste is formed, then boil for one minute in a clean saucepan and you will have a strong colorless cement.

Ants With or Without Wings.

Mr. Vincent, seated on the verandah of his summer home peeling willow wands to make a towel rack noticed a sturdy black ant running straight across the verandah. He tried to turn it back with the toe of his boot, but the little creature quickly made its way round. Then Mr. Vincent, using the wand in his hand, turned the ant round several times, but he could neither confuse it nor deter it. In a moment it was climbing over parts of the boys' radio outfit, which must have been as confusing to it as a mountain range and a forest combined is to a man. Mr. Vincent stamped his foot in front of the creature, but he could not scare it.

When he was ready to give up trying to turn the ant back his son Allen came along and took up the task. Falling in every other way, Allen placed a piece of board in the ant's path. When the ant mounted the board to walk over it the boy carried it back to the starting place. But immediately the ant began its journey again.

When it was halfway across the verandah the boy brought it back a second time, but the determined little creature took up its journey anew and pressed on over every obstacle and in spite of all opposition. Finally the boy sat down, and the ant reached the other side of the verandah and vanished over the edge.

"Well, Allen," said Mr. Vincent, "if we men had such perseverance, there are few things we could not achieve! The Bible sends the lazy man to the ant to learn industry; this morning we may learn perseverance from the ant."

"But it's not true of all ants," Allen replied. "I tried the same game on a winged ant, and I turned it aside easily."

"And what a parable that is!" exclaimed Mr. Vincent. "Just think of it, an ant with wings so that it could soar right over your head and go on its way gives up, whereas this little fellow who has only his legs to depend on, goes on over everything, knowing no defeat! So it is, I fear, with men and women, boys and girls. Some with many advantages are turned aside from pressing on to the prize of their high calling, and some who are not so equipped but who have will and determination reach the goal. It's a great thing to have determination!"

Good Queen Bess Watched Pennies in Her Household.

Housekeeping accountancy was a fine art, practiced by royal personages in the sixteenth century, according to a big book auctioned off in London this week. The imperial folio account book was one kept by Queen Elizabeth when she was still a princess, eighteen years old, and shows the household expenses of her residence at Hatfield for the year 1551-1552.

The volume has twenty-six vellum pages and the covers are decorated with illuminated lettering and scroll work, with five pen and ink emblematic drawings among the entries. Each account is signed "Elizabeth," the signature being graceful, one with fine flourishes around it, and countersigned by Sir Walter Buckler, then her chamberlain.

It is shown that Elizabeth spent nearly £4,000 that year, quite a respectable amount, when it is considered that a pound in those days was worth at least four times as much as it is to-day. Although "the good Queen Bess" is supposed to have had a great love for literature and a passion for dress, these "accounts" do not give much indication of it.

In the period covered by the ledger she seems to have made only two purchases of books and items of £18 for "certain stuff for her grace's person" and 12 pence "for making paper upper bodies for her grace," which does not seem very extravagant. She gave nearly £8 in "almes to dyverse poor men and women at sondrie times," and was careful to record all tips, one of the entries reading, "13s. 4d. for my lady of Arrundell's servant."

Elizabeth seems to have spent quite a lot on music, one entry reading "30 shillings to farmer that played on flue," and another, "for More, the harper, 30 shillings"—such entries being of frequent occurrence. There is a long list of moneys paid for "sauces, herbs, muttons, veals, hogs-heddes of bere, and Raynische wine."

Thirty dozen "candelles" cost the princess 45 shillings, and she paid to "John Brydges for seafish 15 shillings; to a poor woman that brought six chickens and two capons, 5 shillings; to him that made her grace a table of walnut tree, 44 shillings; for Bible, 20 shillings."

England's only State newspaper, the "London Gazette," is 258 years old. When published first for Charles II, it was known as the "Oxford Gazette," the Court having fled to that city on account of the plague.

The man who says "I'll think of what to say when I get there," often thinks of what he should have said after he's left.

BANK OF MONTREAL ANNUAL MEETING

At Annual Meeting of Bank of Montreal Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the President, Reviews Business and Agricultural Conditions in Canada and Deals With Principal Features of Revision of Bank Act.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, Emphasizes Necessity in Canada for Reduction in Cost of Living and Taxation.

An opportunity of obtaining a thorough knowledge of present conditions, as well as to gauge the outlook for the next year in Canada, was afforded at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal.

The President's Address.
Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, in his address to shareholders, said, in part:—
"Our banking year has been one of many perplexities. Our profits, in common with banks at home and abroad, are not so large as during war and succeeding years, but I feel sure it has been a gratification for you to know we have been able to pay our usual dividend as well as a two per cent. bonus.

"The lessened profits are due partly to the fact that our customers have leaned less heavily upon us, but chiefly because we felt that in view of the possibility of untoward developments in the banking world, our cash reserves should be kept exceptionally strong to enable us to lend aid if and when called upon to do so.

"There is also the incidence of much heavier taxation to be considered in connection with the balance sheet. Our resources, however, are as large and our earnings power so constant, that I have no misgivings as to the maintenance of substantial profits.

The Bank Act Revision.
"The revised Bank Act embodies no novel principles. The powers and privileges of the banks remain very much as before, neither enlarged nor contracted; but provision has been made in the way of wider authority of auditors and heavier responsibility of directors, by which means it is hoped to strengthen the safeguards for depositors and shareholders. It is true to say that however rigid the law, the solvency of banks—as for that matter, of all business—depends upon the integrity, diligence and prudence of the management.

The amended Act continues to the banks scope for wide and helpful operation in finance and commerce, restrained by considerations of safety, but not so hampered as to prevent fair profits under prudent direction. In this connection it may be observed that, despite the notion held in some quarters respecting the profitable nature of banking, capital has not greatly sought this source of investment. In the quarter century from 1876 to 1901, the capital of Canadian banks remained stationary, and in the subsequent twenty years of rapid commercial development, less than \$60,000,000 was added. Banking resources, apart from

deposits have been derived for many years past more from accumulated reserve of profits than from the investment of new capital, a condition which is not become desirable to correct when trade expands in order to maintain an adequate note circulation.

General Manager's Address.
Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, in his review of the affairs of the Bank during the year, said, in part:—
"Canada's economic position will not be satisfactory until we succeed in balancing our public revenue and expenditures, including railways.

"For the time being we are handicapped in three distinct respects, two of which are common to all countries engaged in the war from the beginning and at present endeavoring to balance their budgets, viz: high cost of living and high taxation. Further, Canada is suffering from lack of adequate population.

"As the first two handicaps diminish we shall doubtless attract a greater volume of immigration and, what is still more important, we shall retain the people who come, as well as our natural increase. Therein lies economic salvation for the Dominion. The remedy is in our hands and is practicable. We have only to conduct our personal and public affairs more economically than do our neighbors in that most wealthy and free-spending of all countries, the United States.

Profitless Advantages.
"Meanwhile we must not lower our flag, nor is there any occasion for doing so. Canada has no real advantages as a place to live in, to work in and to play in. These should be obvious to all—so, indeed, they are to our friends in the United States, who now have \$25,000,000 or more commercially invested in Canada—and they will without question attract to us in the future of time the people we need.

"Prosperity in full measure cannot, however, return to the country until agriculture, our chief industry, becomes again more profitable. The lot of the farmer in the last few years has been hard, owing to low prices for products and high cost of requirements. This unfortunate state of affairs still persists. It is the result of worldwide, not local, conditions, and is by no means confined to Canada. Agriculture, however, cannot be permanently depressed. In the nature of things an improvement is bound to ensue, but the burden in the meantime bears heavily upon this vital industry. For your information, of this Bank's current loans in Canada, upwards of \$25,000,000 are to the agricultural community.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Sir Wm. Orpen Obliges.

On one occasion when Sir William Orpen, the famous portrait painter, was staying at a country house, a portrait of whose owner he was painting, he was met in the hall one morning by the butler, who said, "You're a painter, aren't you?"

"Certainly," said Sir William.

"Well, I wish you would do a little job for me. That infernal fool, my young footman, has kicked some paint off the drawing-room floor, and there will be the dickens of a row if the master sees it; will you touch it up a bit?"

"Of course I will," said the painter, and fetched his palette and did the job.

Not a Real Baronet?

In ordinary company, Sir James Barrie is frequently shy, silent, and ill at ease.

Now and again, however, his quaint humor asserts itself. As, for example, on receiving his baronetcy.

A friend hastened to congratulate him on his new dignity.

"Well, I don't know," drawled Barrie. "When I began writing novels, people said they were not real novels. When I began writing plays, people said they were not real plays. I expect men are going about now saying I am not a real baronet."

Safety First!

"Politeness is all very well, but there are times when it is superfluous."

Playing With Pat.

It was the lunch hour on the new building, and Pat's fellow-workmen, deciding to play a joke on him during his absence, drew the features of a donkey on the back of his coat, which he had left behind. In due course Pat returned, and presently appeared bearing the decorated coat.

"What's the trouble, Pat?" asked one man, trying to appear indifferent.

"Nothing much," replied Pat, equally indifferent. "Only I'd like to know which one of you wiped his face on my coat."

London judges are sentencing men to prison instead of fining them for cruelty to animals.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

