




EVEREADY DAYLO

Did you know that you could use me, in so many ways?




I AM the DAYLO-
that Milady carries in her hand-bag, a traveling companion of her vanity case and used almost as frequently.




I AM the DAYLO-
that mother needs to guide her safely down those dark cellar stairs or about that dusty attic.



I AM the DAYLO-
that brings the motorist's troubles to light, for I bring light to the trouble.



I AM the DAYLO-
for the guest chamber. No dainty dimity curtain can take fire from my incandescent glow.



I AM the DAYLO-
that he needs on his hunting and fishing trips. I make comfortable the wilderness camp.

Christmas 1917, a Season for Sensible Giving, suggests a Gift both useful and inexpensive.

The light that says "There it is!"

77 styles from 85c up at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, jewelry and stationery stores everywhere. And these stores abound in many other sensible gift suggestions.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

E-B-EDDY TALKS

Every day Two Thousand Canadians are engaged transforming 25,000 feet of pine into 70,000,000 of the **FAMOUS EDDY MATCHES**. And 200 Cords of Pulpwood are daily used in the making of **EDDY'S** almost as well-known paper and fibreware products.

EDDY'S MATCHES are amongst your earliest associations. For many years after 1851 (the year the first matches were made in Canada), **EDDY'S** were the only matches; in fact, in the sense of quality and value they are still.

THE ONLY MATCHES

Fibreware is a product belonging to a later generation, and should rank amongst your children's first impressions. Nothing is so smooth—so free from chill—so altogether kind to the young baby's tender skin as a tub of **EDDY'S**

INDURATED FIBREWARE



Do not delay. If you are not already using one, order for the nursery an Indurated Fibreware Tub.

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The Ware that will not wear out!

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When the Child Rebels Against School

There is Something at the Bottom of It—
'Pensioning of Mothers' the Solution—?

"I AIN'T got no heart for study. I jest sits here—that's all."

The teacher and Jimmy were alone—all alone in the big school-room. To the initiated observer that signified that Jimmy was "kept in." But in this particular case that observer was wrong. Jimmy was "asked in" for this very special conference.

"But why, Jimmy? Why have you no heart for study. Your last two teachers have told me you were always very bright. Why you passed second. in all except English, and you're improving in that."

Jimmy shifted to the other foot and looked off into the distance. He re-arranged the gum he had been secreting in a certain corner of his mouth, but vaguely conscious of the teacher's scrutiny

pushed it back into place and coughed slightly.

"Yes, I has brains I s'pose. Least, Mother allus said so."

"Then why not use them, Jimmy?"

"Cause—well, fact is, y' see, I'm wasting time here."

"Wasting time. Whatever do you mean, Jimmy?"

"I should be at work."

"But your Mother says, Jimmy, that you must go to school. Besides, you know, you must have education if you want to grow up a useful man."

The last statement Jimmy ignored. He had heard that before. He heard it at home—two and three times a week. He was tired replying to it—always the same reply.

The teacher thought she saw a suspicion of a wayward tear. Jimmy too, thought she saw it and winced perceptibly as he forced it back.

"That's just it," he went on. "It's all on account of Mother. She says I must go to school, and so I come. I'd do anything to please her. And all the time I'm here she's out workin' herself all to pieces jest to give me and the other kids a chance to grow up useful. And when we grows up—where'll she be—eh? Where'll she be? Dead. That's where."

"I tell yu' I ain't goin' to do it. I ain't goin' to kill her. There's the younger kids too. They ain't even got as much learnin' as I have. They've got to go to school a while longer anyways. But I know enough to shuffle for myself, I guess, 'n even if I can't help Mother much, I c'n pay my own way."

The tear had fallen by this time, and a few others chased themselves down the smudgy cheeks.

"Don't yu' think I'm cryin' like a baby—'cause I'm not. I'm mad, mad clean through—that's all." And before the amazed superior could open her mouth, Jimmy had disappeared through the rear door.

Impossible to Help

SHE sat right down and reviewed the case.

Jimmy's mother, she knew to be hard working, too hard working for her own physical welfare or that of her children. True, they all went to school—regularly, if not willingly. They were comfortably and cleanly dressed. But they lacked in every detail that evidence of home training that meant so much. They possessed a sort of inherent refinement that was apparent at intervals, but it was sadly overshadowed most of the time.

What could be done? Jimmy, the other children must have education and the mother was willing that they should, but at such a cost! She would never accept financial assistance from outsiders—charity, she would call it, without limitations.

If only there were Mothers' Pensions—widows' pensions!

So the teacher of Grade Three went home much wrought up over the case of Jimmy's family, but entirely handicapped in the way of helping out.

The only practicable solution in such cases where the welfare of the child is in jeopardy is Mothers' Pensions. If the mother were paid—paid by the State to stay at home and minister to the needs of her children—needs, both physical and spiritual, the Juvenile Courts, or worse still, the common, general tribunals of justice would see a fewer number of juniors. If they had the proper home influences; if their mothers were financially in a position to keep the children out of the work shops, in the schools, and at home—or in its vicinity—during hours of recreation, there would be less disease, fewer accidents, less crime—for crime *does* exist among children left to their own resources.

It is only fair, right and just that

A CREATURE undefiled by the taint of the world, unwearyed by its hollow pleasures; a being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it—if Childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that in its onward growth, it shall be no other."

—Douglas Jerrold.

some recognition should be given by the State—by our State—by Canada, of the service mothers have rendered. Why should a widow with children depending upon her for support, for guidance, for moral and physical advancement, be forced by the mere fact of her impecuniosity, into being responsible for the upbringing—rather, the lack of upbringing—of undesirable citizens, when her own inclination, her own desire, her own poignant yearning is to rear them to take their places as stalwart, healthy, creditable Canadians?

A More Specific Case

TO exemplify the need of Mothers' Pensions more specifically, to bring it nearer home, a case may be cited that came to notice very recently.

Mrs. H. G.—of Ottawa, was left a widow on January 5th, 1917. Her husband had been a carpenter with uncertain income. When his funeral expenses were paid, the widow had approximately One Hundred Dollars, with which to provide for her five children. They ranged in age from eight months to twelve years.

Behind Mrs. G.—was a family tradition of independence and self-reliance—and a great deal of pride. Before her, was certain want—privation.

Necessity drove her to work, but that family pride made her shrink from public charity.

The two youngest children a kind neighbor cared for every day. The other children cared for themselves—went to school and spent their recreation hours—who knows where?

They lacked mother's interest, mother's advice, mother's attention. They caught colds—and kept them. The twelve-year old boy became, within the past three months, well known in police circles; the seven year old girl died of pneumonia, and the others are now fit subjects for constant medical attention—if the mother could afford it. She, herself, is now a physical wreck.

Local charity authorities?—No—they haven't heard of the case. They won't hear of it. There is no power on earth could make that mother proclaim her needs. She suffers in silence—she and her pride. The shame attending the escapades of her eldest son, she must bear. She promises he will improve. But she is seldom with him, to guide his steps aright.

Do you not also know of such a case? What is the remedy?

Mothers' Pensions.

Recognition by the State, by Canada—of the service rendered by mothers; an annual financial recognition that will be used, as the State decrees, and as the individual case demands, for the great, the noble, the Christian, the patriotic purpose of raising clean, creditable citizens, of safeguarding the Canada of the next generation.