FOR THE WOMAN READER

BY FLORENCE RIDDICK BOYS

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Home and the Good Old Things

The ages bring changes in manners, environment and fashions—but human nature remains the same. It is only externally that the home of today differs from the first conscious home when a prehistoric pair established a place where they could live and love and give to their young protection, food and care.

Cave, cliff, castle or cottage, young lovers who launch their marital barque this season have the same delightful ideals. And the middle aged couples—harassed and driven with affairs—will realize more of the sweetness of home life if they cling close to the traditionary ideals of home handed down to them from the forefathers. There are certain fundamentals essential to real home life.

These are:

Mutual love and respect.
Partnership in home finance.
Recreation shared.
Religion.

If members of the family despise or dislike one another, the home is ruined. Sooner or later they will yield to the present day freedom and fly apart. It behooves both parties to the marriage contract to bear it in mind constantly to win and keep the love and respect of the other. To have caught a mate is not enough. One must hold him, and her.

The happiest marriages are those in which husband and wife center their attention together upon the business of family finance. If he works outside the home, and she keeps house and spends thriftily, stretching his earnings to cover food, clothing, rent, and a bit laid by for a rainy day, they are partners in the business of supporting the home; and this is a great bond of union.

It is in our hours of recreation that our hearts are most receptive. It is a pity for the husband to go off with his friends and the wife to keep with hers, for their pleasures. In the ideal home, they are playmates as well as work-mates. The good old hours about the fireside tied the family together in sympathy and love. We need a revival of the family circle. It is up to the mother to plan pleasures and events which the family can share.

It helps if the home is open house to the friends of each member of the family, and all get acquainted with the friends of each, and they share common good times. Picnics, trips together, pleasant meal times; reading aloud; happy conversation and recounting of experiences; games, music and dancing in the home all tend to keep the family in close harmony.

Religion is the force which shapes our ideals. No home can long withstand the storms of life which does not foster the ideals of honesty, sincerity, truth, sacrifice for a noble end, kindness, mercy, service to humanity. It is religion which makes us cultivate these virtues. Children need to be taught them and all of us need to hold them continually before our eyes. It is these which keep the husband loyal and the wife faithful, which make them good members of society and good citizens, which inspire them with a glow of inner life, which help them to be worthy examples to their children. The home without religion soon grows hard, selfish and cold, and goes to pieces upon the first strain.

The good old simple virtues of industry and thrift, family hours of common interest, and a religion to inspire and hold us to ideals are not to be ignored. Our modern complex life—our very prosperity—makes them harder to maintain. Their conservation lies largely in the hands of women.

Preserves

Strawberry preserves are made by mixing equal measures of strawberries and sugar. Stir mixture until it boils; then boil seven minutes longer and seal in hot, clean jars. It is folly to use old can rubbers for they are likely to let your food spoil and so cause great waste. Better buy new rubber rings each time.

Strawberry and Rhubarb, or Strawberry and Pineapple preserves may be made by mixing equal measures of strawberries and the sliced rhubarb or pineapple, and adding six cups of sugar for two quarts of the fruit. Proceed as in strawberry preserves above.

If you make rhubarb preserves alone, try baking it in the oven rather than boiling it. Baking gives it a distinctive flavor which is delicious. Do not peel your rhubarb for either of these recipes.

Cherry preserves are excellent, as the tartness of the cherries blends well with the sugar. Make just as you do the strawberry preserves above.

To retain their pretty color, preserves should be kept from the light. Some housewives wrap each can in paper, before putting it away. To keep it in a dark cupboard answers the same purpose. Light not only fades the preserves but changes their flavor and detracts from their richness.

The Dripping Faucet.

If the faucet drips, it probably needs a new washer. These cost but a few cents apiece. A supply of them should be kept on hand and every householder—man and woman—may easily learn how to change them without calling a plumber. This is one way to reduce the cost of living.

Peanut Brittle.

Boil together two cups sugar, one cup syrup, and a half cup water, until the hard-ball stage. Then add a teaspoon of butter and two cups of roasted peanuts which have had the skins rubbed off. Cook the mixture until a golden brown and then add a teaspoon of vanilla and two teaspoons of soda and pour out on a greased table top. Before it is hard, turn it over and stretch it out thin.

New Uses for Whiskbroom.

When sprinkling clothes, do it with a whisk broom and you can do it evenly, as the spray will be finer. A whisk broom is a convenience in watering plants. Set the plants to be watered in the bathtub or kitchen sink and, dipping the whiskbroom into a pan of water, give the plants a generous soaking with a mock rain. This will wet up the leaves nicely, as well as the roots.

You've Got to Like It.

Little benefit is derived from exercise which you do not like. You've got to throw yourself into it with a will to get the most out of it. How about your daily dozen and your mile walk? Do you have to prod yourself along? Music is a help in sugar-coating exercises.

The Gasoline Ring.

If you have used gasoline to clean a spot from a garment, and a ring remains about the spot you have cleaned, try holding it over the steam of a teakettle and it may disappear.

Paint on Clothing.

To remove paint spots from clothing, saturate the spots with equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. Do not rub hard enough to injure the fabric of the garment or the worn spot will look as bad as the paint spot.

Undies.

Vests and step-ins are the proper underwear. The newer vests have yokes, cut snug, to serve as a bust supporter and do away with the need of a brassier. Dainty undies may be made of dimity or of cross-barred or flowered materials.

A Labor Saver.

A newspaper folded as a lining inside the wastebasket or the garbage can will make them easier to empty and to keep clean.

To Mend a Leak.

A leaky utensil may be temporarily mended by means of a woman's dress snap, pressed into the hole and tapped there tight.

To Store a Stove.

When storing a stove for a season, clean it first then grease it well all over with lard or any other heavy fat. This will keep off the rust.

House Plants.

Wash houseplants once in awhile with soap suds. This freshens the leaves, removing their coating of dust, and clears them of bugs.

My Ship.

My days are ships that put to sea
While in the dusk I silent stand,
And watch them sailing far from me
To some unknown, far-distant land.

I may not know till all is past
What port they make when over sea.
But this—I know that I, at last,
Shall find my ships awaiting me.

Then I may stand and smile at death,
If I have sent in every one
A little love, a little faith,
A little deed of kindness done.
—Stuart Maclean.

Dishtowels.

In buying dishtowels, choose a firm but absorbent material. A sleasy material will lint off on the dishes; and one too hard and firm will not absorb the moisture. Linen makes a good dishtowel.

Smiles

"Now Johnnie, be good while Mother is away."

"I'll be good for a dime."

"Now, dear, I expect a son of mine to be good for nothing."

ECZEMA IN RASH ON FACE

Itched and Burned. Lost Rest. Cuticura Heals.

"Eczema broke out in a rash on my face and itched and burned causing me to scratch. Later my face got so sore that I could hardly wash it. I lost my rest at night and cried from the pain of it. My face was badly disfigured.

"I tried different remedies without any benefit. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample. After using it I got relief so purchased more, which completely healed me." (Signed) Leo B. Croft, Crescent Beach, Nova Scotia.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, Ltd.," Montreal. Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

RABBITS

THE VALUE OF QUALTY.

By Robert G. Hodgson.

Many of us can remember when most boys had a few rabbits of doubtful lineage which were kept as novelties and something to satisfy the boyish desire for possession of animals. Times have changed however, and today the raising of rabbits is becoming an important industry in Canada. For years many European countries have been raising these valuable little animals for their meat and the excellent fur which they produce.

The Great War brought the rabbits into the limelight as a producer of cheap and excellent food and this, along with the introduction of some new varieties, put the raising of rabbits in a position it never had enjoyed before. The Chinchila rabbit, one of the new breeds, has undoubtedly done much towards popularizing the raising of rabbits in this country.

The Chinchilla rabbit fur bears a very close resemblance to the genuine Chinchilla of South America, an animal producing a pelt about eight inches square and worth over one hundred dollars each. The Chinchilla rabbit weighs from five to six and a half pounds when matured.

Thousands of dollars have been invested in plant equipment, particularly on the Pacific Coast where the business of rabbit raising is very extensve both in Canada and the United States. The meat is shipped in trucks used for no other purpose to markets where it finds a ready sale; the hides are shipped to the fur sales or made into wonderful fur garments on the premises; even the manure is saved and sold as fertilizer at good prices.

While there are other breeds of rabbits being profitably raised for fur and meat, the Chinchilla stands supreme as a general utility breed, producing in addition to meat of a very fine grain and flavor, the most valuable pelt of any species of rabbit—due chiefly to the fact that it actually does resemble the genuine Chinchilla and cannot successfully be imitated.

The Canadian Small Breeds' Association, Oshawa, Ont., in their standard of perfection for the Chinchilla gives the following specifications. "Color—to resemble real Chinchilla fur; the undercolor to be slate blue at base; intermediate portion, pearl grey merging into white and slightly tipped with black; the whole of the body fur from nape to flanks interspersed with longer hairs of jet black; both even and wavy ticking are admissible; neck fur very much lighter in color than body, but this is strictly confined to the nape; the flanks and chest to be ticked of a uniform shade of pearl grey, but of a slightly lighter shade than the body; the eye circles to be light under parts distinct and well defined; the under eye circles to be light pearl grey, parts of body to be white, with undercolor slate blue; the tail to be ticked and slightly darker than body on upper side, white on under side, and the whole carried in a straight line with the body. Texture and destiny of fur to be exquisitely soft, fine and dense—not a "flying coat"; length of fur to be not less than one inch."

"Rabbit raising," you may say, "is not feasible as a fur proposition for who would want to wear rabbit fur?"

Opinions vary; but according to our very best authorities, away over 50% of the furs worn in this country are rabbit, frequently sheared and dyed. And mind you, this is rabbit of the very cheapest kind, coming from different parts of the world and is not to be confused with the fine pelts produced by such rabbits as Chinchillas. Such being the case, there is no reason why rabbits produced in Canada should not rank with the finest of furs. Chinchilla rabbit pelts right now are selling from $1 to $4 each.

It is advisable for prospective breeders to purchase only registered animals. The Canadian Small Breeds' Association, Oshawa, Ont., registers rabbits and their tattoo letters imprinted in the ears of the animals are a guarantee of excellence. Every animal to pass registration, must possess a four generato pedigree, be inspected, and score at least 85 points of a possible hundred.

To Remove Neuralgia Rub On Nerviline

Apply Nerviline to the sore spot. Notice the warm glow that spreads deeper and wider as Nerviline's soothing influence is carried deep into the sore tissue. How quickly the pain is eased. In a little while you have forgotten it, the soreness has actually gone. For Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Nerviline is a boon. Large 35c bottles.

Take away rheumatic pain!

GET prompt relief from those recurring twinges of pain. Apply Absorbine, Jr. to the congested area. With awakened circulation there comes relief from stiff muscles and joints of back, legs, arms, neck or other affected part. Absorbine, Jr. is healing, cooling and soothing.

At the corner druggist's, $1.25 a bottle.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Lyman Bldg. Montreal

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Grins' Fairy Tales

A 20th Century Version of Stories You Have Heard Before

THE TALE OF THE FISHERMAN

By GREGORY GRIN

The only thing Sadie asked was that her sister Duny come to the palace at eventide. Just before the time when Sadie was scheduled to climb into her shroud, Duny was to request her to spin one of her famous high pressure yarns.

Now, Sadie knew more stories than a traveling saleman, and her little bullet-proof scheme was the "to-be-continued-in-our-next idea. In fact, she was the originator of this prize come-on gag which is effective even unto this day, as a glance at our popular magazines will prove.

As she had it doped, if she could have the heroine hanging over the cliff at the close of the story-telling hour, the King would be in such a sweat to see whether or not the rope broke that he wouldn't bump Sadie off until he learned all—which proves that Sadie used her head for something more than a place to hang the latest French creation.

What's more, Sadie had a face and figure such as you don't find on the kind of a girl that men forget. She could wear clothes like a wax dummy, and when she appeared before the King she knocked him for a row of Harems.

As Laura Jean Libbey would say—the fatal wedding took place. And, even as today, the rest of the day was spent trying to figure out what the wedding gifts cost.

Shortly after sundown just as the King was about to ask Sadie whether she would like to have a monument or a simple headstone, Duny came steaming in.

Approaching the Big Boy, she

"Before you leave to get measured for your wooden kimona tell us a story"

said, "Listen Kid. I'm going to let you in on something good. When it comes to telling stories Sadie is a face card in any deck. Why, when she is around, all the sub-decks throw away the current issue of "Trashy Stories" to give her the ear. She's there like sand in the Sahara, what I mean," continues Duny.

Just as Sadie had doped it, the King fell for the frame-up like peas off a knife, saying.

"Before you leave to get measured for your wooden kimono, tell us a story—but make it snappy."

So Sadie began "The Tale of the Fisherman"—Once upon a time there lived a fisherman who was so old that he could remember when drug stores were drug stores and not variety stores.

Although this old Yahoo was so poor that he couldn't make the first payment on a penny box of matches, it was his practice to cast his net but four times in one day.

One day he went forth at the hour of noon and cast his net. After allowing it time to settle down he drew the cords together and attempted to haul it in. But hauling in the net was just about as easy as getting a pork roast in a Kosher meat market—it couldn't be done.

So the Old Fisherman did a Brodie into the big drink and, diving to the bottom, found the carcass of a dead jackass in the net. Well, this old baby hadn't lived to his years without learning all the naughty words, and, while engaged in freeing his net, he gave an exhibition of plain and fancy cussing which would have done credit to a garage mechanic.

Again he cast the net in the sea and again he worked harder than a batch of home brew that has had a double shot of yeast, trying to pull it in.

Well, when this old undertaker-cheater found that his net was being held down by a keg of mud and not by the ancestors of buyers of Florida swamp lots, yelept "fish," the things he said would have made even a flapper blush.

Freeing his net he again cast it and as before, raising the net wasn't any harder than settling a coal strike.

But he finally did get the net in and found in it a brass bottle having its mouth closed with a stopper of lead bearing the seal of Solomon.

When the old fisherman saw this he was happier than a flea in a long-haired dog. He figured that he could get ten bucks for it in one of those shake-downs entitled "Antique Shoppe."

Examining the bottle closer he found that the contents rattled like a second-hand Ford on a rough detour, so he determined to see what it contained.

Now, in spite of the fact that he was of great age, this old bozo was as strong as a section-hand's pipe, and he soon broke the seal and dragged the cork out of the bottle.

A great cloud of smoke shot up quicker than the price of coal. As it left the bottle it started to take on the shape of a tremendous Giant. And boy, what a hot tamale he was! He made the original Concrete Kid look softer than a tale by Laura Jean Libbey. One look at him and you knew that where he came from they had to catch wild flowers with bear traps and cut their coffee with a knife. One look at him and the fisherman put him down as the guy who killed the Dead Sea.

"Well, Stupid," roared the Giant, "in just about a minute I'm going to knock you for a row of Egyptian Sareophagi. When I get through with you you're going to be deader than a bootlegger's conscience. But to show you how big-hearted I am, you can choose your own route to heaven," added the Giant.

"Why bump me off?" inquired the fisherman. Then to stall for time the rap catcher asked the Giant to tell him how he happened to get into the homebrew container from which he had just been released.

"Know then," said the Giant," that I'm one of a group of giants who thought we could outsmart Solomon. We discovered that outsmarting Sol was just as easy as ramming a quart of ice cream up a blind tiger's left nostril with a red-hot awl.

"To make a short story shorter," continued the Giant, "Sol took us like crackers take soup, and without so much as putting on a false mustache or a trick turban, he changed me into smoke, put me into that bottle and tossed me into the sea."

While the Giant was relating his story, the fisherman's brain was working faster than a bum at a free-lunch counter.

"Listen, Big Boy," said the fisherman, "do I look like I just dropped off a gooseberry bush? I may be so dumb that I would feel flattered if the Sawbones told me I had acute appendicitis, but that's just a big dish of applesauce you've been cooking up," he added.

If brains were music this big Yahooda of a Giant wouldn't have been a ukulele and he fell for the the fisherman's little game like a fat woman for a new anti-fat swindle.

He got all heated up like a cup of coffee and the fisherman kept wise-cracking back at him until he agreed to prove that he had been in the bottle by re-entering it.

No sooner was the Giant back in the bottle than the fisherman rammed home the cork tighter than a rubber reducing corset on a "perfect 56."

When the Giant realized that he was trapped he began to argue with all the earnestness of a Souse discoursing on personal liberty—and with just about as much chance of getting anywhere.

As the fisherman was about to toss him back into the sea to remain for just a little while longer than forever, the Giant decided to push all his chips on one last bet.

"Stop," he cried. "I can show you how to make more money than the mint." That line stopped the fisherman like a red flag stops the Twentieth Century Limited and after binding the Giant by more oaths than are subscribed by a K. K. K. candidate, the fisherman released him.

Telling Old Fresh Fish to pick up his nets and follow him, the Giant led the way to a lake the fisherman had never seen before. Following the Giant's instructions, the fisherman cast his net and dragged out four fish.

These fish were as much like the ordinary kind as an Indian squaw with the mumps is like a gal with the skin you love to touch. They stood out from the common variety like a beer check in the Sunday offering. One was red, one yellow, one green and the last was blue.

"Take these to the King," said the Giant, "and the price of coal next winter during the annual strike won't worry you anymore than pre-election promises worry a politician."

When the King saw these trick fish, he couldn't wait till Friday. Calling in his favorite cook he ordered her to do her stuff, and followed her out to the kitchen so that he could get 'em while they were hot.

No sooner had the fish touched the skillet than the kitchen wall split open like a pair of mail order pants and a dame stepped forth saying, "Fish, are you true to your covenant?" The fish raised their heads and replied. "You tell the astigmatic world we are." Then they turned as black as cinders while the dame disappeared like a pay-check in a poker game.

When the King saw these strange happenings he didn't know whether to quit drinking or to believe his eyes. Finally he convinced himself that what he had seen was the honest-to-Coolidge truth and he became more curious to know the lowdown on the whole affair than the ladies of the Tuesday Afternoon Club are to know, "How in the world she can afford a fur coat on HER salary."

So the fisherman was commanded to take the King to the lake and to do it quicker than fast.

When they arrived at the lake they saw a castle on the other shore and determined to go over and buzz the inhabitants to see if they had the dope on the talkative fish.

They rang the bell but didn't receive any more attention than a book agent in the Ritzy district. Thereupon they decided to crash in unannounced like a prohibition agent in a drug store.

When they entered they found the castle as deserted as a ham-sandwich stand at a Hebrew picnic except for one man. And the only reason he was there was because he was solid stone from the waist down.

"Listen, Peculiar," said the King. "Do you know the how-come of the colored Friday menus?"

"Yes, and it's some fish story," replied the Petrified Marvel. "You see, it was like this—"

But right at this point in her story, Sadie stopped short and said—"That whistle you just heard means stop work for all members of the Story Tellers Union; if I go on now I lose my card. Then she added, "If you want to hear the rest, you'll have to postpone your playful intention of separating me from my loud speaker for another night."

"You win, Sadie," replied the King. "A girl with a line like you have got, should be selling steam yachts on the Sahara; come around tomorrow and broadcast the balance of this tale, for I'm nuttier than a cocoanut grove to hear the finish."

And that, as the deacon remarked as he gathered up the collection, is that—until next week.

CORNS DISSOLVE IN HOT WATER

It's a wonderful combination—the special hot foot bath and Putnam's Corn Extractor. You get quick relief. The sting disappears. Your sore toe feels better at once, another application or two and the corn goes away. Any corn that grows on the foot of man can be removed by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Refuse a substitute, 25c, all dealers.

Health Literature

Supplied by the P. E. I. Red Cross Society

BOTTLE FED BABIES

Do you know that milk, in spite of its higher cost, is still the safest, cheapest and best food for children?

Don't try to save on milk.

Save your baby from malnutrition, Rickets and other diseases.

Every child must have milk in addition to other nourishing food.

Milk is the one perfect food. No other food contains so much growth materials.

Specialists agree that a child's needs are:

Under 1 year at least 1 quart milk daily.

Under 2 years, at least 1½ pints milk daily.

From 2 to 6 years, at least 1 pint milk daily.

Stop giving tea and coffee to your children! These are not foods, but drugs, which injure your child.

Remember that milk is the cheapest food to-day at the price.

Compared with Eggs, at 60 cents a dozen, Milk is worth 43 cents a quart.

1. Follow the doctor's directions for preparing the food, and not those of your neighbors and friends.

2. Every bottled-fed baby should be seen by a physician and weighed at least every two weeks.

3. Use clean hands and clean dishes. Keep all food clean and cold.

4. Every time the baby is fed use a clean boiled nipple and bottle. Throw out the milk that is left from each feeding.

5. Never feed the baby oftener than every three hours, with an interval at night from about 10 p. m. to 4 a. m.

6. Many babies cry from overfeeding as well as from hunger.

7. The baby should have at least two good sleeps a day.

8. Hot, close and dirty rooms kill babies quickly. The home should be kept cool, well-ventilated and clean.

9. Bathe the baby every day, and in hot weather, two or three times. Give in small quantities cool boiled water between feedings, if restless.

10. Don't forget that it is easier, better and cheaper to prevent sickness than to cure it.

11. Don't blame teething and worms for your baby's fretfulness. There is probably something else wrong.

12. If baby has diarrhoea and vomiting see the doctor at once.

The sacrifice you make now to buy Milk for your children will ensure their future good health.

Department of Health, N. B.

The Handy Man's Corner

MAKING A BIRD BATH

A little pool of water for the birds is always an attractive item in a garden, and can be made without much trouble or expense by the handy man.

There is ample scope for individual treatment, and many different ways of carrying out the work, to make it attractive.

One simple but effective plan is shown in Fig 1., and illustrates a circular shaped bath sunk almost flush into the ground. A feature is the old tree stump and overhanging bough which serves to attract the birds. In the centre of the basin is a piece of rock which normally covers a cork in the end of the waste pipe in the centre of the basin.

It is very desirable to make provision for the easy changing of the water in the basin, for which purpose a waste pipe is provided communicating with a soak-a-way immediately beneath.

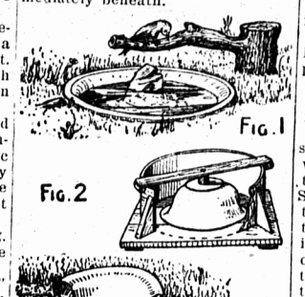

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

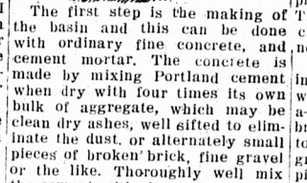

Fig. 3

The first step is the making of the basin and this can be done with ordinary fine concrete, and cement mortar. The concrete is made by mixing Portland cement when dry with four times its own bulk of aggregate, which may be clean dry ashes, well sifted to eliminate the dust, or alternately small pieces of broken brick, fine gravel or the like. Thoroughly well mix the cement with the aggregate and then moisten it with water and keep turning with a spade until the whole is well moistened but not in a "runny" or watery condition. Prepare some cement mortar by similarly mixing two parts by bulk of clean sand with one part of Portland cement, and moistening with water as before. This is not to be done until wanted as it speedily sets and is then useless. Consequently have all the materials at hand but mix them only when they are needed for immediate use. The bath should be cast in an extemporised mould which may be rigged up as shown in Fig 2. Commence by making up a flat smooth board a little larger than the outside diameter of the basin say about 30 ins. square and one inch thick. Nail stout battens to the underside to keep the wood from warping. Set this baseboard in a suitable place as near the site as possible and then fix a circular wooden rim to the base. This is shown in Fig 2, partly cut away to reveal the interior. This rim can often be obtained from a disused sieve, or may be constructed from thin three-ply wood obtained from an old tea chest or the like. The rim should be firmly fixed with a few wooden brackets nailed to the base somewhat as shown.

The basin is cast upside down, and the hollow shape in the centre is made by placing an ordinary wash-hand basin in the centre of the rim. The rim should be at least two inches higher than the wash-basin. The basin will not be injured by this usuage as it can be held in place by a cross piece of wood fixed across the rim as shown in Fig 2. and wedged with a round piece of wood will act as a core and piece of wood will act as acore and leave a hole through the concrete for the passage of the waste pipe.

When all is thus prepared well smear the basin and the rim with vaseline or other thick grease, and then mix your concrete and cement. Smear the whole of the inside of the rim, basin and baseboard with the cement mortar, and then fill in the remaining space to the top of the rim with concrete. Leave the whole to dry hard, which will take several days. Then move the baseboard, lift out the wash basin and the result will be a cast concrete basin.

Leave this to mellow and dry thoroughly hard, and meanwhile prepare the site and the soak-a-way. This is simply a deep excavation circular in shape immediately beneath the place for the basin.

A sectional view of it is given in Fig. 3 which should make the whole arrangement clear. The soak-a-way is filled with lumps of stone, broken brick, and the like and the top covered with finer stuff like gravel. The short piece of waste pipe about 1 inch diameter is passed through the hole in the basin, and the latter placed on top of the soak-a-way. The earth is then filled in round the basin and the turf relaid. The tree stump or other features are added and the basin filled with water after plugging the pipe with cork. The pipe may, need fixing with a little cement around it to make a watertight joint. To empty the basin it is only necessary to remove the cork.

Any grease remaining on the concrete can be brushed off with a scrubbing brush dipped in water to which has been added a ten per cent solution of hydrochloric acid.

FAVORITE HYMNS AND THEIR WRITERS

By Rev. Archer Wallace

"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY".

The author of this hymn, William Cowper, was born at Great Berkhamstead, England, in 1731. His father was rector of the parish. His mother died when he was six and that was the first of a series of bitter sorrows. He was sent to Westminister School when he was ten, and his extremely sensitive disposition made him an object of ridicule and persecution from rougher lads there. Later he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1754 but seems to have made no serious attempt to practice. The qualities and assurance and quick decision, so necessary to success in the legal profession, were quite lacking in him.

Ever since his twentieth year Cowper has shown signs of brain disease and throughout life was clouded with this affliction. He became a victim of melancholia and suffered unutterable anguish. His condition became such that there was nothing left but to send him to an asylum. The sympathetic treatment he received there enabled him to recover, at least, to such an extent, that the delusions faded, and after a convalescence of less than two years he left the institution.

Cowper was fortunate in his friendships. Rev. Mr Unwin and his family, who had previously shown him much kindness, gladly received him into their home and treated him with great tenderness. Soon afterwards he formed a friendship with Rev. John Newton, curate of a near-by parish. Different as the two men were in many respects, they had yet much in common and their friendship was probably the brightest spot in Cowper's life. Newton was himself a great hymn-writer. He wrote such favorites as: "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds;" "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken," and many others. He saw the necessity of keeping Cowper's mind occupied and it was he who suggested that the two should compose a series of hymns together. A very famous collection, widely known as the "Olney Hymns" was the result. Of the collection of four hundred and fifteen hymns, Newton wrote three hundred and forty nine and Cowper sixty-six, but the quality of Cowper's work seems to have been the better, for more of his hymns became famous than those of Newton's.

Newton induced Cowper to do some parish work. He visited the sick, conducted week-day meetings and composed many hymns to be sung after the sermon. But once again the melancholy fits took possession of Cowper. It is generally agreed that the hymn "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written after Cowper had made an attempt at suicide. The hymn was written about the year 1773 and is one of his best-known. Other hymns of his which are found in nearly all hymnals are: "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood" "Hark, My Soul, it is the Lord", Sometimes a Light Surprises;" "O, for a Closer Walker With God"; and "Jesus, Where'er thy People Meet." Cowper lived to be sixty-nine and while his last days were clouded he did spend many years of quiet usefulness in the evening of his life.

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