

For the Boys and Girls

The Hero of Labrador.

Who is your favorite hero? No doubt many of you, after hearing and reading of the wonderful work of Dr. Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, of Labrador, have taken this great and good man for your hero, and you no doubt join in helping the splendid work which he carried on in Labrador.

We all agree that it is a great help to us to learn what we can about great and good men and women. Our highest pattern is Our Lord Jesus Christ, God and Man. There is one thing we notice about those who make Him their pattern—they spend their lives in His Service, just as He lived and died for us. Dr. Grenfell of Labrador is a hero who follows in the foot-steps of Our Blessed Lord and works for others.

How splendid it must be to have a hero for an ancestor. Dr. Grenfell is fortunate in that way, for he has a very celebrated ancestor indeed, Sir Richard Grenville. You have read of his heroism in Tennyson's glorious poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Dr. Grenfell has other heroic ancestors besides.

When our hero was a boy he lived at Parkgate near Chester, in England. Close to his home was the mouth of a river, where in a flat-bottomed boat he used to go exploring. His father was head master of Mostyn House School and the celebrated Charles Kingsley, a relation of the family, used to come and visit them.

The master and his guest made excursions to the river's mouth and the boy went with them and learned of the interesting discoveries they made.

At college Wilfred Grenfell gained a scholarship and became much interested in rugby football. He studied medicine and became a doctor. Doctor Grenfell had a class of boys in an east-end Sunday School in London. He saw that he must keep order and to do that he must engage the boys in something that would interest them during the week. So he and some of his friends made a gymnasium in his lodgings and that delighted the boys so that they were quite won over to be orderly.

Dr. Grenfell was one of the founders of Boys' Brigades and he also helped to start Boys' Camps. He went in for athletics himself, boxing, football, tennis and other sports.

The young doctor wanted to do medical work combined with Christian work and also to satisfy his love for adventure, he was able to do this for he had an opportunity to join the staff of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen and work among the fishermen of the North Sea.

But the life work of Dr. Grenfell, which he has made his own, is his wonderful work on the coast of Labrador, that eastern coast of Canada, North of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—six hundred miles of rocky cliffs, with narrow inlets known as "fjords," with perilous sunken reefs along the coast, and is some part of the year, icebergs. Have you ever seen the magazine "Among the Deep Sea Fishers," all about Dr. Grenfell's work. In each number is a map of Labrador with all the islands, bays, mission stations and other places on the coast.

Dr. Grenfell's work among the deep sea fishers has grown and become a very great work indeed, the work carried on by a brave and unselfish man whose aim in life is to help others. Thousands of sick and injured people on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland owe their lives to the good doctor.

His little ship the "Strathcona" for twenty long summers, as a writer in "Among the Deep Sea Fishers" has said, "has plied forward and back, for ward and back, thousands of miles, along the bleak inhospitable coast on her errands of mercy and service. Her dark sides, grey deck houses, and cross marked funnel were known to thousands of men, women and children."

We read in Tennyson's poem how the "little Revenge" commanded by Dr. Grenfell's distinguished ancestor, Sir Richard Grenville, in battle against the Spanish Armada, one ship against fifty-three, "went down by the island crags, to be lost forever in the Main." So the little "Strathcona," Dr. Grenfell's Hospital Ship went down off a rocky island. So the Doctor of Labrador must have another ship to carry him on his errands of mercy.

If you want to learn more about Dr.

Wilfred Grenfell and his noble work, (for what you have read on this page only touches the subject), there are many interesting books which you would delight in reading. "Adrift on an Ice-berg" tells of a thrilling adventure of the Doctor and his faithful dogs. "Grenfell of Labrador" by Cuthbert McEvey, one of the "Torch-Bearer Booklets" gives an account of the Hero of Labrador and his work. The Grenfell Magazine, "Among the Deep Sea Fishers," is full of interesting information and is illustrated with photographs. Any boys who have formed the "Grenfell Club" ought to take this magazine.

Perhaps some of you will go to Labrador when you are older and help in the wonderful work of the true hero, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

Lucile's Adventure.

Anna May wadded a piece of an old knitted shawl snugly round her doll and pined it in place with a safety pin. "There, Lucile," she said, "you'll keep warm and snug all night." She patted the pillow on the sofa and put the doll to bed.

Then Anna May went up to her own bed. She was tired; she and Lucile had gone to a party that afternoon, and they had played games and had had a lovely time.

The next morning her mother waked her early. "Hurry, Anna May," she said. "We are going to take the early train to the city and spend the day with grandma. Uncle Jack visited us for an hour last night and said that grandma wanted us to come and see her today."

Anna May thought that if there was anything more delightful than a party it was visiting her grandmother in the city. She was wide awake in a moment and hurriedly dressed in her favorite dress. She was too much excited to eat any breakfast, and at five o'clock on a December morning, early very early when you're only seven years old, her mother tucked some sandwiches into the traveling bag for her. A few hours later Anna May enjoyed eating them as she sat in the train, looking out at the sunrise. "I wish I had Lucile," she said.

Lucile will have a good rest at home on the sofa, tucked up in her shawl," said her mother.

Grandma was glad to see them and did everything to make their visit happy. It was a day to be remembered and a long day too, for when they reached home it was late and Anna May was so sleepy that her mother helped her to bed.

In the morning her first thought was of Lucile. She hurried downstairs and over to the sofa, but Lucile was not there. She looked under the pillows and on the floor; then she called her mother. "Together they searched, first the living room, then the whole house, but Lucile was gone."

When her father came home he and Anna May searched all over the house from the attic to basement. "I left her right here on this pillow, mother," said Anna May tearfully. "Do you suppose somebody took her?" "I don't think so; father looked the house when he went to the office," her mother replied.

"Never mind; you shall have a new doll," said her father, but Anna May was not to be comforted. She wandered round the house and picked up cushions and sat in her little rocker and thought sorrowfully of Lucile.

Two days later the expressman left a large box addressed to Anna May. She was so much excited that she forgot the lost doll. She helped pull off the wrappings and there stood a large, handsome doll, carriage with a fluffy pink blanket, and under it Lucile.

"Well, the lost child has come home!" said mother.

"Where have you been?" asked Anna May, hugging her precious doll. Lucile just smiled.

A letter from Uncle Jack explained. He wrote that when he had leaned back in his seat on the train after being at their house he had felt something hard at his back. It was Lucile. The knitted shawl that was pinned round her had caught in the belt of his overcoat. He seemed to think it was a joke and hoped that Anna May hadn't worried; but he suggested that she put Lucile to sleep in the doll carriage instead of on the sofa where careless uncles sometimes put their love-objects.—Jessie M. Lathrop in "Youth's Companion."

Mistakes About Animals.

We often say a man is as brave as a lion. But lions, in proportion to their size, strength, weight, and natural fighting abilities, are by no means so brave as the pig or fox, or even the humble sheep.

During the breeding season, a good ram of the common domestic type will give battle to any living thing he meets. He will attack a full-grown bull without the slightest hesitation, not infrequently killing it outright.

The ram is always willing to defend not only himself, but the flock of which he is in charge, against the largest and most ferocious dog, or even against human beings. A fight between two well-matched rams usually ends in the death of one of the combatants.

It is common knowledge that the wild pig is the only animal that dares to drink at the same pool with the tiger.

Pigs Are Not Greedy.

Pigs are perhaps the most maligned of all animals. We say "as greedy as a pig," but a pig is not as greedy as a canary, which has been known to consume two and a half times its own weight in a single day.

To say that anyone is "as stupid as a pig" is to slander an animal whose intelligence is only a little inferior to that of the ape. Whilst to talk of pigs being lazy is to ignore the fact that in various countries these animals are trained to do the most arduous work. "As lazy as a cat" would be far more appropriate for cats really are lazy.

Donkeys also are supposed to be stupid, whereas actually they are more intelligent than horses. If you want to keep a donkey in a field, you must be careful to lock the gate, for he will first of all push at it, and then pull it towards him with his chin or his foreleg until he succeeds in opening it.

On the other hand, a horse seems unable to tell where the fence ends and the gate begins. If it does find the gate, it will seldom manage to open it.

When a horse is attacked by wild beasts it takes to the open plain and runs at full speed until it drops dead. But when a donkey is attacked it makes for the nearest cover, thrusts its head and body into a bush or some dense undergrowth, and there stands its ground, presenting only a formidable pair of heels to its assailant.

We say "as surly as a bear with a sore head," but bears, with the exception of the Polar bear, are the most good-natured and even-tempered and playful of the larger brutes. There is no animal more friendly to man or more easily tamed if it is treated kindly.

Insects That Beat Elephants.

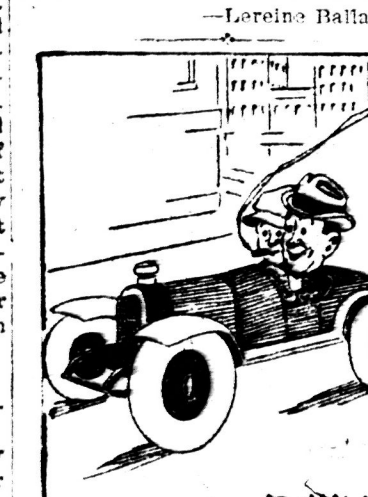
"Blind as a bat" is another common expression. But a bat has such unusually keen powers of vision that it may almost be said to see with its skin. Even when it is placed in total darkness it can find its way without faltering or blundering, and on the blackest night it can catch the most elusive insects—flies, moths, beetles, and the like—with amazing swiftness.

Then we say "as strong as an elephant," but, for their size, many insects are incalculably stronger. "Did you ever catch a weasel asleep?" ran the words of an old song. But only at night is the weasel lively and alert. At all other times it is an exceptionally sleepy creature. It spends the whole of the daytime in a state of abject somnolence—somnolence that at certain seasons of the year becomes partial stupor.

The Gift of Humor.

We have plucked our troth together All the world is fair and sweet. Soon our lives shall be conversing Where your path and mine shall meet. Though I shall forever lead you The direction you must guide; May we have a sense of humor As we journey side by side.

Many, many brave and lovely On the long trail gone before. Have outgrown young Love's warm kisses. Drawn asunder more and more. Should the path grow hard and rocky. If we find we're slipping back— Pray we'll have the gift of humor To transform life's sorrowful track.



Apparently.

Rubbs—"I believe he's right. Everybody seems to be borrowing money these days."

Father's Fault.

Father had a nasty temper at times. One night his small boy was sitting by him, studying arithmetic. The father broke out:

"What on earth are you? Why can't you sit still—wriggling and writhing every minute?"

"It's all your fault," blubbered the boy.

"Cos I asked you last night how much a billion was, and you said 'a deuce of a lot.' The teacher asked me the same question today, and I said the same thing. And that's why I can't keep still!"

Columbia's Castor Oil.

Columbia has become a serious rival of India in supplying the world with castor oil.

Elasticity is second in the cause of fire.

PASSING OF MERRIE ENGLAND'S SQUIRE

BREAKING UP ESTATES BY LAND SALES.

Return-to-Farm Movement Under Way and Fields Being Used for Pasture.

Although the break-up and the sale of the big landed estates in England is not now progressing with the celebrity it enjoyed from 1913 to 1920—the period that is known as "England changing hands"—it is nevertheless still under way. So much is this so that the country manager of what is perhaps the biggest firm in London auctioneering of these oldest estates declares that the era of the big estate had gone forever.

Now the sale of the famous Ellesmere estates in Lancashire and Cheshire comes to land weight to this statement. Following on the heels of the sales of Trafford Park and Heaton Park, two of the most noted estates in the country, it indicates the passing of the country squirearchy. The coming generation will have to turn to the pages of "Tom Jones" if it wishes to know what country life in Merrie England was.

History of Ellesmere Estates. The Ellesmere estates belonged to the Egertons, a family that traces its history to the days of William Rufus. The hall was a grand old mansion in red brick, in which the royal family and the Duke of Wellington were entertained by Lord Ellesmere in 1851.

The estate comprised about 12,000 acres. But not all of it is agricultural land. With it were sold six pits, wharves and coke works, and the purchase price is reported to be between two and three million pounds (from 10 to 15 million pounds). The buyers were a syndicate of big industrialists.

When John Galsworthy wrote his "Skin Game" he wasn't merely drawing on his imagination. The downfall of the country gentleman before the advance of the urban capitalist is going on in England today, and the advertising columns of the newspapers are heralding the story.

The break-up of the big estates is, of course, owing to the fact that the landowner can no longer afford the expense of its upkeep unless he were to raise rents to unprecedented levels. But the high cost of living and the decline in agricultural prices render the tenant unable to stand and increase his rents. The only exceptions are men like the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, who, having valuable city property, are able to defray the costs of their country estates from the income from their urban sites.

Another feature of last year's English estate sale history is that men are starting to buy their own farms again. Reduction in current rates of interest and the renewed willingness to lend money on mortgage on sound landed securities have encouraged farmers to buy their own places.

Land Reverts to Pasture. It is significant that the tendency is to restore arable land back to pasture.

This marks the definite defeat of the government's ambitious efforts to make England self-supporting in its food production.

During the war the government bent every effort to encourage and stimulate greater crop cultivation. After the war this took the form of guaranteeing to the farmer the difference between the cost of production and the market price. The act stated that there would be no change in this provision for four years.

But the government greatly underestimated the subsequent decline in agricultural prices. Alarmed at the drain on the Treasury that threatened to become greater, the Lloyd George Cabinet in 1920 than a year repealed its agricultural act. The failure of the farmer subsidies doomed the movement to make England a self-sustaining nation.

Many Flowers for Perfume Making.

Flowers for making perfume are gathered at the hour when their fragrance is strongest. This is extracted by several methods, the most interesting of which is enfleurage, which draws the scent from flowers that do not respond to distillation or other methods. But, as every housewife knows, will absorb every stray odor in the ice box, and it is this peculiar property of fats which makes enfleurage possible. Glass plates are coated with purified petrol or beef fat and the flower petals pressed into it. These plates are put into airtight chambers. The flowers are renewed from time to time. When the perfume, as the fat is now called, has reached the desired strength, it is melted off with hot water and treated with alcohol. The resultant attar or essence is then ready for the perfume maker. In one French factory alone twenty-four hundred tons of roses, 1,750 tons of orange blossoms, 132 tons of violets, 280 tons of jasmine, seventy tons of tuberose, and fifteen tons of lilies are used in a year. These amounts do not seem so impressive when it is known that eleven tons of roses—about 3 million blossoms—yield but one pound of essence.

The modern perfumer has a great scale of floral, herbal and artificial essences to combine with the animal bases, and it is in this combination that he exercises his ingenuity and skill to produce the complex perfumes of today.

Comfort. Though disappointments of many come, Let sleep's hush grief when night-shades fall— When in his cot my baby sits I know I have not lost my all.

Grant me the strength to struggle on, And patience to my poor soul teach— For work and patience are akin To all heights the great may reach.

With each new dawn, new tasks begin: New life to take the burden up, Though bitter be the drink to-night, Their comfort still will find my cup.

At Alto Cruero, in Bolivia, water freezes every night of the year, while at noonday the sun is sometimes hot enough to blister the flesh.

Happiness rarely is absent; it is we that know not of its presence.—Maeterlinck.

Preparing Meals for Microbes

What is undoubtedly the most remarkable kitchen in the world is to be found at the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine, Chelsea, England, where meals are prepared daily for nearly two thousand different types of germs.

According to the chief chef, a famous bacteriologist, germs are more particular about their food than the faddists of human beings.

The germ that causes pneumonia, for example, will thrive only on a jelly prepared from horse's blood, in which they multiply by scores in a few hours.

The microbes of consumption revel in a meal of glucose, while the influenza germ gorges itself on a mixture of agar, a jelly made from seaweed and rabbit's blood.

The dreaded botulism microbe about which so much has been heard lately, has an almost unappeasable appetite for veal broth, while other food-poisoning germs flourish in egg preparations.

One germ culture has lived for thirty years on scot and the bark of a tree. Others in dust taken from London's underground railways.

The most unpleasant-looking germ cultures in the kitchen are those of leprosy, which develop in a nauseous yellow growth in the jelly on which they live. In the same group of culture tubes may also be seen the germs of the plague of which we read in the Bible. This disease is still prevalent in some Eastern coasts of India.

The microbe of typhoid fever lives in ordinary water, but its existence is a short though deadly one. For this reason a typhoid epidemic is very difficult to control. As soon as a case is reported, the local water supply is examined, but usually by the time a sample has been taken and analyzed the period of incubation is over and the germ is dead, having already done its full work.

Not all the germs housed in this remarkable establishment are dangerous to human life. Some attack only vegetables and plants, while others spread blight among fruit trees. These germs thrive best on a jelly made from the whites of eggs.

It is impossible even for an expert to distinguish one type of germ from another with the naked eye, but when examined under the microscope they are recognized easily.

Magnified a thousand times, they look like tiny rods, some straight, others curved, and others, again, rolled up tightly like a watch-spring. They breed by parting in two. Each half in turn divides into two parts, and so the amazing process goes on until the food nutriment is used up.

It has long been proved, however, that microbes bred in captivity are not so dangerous as those which enjoy complete freedom. The fact that they are waited upon, instead of having to forage for themselves, as it were, tends to make them lazy and incapable of serious effort. Lack of exercise, in fact, is as harmful to microbes as it is to most human beings.

HOME BEAUTIFUL

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.



Berries versus Doilies.

Most women get much enjoyment from arranging table decorations. The majority of them are eager for new ideas on the subject. Therefore a vogue which eliminates all doilies, and so the necessity for laundry work will, we feel sure, be of interest to them.

At this season of the year berries can be mobilized for the work. Their brilliant coloring supercedes summer flowers with excellent results, and as color must play an important part in the arrangement, this is well.

We first saw a table set without covering when dahlias bloomed, and the table top was concealed beneath a maze of their colors. Dahlias do not bloom at this season, but the brilliant hues of berries, real or artificial, tempt us to utilize them. The artist has sketched a table so treated. Your imagination can substitute red and green for her Chinese white and the soft blending of mahogany for her India ink. After this has been done no argument in behalf of such an arrangement need be made.

Patents issued in Canada during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1922, totaled 7,393, a decrease of 3,759, or over 33 per cent., as compared with the preceding year, according to the annual report of the Commissioner of Patents. Altogether 12,274 applications for patents were filed with the Department, or 1,172 less than last year. The decrease both in applications received and issued is directly attributed to the changing in the manner of payment of fees under an Act amending the Patent Act, which allowed applicants six months from the date of the notice of allowance of application in which to remit the final fee. A number of inventors took advantage of this privilege to hold the fee until the last moment that the issue was temporarily delayed.

Copyright registrations during the period under review numbered 1,465, a decrease of 264 as compared with the same period a year ago, when the total was 1,729. Trademark registrations totaled 2,458, as against 2,848 in the previous fiscal year. In addition trademark registrations declined from 58 in the fiscal year 1920-21 to 20 in the following year. There were 399 industrial designs recorded, an increase of 53. The number of assignments of copyrights, trademarks, designs and trademark marks amounted to 519, a decrease of 54. The total registrations affecting the above classes were 5,048, a gain of 193, or about 4 per cent. greater than the preceding year.

The trend of invention during the 1921-22 period was toward industrial pursuits, the subject of locomotion maintaining its pre-eminence. The land vehicle class was the largest single class of invention and internal combustion engines were the next largest. Decreases were noted in railway, agricultural machinery, treatment of textile fabrics and their manufacture into thread, and apparel and dress fabrics.

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Inventors to whom patents were issued resided in all parts of the world. The United States again led the list, accounting for 4,929 patents out of a total issue of 7,393, or nearly 67 per cent. Inventors resident in Canada contributed 1,199, and Great Britain, its colonies and possessions, 838. Other nations represented by inventors to whom Canadian patents were issued are: Cuba, Argentina, Mexico, Philippine Islands, Chile, Porto Rico, Germany, France, Algeria, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Australia, Japan. Taking Great Britain, its colonies and possessions, as one, there were in all some 27 nations represented by various inventors who secured Canadian patents during the last fiscal year.

Princess Mary's Yorkshire Home Ready.

After renovations extending over six months Goldborough Hall, near Knaresborough, the Yorkshire home of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, is ready for them to move in.

While the outside of this old Elizabethan mansion has been untouched, the inside has been almost entirely reconstructed. Six months ago there were no corridors in the house. One room led into another, and on the upper floors the occupants of the rooms furthest from the staircase had to go some cases to reach their bedrooms by passing over other bedrooms. All this has now been changed.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth century the house was restored, the restoring mostly consisting of brickwork up windows and making large rooms into smaller ones. In its original state the house had a room at the southwest corner with a lovely recessed window looking westward. The restorer cut this window off from the room and blocked up some of the openings intended for glass, making a side room of it. Today the window and the whole room is restored to its character of three centuries ago. It has a fine Jacobean plaster frieze and is beautifully furnished. This is the princess's private sitting room.

Years ago two bathrooms were installed in Goldborough Hall, and this was thought to be a great luxury. Both these bathrooms were attached to the guest rooms; the servants' flat without. To say there are ten, not counting those in the servants' quarters.

Where the furniture is of recent purchase it has all been chosen by the princess herself. The whole house now is a beautiful place, and the princess and her husband expect to spend a deal of time there, both of them being particularly fond of country life.

Extremes of temperature are always bad for the mainsprings of clocks, watches, and clockwork motors generally.

Your Promise.

A promise is a debt. It is a debt of honor. Don't forget that. A promise should be just as sacred as your oath.

Your good faith or your lack of it is a part of your character. You can't escape that. What you promise should be backed up with your last cent, if necessary, unless you can honestly break your promise with the consent of the other party.

The man of sterling character does not make promises lightly, because to him a promise is as binding as an oath. When he makes a promise he will keep it no matter what it costs him.

Sugar can be produced by action of sunlight on aqueous carbon dioxide—commonly called soda water—according to recent researches.

"Time is Money."

When you see a young man or a young woman who seizes every odd moment for self-improvement, who has an ambition to make each day count, then you know that there is something, a very big something, coming to him or to her in the future.

Faith Lost in Typewriters.

A scientist has devised a typewriter that weighs only an ounce and can write seventeen words a minute—which is more than one hundred and seventy-pound men can do.

Apprentice.

Rubbs—"I believe he's right. Everybody seems to be borrowing money these days."

Father's Fault.

Father had a nasty temper at times. One night his small boy was sitting by him, studying arithmetic. The father broke out:

Columbia's Castor Oil.

Columbia has become a serious rival of India in supplying the world with castor oil.

Elasticity is second in the cause of fire.

Elasticity is second in the cause of fire.