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Thoroughly Shrunk

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**Write for Patterns**

adults. It often attacks their glands, bones, and heart and lungs. It would seem best to remove from a child's environments anything which lowers the vitality of the body and handicaps nature particularly during school hours.

"Out-door schools are an experiment of only two or three years' standing, but already they have shown that the children who attend them, although tuberculous, are, after a few weeks in the open air, in better physical condition than many children in the public schools. This is shown by their appearance, by a comparison of weights, and by other tests. The children of the out-door schools usually have a healthy colour, while many school children appear pale and weak.

"One cause for the anaemic condition of school children is the warm, dry air of the schoolroom, which lowers their vitality.

"Bad air kills interest in work and gives such diseases as grippe, pneumonia, and tuberculosis a chance to overcome the natural resistance of the body. Children have to spend three to six hours a day in the classroom, breathing air that may be laden with germs; for the ventilation of a school building is seldom good."

Schools of this kind now exist in many of our larger cities and in some small towns, and they seem to have justified their existence in all cases. Where the children come from tuberculous parents and live in crowded quarters, the improvement in their physical condition from out-door schools is marked. The results—physical, mental, educational, moral, and disciplinary—have all been good. Resistance to infectious colds and influenza is increased, and eyes and voices improve. The writer, however, urges that normal children, as well as sickly ones, be given the benefit of these invigorating methods. A mother in New Jersey writes to the New York *Sun* that she recently visited her boy's school and found the windows shut and the air stifling. The same town is building an open-air school for weak children! The mother suggests that they should build it large, as the regular school will supply plenty of weak children under the conditions she discovered.—*The Literary Digest*.

### Home Treasures.

Another year is beginning,  
The old one is with the dead;  
So a page of Time is ended,  
Another before us spread.

Now the New Year's dawn is peeping,  
And we've heard the merry clang  
Of bells, in the steeples pealing,  
As their message out they rang.

"List to the tale we are telling;  
We have rung the Old Year's knell.  
'Tis past, but with New Year's Morning  
We've another tale to tell."

Methought as I heard them sounding  
They seemed to speak unto me,  
And they said, "Come, tell the children  
What the past has done for thee."

So I thought, "I will bid the youngsters  
Sit round, while the tale is told  
Of my own, my darling children,  
More precious than gems or gold."

For amongst our priceless treasures  
We reckon those children three,  
Whom God, in His love and goodness  
Has given papa and me.

They came to us when the others  
Were to men and women grown;  
And they stay in the nest beside us  
Now the elder birds are flown.

Molly, and Ruth, and Charlie;  
You'd say they are Saxons true,  
By their faces fair and their curly hair,  
And their eyes so clear and blue.

First comes "Ministering Molly";  
'Twas a friend who named her so,  
Because her hands are so willing,  
Her feet as ready to go.

Just say you want something fetching;  
She listens, so eager-eyed,  
And almost ere you have finished  
You find it is by your side.

Our thoughtful Ministering Molly  
Looks after the younger pair,  
In a little motherly fashion,  
With a grave and serious air.

She's a bookworm, too, is Molly,  
Would read through the livelong day;  
Yet—how strange it seems to tell it!—  
She's the merriest romp at play.

Her face? Never mind the outside;  
This much I will say to you—  
Good hearts are before fair faces;  
She's honest and brave and true.

And a kindly Scottish neighbour  
Has said of our girlies twain,  
That "while little Ruth is bonny,  
Our Molly's a wise-like wean."

We call little Ruth our "Birdie,"  
For her nature teems with song,  
And her thoughts are full of sunshine  
As she gaily trips along.

She is gifted with the power  
To see that God's world is fair,  
To find sweets in every flower,  
And hear music everywhere.

How a tale of sorrow stirs her,  
And her blue eyes fill with tears!  
Or they light with glad emotion  
When a merry tale she hears.

She shares with us when in trouble,  
She rejoices in our joy;  
And what a wealth of affection  
She lavishes on "The Boy"!

For "The Boy" is what we call him,  
Our dear little four-year-old;  
The tale of that short life, you'll think,  
Will all of it soon be told.

And this is Ruth's opinion,  
Which ever the same has been—  
"Our Charlie's the dearest, bonniest boy  
That ever the world has seen."

Then what must he be to "Mother"?  
O, children, if ye but knew  
What rivers of love keep flowing  
From your parents' hearts to you.

I think you would hardly wonder  
That oft there comes to my breast  
A great, glad sense of riches,  
Till I'm almost with joy opprest.

But I lift my voice to Heaven  
In thanks, for that priceless Word,  
Which tells us the little children  
Are the heritage of the Lord.

Ye ask, "Are your children faultless?"  
Ah, no! But we'll let that be;  
I only started to tell you  
How precious they are to me.

I have a mantle to cover  
Their faults, save from One above;  
'Tis a simple but certain shelter,  
And the name is "A Mother's Love."

I look at our children growing,  
As the years still onward roll,  
And I know how solemn a work it is  
To train an immortal soul.

So I cry from my heart, "O Father  
How vast is this trust to me!  
Yet help me to nurse these children,  
And to rear them, Lord, for Thee,

"I feel that my strength is weakness,  
But O, let Thy grace be mine!  
And as for our precious children,  
O number them, Lord, as Thine!"

Alcohol is not a food; it is not a stimulant; it is a narcotic.—*Sir Victor Horsley.*