

A PARABLE.

I watched at eve, by the ocean— The crowd was passing near, But I gazed on its bosom, heaving, With feelings akin to fear; The day was dying, westward, In a glory of crimson and gold, And the flush of the sky and water Was a poem of God untold.

A CROESUS OF GINGERBREAD COVE.

My name's Race. I've traced these here Newfoundland north-coast outposts for salt-fish for half a lifetime. Boy and youth afore that I served Pinch-a-Penny Peter in his shop at Gingerbread Cove. I was born in the Cove. I knowed all the tricks of Pinch-a-Penny's trade. And I tells you it was Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience that made Pinch-a-Penny rich. That's queer two ways: you wouldn't expect a north-coast trader with a conscience to be rich. But conscience is much like the wind: it blows every which way; and if a man does but trim his sails to suit, he can howl long in any direction without much wear and tear of the spirit. Pinch-a-Penny bowed along, paddle-punt fisherman to Gingerbread merchant. He went where he was bound for, wing-and-wing to the breeze behind, and got there with his peace of mind showing never a sign of the weather. In my day the old codger had an easy conscience and twenty thousand dollars.

and all the St. John's merchants charred of credit! "Damme!" said Pinch-a-Penny; "'tis awful times for us poor traders. No tellin' who'll weather this here panic. I'd not be surprised if we got a war out of it."

"What?" cries Peter. "What! You are not knowin', eh? That's saucy talk. You had them there supplies!" "I low, sir." "An' you guzzled your share, I'll be bound!" "Yes, sir." "An' your mother had her share?" "Yes, sir." "An' you're not knowin' whether you'll pay or not! Ecod! What is you? A scoundrel! A dead beat? A rascal? A thief? A jail-bird?" "No, sir."

By that time the ice had begun to feel the wind. 'Twas restless. And a bad promise: the pan crunched and creaked as they settled more at ease. The ice was going abroad. As the farther fields drifted off to sea, the floe fell loose inshore. Lanes and pools opened up. The cake-ice tipped and went awash under the weight of a man. Rough going, ecod! There was no telling when open water would cut a man off where he stood. And the wind was whipping off-shore, and the snow was like dust in a man's eyes and mouth, and the landmarks of Gingerbread Cove was nothing but shadows in a mist of snow to windward. Nobody knowed where Pinch-a-Penny Peter was. Nobody thought about him. And wherever poor old Pinch-a-Penny was—whether safe ashore or creaking shoreward against the wind on his last legs—he must do for himself. 'Twas no time to succor rich or poor. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Health and Happiness

BOTULISM. The Danger of Poisoning from Vegetables Canned by the Cold-Pack Method.

Aided by a grant from the California State Council of Defense, Dr. Ernest C. Dickson, of Leland Stanford Junior University School of Medicine, has made an investigation of food poisoning caused by the presence of the toxin Bacillus botulinus and calls attention to the importance of recognizing its existence owing to the fact that the toxin may be found not only in foods of animal origin but also in certain vegetables and fruits. In all, there have been at least twenty-two outbreaks of botulism in the United States during the past twenty years in which eighty-one persons have been ill and fifty-five have died, a mortality of 67.9 per cent. He thinks it extremely probable that there have been many more outbreaks of botulism which have passed without recognition.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

Leave not the business of tomorrow to be done tomorrow; for who knoweth what may be thy condition tomorrow? The rose garden which today is full of flowers, tomorrow, when thou wouldst pluck a rose, may not yield thee one.—Firdausi.

apparent evidence that the food has spoiled.—American Medical Journal, Sept. 22, 1917.