

Dogs should be rigidly excluded from the vicinity of slaughter yards, or places where animals are killed for home consumption.

2. *Treat dogs that are, or may be, infected.*

Dogs exposed to possible infection especially those in country districts should be treated by means of worm tablets, consisting of Arecolin Hydrobromide (sheep or cattle dogs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  grain; dogs of terrier size,  $\frac{1}{4}$  grain or about  $\frac{1}{8}$  grain per 10 lb. of body weight). Tie the dog to a post or tree one afternoon, and do not feed him. Give the dose the next day in a small piece of meat or butter. Free purging will result. Keep him tied for two or three hours after dosing, then loose and feed him. Render the excreta harmless by fire or burial. Treatment should be repeated at three-monthly intervals.

3. *Do not handle country dogs* that might be infected, nor allow them access to the house. It is especially important to see that children do not play with, or fondle, such dogs, or young pups whose coats may be contaminated.

Those who do handle dogs should invariably wash their hands before meals.

4. *Protect foodstuffs* from contamination by dogs, flies, and dust. Vegetables to be eaten raw should be thoroughly washed.

5. *Boil before drinking any water* that might have been contaminated.

PREVENT HYDATID DISEASE.

1. Keep dogs away from places where animals are killed.
2. Boil all offal before feeding to dogs.
3. Treat all infected dogs.
4. Wash hands after handling dogs.

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**Making hay while the sun shines. And that's exactly what these Kinchela boys are doing.**

**NYALINDEE-KULKEA—continued from page 13.**

Then Nyalindee spoke, "I died. My body was burned. My heart, my spirit is alive. I am here now. You, all you people, you will die. You will die for always. You two sisters, you burned me because I killed my two sons. All right. You will die. You will die altogether. I was alive. I died and came alive again."

Nyalindee slept in that tree. He fell down. He talked, "I will try another tree." He ran, he climbed up another tree. He slept there and fell down again. "What is the matter?" he talked. "I climb up. I sleep. I fall down again. It is better that I climb up into this tree."

Nyalindee climbed up into the big-leafed tree called dunga. "Hah," he said, "this is a strong tree." He climbed up. He talked, "Yes, might be I go now into Mungan the cloud-land. I am Nyalindee-Kulkea, the Moon."

(Acknowledgments to "Bank Notes" for the kind permission to reprint this story.)

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**"Dawn"**

**By Mrs. Grace O'Clerkin**

Nights, misty veil lifts, o'er the hills and glades,  
With promises of beauty to unfold.  
The coming day; breaking through wond'rous shades  
Of purple, crimson saffron; gleaming gold.

Away to East, where Earth and Skyline meet,  
The fleecy clouds blush rosily—Each one  
Sailing aloft, a shining fairy fleet.  
—Receives caresses from the hidden sun.

A brooding silence lingered o'er the face  
Of waters, through the long and weary night;  
Now, Proud young Cawn, joyously takes her place  
And whispers tenderly, "Let there be light"

In reverence, my lowly head I bow  
And face the cool breeze of the coming morn.  
—A soothing wind that fans my fevered brow,  
Oh! Magic Hour!—another day is born.