

**Choice Fruit Deserves**

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CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.



## FOR HER HAPPINESS

The "pity the tired salesgirls" shop early cry had aroused Bennett to a sense of his great responsibility. He could think of no greater task than to select a gift for the little woman who had become his wife just six months before. All good husbands no doubt remember distinctly their own feelings at such a time, so will sympathize with him. During the three years he courted Miss Evelyn E. Thompson, he sent her each Christmas the very gift she had been wanting for years—she had told him. And he certainly did not want to blunder now in these early months of their happiness. How terrible to choose something she did not want! He, therefore, began to listen for some modest hint of some "dear" thing she had seen that was perfectly lovely.

It came in the morning just two days after the young husband had been listening. He had finished his prunes, oatmeal, bacon and coffee and was folding his newspaper, preparatory to a dash for a car when an idea struck him.

"These Christmas ads, sure do hammer home the early approach of the holidays," he ventured. "I don't want my little girl to tire herself out shopping, so why don't you try to get it out of the way early before the rush comes on and the wild crowds mob the stores? I notice the Quaker Jewelry shop announces a fine list of gifts this morning. All the latest styles, too. Why don't you drop in and see them?"

"Oh, you dear! How kind you are to think of me in that way," exclaimed the bride. "I shall make every effort to follow your advice and will go downtown this forenoon. But it won't be necessary for me to take in the Quaker Shop's display, as I saw their first announcement a week ago, and the very same day I spent an hour there. Really, Stewart, dear, I never saw such pretty pendants in my life. There were two patterns Mr. Quaker especially wanted me to see, and they are perfectly lovely. In the one a cluster of small pearls surround an opal, while in the other there was a brilliant little diamond in the centre. The one set with the diamond is priced fifty-five dollars, and the other is but twenty-five. There was but one with the diamond setting and two of the other style. Either kind is simply great."

"All right, dear. I'm glad you have been down there, for now you will have more time to spend in the other stores and there are loads of special announcements in the department store advertisements to-day you will want to look up. But it is almost 8.30, so I must be off. Good-bye, dearest, and don't forget to take care of my little girl for me to-day."

A hurried hug and a kiss, and then Bennett dashed to the street, and by a beautiful flying tackle, managed to connect himself with a car as it was making full speed near the centre of the block. When the car reached the business section the young man called at the Quaker Shop and left a five dollar deposit on a pendant with a large opal and several small pearls, before he went to the bank. Neither of the two Mrs. Bennett pendants were sold and the one with the diamond setting was there also. Bennett felt that he would have liked to buy it, but since it was necessary to use extreme care to make his meagre salary as a bank teller meet his neces-

sary expenses, he could not figure out a way that would make it possible for him to save the fifty dollars necessary before Christmas eve. Of course the young wife had spoken of both, so that he might choose the one he could best afford, for she was a sensible girl.

Less than an hour after Bennett had left the cottage on Hazel avenue, Evelyn and Mrs. Joseph Haggerty, another young Hazel avenue bride, were on their way to the shopping district.

"Oh, Elsie, before we go to the busy department store you must come with me to the Quaker Shop. I want to show you what Stewart is going to give me for Christmas," smiled Mrs. Bennett, when the two women had finished some hot chocolate, and were ready for shop-seeing.

Sure enough. Just as she had expected. One of the three pendants was gone. The one with the diamond setting remained in the tray. Therefore, she felt Mrs. Haggerty that her gift was by far the prettiest of the two.

The busy shopping season passed rapidly, but Bennett was preparing for it. Each Saturday night he placed a crisp five-dollar note under his collar case in a bureau drawer, and when the last Saturday before Christmas was gone his heart was very light. All was well now, and Evelyn would have the very gift she had wanted so much. Then he turned to a little calendar by the side of his bed where he kept his daily memos, and checked off December 24. It had been a difficult task to save five dollars each week from his small spending fund, so he was exceedingly happy and the next three days were joyous indeed.

When he arose on the fourth day and looked at the calendar, the young man took the four bills from their hiding place, folded them neatly, and tucked them in his vest pocket. At luncheon time he would run over to the Quaker shop and get the gift.

Just as he left the house and was waving a farewell to Evelyn, Mr. Haggerty stepped down off his porch and the two men started downtown together. Somewhat to Stewart's surprise his companion was worried. He was sorry for him, for never had he spent such a happy morning, and he always wanted to see others happy at the gay Christmas time. He handed Haggerty a perfect habana, but it did no good. Yes, surely there was something distressing Joe, for never before had one of those cigars failed to win a broad smile of appreciation. Bennett

could stand it no longer.

"Say, Haggerty, old man, for the love of Mike, what has happened to chase away your ever cheerful smile?" he questioned. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, yes, I-I-I'm in hard luck, Stewart," the neighbor stammered. "We received word last night that my brother-in-law is very ill at his home in Monroestown, and I'm so badly broken that I can't make ends meet until I get my pay envelope this afternoon. If Elsie starts away to see him this forenoon, as she desires, since you have offered to assist me, I trust you will not be offended if I request a loan of \$20 or \$25 until this afternoon. As soon as I receive my salary you can count on me dropping into the bank and returning the money. If you will do this for me, it will greatly relieve my anxiety, and I can then get a gift I had selected several days ago for Elsie before she leaves town. I'll follow to Monroestown on the early morning train so we can be together for Christmas."

It was the first time Haggerty had ever made such a request, so Bennett had no reason to doubt his promise. He reached into his pocket, for a moment hesitated as his fingers touched the bills, and then handed them over and told Joe he was glad to help him out.

Haggerty thanked him several times, and then the two men parted, and Bennett went to whistle as he walked toward the bank. He was happy because he had made Haggerty happy, and because as soon as the doors of the bank were closed he would go to the Quaker and get the prized pendant.

But his joy was short lived, for upon his return from luncheon Stewart found a brief note on his desk from Haggerty that drove him into a fit of despair. It read:

"Just a line to tell you that Mrs. Haggerty insists that I go with her to Monroestown. On my way to the train, as I couldn't get back to the office for my salary, I'll have to postpone returning that little loan until Dec. 26, when we will return. You sure did me a good turn, old chap, and I wish you as merry a Christmas as you have made mine. Sincerely, 'Haggerty'."

For a moment the young teller stared at the note and then at the pad on his desk, where he read the notation:

"Get gift at Quaker's."

"Merry Christmas the blazes!" he burst to himself. "Fine chance I have for a 'Merry Christmas' now. What in the Sam Hill can I do? This humanitarian game is O.K. in some cases; but never again will I play it so near to Christmas."

During the afternoon scores of depositors with drew gold pieces for gifts and stacks of currency to use on their last shopping expeditions. And while Stewart counted out thousands of dollars and added up long columns of figures, many of his friends, with their arms full of bundles, shouted a "Merry Christmas" to him as they hurried away with their fat rolls. Although he tried to be agreeable and return the season's greeting, it was with great effort that he smiled even faintly, and frequently he failed to hear the words of cheer called to him through the barred window. His thoughts were with that dear little woman who seemed so happy when he left her, when he knew was planning to make his Christmas happy by presenting him with a house coat she had made with her own pretty hands.

"What in the world will she say or think?" he asked himself as the hands of the clock neared the hour of 3 and the last rush of depositors crowded into the bank.

Several time he was tempted to ask

some of his friends to help him, but he could not think of borrowing money to pay for Evelyn's gift, and, besides, it was a rule of the bank officials that none of the employees should either borrow money or carry charge accounts with any of the merchants in the town. He had never broken this rule, and, although he and Evelyn had only a small sum left of Bennett's savings after their house had been furnished, they managed to scratch along, and, by care, make their money reach from week to week, always living in anticipation of the days to come when Stewart's honest, careful work and courteous service would be rewarded with a position that would make saving possible.

After the depositors had gone the bank doors were closed, cash was struck and all the coin and stacks of bills were in the vault. Mr. Clark, the cashier, wished Bennett a jolly Christmas, the clerks filed out in to the holiday crowds, and the young teller threw himself into a chair and buried his head in his hands. On the steps he could hear the janitor whistling an old love song as he swept away the day's accumulation of paper and dirt. The merry music of sleigh bells drifted through the transom. But all the joy sounds filled the young man with great despair.

Finally he arose and walked over to set the time lock and to close the heavy doors. Never had they seemed so heavy before. Never had such a stack of green backs seemed so large before nor did money seem to have such a great value. Stewart would have cut off his right hand for 20 of those crisp one-dollar bills. He had swung one of the big doors into place and was just about to close the other, when a thought struck him.

"Yes, here, this was his last chance. Cold drops of perspiration formed on his forehead. For a moment he leaned against the steel door, his head hanging down, his heart thumping and his hands so tightly clenched that the nails sank deeply into the flesh.

Suddenly he threw back his head, looked toward the outside door, scanned all the corners of the building and then grasped the knob of the partly closed door and moaned. He hesitated for a moment and then began to laugh. But the sound of his laughter seemed to mock him. So he became silent once more, but quickly stepped into the dark corridor behind the doors.

Thousands of gold and silver dollars were on either side of him. The sickening smell of the paper money was anything but pleasant. Reams of it filled the upper drawers of the vault. With a single grab he could have picked up ten thousand dollars. For a second he hesitated, his hand resting on a drawer holding a good-sized fortune, and looked through the door into the dimly-lighted counting room. From the vault Bennett could see his desk, and, as his eyes wandered around the room, they lingered for a moment on a little motto she had sent him the Christmas before:

"Honesty and Courtesy Always Win Rewards."

His head dropped and his thoughts fled back to the day he had received that card, and he remembered how happy he had become. Evelyn had always been so confident of his honesty.

"No! Not for a minute will I betray that confidence!" he exclaimed to himself; and then he left the vault and closed the heavy door with a bang.

He was happy for the moment as he heard the time lock snap and all that temptation was shut out forever. Again he threw his tired body into his chair, and, with his head resting on his hands, stared at the motto. The telephone bell aroused him, and, on lifting the receiver, he was surprised to hear his wife's voice.

"Hello, Stewart, dear! What has been keeping you?" she asked. "It is almost 5 o'clock!"

"Oh, I've been busy, girly," he replied. "But I'll be up at once. Don't worry, dear." And he drew a deep sigh as he turned from the phone.

A second later he was surprised to hear a rap on the door, and peeping outside under the drawn blinds, he saw one of the customers waiting with a bank book filled with bills. It was not unusual on Saturday afternoons, or on afternoons previous to holidays for depositors to leave with the bank a forgotten deposit for the sake of safety, so Bennett went to the door and took the book inside. After throwing the bills into the cash drawer with the deposit slip, he credited the amount in the book and handed it back. Then he hurried into his coat and started to go out. He must not keep Evelyn waiting longer.

As he passed the cash drawer an idea suddenly came to him. Why not? He could take \$20 from the late deposit, and as he usually received a gift of \$25 from President Newcomb by mail on Christmas, he could return it when the bank re-opened early the morning after Christmas. He was now in a hurry to get home, so, without thinking long, he put four five-dollar bills into his pocket and left the bank.

Not wanting to keep Evelyn waiting longer, for it was now after 5 o'clock, he went to his home, planning to go to the Quaker shop for the pendant after dinner. It was evident that something had displeased the young wife. She seemed distressed and talked but little while the meal was in progress, and Bennett thought he could see a faint stain of recent tears on her cheeks.



After they had finished eating and he told her that he was going downtown, but would return in an hour, she leaned against the door sill and asked if Mr. Haggerty had told him that he was going away. Upon being told that he had, she sighed and then said: "Dear Bennett:

"Before they left Mrs. Haggerty came in to show me the Christmas gift Joe had bought her. It was one of Quaker's opal-set pendants I told you about." Then she sighed again, and Stewart understood why she seemed sad.

When he had started down the street he began to think of the terrible chances he was taking and what a dishonest thing it was. And to think that Mrs. Haggerty had been mean enough to make Evelyn unhappy by having her husband select the only pendant in the town that was a duplicate of the one he had bought. Well, maybe he could select another pattern which that Evelyn would like, and she could yet be happy. But somehow he could not persuade himself that he was not doing a great wrong, and while he would be sure to repay the money and no person would be the wiser, he continued to argue against spending the bills. If he should be suddenly taken ill and be unable to get to the bank the morning after Christmas, what would Mr. Clark and the other fellows think when they discovered the shortage in the deposit? He asked himself. And suppose he should die and the bank would ask Evelyn to make good the shortage, what sadness it would give her all the rest of her life to think that her honest Stewart had stolen from the bank! Of course, it was not stealing, it was only a loan, and he could and would repay it. But then there remained a chance that he could not do so.

"Never!" "Never!" he exclaimed, as he reached the crowded entrance to the Quaker Shop. And then he crossed the street, and, with his head bending low, he entered the bank. Old Henry, the colored watchman, gave him a cordial greeting as he opened the door and admitted him. And he probably continued to wonder what ailed Massa Bennett, for he received not a word in reply.

Stewart dropped the bills into the cash drawer the second he stepped behind the counter, and at the same instant was startled by a noise in the directors' room behind the vault.

"Hey, Benny, is that you in there? Come a voice that was none other than President Newcomb's.

Stewart was struck dumb with fright, and for several seconds was unable to utter a sound as he walked back toward the room. Not until he opened the door and stood in the bright glare of the electric lights was he able to speak. Then he saw that Mr. Newcomb was not angry, and had not noticed the shortage in the drawer as he had feared.

"Sit down, boy," urged the old man in a kindly tone, as he pointed to a chair by his side. "You look all tired out and not a bit happy, and this the night before Christmas, too. You've always been a good, honest boy, Stewart (the young man's lips quivered as he heard these words) and you have worked hard. It's a shame to think that you had to come down here to work on Christmas eve. But I'm glad you came to-night, boy, for I have good news for you. I think that you will agree with me when I tell you that Mr. Clark is giving up his position as cashier at the end of the month, and you shall fill his place and receive his salary of three thousand dollars a year."

Bennett tried to express his thanks, but he got no further than "If you knew—" when the aged president laid his hand on the young man's head and said:

"Never mind that now, Stewart. You've earned the place and we need you more than ever before. Here's a little gift I was just going to mail you." And he handed Stewart a fifty-dollar note.

Never had the trolley run so slow as it did a half-hour later while the young husband was hurrying to the side of his bride. When he arrived and she leaned on his arm and whispered: "Any how I don't care a little bit if Elsie Haggerty does have a pendant like mine."

But the next morning when she opened the Bible push case Stewart handed her, she gave a happy shout of surprise, and, placing a sweet little kiss on the young man's lips, exclaimed: "In her hand she held a pendant with a diamond setting."

### THE WILD SWAN.

**Their Amazing Speed and Endurance in Flight.**

It is impossible for one who has seen only the common mute swan floating about in the artificial lake of city parks to imagine the grandeur of a flock of the great whistlers and the wild state in which they live. In the Camera, Mr. A. H. Dugmore says the sight is one of the most impressive in nature. As the large birds rise into the air it seems as if an aerial regatta were being sailed overhead, the swans, each with a wing spread of six or seven feet, moving like yachts under full sail.

Once the swans are fairly under way their speed is amazing, nearly a hundred miles an hour, and that, too, with no apparent effort, for the slow wing motion is as surprising as their speed, for they are said to travel a thousand miles without alighting.

The flocks are usually led by an old and experienced swan, and it is said that as one becomes tired of leading, or it might be called aerial trail breaking, his place is taken by another whose strength is equal to the task, and so they continue until they reach their destination, the southern feeding grounds of the winter or the northern breeding places of the summer. Occasionally they stop to rest in the region of the great lakes. Not many years ago, while on their way north, a large number stopped above Niagara Falls, and more than a hundred were by some extraordinary mischance carried over the falls and killed in the surging waters.

Whether the swans prepare in any special way for their southward journey is not known, but before starting north they indulge in the curious habit known as "ballasting"—that is to say they eat great quantities of sand, for what purpose no one knows.

In the faraway Arctic Ocean is their breeding place, and it is believed that they mate for life. And with so many of the water birds, the swans protect their eggs with a covering of down scratched from their own breasts, so that when the birds leave the nest the two to six large, yellowish eggs are hidden from the eyes of possible thieves and protected against any sudden change of temperature.

It is many years before the swans are clothed in the feathers of immaculate whiteness that make them such conspicuous objects of beauty. Not, indeed, until the fifth year does all trace of gray disappear. Their first feathers are entirely gray. Gradually they lighten, becoming mottled with white, the neck and head remaining gray until after the body is completely white.

### PANAMA HATS.

**How the Colombians Make the Costly Headgear.**

The Panama hat industry is constantly growing, and the inhabitants of that country are becoming anxious to protect their expanding industry. Toquilla straw, from which Panama hats are made, is obtained from five or six species of the palm. The most important of these is known as *Carludovica palmata*, and grows in the lowland, moist regions of the Pacific coast of Colombia and Ecuador, and also in the forests of Peru along the headwaters of the Amazon. This palm attains a height of six to ten feet. The leaves are fan shaped, quilla straw is exported to the United States and other countries where the hats are made by machinery.

The way Panama hats are made in Colombia is interesting. When the palm is about five feet high the most tender leaves are cut and the veins taken out, submerged in boiling water several times and placed in the sun to dry and whiten. Further to whiten the straw lime juice is added to the boiling water. Then the straw is moistened to make it flexible and split with the finger nail into strips of the required width. A bunch of the straw is tied in the middle and placed in the centre of a wooden mould. The fibres are placed in equidistant pairs and weaving is begun in the upper part of the cup and continues in circular form until the hat is finished. The addition of fibres while weaving the crown is carefully avoided, and the number of fibres is increased to make the rim and edge. The beauty and durability of the hat depends largely upon the degree of exactness with which the fibres are interwoven. Once completed the hat is washed in clean, cold water, a coat of gum is applied, and the hat is finally polished with dry calumina.

A Panama hat of the finest quality is an expensive proposition. To weave it requires from three to six months with four or five hours of work each day. Two inferior hats of ordinary straw can be woven in one day. First quality hats of Toquilla are sold in the foreign retail markets at prices varying from \$25 to \$100 each.

The Panama hat is very generally liked in this country, both by men and women. It is expensive at the start, but it is a good investor and becomes quite a substantial friend. It can be cleaned over and over again. But the plain American straw hat, cool and light, retains its popularity, and will continue to be worn as the most advantageous summer headgear for men.

### Explaining Gravitation's Law.

If you ask a scientific man why a stone falls to the ground he will tell you that he doesn't know. Not long ago he would have replied that it fell to the ground because the earth and stone attract one another. This is very much the same as saying that an unsupported stone falls to the ground because, as has been ascertained by frequent experiments, an unsupported stone falls to the ground.—Scientific American.

Hub (looking up from newspaper)—My dear, have you seen any of these invisible suits yet? They're invisible suits! What are you talking about? Why, here's a New York firm which advertises "Suits made to order with no without material.—The Book

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