

YOUNG FOLKS

Three Mackinaw Crows.

One day Old Mackinaw, on the shores of the big blue water, three black crows found a fish.

"Caw, caw, caw!" said the first crow.

"Caw, caw, caw!" said the second crow.

"Caw, caw, caw!" said the third crow.

It was not so much what they said as the cross way in which they spoke and their impolite manner that made all the little birds in the tall pine trees go flying away fast. The three black crows were old friends, and yet they would not divide the fish they had found, share and share alike.

"The first crow was hungry, and he wished every scrap of that fish for his own dinner!" "Caw, caw, caw!"

The second crow was hungry, and he wished to eat every scrap of that fish himself for his dinner! "Caw, caw, caw!"

The third crow was hungry, and he wished to eat every scrap and speck and morsel of that fish for his own dinner! "Caw, caw, caw!"

Along came a big white gull sailing through the air, and the big white gull heard the three crows quarrelling about the one fish. The white gull had two wonderful eyes. From away up in the blue sky he saw that fish, and he thought of his hungry children in their nest, waiting for dinner.

The white gull said nothing, but down and down and down he circled, coming nearer and nearer to the shores of the big blue water; and when the quarrelling was the loudest, then down he swooped, under the very bills of the three black crows, and carried away the fish for his hungry children to eat for dinner.

"Caw!" grumbled the first crow.

"Caw!" grumbled the second crow.

"Caw!" grumbled the third crow.

Then they flapped their wings and flew away, looking foolish. After that back came all the little Mackinaw birds, laughing. —Youth's Companion.

TUMBLING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

An Artist's Hair-Raising Experience in China.

An American who lives in China made the ascent of the sacred mountain, Siao-shan-shan, a year or two since, and made, or at least began to make, the descent in a much more unpremeditated manner.

He had reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet and, having lost the trail, branched off and climbed a lower peak to see whether he could discover the right track. He managed to crawl to the top, and since the view was very fine he opened his paint box to make a sketch.

As he was sorting over his brushes the stone on which he was sitting gave way, and he started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope. He tried to clutch the ground with his hands. He seized every projecting stone, in the hope of stopping his precipitous descent, but at the speed at which he was going that was no easy matter.

Death stared him in the face, for another hundred yards would bring him to the edge of a precipice several hundred feet high, over which he must inevitably go. His hair stood on end as he approached the spot, and he can well remember the sound of his heavy paint box clanging from rock to rock as it accompanied him in his descent.

A violent shock, which nearly tore his body in two, made him think he had gone over; but no, he had suddenly stopped.

He opened his eyes, but he did not dare move, for his position, although much improved, was far from safe. His coat and a strong leather strap that was slung under his arm had caught on a projecting stone; but a single false movement on his part would start him sliding down the slope again.

Slowly, carefully, as he lay on the almost perpendicular slope, he tried to get a footing; when he had succeeded in doing that the great difficulty was to turn round. After several anxious moments each of which seemed ages long, he succeeded, and there he was, half-kneeling, half-lying, with his body on the ground, clutching the rock that had saved him.

Then, when his agitation had passed away, he managed to crawl up, cat-fashion, to a position of safety.

Paraffin as Dressing.

Melted paraffin is a dressing for open wounds as used by a Paris surgeon, as it does not burn the flesh, and when it solidifies retains heat and aids in healing.

There's a lot of real greatness in people whose names never get into the papers.

Mistress: "Did you water the ferns in the drawing-room, Nora?" Maid: "Yes, mum. Don't you hear the water drippin' on the carpet?"

Thousands of women in Russia are taking the places of men in factories, house porters, and tramway conductors who have been called to arms.

Nine people out of ten eat more than is good for them, which has caused an expert to declare that if people would not over-eat the chances of a food famine would be reduced to a minimum.

"Faulty Nutrition and Elimination"—these are the cause of the most of the ailments that afflict human beings. Too much indigestible food and lack of power to throw off the poisons that come from indigestion—these lead to a long line of distressing disorders. Avoid them by eating **Shredded Wheat Biscuit**—a simple, elemental food that contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, including the bran coat which keeps the intestinal tract healthy and clean. Delicious for any meal in combination with sliced peaches or other fruits. Made in Canada.

YOUTHS OF 18 IN THE GREAT WAR

WENT IN AS BOYS AND EMERGED AS MEN.

The Young Heroes Are Fearless in Face of Danger on the Battlefield.

Young heroes of the Somme who have yet to celebrate their nineteenth birthday are finding their way back to England, says Lloyd's Weekly News. Some of them are in London to-day. They were so eager to get to the war that they gave their age wrongly.

There is a bright, sparkling-eyed Canadian in a West London hospital, recovering from a nasty scalp wound, who enlisted when he was seventeen and was at the front before he was eighteen. He has been through the last three months' terrific fighting, but talks lightly of his trying experiences. "Makes you think," is the terse way in which he dismisses the fire and fury of the Somme.

When asked why he enlisted so young, he remarked that he saw all his friends going to war, and he could not bear to stay behind.

I was Needed.

A rosy-cheeked youth from a southern regiment, who formerly worked in a chemical factory, will be nineteen in December. He knows all that there is to know about the war in its most terrible form, having been in the Somme advance. His only explanation for joining up so young is that he heard they wanted men, and he went. "I didn't think war was what I found it," he says cheerfully, "but I don't regret in the least what I did. When I am better from my wounds I shall be ready for another turn in the trenches."

A young Australian giant who is just turned eighteen years old enlisted just after his seventeenth birthday. His father did not oppose his going to the war, as he believed that every boy fit to bear a rifle, no matter what his age, ought to be in khaki. He has been to Gallipoli and to the Somme, and he is prepared for anything that may be in store. "It is worth while being in the Australian Army," he remarks unexpectedly, "if only for the opportunity of coming to London and seeing them change the guard at St. James's Palace—a sight I am never tired of watching."

Typical of British.

These heroes of eighteen are typical of the spirited British manhood whose valor is driving the Germans out of their most formidable trenches. You gather from them that they joined up somewhat ignorant of the dangers they would be called upon to face, but not dismayed or regretful when face to face with those dangers.

Mr. Isaac Ward, well known as kept far from the door.

The cheerful feeling you possess after a drink of something hot and savory should be only the beginning of your satisfaction.

For this very reason more and more people are turning from tea and coffee to

Instant Postum

A lessened tendency to such annoyances as nervousness and sleeplessness repays them.

A ten-day trial of this delightful, savory hot drink has assisted so many to health and comfort that your friend, the Postum drinker, will tell you it's well worth while.

There's a Reason

They have left in most cases comfortable homes and a comfortable way of living, and of their own choice taken a fairly considerable chance of being killed and certainly a great risk of being wounded.

The hospital nurses speak of the young wounded heroes as among the best patients they have had to treat, for they are so merry and have so little of the atmosphere of the war about them. Perhaps in civilian life they were little inclined to reflect seriously on the grave issues with which the Empire has been confronted for twenty-six months, but while they have been at the war they have had both the opportunity and the cause for thinking. They went to the Somme boys; they have emerged men.

HOUSES FOR SOLDIERS.

What the C.P.R. Is Doing for Returned Heroes.

The houses which the C.P.R. is building in the west for the returned soldiers will cost them about \$1,000 each, with out-of-pocket. They will consist of four rooms each—two bedrooms, dining room and kitchen. Each farm will consist of 160 acres and there will be 80 additional acres which may be available in the course of time, and as the settler concludes that he can work it. The C.P.R. has several designs for homes which will be submitted to the intending settlers. These offer a variety of design to suit different tastes and different pockets, it may be said. The settler can choose a house which will cost him \$2,000 but the payments will be made exceedingly easy. In all there are probably 8,000,000 acres of land held by speculators in the West; but, apart from that, there are literally hundreds of millions of acres of cultivable land lying idle over the West—not close to the tracks, of course, but good land which many have longed for so ardently that they have sat on the steps of the land office all night to be the first in the morning to get their application in. The C.P.R. is going on its own account with the colony homes; but it expects that the Government will shortly outline a plan of a comprehensive nature which can be generally applied to the situation.

THE ONLY WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM

Must Be Treated Through the Blood and the Poisonous Acid Driven Out.

The twinges and tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people suppose. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. This is a medical truth that every rheumatic sufferer should realize. There is only one way to cure rheumatism—it must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing and so-called electric treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism, and the sufferer who tries them is not only wasting money, but is allowing the trouble to become more firmly rooted in the system and harder to cure when the proper remedy is tried. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had remarkable success in curing rheumatism because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood, driving out the poisonous acid, releasing the stiffened joints, clearing away the torturing pains, and giving the victim renewed health and ease. Mr. Vincent Brown, Haver Boucher, N. S., says: "For two years I was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatism, the trouble being so bad at times that I could scarcely get about. The trouble seemed to bring with it an anemia, and altogether I was in a very bad condition. I used doctor's medicine for almost a year without relief. Then on the advice of a friend I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think I took altogether about a dozen boxes, with the result that I am again enjoying perfect health."

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There is a bugle call; a number of men in the ragged khaki you could imagine come from out of the darkness at the double. They line up before the wagons, an order is shouted hoarsely, and the men spring to the seats on the wagons and away they go, jolting and rattling across the sodden ground that three months ago was a yellow cornfield.

The wagons contain bully beef, biscuits, apples, and cold tea in bottles, and the drivers have got to deliver it all somehow to the soldiers in the trenches eleven miles away. The men fight, sleep, eat, live, and die in the trenches, until the moment comes for an advance or retreat.

And getting these food wagons to the trenches is perilous work, for the Germans do all they can to prevent food wagons reaching our soldiers.

The danger of what is called food-transport work is, of course, far greater in some places than others. In

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The Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

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One gift more in the Hospital's treasury means one coffin less in the LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

The Hospital must be digging up help for little children from the soil of human kindness, or sections will be digging graves for little children in the soil of a man's cemetery.

The Hospital for Sick Children can only volunteer its mercy in so far as you friends of little children volunteer your money for service in the Hospital's never-ending battle for the lives of the little ones.

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Every dollar lent from the Hospital's power to serve the little children is a weight added to the burdens and a grief added to the sorrows of this war.

You can bear to have your pocket emptied of a little money easier than some mother can bear to have her home emptied of a little child.

Will you send a dollar or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board of Trustees

RHEUMATISM MAKES YOU FEEL OLD

Pains and Aches Yield to Sloan's Liniment, The Family Friend.

When your joints become stiff, your circulation poor, and your suffering makes you irritable, an application of Sloan's Liniment gives you quick relief—kills pain, starts up a good circulation, relieves congestion. It is easier and cleaner to use than musky plasters or ointments, acts quickly and does not clog the pores. It does not stain the skin.

You don't need to rub—it penetrates.

Certainly fine for rheumatism, stiff neck, sciatica, lame back, toothache, etc.

For sprains, strains, bruises, black and blue spots, Sloan's Liniment reduces the pain and eases the soreness. Its use is so universal that you'll consider Sloan's Liniment a friend of the whole family. Your druggist sells it in 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

Sloan's Liniment

KILLS PAIN

Barbers and Food Supply.

Hair Was Whittened With Flour in the Long Ago.

Compelling men to have their hair cut in order to save food supplies in war time would appear to be a somewhat outlandish proceeding; yet England once adopted the course with good results.

In the year 1795 grain was extremely scarce throughout Europe, and as large quantities were at that time used for "hair powder," to prevent the waste, and at the same time to raise money for military purposes, the British Government imposed a tax of a guinea per head on persons who wished to continue in the "fashion." Exemption, however, was granted to members of the royal family and their households, the whole of the Army, Militia, and Yeomanry (privates included), and certain officers in the Navy.

The exemption was suspended in the case of privates, and unable to get their hair off rather than go without the "powder," civilians copying their example, gradually brought about the short "crop" that has been in vogue ever since.

THE FOLLY OF TAKING Digestive Pills

A Warning to Dyspeptics.

The habit of taking digestive pills after meals makes chronic dyspepsia of many thousands of men and women because artificial digestants, drugs and medicines have practically no influence upon the excessively acid condition of the stomach contents which is the cause of most forms of indigestion and dyspepsia.

The after dinner pill merely lessens the sensitiveness of the stomach nerves and thus gives a false sense of freedom from pain. If those who are subject to indigestion, gas, flatulence, belching, bloating, heartburn, etc., after eating would get absolute assurance of cure by taking a teaspoonful in a little water after meals, there would be no further necessity for drugs or medicines because bi-laurated masticin instantly neutralizes stomach acidity, stops food fermentation and thus insures normal, painless digestion by enabling the stomach to do its work without hindrance.

A Serious Case.

"You call yourself a heart specialist?" said the patient when he had recovered consciousness.

"Certainly do," answered the physician.

"Then you ought to know better than to present a bill like this to a man in my condition."

A Perfect Sample.

A farmer who was blessed with a son with an engaging frankness of speech sent him to the local miller's one day. The lad got hold of the miller and submitted for his inspection a handful of wheat. The miller studied the wheat attentively, and then said to the boy, "How much more has your father got of this?" "He ain't got no more like it," the boy answered. "He's been all mornin' pickin' that out."

Hearsay.

"How I envy you seafaring men," said the sweet young thing. "It must be wonderful to gaze on the broad expanse of the ocean and breathe the clean salt air."

"Yes," replied the stoker, "it must be."

"By their works ye shall know them," said the watchmaker.

Speed Strain on Bridge.

A train always exerts greater strain on an iron bridge when going quickly than when going slowly. When a train goes over the bridge, it causes a wave to travel along the structure, owing to the elasticity of the iron.

How Good Roads Save.

Cost of hauling produce to and from the farms of the country is reduced as much as 25 cents per ton mile by good roads, according to calculations of experts of the Department of Agriculture of the United States.

Not So Bad.

On the test paper in answer to the question, "What do we mean by the plural of a word?" Lucy had written: "By the plural of a word we mean the same thing, only more of it."

He Hadn't Forgotten.

"George, I'll bet you've forgotten what day this is?"

"No, I haven't it's either wedding day or your birthday. It always is one or the other when you want to make a bet like that."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

The Evidence.

"There goes another married man," said the girl at the candy counter.

"How do you know?" asked the cashier.

"He used to buy a three-pound box of candy twice a week, and now he buys half a pound once a month."

Had Some.

"And have you had any experience with children?" inquired the woman who was about to engage a nurse.

"Shure, O' hoo," returned the applicant with a broad smile. "Wasn't O' me wesself wanst?"

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There is a bugle call; a number of men in the ragged khaki you could imagine come from out of the darkness at the double. They line up before the wagons, an order is shouted hoarsely, and the men spring to the seats on the wagons and away they go, jolting and rattling across the sodden ground that three months ago was a yellow cornfield.

The wagons contain bully beef, biscuits, apples, and cold tea in bottles, and the drivers have got to deliver it all somehow to the soldiers in the trenches eleven miles away. The men fight, sleep, eat, live, and die in the trenches, until the moment comes for an advance or retreat.

And getting these food wagons to the trenches is perilous work, for the Germans do all they can to prevent food wagons reaching our soldiers.

The danger of what is called food-transport work is, of course, far greater in some places than others. In

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and receive highest cash prices. We send money the same day the furs are received. Charge no commissions—and pay all charges. We have paid out millions of dollars to thousands of trappers in Canada, who send their furs to us to increase their income. We will give you a full and complete list of the furs we want, and we will pay you more money for their furs. You will see that we are not a humbug. **FREE** Hallam's Trapper Guide (map) for each ten furs sent to us. Hallam's Trapper's Catalogue (Hallam's Fur Style Book) for each ten furs sent to us. Address as follows: JOHN HALLAM Limited, 120 Hallam Building, Toronto.

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CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Thanks for the privilege of appealing through your columns to the public of the Hospital for Sick Children, the great Provincial Charity.

Our need of money is measured by the children's need of help, and you can judge how great that need must be when last year 3,045 sick little ones were treated as in-patients, and as will be seen from the 1916 figures, 692 patients were admitted from 242 places outside Toronto.

Last year 271 in-patients were treated for deformities, such as club feet, bow-legs, knock-knees, Pott's disease of the spine, lateral curvature of the spine, dislocations, infantile paralysis, tubercular disease of knee, hip, ankle. Is the Hospital for Sick Children to take dollars out of your pocket, or is death to take babies out of their cradles? That is the question.

One gift more in the Hospital's treasury means one coffin less in the LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

The Hospital must be digging up help for little children from the soil of human kindness, or sections will be digging graves for little children in the soil of a man's cemetery.

The Hospital for Sick Children can only volunteer its mercy in so far as you friends of little children volunteer your money for service in the Hospital's never-ending battle for the lives of the little ones.

Let your money fight in the trenches of some mother's trouble and rescue some little child from the dogout of pain, disease and death.

Can the Hospital leave children to die because the fathers of those children have left home to fight for liberty on the British battle line, and can the Hospital help the children of Canada's soldiers with its care unless you help the Hospital with your cash?

You have money enough to help every other war fund without keeping back a dollar from the Hospital's war fund—the fund that helps the Hospital save the lives of little children, including the soldiers' little children.

Do not let the little children pay, in the loss of the Hospital's care, the contribution that should be given and must be given to the war funds.

Your money can send a message of cheer to some father in the trenches—yes, send that message from the cot where the Hospital nurses some little child back to life the child of the father who is fighting your battle in the trenches.

Every dollar lent from the Hospital's power to serve the little children is a weight added to the burdens and a grief added to the sorrows of this war.

You can bear to have your pocket emptied of a little money easier than some mother can bear to have her home emptied of a little child.

Will you send a dollar or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board of Trustees

THE ONLY WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM

Must Be Treated Through the Blood and the Poisonous Acid Driven Out.

The twinges and tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people suppose. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. This is a medical truth that every rheumatic sufferer should realize. There is only one way to cure rheumatism—it must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing and so-called electric treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism, and the sufferer who tries them is not only wasting money, but is allowing the trouble to become more firmly rooted in the system and harder to cure when the proper remedy is tried. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had remarkable success in curing rheumatism because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood, driving out the poisonous acid, releasing the stiffened joints, clearing away the torturing pains, and giving the victim renewed health and ease. Mr. Vincent Brown, Haver Boucher, N. S., says: "For two years I was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatism, the trouble being so bad at times that I could scarcely get about. The trouble seemed to bring with it an anemia, and altogether I was in a very bad condition. I used doctor's medicine for almost a year without relief. Then on the advice of a friend I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think I took altogether about a dozen boxes, with the result that I am again enjoying perfect health."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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