

Now ectly d be hall n in and most cold, the e so l old cum- this the re is itch- our Now out en- The the i till Let out- en a the aged sup- nore then ning ned. the first, side ying You uch fire will old wa- ter- oms day oms oys hey

this way our house never smells stuffy. I am waiting, too, for suggestions for Christmas presents.

One of mine is to be a hamper containing Christmas cookery for a friend who is ill.

Last year I had met with a bad accident to my left arm and as I was unable to sew I made pounds of fancy candy and put it up in pretty boxes, some of them fancy writing-paper boxes, others just plain white ones. Between the layers of candy I placed parafine paper cut to the size of the box, and inside, a calling card with simple greeting placed thereon. The boxes I wrapped in crinkled paper and tied with red baby ribbon.

I intend starting next week at my Christmas cooking, so as to have no rush. I make my cake (fruit of course), puddings and a big crock of mincemeat, enough to last all winter and imagine it is all the better for the long keeping. Then as soon as the weather gets cold I make headcheese and potted beef shank, as they are so handy.

Last winter my sister was travelling West to the coast and did not take a lunch, as she expected the "diner" to be on, but I packed a box of lunch for her and met the train as it went through our town. In the box I put a chicken, carved as for the table, each piece done up in butter parafine paper, also spread bread and butter (wrapped), jam and pickles in small wide-mouthed screw-covered bottles, salt, knife, fork and spoon. Through some mistake no diner was put on till they reached Regina, so she certainly enjoyed the despised lunch.

Then I made her a hat bag of black percaline, having a drawstring of black tape. This she found useful both on the train and at her journey's end, as she still used it to cover her hat.

I'm afraid I'm poaching on someone else's preserves, so will say au revoir.

DOUBLE-EM.

(Always plenty of room for a messenger with a helpful message. If every one feels as much in perplexity over Christmas presents as I do, suggestions for gifts of any kind will be more than thankfully received. Don't think my head was ever as barren of ideas as this year.—D. D.)

COUNTING HER BLESSINGS

Dear Dame Durden,—I was surprised to read your appeal in a recent Advocate. I thought that the dearth of letters was not lack of quantity but of quality, and was afraid to write for fear I could not say anything worthy. But I must tell you how helpful many of the letters have been. Often there would be some subject I would want advice on and without asking I would find it in one of the many helpful letters of the Nook. I have tried many of the recipes and they have been a success.

This is Thanksgiving Day, and what have we to be thankful for? Health, family ties, friends and a friend. (You know, dear Dame, we can all have friends, but the one who has in addition a dear, familiar friend of kindred heart and mind is doubly blest.) We have also a measure of prosperity, peace, letters, the telephone, which brings us in touch with civilization, and considering the numbers of strangers coming into our land we have the blessing of opportunity of doing them good in many ways. I am sure there are many more things to be thankful for, but I will leave room for some one else to count their blessings, one by one, and will just enclose a few lines which I wrote about our prairies. I call it "God's Garden." May I call again when I finish housecleaning?

GOD'S GARDEN

There is no need for plowing, For harrowing no need. God said, "Go, plant my garden," And angels sowed the seed. He sent His sun to warm it, And soft, refreshing showers, The morning and the evening dew— And then, behold the flowers! It is no puny garden Hemmed in by hedges tall, But the great and boundless prairie Where there is room for all. The heart-sick, weary city folk, Who long for peace and rest, Come out into God's garden In the prairies of the West.

JEAN.

The Boys' Club

HOW "BEAUTIFUL JOE" WAS WRITTEN

One of our members some time ago was speaking of "Beautiful Joe," a dog story that hundreds of boys have enjoyed, and I mentioned at the end of his letter that the author of "Beautiful Joe" was travelling in Western Canada and might be in Winnipeg. Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting her—Miss Marshall Saunders. Perhaps it is her boyish name that makes her able to write a story that pleases boys so well.

In response to the question of how she came to write the famous dog story, she said:

"When I had finished school my father, who is a minister in Halifax, sent me to spend a year with a brother in Ottawa. At the house where we boarded there was another young girl and her brother, and we four grew to be good friends. When it was time for me to go back home my girl friend coaxed me first to go with her on a visit to her parents' home, north of Toronto. I went and there I met 'Beautiful Joe.' He was the finest, cleverest kind of dog, would do the wisest things and make one almost sure he was human. But poor Joe, when a puppy, had had his ears clipped close to his head to make him look smart and you would hardly believe how he suffered from the loss of those curly, protecting flaps. His breathing was affected greatly, and flies and ants and dust and all sorts of floating annoyances could get

The lovely ladies of the court, With pearls and jewels decked, All blushed and trembled as I bowed To them with great respect.

Slowly, at first, with hands on hips, I danced with ease and grace; Then raised my hands above my head, And swifter grew my pace.

At last no human eye could see My steps so light and quick, And from the floor great clouds of dust Came rising fast and thick.

The King was greatly moved, and shook My hand in friendship true. "Alas!" he cried, "although a King, I cannot dance like you!"

And then the gracious Queen herself Came shyly up to me, She pinned a medal on my breast For everyone to see.

Her whisper I shall not forget, Nor how her eyes grew dim— "Ah, where were you, Macallister, That day I married him?"

RED MEN IN FRYING PANS

The Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was shown some years ago, when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the West were several hundred large frying pans with long handles.

These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of the year the number had not been diminished. Thinking



A BACHELOR'S SHACK IN THE FOOTHILLS.

into the delicate mechanism of his hearing, because the protectors that God had given him, had been taken away from him by man, who thought he knew better than the Creator how a dog should look.

"I thought about Joe many a time after going home, and when the Humane Society offered \$200 for the best dog story, it was my remembering the story of the poor earless dog that made me win the prize."

THE HIGHLAND DANCER

Clansmen, the peats are burning bright, Sit round them in a ring, And I will tell of that great night I danced before the King.

For as a dancer in my youth So great was my renown, The King himself invited me To visit London Town.

My brand new presentation kilt And ornaments I wore, As with my skian-dhu I rapped Upon the Palace door.

And soon I heard a lord or duke Come running down the stair, Who to the keyhole put his mouth, Demanding who was there.

"Open the door," I sternly cried, "As quickly as you can! Is this the way that you receive A Highland gentleman?"

The door was opened; word went round "Macallister is here!" And at the news the Palace rang With one tremendous cheer.

The King was sitting on his throne, But down the steps he came Immediately the waiting lord Pronounced my magic name.

ing objects the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects like the first descending and in a short time the whole situation was explained to him.

Having selected a long smooth slope of the mountain where there were no stones, the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans.

Seating themselves in the pans they grasped the handles with both hands; then crossing their legs over their arms they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity. The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.

ORCHIDS THAT DRINK

An orchid that has been discovered recently in South America takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty, by letting down a tube into the water. When not in use the tube is coiled up on top of the plant. One hot afternoon, as the discoverer was seated under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata, he observed near at hand a forest of dead trees that had evidently been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of the botanist, stretching over the waters of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common air plants grew on it, and a network of green cacti wound round it.

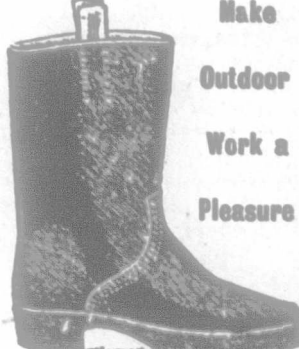
Among the orchids the discoverer noted one different from all the rest, the leaves, of lancehead shape, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the centre or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick and one-fourth of an inch wide. The lower end of this was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

The botanist at once went over to examine his discovery, and, to his surprise, when he touched the plant, the centre stem gradually contracted and convulsively rolled itself up in a spiral-like roll of tape. It was found on examination that the stem was a long, slender flat tube, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner end to the roots by a series of hair-like tubes.

Subsequent observations disclosed the fact that when the plant was in need of water this tube would gradually unwind until it dipped into the lake. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the quantity of water that the part of the tube which had been immersed contained. When the final coil was made, the water was poured, as it were, directly into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water—Pittsburg News Tribune.

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