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Christmas Princess Came to Her Own

(By M. H. Smith.)

fairy Princess. You would not have called her a Princess, for she did not live in a palace, nor wear a golden crown, nor have a troop of pages to hold up her long satin train as Princesses have been accustomed to do since time

To tell the truth, she didn't even know that she was a Princess herself—much less a fairy one. For ages before, a wise old fairy god-

mother, called Dame Nature, had de-creed that all the children of the royal family should pass the early years of their lives disguised as ugly crawling

family should pass the early years of their lives disguised as ugly crawling things, so that they might grow up untouched by the flattery and falsity of the court circle.

The little Princess, of course, knew nothing of all this. A maple leaf had been her only cradie and she lived contentedly, eating of the judy leaves and basking in the warm sunshine.

There were no looking glasses to reflect her ugliness, and her older brothers and sisters had long come into their inheritance and gave her no thought. She might have lived, thus, who knows low long, if one day the spirit of adventure had not whispered in her ear. "Silly one," he said, "you know nothing of the beautiful bright world that lies apread out just below you. The way is easy. Why do you fear?"

And the Spirit poised on rainbow wings beckoned her to follow.

The temptation answered the longing in her heart and she could not resist.

in her heart and she could not resist Soon she was slowly making her way away in a warm place on the nursery down to the slim green branches to the mantel. stouter brown ones, till she reached the

to the land of her desire.

Now she had been warned again and again never to leave the maple tree. But the spice of danger was only an added pleasure to the naughty little Princess, and she made her way fearfully through a pleasant forest of grass blades, till she came to a great level desert of flag-stores.

lor many hours, till Dame Nature at last took pity on her and came to her help.

A touch of the magic wand soon dispelled the pain, but alas! could not heal her wounded pride.

"Only an ugly caterpillar! Must I always be only an ugly caterpillar?" she moaned. "Oh, why was I born?"

Again the good godmother brought healing. She saw that the time had come when the little Princess might safely be told her destiny. So she related the story of the enchantment, and promised her that if she would be paticate and, above all, obedient, she should surely one ray come into her rightful inheritance as a Princess should.

"But what must I do, dear godmother?" she asked.

"Wait and I will tell you. Go back now to your maple tree and rest and refresh yourself, for you'll soon need all your strength."

It was a humble and penitent little Princess that found her way slowly up the trunk highway to her old home among the maple branches, and a much saddened and sobered little caterpillar watched anxiously from day to day for the coming of her delivere.

Magnwhile the nights began to get and sold, and the leaves put on their grogeous autumn burial robes.

Then suddenly Dame Nature appeared.

"Come, little Princess, your time is at hand," she said kindly. "Now you must

pay very careful attention and do just as I tell you.

"First, you'll need a good stout leaf with a good strong stem. Yes, that one will do. Now roll the edges of the leaf together and sowthem fast."

"But what shall I sew them with?"
asked the Princess.

"Wait a bit and I'll show you," and Dame Nature touched the little Princess just under the chin with the magic wand and out flowed the long silky thread.

Then she showed her how to catch the

thread with her caterpillar feet, and wind it around and around the stem wind it around and around the stem of the leaf till it was fastened tightly

of the leaf till it was fastened tightly to the branch.

"Now you must line the inside," said her instructor, and in went the little caterpillar and began weaving busily. In a marvelously short time the little house had heavy silken hangings on every wall.

"Now draw together the open end," commanded Dame Nature.
This done, the good fairy touched the little home with her magic wand. The little caterpillar Princess felt her green

gown splitting down the back.

She wiggled out of it, feeling very queer and drowsy, for somehow he eemed to have vanished with her dres But before she could wonder further she

ank into a deep, dreamless sleep. Outside the wind blew colder

sank into a deep, dreamiess sieep.
Outside the wind blew colder and colder, the leaves fell faster and faster, and Jack Erost began biting harder and harder, till all the green things turned brown and died beneath his rough touch. Then the snow came and wrapped them in its fleecy blanket, and the ring of sleigh bells sounded through the air.
But where was the little Princess all this time? For many days after her long sleep began she swung to and fro in her snug little cradle. Then one day a small boy walking through the wood spied her.
"Gee! I believe that is a new cocoon," he exclaimed. "Guess I'll take it home and see if anything will come out of it."
So he carefully broke off the branch and carried his treasure home and put it away in a warm place on the nursery

There it lay as the months slipped by

touter brown ones, till she reached the broad trunk highway that ran straight to the land of her desire.

Now she had been warned again and again never to leave the maple tree. But

There it lay as the monous supper to the street of the straight that the land of her desire.

There it lay as the monous supper to the street of the street

the other. Near her a huge tree bent un-der the weight of beautiful things that it bore. Fairy-like little dancers in gauzy garments jostled against long-winged angel trumpeters. Rosy-lipped cherubs and barley sugar horses fairly fought for places on the branches. Peppermint cones and gay tinsel showers were everywhere, and a slim waxen tap-

vere everywhere, and a slim waxen tap-reast on the tip of every twig.

When the first pale sunbeam came reeping in through the dormer windows ouching all with gold, the fairy god-nother softly floated down the shining

mother softly floated down the snining pathway.

She was all clothed in black and her little wrinkled face was radiant with joy, for she loved the little Princess.

The magic wand once more gently touched the little home. Slowly the ugly, close-fitting brown garments fell away, slowly a sleepy little moth Princess with crumpled gown broke through the silken walls and crawled out into the sunshine.

shine.

The ugly caterpillar disguise was gone indeed, and in its place appeared a beau

Two nodding plumes waved above her head, and two huge wings stretched and straightened in the sunshine to carry her whither she would.

Her rose velvet gown was bordered rich traceries of black and white and ray-a marvelous mosaic of intricate attern—and she bore herself every inch

gray—a marvelous mosale of intracts pattern—and she bore herself every inch the Princess that she was.

A whiff of the barley-sugar fragrance tempted her to try her new-found wings. Slowly she felt them bear her aloft, straight to the nearest branch tip, and her delicate plumes touched the sweetmeat as she poised before it.

A rush of little feet sounded outside the door, and in ran two white-robed little figures, breathless with suspense.

"Oh! oh! oh! Santa did come after all," shouted one. Then a pair of bright cyes caught sight of the little Princess.

"Oh. Harold! Harold! Come quick! See what's hatched out of the cocoon!"

To them she was simply a beautiful moth. How could they know that a Princess had come to her own?

Hotel Labels on Trunks

There is a secret code hidden in the otel labels with which travellers' trunks in the Continent are so profusely deconted. Globe trotters are aware that in witzerland and in other tourist councies porters or waiters stick bills or thele with the name of the hotel on the luggage when one leaves.





Wilfred J., a little boy, was asked he loved to have his papa or his

namma better.

"Oh, yes," responded the artless child, "I love to have them better, but I did not know they were sick."

A demure 3-vear-old who had been A demute 3-year-old who had been putting mucilage on the cat was reproved by her mother, who said. "If you do that, kitty will not wish to play with you any more."
"Oh," replied Mildred, "for that matter, I wouldn't wish to play with her either after she was all sticky."

Meeting 5-year-old Archibald, a triend of the family exclaimed, "What a big boy you are getting—almost big mough for papa's trousers." "Shucks." retorted the juvenile; you forget that at our house mamma wears the trousers."

A small boy of 5 was seen playing in the dirt, and a gentleman paused and inquired, "Well; my little man, are you making mud pies?"
"No," answered the tot, molding another wad of wet sand in the shape of a cookie, "I'm brushing flies off my grandmother's face with a curry-comb."

Aunt Matilda was visiting us last summer, and complained of the heat. What was our amusement when Mabel, acata 4½, piped up. "Why, how can you fib so, auntie! Pap says you are a perfect frost."

Mamma was working in the kitchen one day, and Little Brother asked her what she was making."
"Hogshead cheese," smiled mamma. "Do you want some?"
"No," replied Little Brother; "what I want is this safety pin taken out of my hip. It hurts me."
All of us laughed fit to kill.

For the first time in his life little Vernon saw pumpernickel bread on the table.

"How much was that a loaf?" he asked.

"Ten cents," was father's reply.

"Then they ought to call it pumperdime bread," giggled the adolescent wag.

One afternoon 4-year-old Waldo was sent to the grocery with a dollar bill to get an onion, and was warned to be careful of the change. Returning, he was asked by his mother, "I hope you did not lose the change?"
"No, indeed," was his laughing reply; "it is safe. I swallowed it."

When Santa Claus and Took Possession of His Came Ice Palace--BY J. HADDON TAYLOR

The content of the co

The most wonderful, the most delightful, the happiest and the best Christmas we ever had was when Santa Claus really came in person and stayed with us the whole of Christmas Day.

"The good old tutelary saint who presides over the festive season had come to us before, as he has come since, but he stayed in the big stores all day and when he brought his nice gifts it was in the night while we were asleep, and he was always gone before it was time to get up. His visits invariably made us glad; but we felt we should like to see him and tell him how we liked him. "The year he came was long, long ago, when we were all very young. I was ten, George was seven, and Bessie was five. Bessie was the decarest little thing then you ever saw, with leng curls and chubby face and cheeks like pink blossoms. We were not at all

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