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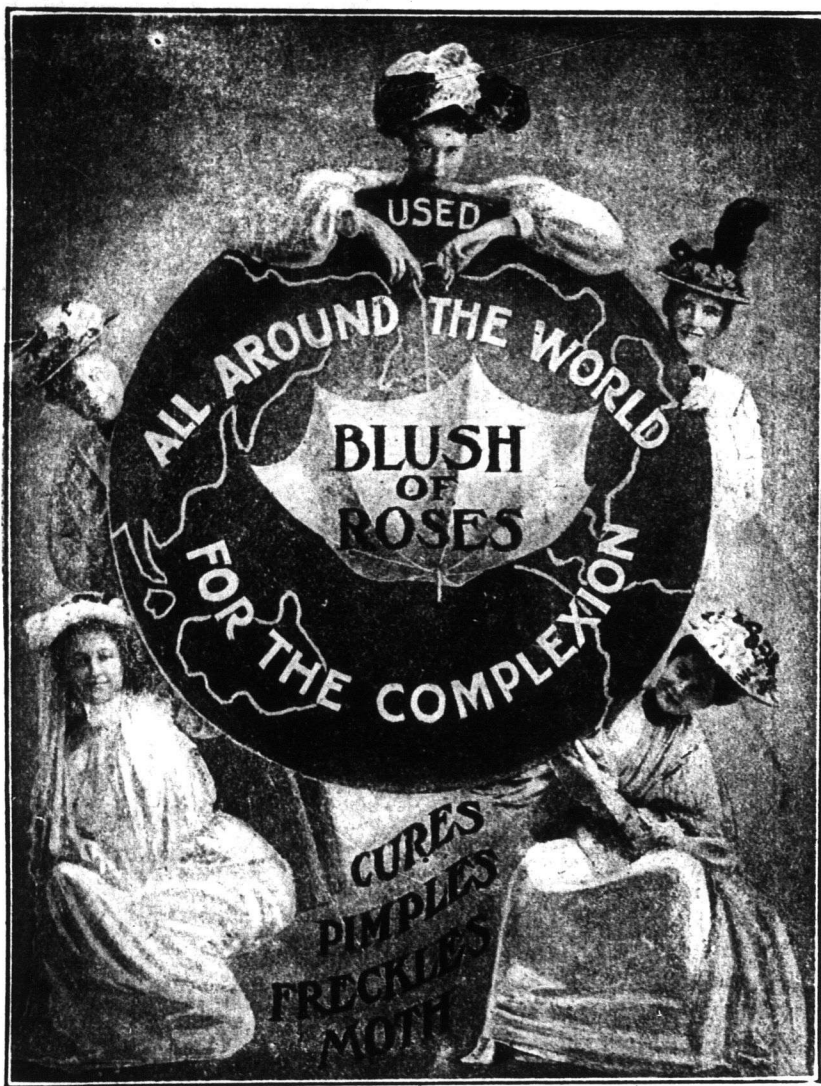
Let the Rest of the World Go By
My Baby's Arms
Taxi
Cleo
The Vamp
Tell Me Why
Bye-Lo
Peggy
Nobody Knew
Oh, What a Pal was Mary!
I Know What it Means to be Lonely
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WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN TO SEE YOU, you will be proud to show them the Mahogany-Finished Serving Tray which is being given for only three new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

"Oh! Hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea"

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momentarily ready for its fall. At last the faint light in the east showed the scene dimly, the island had vanished beneath the huge seas, fowls, pig, tiny garden, sheds, all swept clean, and the trembling light threatened each moment to follow. It is wonderful that these keepers can steel themselves to another term once such a storm is past. Some do not. One pair I am thinking of, after they had spent a night in a structure that fairly danced with the storm demon, jumped on the first boat that came with relief, and clam digging is as near the sea as they wish to go now.

The clouds have broken. The storm is past. In our neighboring harbour where, before the storm broke, a dozen trim fishing boats tugged at anchor, where well set wharf and square built "fish store" told of piles of gear, and barrels of lobster bait and cases and piles of salt fish, all is clean swept, the tremendous waves completely obliterating every vestige of man's handiwork. All the harbours from Halifax to Cape Sable Island were torn and rent by this, the greatest blow in the memory of man; so high rose the tides before the terrific wind that not only the wharf and fishing gear were swept away, but house and garden, barn and stock went seaward. Some of the newly launched cod-fishing schooners, trim tern rigged boats lie pounding their frames to fragments on the cruel exposed shores, and the very tools with which these hardy men wrest a living from the old ocean are swept far out with the tides, or lay smashed and torn beneath piles of mud and ellgrass; all the mackerel nets set

the trawl, and off they set for the schooner. On the way in they lifted a trawl they had set yesterday and pulled up a few good halibut; on they went with both pairs of oars keeping good time.

"Wait, said Peter, 'let's save a drowning sailor.' Back he scrambled over the fish and set up a big halibut in the stern of the dory. He squatted it so that its brown, overhanging head and white belly looked for all the world like a man who had settled down for a rest. Not satisfied with his good work he made a pair of spectacles out of two discs of round cardboard. Off they set again for the schooner.

"Cooke, get something hot on, Peter's picked up a man," called one of the crew. The captain came up on a run and crowded to the side. Every soul aboard was staring as the dory drew nearer. Truly there were three in it, and the man in the stern was all cuddled up; on they came, oars working bravely, with a final spurt they drew alongside.

"Oh, you bally fools!" roared the captain as he went below, and all the crew fairly hugged one another in their glee.

We took a picture of the big sea breakwater. It is filled with huge boulders from the beach, stones weighing a quarter to half a ton. The tremendous fury of the gale threw these great stones up and out of the breakwater as if they had been but the size of marbles. Do you wonder that scores of craft, man's stoutest handiwork, swept crashing ashore as if they had been but chips.

NATURE STUDY

The teacher was serious-minded and very conscientious. From Punch we learn that the lesson was "The Frog," and that the eggs were before the class. Tommy Bangs, who up to now had never learned anything if he could possibly help it, sat staring at the glass jar with his soul in his eyes. Teacher looked at Thomas attentively, and resolved to concentrate upon him.

"You see this mass of gelatinous substance full of little black dots?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"These black dots are eggs."

Thomas looked incredulous.

"Now, what are they, Thomas?"

"Eggs," replied Thomas, obedient, although skeptical.

"Correct. Well, in process of time these eggs—now what do you think happens to these eggs in process of time?"

Uneasy silence on the part of Thomas.

"Come," said teacher, "they are —"

"Boiled," with sudden inspiration.

"No! no!" said teacher, hastily. "They are hatched."

"Hatched," murmured Thomas, apologetically.

"Yes, and out come some queer-looking creatures with big heads and flat tails. They are called tadpoles. Now," —very impressively—"the tadpole grows, little legs begin to show, gradually the tail vanishes, and what do you think at last comes out of the water?"

"A—a duck," Thomas was evidently unable to get away from the poultry farm.

"Oh, no, Thomas! I will tell you. A frog. Now, isn't that wonderful?"

Subdued expressions of astonishment from the class and a deep sigh from Thomas, looking as if he could ask for more information if he dared. Teacher turned to him kindly.

"You are interested, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's right. I shall cultivate your taste for nature knowledge. Is there anything else you would like me to tell you?"

"Yes, please, ma'am."

"Then just ask."

"Please, ma'am," said Thomas, "I want to know how to do a lion."

A LOGICAL SUGGESTION

A certain floorwalker in a big department store is likely to lose his place if he does not improve in his manners.

"Gracious!" exclaimed a fat woman rushing up to him just after losing sight of her husband. "I am looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, madam," suggested the floorwalker, "if he's a very small man, perhaps you'd better use both eyes."



Breakwater and boulders

far out from the land are gone clean away; and we mourn for those whose lives were lost in the turmoil of wind and sea. But almost every man from every wreck was saved—wonderful!

The nor'wester has set in and is sweeping over the great waves set running by the easter. Now it is a cruel cross sea and the windchop is hurled hundreds of feet by the cold hard wind. Living as we do on the nor-east shore of the harbour we escaped its worst fury, but we could see the spume of the storm swept over the treetops at the harbour's mouth.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," so says the old proverb. On the spanking nor'easter blowing arrived many flocks of wild geese, taking advantage of the fair wind for this their winter harbour, but to show the seemingly contrary ways of nature, a flock of some sixteen tame geese, drowsily huddled on a point of our shore, when switch went the wind, and off to sea and drowning went the entire flock.

Again I say I envy you good prairie dwellers on your firmly planted earth footstool.

One would be led to think that these terrors of the sea would make these brave Nova Scotians dull and gloomy. Not at all; they are free and frank and jovial. In many cases the sea has put that far away look in their eyes, roughened their hands and faces a bit, mayhap, but that is all.

These fishermen are inveterate jokers. Remember there are two men to a dory in deep sea trawling, thus comes the word "dory chum." Peter and his chum had set off at daybreak with their gear and had set the whole baited mass, over went the little beflagged barrel to mark