

Use the left over meat.

Even the smallest portions can be made into appetizing dishes when combined with a small quantity of

BOVRIL

Permanent Gifts for a Peace Christmas

It is but fitting that our gifts this year should be of a permanent nature. Years hence there will be a sentiment and historic interest attached to them. These are historic days—the greatest that have ever been. In years to come these are the gifts that will be remembered by succeeding generations.

This will be the greatest gift-giving Christmas in the lives of any of us. There's a long restrained depth of feeling that can find expression in gifts as in no other way. Let these be lasting gifts.

For instance:

A Diamond Ring, from	\$25.00 UP
A Platinum and Diamond Brooch or Bar Pin, from	\$40.00 UP
A Platinum and Diamond Necklace or Lavalliere, from	\$75.00 UP
A Tea Set, Sterling or Fine Silver-Plate, from	\$15.00 UP
A Service of Flatware, from	\$14.00 UP
A few choice Pieces of Silverware, from	\$5.00 UP
A Toilet Set, Ebony, French Ivory or Silver, from	\$9.50 UP

These are but a few of the many suggestions from our elaborately illustrated Catalogue—just off the press.

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D.R. Dingwall, Limited

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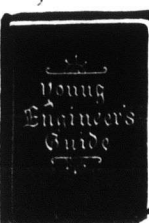
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Windsor Supply Co. Windsor, Ont.

Christmas Nineteen Eighteen

Greetings From Bonnycastle Dale.

To my Readers:—

ANOTHER wonderful series of blessed days have formed a year since I last wrote to you at the glad Christmas time. I do most sincerely hope that the dear ones who have fought for you and I on that fearful battle front in France will have happy thoughts of home this day. I ask you to rejoice with me that Laddie Senior has returned, alas wounded, but cheerful and convalescing. (Our good editor in his kind message in the August number referred to him as Laddie Jr.) His long stay in hospital, with two operations for that shrapnel torn right lung, was bravely borne. Laddie Junior, our young assistant photographer and nature student is well and happy, and bids me send his Christmas wishes to the many readers that hear of his exploits and saw his face often pictured on the pages of this real home monthly. If all the magazines kept their pages as pure and wholesome as the one you are reading this world would be a better and a happier place, as the editor on his printed page is the countrywide teacher of the young as well as the old.

While I am happy in the consolation of the Gunner at-home-once-more, and of

the steep angle of the roof, mercifully bringing up against a chimney, thence his fear driven way led down a fragile water pipe, it luckily did not break until he was half way down and he crashed, scared but safe, through a dense lilac into a tulip bed. ("I do hope I mashed those tulips deep," he told me afterwards.) Then off he fled, with his little white shirt blowing out like a distress signal, down the dim streets and shadowy lanes in the outskirts of the big city, right into the courthouse square he sped, and sought safety from his imaginary host of pursuers beside the staff that daily flew the big Union Jack. Only a second later, so it seemed to him, he was rudely awakened by a big policeman. "Get up you young tramp and get home out of this." "Please sir, I ain't got no home," he stuttered. "No home?" "No, sir, but I live at the 'Lilacs.'" Alas, too true, he had no home, and he was well trounced when the Lilacs was awakened at two of a summer morning. He actually ate with Dash, the big red Irish setter, as he naively told me. "Well, you see, Dash don't make fun of a feller while he's eatin'." Now, as punishment for running away what did they do to him? Only made him drink mustard and water!



The well-known treachery of the Germans is minimized by the Canadians, who simply refuse to take chances. Every prisoner brought back is subjected to a close scrutiny and thorough search by the Canadian officers. In this photo a Canadian officer is shown searching German prisoners captured during the battle of Cambrai.

the glorious youth of the younger one; what a wonderful wellspring of bounding joys and hopes and castles-in-the-air a boy is, there is yet the sad undercurrent that both you and I have dear ones who will not return from battle. My heart goes out to you all this sacred day in deepest sympathy. I do want to tell you my earnest conviction that after peace is established over with the Germans beaten and penitent there must be no more war. I think if we can thoroughly overcome the jealousy we bear towards our neighbor we can destroy the jealousy one nation bears another, for nations are composed of neighbors, too. I heard the head of our great university say, "We must either stop making war or stop raising families." Now to my story.

Full Heart and Empty Arms

Some years ago while on one of my natural history trips, I had the great privilege of helping a wee bit wail. His story overflowed with sorrow. But a babe in years he had been a very football for a crowd of overfed fellow boarders, obeying their every beck and call, wearing their ridiculously too large boots and flly cut-down clothes. His nights were nights of dread, as he was forced to sleep in the great unfinished attic of the big rambling structure, and the winged demons and fairies of his tossing slumbers struck him in angry whizzing tight-bats all of them, but how could poor little "Nimmy" tell this.

One night, unable to bear the terror longer, he crept out of bed and slid down

"And if you don't keep it down I'll give you more," was the threat that accompanied it. All this done to a boy of ten years of age.

One day among my mail I got a letter from a friend asking if I would do a share in snatching a youngster from this kind of devilry. I always think the person who did the cruel things was demented, of course, I did what you would have done, took the share offered and gladly, too.

I went with a lady friend to see "Nimmy." She just snatched him up and kissed him, and the poor little empty arms clung to her, and in a great passion of weeping he cried, "Oh, do kiss me again, I never had one before." Stranger as she was she was sobbing bitterly and my old eyes were moist, too. That wee scarecrow, he had shoes big enough to make him knickers and knickers small enough to make him cuffs, and his shirt was nondescript, and his coat did not seem to belong to him. Off she rushed us to a clothing store and they stripped the youngster behind the curtain to spare your blushes—and clothed him anew from head to foot, never mind if the proprietor—I'll leave you charitably to guess his nationality—did cheat us unmercifully. You ought to have seen Nimmy clutching and feeling those clothes, and dipping his hands down in numerous and sundry pockets, and when he found a fancy handkerchief away down in one, to hear his joyous "Oh!" was a treat, but the sad refrain must come, he said, "Gosh, these pants are good and thick. I guess they can whack me now without my yelling."

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