

The Sweetest Story of the Year
Sowing Seeds in Danny

By **NELLIE L. McCLUNG**

A Book that Gives Pleasure to all who Read It

CLOTH, WITH FRONTISPIECE, \$1.00; LIMP LEATHER, BOXED, \$1.50.



NELLIE L. McCLUNG.

Once in a long while a publisher brings out a book of which he can be very proud. "Sowing Seeds in Danny," by Nellie L. McClung, is one of that kind. We have no hesitation in saying that this book will eventually take its place with those volumes which have come to be known as popular classics.

The reviewers are unanimous in their praise of this story, which is of such unusual merit that it stands out pre-eminently above all the books of the year. There have been a number of new stories published during the year, but "Sowing Seeds in Danny" will live when the others are long forgotten.

A Few Pithy Extracts from the Hundreds of Encomiums

Sentinel (Pilot Mound)—"The story has a pull and a clinging, lingering hold on the memory, causing a rich after-gleam of delight. We close the book carrying in our hearts a sweet joy that we hide reverently away."

Birmingham (Ala.) Herald—"The book is simply filled with bubbling humor. It is a gem."

Hiawatha (Kansas) World—"A bright book, crowded full of human nature."

Seattle Post-Intelligencer—"The pessimist should read Mrs. McClung's book, and change his belief."

Item (Philadelphia)—"Danny is good to know."

Call (San Francisco)—"A more delightful little tale has not appeared this summer."

Journal (Albany, N.Y.)—"Mrs. McClung is chuck full of humor and sentiment, writes brightly and happily and purely."

Review (Washington, D.C.)—"This is a delightfully clever and bright piece of fiction. There are so many good things in the volume one hardly knows which is best. Every page is replete with deep human interest."

Ottawa Journal—"The only notable novel of the summer. . . . No cheerier, more natural, or more delightfully refreshing story has been offered us in a long time than this prize idyll of the Prairie Province."

Journal-Courier (New Haven)—"Cheery optimism crops out all through 'Sowing Seeds in Danny.'"

After reading the above, you surely will want a copy of this beautiful story. If you want to make yourself and friends happy, present each of them with a copy of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

William Briggs 29 to 33 Richmond Street West **Toronto**

English

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at 1s. per pound, and the rival promptly placed 8d. on his card.

No. 1 then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under 1s. could not be guaranteed.

No. 2's response to this was the announcement, "I have supplied sausages to the king."

In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card bearing the words, "God Save the King."

A New Industry

A new industry has sprung up along the Florida coast—the making of pillows, mattresses, etc., of sponge. First, the sponge material is thoroughly cleaned in large tanks of water, being put through a process of scrubbing, and then afterwards dried by cold-air blasts. It is then shredded and sterilized by machinery, and made odorless by chemical treatment. The mattresses, when finished, are only about one-third as heavy as a hair mattress of the same size and only two-thirds as costly. They are springy, yet firm and durable, and are particularly sanitary. The pillows are soft and light, and weigh about one-third as much as an ordinary pillow of the same size.

A Movable Watermark

The Circle tells the following story of high tide and low tide in a small boy's affairs:

"Willie," commanded the mother, as the little family were about to set out for the Sunday School picnic, "you run right back to the sink and wash your face again; and when you come out don't let me see that black water-mark on your neck."

A little later, as the mother and her two children were hurrying toward the suburban trolley depot, the boy and the girl, unable to keep the mother's pace, dropped behind.

"Willie," asked the sister, stimulated to continual chatter by the thoughts of the joyful picnic, "did you manage to wash the water-mark off?"

"Naw, I didn't!" the boy gleefully rejoined, casting a stealthy glance at his mother. "I only moved it furdur down!"

The Art of Christmas Giving

Giving Christmas gifts is almost a science. It is certainly a study for one who really wishes to give and not distress and embarrass. No one is more helpless than the woman who receives an utterly useless and undesirable gift. She is fairly forced into falsehood, and is obliged to express gratitude where she does not feel. The woman who has a green parlor and receives a blue rug, or the woman who has a blue dining-room and receives a set of doilies embroidered with purple violets, or the woman with a salicw complexion who is given a delicate pink shawl, is actually made to sin against truth. She feels, if she is of a naturally grateful and tender disposition, that she must express thanks which she does not feel. Then, ten chances to one, if it is not a struggle for her not to pass along those useless gifts next Christmas and she goes about terrified lest, by any unforeseen chance, the first giver should discover the gift in the hands of the second recipient. Often people are so deluded by useless gifts that memory fails them concerning the givers. Such mistakes are likely to occur, and petty and absurd, but no, less lasting feuds, are the consequence.