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**WHITE HORSE Scotch**

"As bonny as the heather," as smooth as the dew.



# The Grand Illusion

(Concluded from page 6.)

up with the comic animals on it and the cow jumping over the moon and the big boot full of people, making everybody expect something strange and fantastic behind the curtain.

Two little folks in night-things first, scared on Christmas Eve; then a big grandfather's clock opening, and out popped the queen of the fairies and all her little folk dancing; dwindling little dots down to brownie size.

and the donkey and the elephant were just men rigged up that way; but the dogs were real enough, and so was the pony. But they all seemed like fantastic big toys.

Anyhow it was a huge jumble of toys and live things, real things and fantastic things, little soldiers singing national songs and drilling, a sort of dream when you half awake and hear the clock tick. Everybody seemed



Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, caught by the camera.

Then down the stairs a troop of plain children in night-clothes, carrying stockings and candles—all joining in a dance with sprites, and they all drop off to the Land of Nod again; till there comes the shimmer of bells and they all come to life, rush to the windows, looking for old Santa Claus—his sleigh bumping down over the mountains of snow, down and down.

The children, hundreds of them somewhere—sing the Santa Claus song; and when it's all over in he comes, the old red rascal with the white whiskers, wriggling down the great fireplace.

THAT was most of the first scene; which the cynical bachelor, who had got a reserved seat ticket and still held a dead half cigar in his fingers, watched with a blase smile. He had heard about this coaxing the old hoax Santa Claus. Here he got it in full dimensions. In all Canada there was no such a Santa Claus hallucination as this. He was glad to be present, so that he could go and tell his dismal friends what a lot more fools were in the world than any of them dreamed.

Next thing he knew he was looking at a different scene. This was Toyland and Joyland. Poh! Everybody knew it was only a stage; only a lot of children trained to frolic about and to dance and sing and talk to Santa Claus, who, of course, was some chap the bachelor knew about town if only he could make out exactly who he was and josh him about it afterwards. Of course the youngsters knew just who it was too; but they seemed to act as though they had never seen him before. Children are some actors—he concludes.

He laughs to himself when he sees on the stage, in a curious hodge-podge of merriment, all kinds of animals dancing and frolicking like Sunday at the Zoo, clowns doing all sorts of things, a little dancing girl taken out of a candy box and wound up to dance—supposed to be a toy, when she was alive all the while, same as the little black chap that clogged. And, of course, the cow

to think it was real. The more fanciful the fantasia was, the realer most people seemed to think it was. Till presently the big organ woke up below and the white choir behind struck up "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

The silly old bachelor shook himself and joined in the hymn; he couldn't help it—just like he used to do thirty years ago. Pretty soon the curtain went down and it was all over; thousands of people were getting up to shuffle out.

## Remaking of Canada

(Concluded from page 4.)

help in agriculture, industry, war machinery and benevolences became the national by-word.

Then came the other side of the problem—how could the more or less organized industrial machinery of this country become a part of the general war machine for the supply of munitions. It had already been demonstrated that we could furnish men and foodstuffs. The men were a direct charge on the country; the foodstuffs would be sold abroad and at the same time help the cause of the Empire.

But it was mumbled by somebody less than a year ago—that Canada might make munitions of war. Had anybody mentioned such a thing to the average M. P. or the average man of big business the reply would have been too scornful for utterance. To be sure we had a rifle factory at Quebec, and the Ross rifle we were putting into the hands of our men at the front was by many supposed to be the equal of at least the average rifle used on service. But we began to discover—along with England—that the great war was not essentially a war of rifles. It was to a great extent a war of machine guns. It was to a still more colossal extent a war of shells and of high explosives. Germans had blasted their way into Belgium and France. Unable to go further they had dug themselves in with concrete and steel trenches and must be blasted out again.

The precise story of how Canada

changed in a few months from a land of peace factories turning out about \$1,200,000,000 worth of goods in a normal year, to a land of war factories already scheduled to turn out war orders totalling \$500,000,000, is too much a matter of detail behind the curtain to be told here. For the past ten months this country has been as much interested in the problem of how to make shells for the British army as it used to be in how to build transcontinental railways. This again was some revolution.

WHEN Mr. Charles M. Schwab in England at the outbreak of war, got track of tremendous orders for munitions to be made in the United States, he included in his programme the manufacture of a fleet of submarines to operate against the underseas navy of Germany. But the neutrality declaration of the United States expressly made it impossible for Mr. Schwab or anybody else under the American flag to make one submarine or any other such "unit of war" and ship it to the Allies or any of the belligerent countries.

He visited the Vickers-Maxim British-Canadian works at Montreal. In a very short while a fleet of submarines, perfectly equipped units of war, was being made on Canadian soil under the British flag, more or less assembled from parts made in the United States, ready to go abroad on war business.

When the Curtiss Aviation School, said to be the biggest in the world, was started in Toronto, it was forced there for the same reason that Schwab sent his submarines into Canada. But the school was useless without the air-machines. The air-machines must be made. And they were made, are now being made by Canadian workmen from Canadian material, in Canada—for the sake of Canada's practical contribution to the machinery of war.

## The Patriotic Pumpkin

(Concluded from page 8.)

farms. It was great how they did boost the whole thing. Why, they had the fox advertisin' business knocked to slitherens. They had whole pages in the papers filled with information about the wonderful punkins raised from the seeds of the original punkin. People who ate of them would be so patriotic that the Germans would not have a ghost of a chance against the thousands of Canadians who would go out against them."

"Were they large pumpkins?" I queried.

"No, not very large. But they were the most wonderful I ever saw. I almost hate to tell yez the rest fer fear yez won't believe me. It's somewhat uncanny, an' I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it myself. It was the way them punkins grew. Why, the leaves on the vines all had the shape of the flag, an' instead of bein' green, as is their nat'ral colour, they were red, white, an' blue, with the three crosses up in the corner."

A complete silence followed this astounding statement, and Tom glanced around to observe the effect of his words. The expression in the faces of his listeners gave him much satisfaction, and so he continued:

"The owners of the farms did a big business sellin' the leaves. People bought them like mad, an' were glad to pay fifty cents apiece fer 'em. It was certainly astonishin'."

"But them punkins were the most amazin' things of all," he went on. "They were different from anything I ever saw before. Instead of bein' green or yaller, they had picters 'all over 'em. On one side there was the picter of King George, with the crown on his head an' boots on his feet, a settin' on his throne. On t'other side were the picters of Lord Kitchener, General French, an' Sam Hughes, while underneath were the first verses of 'Tipperary,' an' 'The Soldier's Return,' by Robbie Burns. I'm an old man now, an' I've seen many wonderful sights, but them punkins were the greatest I ever sot my eyes upon. I could tell—"

Tom stopped suddenly. Looking quickly around, he saw his companions sprawling upon the floor.