

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

THE GAIN OF SUNDAY REST.

Of course we do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But we very much doubt whether, at the end of the year, he will generally produce more by working six days in a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labors one day in seven. The day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man—the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect and livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor.

It is more pleasant to be invited to take a higher seat than to be deprived of it. It is more pleasant to be king of a cottage than a servant of a palace. It is better to be a good five cent piece than a bogus quarter; in other words, it is better to hold ourselves at what we are honestly worth. The world is full of people who never know or learn anything, because they think they know enough to begin with. Thousands are teaching when they ought to be taught; thousands believe themselves wise when their ignorance is lamentable; thousands believe themselves clothed in gold when they are only thinly plated and the copper shows in many places. The wisest are comparatively ignorant and thousands of men who have great ideas of their own abilities will some day wake up to the realization that they have been laboring under a large sized delusion.

Young men, the first question your employers ask themselves when business becomes slack and it is thought necessary to economize in the matter of salaries is, "Who can best be spared?" The barnacles, the shirkers, the make-shifts, somebody's proteges, somebody's nephews, and especially somebody's good-for-nothing, young men, please remember that these are not the ones who are wanted. Then responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to know the probabilities of your getting such a position? Inquire within! What are you doing to make yourself valuable in the position you now occupy? If you are doing with your might what your hands find to do, the

Another Petawawa Fire.

The Engineers camp at Petawawa has been destroyed by fire and many valuable maps and drawings lost in the flames. This is the second fire reported within ten days at Petawawa camp. Two days before Christmas the headquarters building was also destroyed by fire which started under somewhat mysterious circumstances. The outbreak of two conflagrations of unknown origin within such a short time has caused a certain amount of anxiety in militia circles here and an investigation probably will be made.

Macdonald-Fairlie.

A quiet wedding was solemnized on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 480 Brock street, when Rev. John Fairlie, assisted by Rev. J. W. Stephen, united his daughter, Anna Ballantyne Fairlie, in marriage with Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Gore Bay. T. Urquhart Fairlie, brother of the bride, gave her away. The bride wore her travelling suit of dark blue broadcloth with hat to match, and carried a corsage bouquet of violets and pink roses. Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald left for a trip in the east, and on their return will reside at Gore Bay.—Kingston Whig.

Married in Saskatchewan.

A very pretty though quiet wedding took place Dec. 27th, at the home of Wm. J. Lackey, Creelman, Sask., when his granddaughter, Miss Susie B. Switzer, of Ashton, Ont., was united in marriage to Mr. Ernest Wilson. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Rev. H. Lackey, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. The bride and groom were unattended. The bride looked charming in a gown of cream silk with trimmings of lace and wore a veil and natural orange blossoms. After a sumptuous dinner the happy couple, amid showers of rice, left on the evening train for Regina and other western points. The bride's going away gown was of blue serge and she wore a military hat to match. After the honeymoon they will reside at Benson, Sask., where the groom is a prosperous merchant of the town.

Every employee who had been in the service of the Henry K. Wampole Co., Perth, for six months or over, was given an envelope containing a sum of money equivalent to a week's wages, as a Christmas gift.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

chances are two to one that you soon become so valuable in that position that you cannot be spared from it, and then, singular to relate, will be the very time when you will be sought out for promotion for a better place.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything; to run up against the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You might as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the troubles, and bare them bravely. You will be very sure to have troubles laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself, but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other person who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job others leave undone, they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole lot of growlers.

Home should be made the most interesting and best loved spot on earth, not merely four square walls of wood and brick; it should be the fountain of civilization, the very word should touch every fibre of the soul, and strike every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers, a place where that is centralized on the higher and better things of life, bringing forth in the highways and byways an influence that will be felt by all with whom it comes in contact. It should be a place where the heart is, a place where our feet may leave but not our hearts, a place where angels unfold their wings, the place we love best, because it is the place where mother is. Man can build the house and roof it in a resistance against the storms of elements; but the man with all his genius and artistic science cannot make the home; that ever has and ever will be the task of woman. It is she alone that can bring to it warmth and beauty. Here she reigns supreme.

Whatever your trials and disappointments, keep them to yourself; they only worry your friends and vex those who have no claim upon your confidences. Keep a bright face, a cheerful word and a hopeful heart. Carry in your bearing the dignity of self-esteem and let the air of prosperity fit you like a garment. Extend to the world a cordial hand, and remember that for the most part what we make it.

True merit is like a river; the deeper it gets the less noise it makes.

Be true, be hopeful and be happy.

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL IN WINTER.

Winter is a dangerous season for the little ones. The days are so changeable—one bright, the next cold and stormy, that the mother is afraid to take the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. In consequence they are often cooped up in overheated, badly ventilated rooms and are soon seized with colds or gripe. What is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They will regulate the stomach and bowels and drive out colds and by their use the baby will be able to get over the winter season in perfect safety. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A DAY A MONTH.

The men in the trenches are fighting for us three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Why shouldn't the poorest of us work at least one day a month for the families of these men? That is not much to ask—twelve days a year, as against three hundred and sixty-five, especially as the three hundred and sixty-five are spent in constant danger of death from bullets, bombs or exposure to weather. The imperative character of the call made by the Canadian Patriotic Fund is denied by no one. A campaign for contributions to it will be begun in this town in a short time. Why not make one of the features of this campaign the plan adopted with success in other places, namely, the contribution of wage-earners of one day's pay a month? The idea has "caught on" in other towns. In many factories and stores the employees have acted unanimously, and either instructed the employer to deduct one day's pay a month, or appointed one of their own number to make the collection monthly. The average payment to each family by the Canadian Patriotic Fund is sixteen dollars a month. A day's pay a month will go a long way towards helping some such family to get through 1917 in comparative comfort.

The Ontario Government is establishing a Provincial creamery at New Liskeard. The farmers have agreed to do all in their power to stimulate the cattle-breeding and dairying interests.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Boy Who Was Nearly Lost.

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.

An Amusing Incident That Caused Some Alarm For a Time—Where the Missing Youngster Was Finally Discovered—A Russian Princess.

Tonight, said Uncle Ben to little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell you about

A LOST BOY.

When I was a boy we lived on a farm, and my father had a large barn in which the children liked to play. I'll never forget the fun I used to have when I was a boy climbing up the haymow.

Our barn was quite a little way from the house, and father seldom locked it. One afternoon mother said that a neighbor spoke of having seen tramps going by, and after that he thought he would lock up the barn.

That afternoon we had a glorious game of robbers' cave in the barn. Our children and the children of two or three neighbors were there.

When it was nearly supper time we stopped playing. The other children got ready to go home, and we, too, started to the house.

"Where's Billy?" some one said. Billy was a three-year-old neighbor and had come with his sister, who was my sister's chum.

"Oh, Billy must have gone home," said his sister. "He would want something to eat before this." Then we said good night very merrily and went our ways.

It was almost dark, and a little later our father came in after having fed the animals and locked the barn.

We were just sitting down to supper when some one knocked at the door.

It was Billy's mother, and she was crying. "Oh, my little boy is lost! Hattie says he came home when the children were playing together, but I haven't seen him. We've searched everywhere, and now my husband is going down to look in the creek."

"Cheer up," father said heartily. "The creek is too shallow to drown a cat. Sit down a bit and tell us all about it."

Father asked if any of us had noticed Billy start home. No one could remember to have seen him.

"I'll go with a lantern and take a look around the barn," said father. We all followed him, and though we looked in every corner, we could not see any traces of Billy. We noticed, however, our neighbor's dog, hunting about. After while he went up into the haymow and began scratching and whining. After he had tossed the hay to one side we saw what he was after. Little Billy, tired out with play, had gone to sleep under the hay, which he had drawn over himself in our game of hide and seek.

A Daughter of the Czar.

The czar and czarina of Russia have five children, four daughters and a son. The young girl here pictured is the Grand Duchess Marie, next to the youngest of the family. She was born



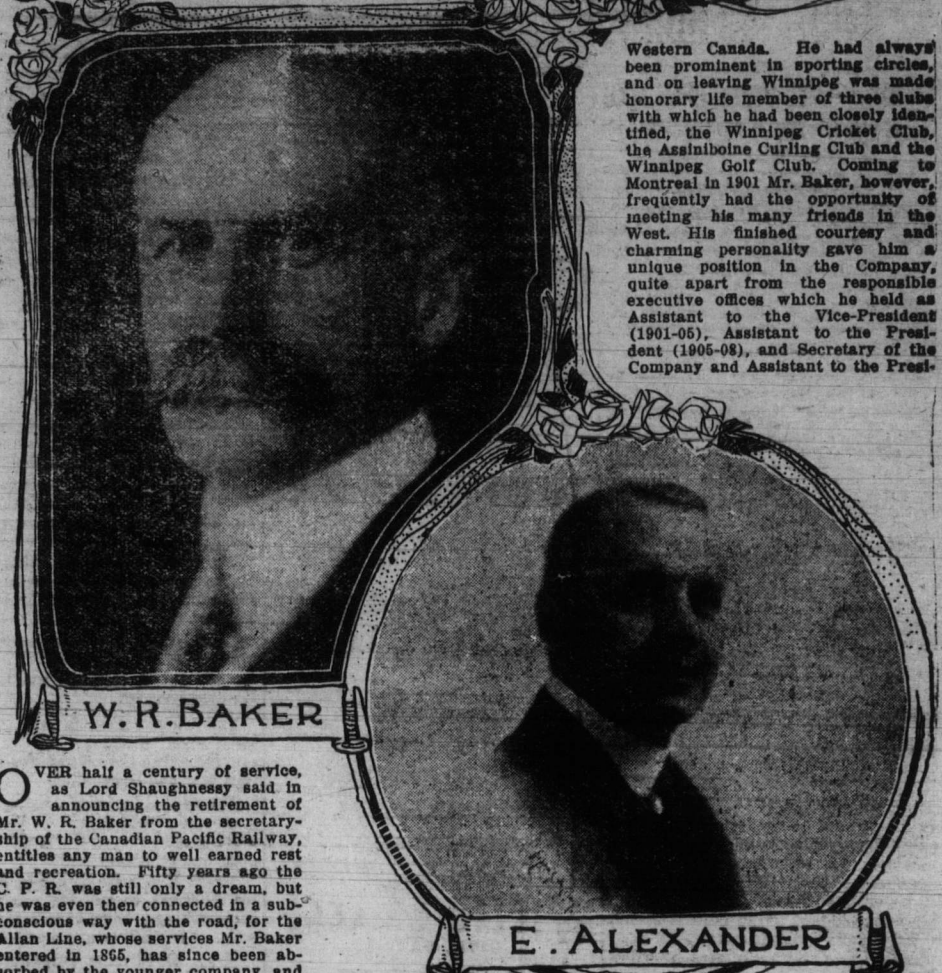
Photo by American Press Association.
GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

In 1890 and is therefore seventeen years old. She was photographed in soldier's uniform, warlike costume being very much in fashion in Europe just now. Doubtless she is an honorary officer in one of the czar's regiments. Anyway, she makes a very handsome soldier.

The Ferryman.
Dear ferryman, with beard of gray,
We are very tired of play.
Our heads are nodding, and our eyes
Are wet with misty, sleepy-tears.

So wrap us in your shadow coat
And let us climb into your boat.
Then row us gently down the stream
Of a sweet and quiet dream.

A Pioneer and His Successor



W.R. BAKER

E. ALEXANDER

OVER half a century of service, as Lord Shaughnessy said in announcing the retirement of Mr. W. R. Baker from the secretaryship of the Canadian Pacific Railway, entitles any man to well earned rest and recreation. Fifty years ago the C. P. R. was still only a dream, but he was even then connected in a subconscious way with the road, for the Allan Line, whose services Mr. Baker entered in 1865, has since been absorbed by the younger company, and the Allan line took active part in the agitation for the building of the transcontinental railway.

Walter Reginald Baker, who was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1852, was only thirteen years of age when he came to Canada. He entered the Allan Line service, and remained there until 1875 when he was appointed local freight and passenger agent of the Canada Central Railway at Ottawa. This railway, which was absorbed by the C. P. R. in 1881, had been incorporated in 1861 to build a railway from Lake Huron to Ottawa, via Pembroke and Arnprior, and from Ottawa to Montreal. A further connection with the idea of a transcontinental railway occurs in his appointment in the same year as joint secretary with M. de Bellefeuille of the original Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the charter of which reverted to the Canadian Government. Mr. Baker, however, temporarily left railway life in 1874 to become A.D.C. and private secretary to the Marquis of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada. From 1878 to 1881, he was assistant secretary to the Treasury Board at Ottawa, but when the famous Syndicate took up the work of completing the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway he left the Government service and joined this great enterprise as assistant to the general superintendent and local treasurer of the Western Division at Winnipeg. He was thus one of the actual pioneers of the C. P. R., arriving at Winnipeg on the last day of February, 1881, in the special sleeping car, which also brought up from St. Paul A. B. Stickney, General Superintendent of

the Western Division; William Harder, Assistant Traffic Manager; C. O. Butterfield, Master Mechanic, and Joel May, Superintendent. Three of these were identified more or less with the St. Paul interests, whereas Mr. Baker represented the interests at Montreal. On this occasion they crossed the Red River on a pile bridge, a permanent structure not yet having been completed. Winnipeg at that time had a population of just about 7,000, and the work of building up the railway was commenced under distinctly primitive conditions. These were pioneering days in the West and the C. P. R. officials, owing to a fire which drove them out of their proper quarters, at one time had to do their business at the corner of Portage Avenue and Fort Street, in the basement of a church, other than the Sunday School. In 1882 Mr. Baker had two promotions, first as purchasing agent, then as assistant to the general manager. The Manitoba and North Western Railway, originally an enterprise of the Allan's, and absorbed by the C. P. R. in 1900, knew him as general superintendent from 1883 to 1892, when he became general manager. "His assistance," said Lord Shaughnessy, "in straightening out the affairs of the acquired property was of material value, and his other duties, many of them of an important and confidential character, were performed with singular zeal and intelligence."

During 1900 and 1901 Mr. Baker filled the important position of executive agent of the C. P. R., to the great satisfaction of the people of

Western Canada. He had always been prominent in sporting circles, and on leaving Winnipeg was made honorary life member of three clubs with which he had been closely identified, the Winnipeg Cricket Club, the Assiniboine Curling Club and the Winnipeg Golf Club. Coming to Montreal in 1901 Mr. Baker, however, frequently had the opportunity of meeting his many friends in the West. His finished courtesy and charming personality gave him a unique position in the company, quite apart from the responsible executive offices which he held as Assistant to the Vice-President (1901-05), Assistant to the President (1905-08), and Secretary of the Company and Assistant to the Pres-

ident (1908-1916). The royal train, on the occasion of the several visits of the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen of England), Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Fushimi, and the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General, were always entrusted to his charge with the result that he is a C.V.O. and holds many valued orders, such as that of the order of the Sacred Treasure, bestowed by the Emperor of Japan, while he is also an Esquire of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. By a curious coincidence, Mr. Ernest Alexander, who succeeds Mr. Baker, is also a native of Yorkshire. Another point he has in common with his predecessor, namely, a keen appreciation of pictures, shown by his membership of the Arts Club of Montreal. Mr. Alexander is also a member of the Japan Club, Kanawake Golf Club, and the Montreal Curling Club. He was quite a lad when he came to Canada, spending most of his early days in Hamilton, Ontario, where he went to school, and then entered service with the Grand Trunk Railway Company. In 1893 he became secretary to Sir William (then Mr.) Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When Sir William was succeeded by Mr. (now Lord) Shaughnessy, Mr. Alexander remained in the president's office, continuing in various capacities until July 2nd, 1908, when he was appointed to fill the office of assistant treasurer. On August 20th, 1912, he was made assistant secretary of the Company, and his portfolio as secretary began on January 1st, 1917.

Money Does not "Follow the Flag."

An article by Theodore H. Price, in the New York Outlook, shows that British financiers have loaned \$1,762,705,000 to governments or corporations in Canada. These same financiers have, however, loaned \$1,349,040,000 on similar securities in Argentina. In proportion to population and development, the loans made in Argentina are really greater than those made in Canada. Trade may follow the flag, but it is quite clear that money goes wherever good interest is available, regardless of flags or anything else.

Friends Tell Friends

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Stops Headache

Five years ago ZUTOO was practically unknown in Canada. To-day, thousands and thousands of men and women depend on these little harmless tablets for quick relief from headaches.

Their fame has gone from friend to friend—from town to town—from coast to coast.

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Harness at Old Prices

THE UNDERSIGNED, having purchased the entire stock of Harness, Blankets, etc., of Mr. W. T. Maguire, desire to announce that they will have some bargains to offer for a short time.

Meanwhile, we hope, by strict attention to business, to be able to attend the needs of Mr. Maguire's customers as well as those of our own, and by fair and honorable dealing to merit the custom of the public.

FERGUSON & SMYTHE
TAYLOR'S BLOCK.

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JANUARY 16, 17, 18, 19, 1917

\$16,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES.

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Entries close January 5th.

Single Fare Rates on all Railroads.

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I WILL PAY HIGHEST PRICE FOR

Basswood, Ash, Spruce, Hemlock, Pine, Rock Elm and Soft Elm or Tamarac Logs and Shingle Blocks.

Delivered on the Mississippi Lake or at the Sawmill, Carleton Place.

ALSO CEDAR RAILWAY TIES, must be 6 ins. thick, 6 ins. face and 8 ft len

CUSTOMS SAWING of Shingles and Lumber during the winter at the Planing Mill or Sawmill here.

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