



Once upon a time there was a gay little fairy who was always dancing about in the fairy forest, and one cloudy day she danced right into a cobweb. The spider who thought of course, that he'd caught a fly, rushed out and stared at her.

"Well," said he.

"Why on earth do you have your queer old cob-webs just the color of a cloudy day?"

The spider said he had a reason for it, but he wouldn't tell.

"Release me at once!" cried the little fairy, stamping a small foot so fairy-like that it never broke a thread of the web that held her tight.

The spider blinked and laughed. "Not so fast little fairy!" said he. "To-night I am having a spider ball and you will have to dance your way to liberty."

At that minute into the fairy's head popped a bright idea. Many and many a time she'd wanted a cobweb umbrella, but never a spider would weave one for her.

"Spider," she said. "I think I could dance most wonderfully at your spider ball if I just—just—"

"Just had a spider umbrella," cried the little fairy gaily. "A spider umbrella!"

"A spider umbrella!" cried the spider staring. "Never heard of one."

"Why neither did I," said the little fairy. "But that's no reason for not having one, is it? And lots and lots of your webs look round and ribbed precisely like a parasol. You see, if I had such a cobweb umbrella, I could most likely balance myself upon a tight rope and dance and dance at the spider ball!"

"Hum!" said the spider. "Hum!"

And then he said "Hum!" again as if he were thinking it over with the best possible care and in the end he went to work. He spun and he spun and he spun, and as he was a fairy spider he could spin pretty fast. By the time the moon rose the top of the cobweb umbrella was gone, quite done.

The little fairy, who all this time had been imprisoned in his web, went to the spider ball. And with the cobweb umbrella that had for a stick a reed they found by the river, she danced her way to freedom.



I made a vow on New Year's day that never, never would I say a word to shock the gentlest soul; I'd spring no smoky rigmorle, however often trouble came, or tribulation climbed my frame. But when I made that pious pledge on which I never meant to hedge, I didn't know my car would skid, and break an axle as it did. I didn't know that car would pitch my person in a loathsome ditch, and wrap the windshield round my neck, and make of me a grewsome wreck. I didn't

know cold waves would come, and knock the plumbing out of plumb. I didn't know I'd freeze my feet while wading through ten miles of sleet. I didn't know the coal I'd bought with coin for which I'd fiercely fought, would all be gone two months before Spring could be looked for at the door. Man's vision cannot pierce the veil which hides the future's vital tale; so since pledging in the fashion now, I will do this, I won't do that, I'll simply talking through his hat.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

The Most Beautiful Woman.

"Yes, she was pretty, but she didn't look real. She looked as if some one had taken a body and painted a face on it."

That was the vivid description with which Molly, the Stenographer Lady, furnished us after having witnessed the cabinet show.

"She" was one of the star performers—a little doll-faced lady with pink cheeks and yellow hair and round eyes and a Cupid's bow mouth. She was unquestionably pretty in the accepted sense of the word.

She Didn't Look Real.

And just as unquestionably she didn't seem real.

Nor was that wholly the effect of her painted cheeks or scored eye brows. The artificiality was something deeper than that of paint and powder.

Her whole face had an effect of unreality and artificiality about it. It was like a house done by a chief decorator. It didn't look lived in.

I thought of Molly's description the other day as I passed down one of the show streets of a big city, where pretty women are wont to parade.

Faces That Look as if They Had Been Bought.

So many faces there were like that—so many meaningless, stylish faces that looked as if they had

been bought instead of grown. The sameness of it actually gave me a sense of mental nausea.

The first two or three had looked pretty to me, but I couldn't even see any prettiness after that.

And then I saw a woman standing on a corner, evidently waiting for some one. She was a woman forty-five or fifty. She had gray hair. She wasn't pretty, and I felt like thanking Heaven for it.

Her features were a bit irregular, but strong and kind. Her skin was clear and healthy. Her eyes were bright. There were lines in her face—humor wrinkles about the bright gray eyes, lines of kindness and strength about the wide, humorous mouth.

The Salt of a Saving Humor.

She looked as if she had found out how to add the salt of a saving sense of humor to the potage of daily living.

She looked as if she had lived and laughed and learned, and had troubles and borne them with patience and fortitude, and learned the supreme lesson of sympathy and suffering.

I can see that face now when I shut my eyes. Pretty? No, but, oh, so refreshing after all that prettiness!

Maybe you will think I am foolish, but if I had had a prize to give to the most beautiful woman I saw that day, she would have received it. And wouldn't she have been surprised?

CANADIAN SURGEON COLONEL GORRELL—who has committed Suicide—WITH HIS MAJESTY THE KING.



This interesting photograph was taken a few months ago by a member of the Canadian E. F., at the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, at Cliveden, near Taplow, of which Colonel Gorrell was commandant, before the recent enquiry. Her Majesty is between the two. On the left is Nursing Matron McDonald. Their Majesties were frequent visitors to the Duchess of Connaught institution.

LEAKS ON MOST OF WILSON'S NOTES

Sensational Statement by Member of House Rules Committee

New York, Jan. 29.—Emphatic declaration by one member of the House rules committee that there was a "leak" on President Wilson's recent peace notes, and promise by another that he would insist that the congressional inquiry extend to alleged "leaks" on presidential messages generally, came to light while plans were being arranged for the resumption to-morrow of the hearing here.

Representative Bennett (Republican) declared there was a "leak." He originally made this declaration at a private dinner last night, and to-day when a "leak" developed on his speech, he issued a written statement about it.

"I said that there was a 'leak,'" the statement read, "that people in Wall Street knew of it (the president's peace message) forty-eight hours before the time it was released for publication, and that I had in my pocket at the time a paper showing that someone had had the foresight to sell 20,000 shares of Steel while it was rising."

CABINET DOUBLES APPROPRIATIONS

\$500,000,000 Asked This Year For War Uses; Much for Munitions

Ottawa, Jan. 29.—Five hundred million dollars will be appropriated by the Dominion Government this year for the purpose of the war. Notice has been given of a resolution to that effect. The amount last year was \$250,000,000. The year before it was 100 millions, while the initial vote was \$50,000,000. But all of the new vote is to go to the raising, equipping and maintenance of the forces.

The importance of maintaining imperial credits is emphasized by the announcement that a considerable part of the estimate is to be applied to financing British war munitions in Canada.

A Memorandum.

An explanatory memorandum says: "In connection with the war appropriation of \$500,000,000, which has been presented to Parliament, it should be noted that a considerable portion of this amount will be advanced to the British Government to pay for munitions ordered in Canada. The very large commitments of Great Britain in financing her war expenditure for the allied nations makes it desirable that Canada should aid as much as possible in raising money to meet British expenditures within the Dominion. Canada has already advanced \$250,000,000 to the British Government for this purpose. Of this amount \$100,000,000 has been provided by the Canadian banks and \$150,000,000 by the Government.

The necessity for giving such assistance to Great Britain will continue till the end of the war. It is for this reason that the appropriation for war purposes has been placed at \$500,000,000 in order that a considerable portion of that amount may be thus utilized."

The new borrowing bill of Sir Thos. White will be passed on the following resolution:—"That it is expedient to authorize the governor-in-council to raise by way of loan in addition to the sums now remaining unborrowed and negotiable of the loans authorized by Parliament in any act heretofore passed, such sum or sums of money not to exceed \$100,000,000, as may be required for paying maturing loans and obligations of Canada, carrying on public works authorized by Parliament and meeting expenditures for general purposes authorized by Parliament."

The estate of J. L. Riker, chemist, who died on July 6th, was appraised at \$6,665.929.

Michael Spetzol, of Passaic, N.J.; received \$1,485 "conscience money" from an unknown.

Pittsburg is menaced by flood danger through the rapid rising of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers.

Charles Diggs, a prominent citizen of Milford, Conn., is dying from tetanus caused by a sore on his neck made by a collar-button.

PURE RICH BLOOD PREVENTS DISEASE

Bad blood,—that is, blood that is impure or impoverished, thin and pale,—is responsible for more ailments than anything else. It affects every organ and function. In some cases it causes catarrh; in others, dyspepsia; in others, rheumatism; and in still others, weak, tired, languid feelings and worse troubles. It is responsible for run-down conditions, and is the most common cause of disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest purifier and enricher of the blood the world has ever known. It has been wonderfully successful in removing serofula and other humors, increasing the red-blood corpuscles, and building up the whole system. Get it today.



This is a new and striking photograph of the commander of the French armies on the western front. General Nivelle will likely be heard from with considerable emphasis this Spring.



WHAT MEAL-TIME MEANS TO STRICKEN BELGIAN PEOPLE.

The only meal the people seen in the accompanying photograph can hope to have while the German occupation of Belgium continues is such a one as they will receive when their turn comes to enter the portals of this "soup kitchen" somewhere in Belgium. For two years now they have had to depend on the Belgian Relief Committee for their means of sustenance, and they are grateful indeed for the good, nourishing food as generously supplied them.

A prominent Montrealer, who has recently been through the occupied district, writes the committee: "It wrings the heart to see these worn women and these innocent children reduced from self-reliant comfort to what would be, but for the fact that they have earned the gratitude of all allied peoples, beggary."

"Conditions for them are getting worse rather than better. You probably have heard by now

OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions or the Handy Homemaker—Order Any Pattern Through the Courier. Be Sure to State Size.

LADY'S HOUSE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

Simple in cut, smart in detail touches, neat and becoming—all of this you want your house dress to be. In the picture you see a garment with these features combined.

The dress is cut in one piece, the waist being perfectly plain, with a V neck outlined by the new style of collar, and with a tie to lend smartness. For convenience in working the sleeves may be made to just turn the elbow and finished with a deep flare cuff; a belt is arranged about normal waistline to add to the trim effect of the frock, and for novelty the triangle pocket has been added to the skirt section.

Braid has been liberally used to trim this dress, but contrasting color goods will brighten it up and may be used instead of the braid. Gingham in narrow and wide stripes, as well as in checks, is a favored fabric for this type of garment; also percale, chambray, galatea and linen may be considered suitable.

A one-piece garment may be cut out and made in a couple of hours and the satisfaction that results from it. Hence is bound to increase your interest in patterns.

The dress pattern No. 8,118 cuts in sizes 36-42. To make in size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material and 5 yards braid.

To obtain the pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



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Tuberculosis Rapidly Increasing Among Children of Belgium and Northern France.

More Food Urgently Needed to Keep up Their Strength

An interview with Mr. W. L. Honnold, American Director of the Belgian Relief Commission, brings to light a new danger threatening the population of the territory occupied by Germany.

Mr. Honnold reports that about 5,000,000 wholly or partially destitute people, who have been dependent on the Commission, generally show diminished vitality. The effects are most apparent among the older children, particularly those in the adolescent stage. Among these there is an alarming increase of tuberculosis, due to the lower power of resistance consequent on an inadequate diet.

To overcome this serious danger, the Commission appeals for extra contributions so that a special meal can be served every day in the schools. Efforts are also being made to provide as far as possible for children outside the schools.

This can only be done—Belgium's children can only be saved—if every one of us who can possibly do so will give something toward the Fund. Whatever you can afford, send your subscription weekly, monthly or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or

Send Cheques Payable to Treasurer

Belgian Relief Fund

63 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

\$2.50 FEEDS A BELGIAN FAMILY ONE MONTH.