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FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



BETTY'S CAKE

W HILE Betty and Winnie's mother was away on a short visit, their grandmother came to look after things. How the children did adore the dear old lady! (And so would you if you'd known her.) And what cakes and pies she could bake!

On Friday she did her baking, and on this particular day she baked two special little cakes, one for Betty and one for Winnie—brown, round cakes, full of raisins. Yummy!

"I'm going to keep some of mine for tomorrow," said Betty.

But Winnie ate every crumb of hers. Betty took part of her cake upstairs and put it in her doll's china closet, with the pretense lock on the door.

"I'll come and rob it up while you're not looking," said Winnie—just to tease.

"No, I'm going to lock the door," said Betty. But it was only a pretense lock.

The next day Betty went to the china closet to look for her cake, and like Old Mother Hubbard, she found "her cupboard was bare!"

Oh, how provoked she was! She ran as fast as she could downstairs, and found her little sister sitting on a hamper at Grandmother's feet, trying to learn to tat.

"You horrid little pig!" cried Betty wrathfully. "You ate up my cake!"

"I didn't," replied Winnie, the shuttles dropping from her plump, little hand.

"You didn't?" repeated Betty. "Then what did you do with it?"

"Nothing," said Winnie. "I didn't ever touch your old cake."

"And you'd tell a fib!" exclaimed Betty, reproachfully.

Winnie began to cry.

Up jumped Grandmother, as spry as you please.

"No quarreling! No quarreling!" she cried. "Come along! Let's have a cake-bunt!"

Upstairs they went, Betty running on ahead.

"There! Find a cake if you can!"

she said, opening her doll's china closet.

"She acts as if I was the only person who likes cake!" said Winnie, tearfully.

"Didn't you say you were going to take it?" asked Betty.

Grandmother pushed her glasses down her nose, where she always wore them when she was on serious business. Down she knelt on the floor.

The china closet was quite a big one for a doll. It had shelves neatly covered with pink tissue paper by the careful Betty, and a great many doll's



THE JUNIOR COOK

VICTORY JAM

Soak one pound dried peaches for one hour.

Wash carefully in three changes of water. (The soaking loosens dirt and grit and is very important.)

Pour over peaches one quart of fresh water, cover and let soak for 24 hours.

If skins seem rough and furry they will easily rub off at the end of that time.

Put on to boil in water in which peaches were soaked.

Simmer till very tender—about an hour; keep covered while cooking.

Mash well with wire potato masher.

Add one cup sugar (half corn syrup and half sugar will do as well), two teaspoons cinnamon, one lemon shaved into tiny slices and one cup seeded raisins.

Simmer for one-half hour.

Very fine to serve with hot biscuits.

A PIANO STUDENT

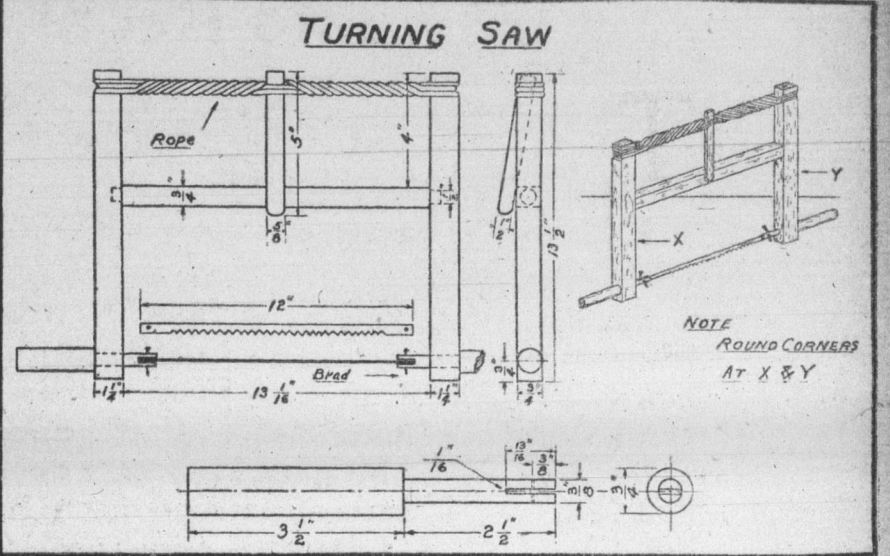
OUR BIG piano seems to me Almost a thing of life, One end sounds like a drum, you see, And one squeaks like a life.

And in between all kinds of keys Make any note you like, And you can play what tune you please If you know which to strike.

And I intend to learn to play, As big professors do, And practice every single day As teacher tells me to.

And then, when I have learned real good, I'll have a concert planned, And people in our neighborhood Will say, "Don't she play grand?"

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE. BY FRANK I. SOLAR. INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT



A TURNING SAW is a very handy tool to have in an equipment and as it is not a difficult job to make one, it is suggested that this be done and the money that might be spent for it used for some other much needed tool.

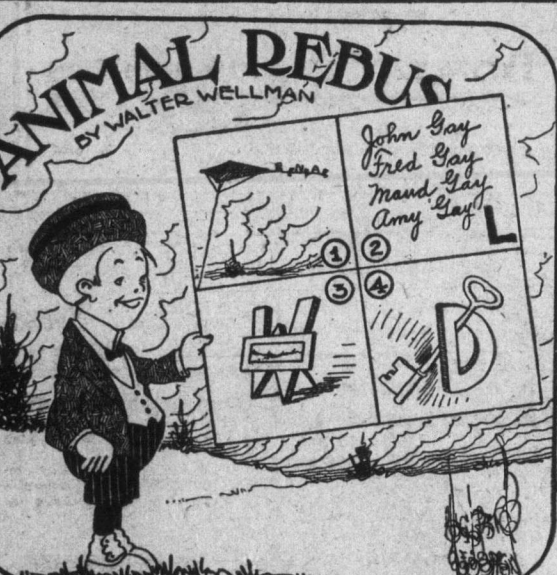
Some boys call the turning saw a buck saw, and while it resembles the buck saw, it is much easier to operate and will afford much more pleasure.

The turning saw is used for sawing runners for sleds, wheels for carts and many such things made of thick lumber where the coping saw cannot be used.

Softwood may be used for making the saw, although as it will be a permanent tool in the shop it would be much better to make it of a piece of good straight grained hardwood.

Plane to size two pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x $13\frac{1}{4}$ " for the ends. By studying both the assembled drawing of the saw and the detail of the handle you will find that two $\frac{3}{4}$ " holes should be bored for the handles, the centers being located

Puzzle Corner



Each of the four drawings represent an animal. Can you guess them? The artist was a little forgetful in making up his drawing and has made a mistake. Can you discover this?

A GROVE OF TREES (TRY'S)

Each word ends in try.

1. A region or nation.
2. Articles of food made with a crust of shortened dough.
3. A room or closet.
4. A kind of soldier.
5. People of good position or birth.
6. Cold.
7. Trifling.
8. Harmony.

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE

(The spaces in each sentence to be filled with the name of a President of the U. S. A.; each dot representing a letter.)

1. I have just finishedsilk handkerchiefs.
2. Please order some sal..... from the fishman for lunch.
3. A no..... who roams.
4. John is going ou.....er dinner.
5. Is that newment or front?
6. I was.....ding today about So.....

ANSWERS.

GROVE OF TREE (TRY'S)—

1. Coun-TRY.
2. Pie-TRY.
3. Pan-TRY.
4. Infan-TRY.
5. Gen-TRY.
6. Win-TRY.
7. Pol-TRY.
8. Symme-TRY.

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE—

1. Washington.
2. Monroe.
3. Madison.
4. Taft.
5. Pierce.
6. Polk.

ANSWERS TO ANIMAL PUZZLE—

1. HighENA (Hymen).
2. GoySL (Gazelle).
3. Weasel (Weasel).
4. Don Key (Donkey).

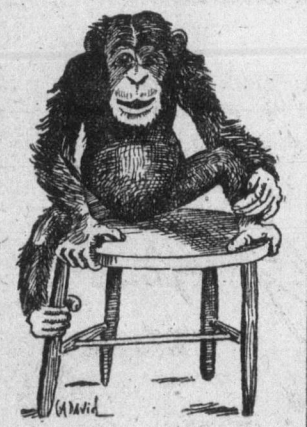
Mistake—Middle button of shoe is missing.

SOKO—HOW HE CAME TO LIVE IN THE ZOO

MY NAME is Soko, and I am a very long ways from my home, which is, or rather used to be in the dim African forests. We, that is our mother, and my brother and myself lived in a kind of a nest built on a platform of long sticks in the crotch of a very tall tree.

It had a sort of roof made of branches and banana leaves that kept us snug and dry when it rained. My father was a good deal taller than mother, and he had the strongest arms, and was not afraid of anything, unless it was a lion or a rhinoceros. He did not sleep upstairs with us, but when we got ready for bed, he would climb down, and sit all night on the ground with his back against the tree to make sure that no bo-constrictors crawled up our way.

We ate fruit and some kinds of leaves and were just as happy as the days were long. My brother and I spent most of the time playing, and swinging from one limb to another. And when we got tired of that, we would go down to the lower branches of our tree and "skin the cat," and do all kinds of stunts that nobody but a young chimpanzee could do, without breaking their necks. One day it seemed our mother had some business with a Chimpanzee lady, who lived in a big tree down near the water-hole, where the animals used to come to drink. Before she left she told us to be good little boys, stay upstairs in the tree, and not to play with the Gorilla children, and not to go near the toucan's nest, for they were not through laying. For a while we stayed in the tree, but as everything was so quiet, we ventured down to get some red and yellow fruit we could see hanging in bunches not far away. The fruit was fine, and the sunshine so warm, that we did not climb back in the tree, but played tag around the roots. After a while we sat down and leaned our back against the trunk, and played we were Chimpanzee fathers guarding the folks up in the nest, and before we knew it were both in the "land of nod." How long we slept, no one knows, but the first thing I knew, one of those two-legged man creatures was holding me tight, and fastening a rope around my neck. I yelled and yelled and did my best to bite and scratch, but it was no use, for I was tied hard and fast. The last glimpse I had of my brother, he was going hand over hand up a tall cocoonut tree. The man pulled me along by the rope, and I just had to go with him whether I wanted to or not. He really seemed like he wanted to be friendly, and once he gave me a banana, and when I could not walk any longer, he carried me in his arms.



My Name Is Soko.

THE SNOW MAN'S BUTTONS

LET'S MAKE a snow man!" cried Ned as he and his sister Martha and Sue jumped off the front porch, ready for a morning's play.

"Let's make a snow man so solid and strong that he will last the rest of the winter!"

Everybody was willing and they set to work in a hurry. Jack came over from next door and helped Ned shovel great piles of the damp, heavy snow and the girls began shaping the snow man out of the piles the boys got ready for them.

"Don't bring any more now," called Martha after a while, "I'm sure we have all we can use. Put the shovels up by the porch and help us make his arms and shoulders. We don't seem to get them just right." Ned made the right arm and Jack the left and then while Jack and the girls shaped off the feet a little better, Ned smoothed off the snow around the man so he would show off to better advantage.

"I think he's perfect!" said Sue proudly, "he's far the finest snow man I ever saw."

"He is good," Ned admitted, "but he'd be better if he had eyes and nose and mouth. I wish we could make some."

"I can make eyes," said Jack who had a sudden inspiration. "You know those two big blue marbles of mine? I'll push those into his head for eyes!" And Jack disappeared toward his house in search of the marbles.

"I can make his mouth," laughed Martha, "I'll get mother to trim the ragged edges of my best red hair ribbon; she's been intending to do it for a week and the trimmed off edges will make a fine pair of lips!"

"And why not use a pine cone for his nose?" asked Ned, "it will be a bit 'bumpy' but a bumpy nose is far better than none."

When that snow man's features were all in place the children could not help laughing at him; he certainly did look comical with his bright blue eyes, rosy lips, black eyebrows and pug nose.

"Now if he had really truly buttons on his white coat, he'd be perfect," said Sue. "I wonder if mother would give us some?" Let's ask.

"Give you some really truly buttons?" asked the children's mother when they had explained their wants at the back door, "shouldn't you rather earn buttons?"

Instead of answering, her mother went to the cupboard and got out her button box. "How would these do?" she asked, showing them a card of black buttons she had saved from a coat. The buttons were saved on a card in neat rows and were exactly what the children wanted for the snow man's coat.

"Those are just right, mother!" exclaimed Sue, "but you didn't tell us how we might earn them."

"No," replied her mother, "I wanted to be sure first that I had what you could use. I'll give one button to each child each day that duties are done without a reminder from me."

"You mean our chores and studying and helping and all that?" asked Ned, "we ought to do those things without any pay."

"I know," said his mother smilingly, "and you do; but sometimes it's hard to remember. A button a day goes to each child who does every duty without having me say, 'Ned, did you sweep the front steps?' or 'Sue, are you sure you put salt on the table?' Jack may report daily and I'll give you each a button to start off with."

The children took their buttons and stuck them down the front of the snow man's coat. And his looks were vastly improved, there was no doubt of that.

After that each day was a remembering contest. Ned helped the girls and they both helped him and Jack had good reports too. At the end of two weeks every black button in the button box was out on that snow man! He had buttons down his coat and buttons on his trousers and buttons around his hat and buttons on his sleeves. Passerby all noticed him and the children in the neighborhood called him the "button man."



He Certainly Did Look Comical.



WANT YOU to meet little Prancy And also her twin sister, Dancy They're sweeter than sugar—now fancy!

They never get angry and mutter, But eat up their bread and their butter As frisky as leaves in the gutter.

They hop and they jump about gaily And prance for a mile or more daily, And neither one ever gets wally.

Their mother just dresses them plainly, In checked gingham pinafores, mainly, And yet they are never ungaily.

Because they go prancing together In sunshine or bad snowy weather, As strong as two pieces of leather.

They never feel ugly or scrappy, They're never mean—tempered or snappy, But always quite bubbly and happy.

Plain food and fresh air make them rosy, So always at night they get dozy—Then, mother, dear, tucks them in cozy.

