

# The Angel of Chance

(By David Gray.)

This story came from the stage door-tender himself, and from the scene shifter Sweeney. It is the strangest true story that has ever come to me first hand, and yet it has to do only with a child, a doll, a pair of roller skates and the Angel of Chance, if that is her true name.

On Dec. 14, 1907, as the winter night was falling, James Patterson, aged seven, groped down the unit passages of the tenement and descended to the street. To the east lay the river, North and South and west the mysterious city spread its ways. Low over its towers hung the yellow sky, out of which the wet snowflakes came silently. James, wholly filled with a great thought, hesitated momentarily, then choosing the north, set forth into the unknown. And at this point the Angel of Chance must have joined him. Two hours later, in a dim cross street hard by the great White Way he stopped before a stage door. Where he was he had no idea, but at that exact moment a band of children was filing through the doorway. As the last disappeared James approached the doortender.

"Inside," he asked, "what is it?" The doortender looked down and, instead of meeting the furtive, wild eyes of the street child, he looked into gray eyes that gazed at him trustfully. The answer on his tongue died away. "It's a Christmas tree," he said.

"And a Santa, hey?" "Right," said the doortender. "I knew it," said the child. He started to pass in, but a barrier arm thrust out.

"You don't belong to the company," said the doortender.

"Company?" repeated the child wonderingly. "Ain't it a tree and a Santa?" A tremor came into his voice. "I've got to go in," he said, explaining. "I'm seeking it." He paused, uncertain, and the trust in his eyes dimmed.

Then there came a light step behind him, which he did not hear. Some sign was made to the doortender which he did not see. Nor was he aware of the hovering of angelic wings. He only knew that the arm that barred the passage was withdrawn, and he went in.

In the heart of an enchanted forest stood The Tree, ablaze with colored lights and redolent with the thrilling aroma of scented hemlock needles. In its top a white star glowed. Its branches bowed under a fruitage of brown paper parcels, and a Santa Claus stood by.

James, though unaware, was actually in the Never Never Land with the companions of the immortal Peter, beholding marvels advertised on no programme. He beheld with interest out without surprise, for, having accepted enchantments, anything was to be expected.

Presently a young woman, who seemed to be the chief officer of the function, approached. She lowered her voice, and cast a glance at the white-bearded saint. "He's getting old," she said confidentially. "He's losing his memory. He can't think of your name, and it mortifies him. Whisper it to me." And James whispered it.

The ceremonies of distribution began, and in response to a personal summons, James Patterson stood forward. In that moment the heavens were opened and the visible fruits of prayer descended upon him. Standing with arms full of mysterious parcels, his eyes met the young woman's, and he knew that she understood, for with her eyes she waved aside the thanks which he offered but was unable to express.

Ten minutes later Sweeney, one of the scene-shifters started to cross behind the back-drop; why he could never explain, for he had nothing to do that called him there. He heard no rustling of wings or any suspicious noise until, from the darkness at his feet, he heard a choke and then painful, disconnected little sounds.

"What's up?" said Sweeney. In reply a child's voice sobbed brokenly: "Me faith is broke. It's a doll."

Sweeney was silent for a moment. "Well," he said, "there must be some mistake. What was it you wanted?" "I asked him for rollers," gulped the voice; "number ates—and it's a doll!" "I tell you it's a mistake," said Sweeney.

"No, it's a doll!" sobbed back the voice.

Sweeney did not stop to explain. He went back to the tree. There was a consultation with the young woman and then a return for James. But James Patterson had disappeared. He had fled and was treading his way southward, through the snow whitened streets, his arms full of unprofitable parcels, and the bitterness upon him of a heart that has lost its faith. At Grand street an idea came to him. Perhaps his faith had been of too short duration prior to the event to avail. If he should begin now to ask for rollers believingly against the Christmas a year away, there could be

no slip. And the lump in his throat melted, and again hope and trust sustained his weary trudging little feet and his supperless stomach.

About this time the Lady of the Tree, who had been frantically trying to wring from her subconsciousness an address in Canal street that James had added to his name of greater definiteness, gave a cry of delight. Quite madly she plunged into a fur coat, dashed past the doortender and into a waiting motor car. Yet even she had no suspicion of the wings that had descended so low upon her.

This is all the story. On the pillow of James' bed, in which Amelia and Thomas, his juniors, were also sleeping, were the roller skates awaiting him. When he saw them, they reported that he said nothing. His face grew white and he trembled a little. Then he put the doll beside Amelia. And at that moment the Angel of Chance, if that is her right name, said good night.

Royal Medals of the Royal Society are awarded to Professor John Bristland Farmer for his work on plant and animal cytology (study of cells) and to Mr. James Hepwood Jones for researches in applied mathematics.

General Lord Rawlinson has assumed the appointment of General Officer Commanding at Aldershot, vice General Sir Archibald Murray, and will reside at Government House, the official residence of the G. O. C. at Aldershot.

For stealing £1 from the poor-box at Matlock Parish Church, David Davies, 78, the "Dartmoor shepherd," was at Derby sentenced to three years' penal servitude, another charge of sacrilege being taken into account. His previous sentences total 47 years.

Dorking has a house of chalk which has stood for 200 years. Five fishermen tried to secure a mine on Cape Clear, Cork, but it exploded, killing four and wounding one.

St. Pancras Borough Council includes 6 women, 2 doctors, 2 newsmen (both aldermen), 6 J. P.s, and 16 railwaymen.

Miss Alice Winder died at Garston, Liverpool, in her 105th year. She was born the day after the battle of Waterloo.

So far 3,000,000 out of the 11,000,000 yards of surplus cloth held by the Government has been disposed of.

Aged 81, Major-Gen. Fowler-Butler, a Kandahar veteran who rode to hounds last season, has died at the Hall, Burton-under-Needwood, Staffs.

For the foundation of a Cargill chair of applied physics Mr. John Cargill, director of oil and other companies, has offered £20,000 to Glasgow University.

While preparing to robe in his vestry before conducting evening service, the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, of the United Free Church at Alloa, Clackmannanshire, died.

The House of Lords has dismissed the appeal of Sir James Slieve Wright's widow to have his will of August 5, 1916, set aside on the ground that he was suffering from delusions.

An Imperial Flag displaying the Union Jack with symbols representing the Dominions, Crown Colonies, and Indian Empire, to be flown on Empire Day, May 24, is suggested by the Empire Movement.

An inquest at Cardiff on the body of Egan Fields, an old man who was found dead in bed, revealed the fact that although he owned several houses in the city, he lived on bread, water, and herbs.

No gold has been coined in Great Britain since October 1917, says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the gold coin estimated to be held by banks is slightly decreased.

Only 13 years old, the daughter of Mr. Frank Newson-Smith, a member of the Stock Exchange, has been awarded a certificate of the Royal Humane Society for saving a man from drowning at Deal.

The petty sessions house at Lisacrol, County Cork, has been burned down. The flames spread so rapidly that it is believed that the woodwork had been saturated with paraffin oil.

The Ministry of Labor states that the average increase in retail prices of the principal articles of food on November 1 was 131 per cent., as compared with July, 1914, the corresponding figure for October 1 being 122 per cent.

The King has appointed the Earl of Shaftesbury to be a Development Commissioner.

Councillor H. W. Surtess, J. P., of Derby, has been elected president of the Derbyshire Federation of Free Church Councils, in succession to the late Mr. Jas. Potter.

"The next war will be fought by chemists and bacteriologists," and whole districts will be blotted out—Capt. Wedgwood Dunn at Ealing.

Viscount and Lady Caye have returned to England from their visit to South Africa. Lord and Lady Caye went as far as Rhodesia, and visited Victoria Falls and Cecil Rhodes' burial place.

THEN WHAT DID SHE SAY? Miss Cypleson—"Oh, dear I found another wrinkle to-day and I'm afraid I'm growing old. And I do so dread it."

Professor Harinut—"Don't worry, Miss Beauty is only skin deep. It's the mind that counts, and your mind is still that of a child of 10."

## IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King;  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above us and below us all,  
Their soft and lowly sound  
And ever o'er its babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

## The Toronto Fat Stock Show.

The Toronto Fat Stock Show scored a notable success when new high records for practically all classes of live stock were made at the Union Yards.

The greatest interest, of course, centred around the sale of "Black Hector," the grand champion, sold under the hammer to the H. P. Kennedy, Limited, at 75 cents per pound, live weight, and realizing nearly \$1,000 in hard cash.

Mr. Kennedy stated that this splendid animal will go forward overseas with a big shipment of high-class cattle, three or four loads of them prize-winners. The champion steer will be used as an object lesson and shown in various parts of Great Britain and later turned over to the company's representative there and sold, the funds to be given to some charitable movement.

First prize hogs sold at 50¢ per cwt., winning the United Farmers' Co-operative Co., Limited, special prize. The exhibit was fine and big prices were obtained all round.

## SOME VOICES!

"Professor Serech has a wonderfully natural voice."

"Yeah, he sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' so natural last evening that twenty people left the room seasick."

## UP AGAINST IT.

"Don't fool me!" My wife has invented a new way of which the chief ingredients are salt, parsnip and garlic.

"Parsnip—Are you going to apply for a patent or a divorce?"

## Hospital for Sick Children

TORONTO

Upkeep of Big Charity Requires Fifty Cents a Minute.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The 44th annual report of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, shows a notable advance in every department of its service to the suffering and crippled youngsters of this province. The ward accommodation has been taxed to its capacity, and the summer annex, the Lakeside Home, was opened for the first time since the outbreak of war.

The daily average of cot patients has increased during the year from 192 to 223, including children from practically every county in Ontario. Even had the cost of supplies and labor remained stationary, the substantial increase in the number of patients would alone account for the addition to the charity's debt, which at the close of the fiscal year was \$109,000. This debt has become an embarrassing burden. Further increase must threaten impairment of an enviable efficiency.

The Hospital is in the forefront of all institutions upon this continent devoted to the care of sick children. It cost \$235,399 to maintain last year. This great sum not only puts at the service of the children of Ontario all the resources of medical science, but, in addition, provides for a training school for 120 nurses and for unsurpassed clinical facilities for the University students who are preparing to engage in their profession throughout the province.

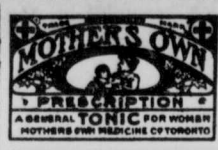
The income which must be forthcoming to finance this absolutely essential work figures out at seven hundred dollars a day; and, as there is no endowment fund, all but a fraction of that amount has to be derived from individual benevolence. Therefore the Trustees are making a Christmas appeal to every lover of children to foot the bills for some period of time, no matter how short it may be. A minute of mercy costs fifty cents.

For churches, societies, lodges, etc., who have more ample funds wherewith to assist the youngsters to a fair start in life, the naming of cots is suggested. A number of memorial cots have been thus dedicated in honor of the overseas service of fellow-members. This privilege is extended in recognition of gifts of \$2,000 to the Main Hospital or \$500 to the Lakeside Home, which can be paid in annual instalments if so desired.

Literature, illustrative of all branches of the past year's work, together with any other information desired, will be gladly furnished on application to the Secretary, the Hospital for Sick Children, College street, Toronto. Contributions should also be addressed to the secretary.

IRVING E. ROBERTSON,  
Chairman of Appeal Committee.

"This is quite a come-down for me," remarked the mercury in the thermometer, "especially when everything else is so high."



## IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND IN ILL HEALTH

Pass this general female tonic along, they will be grateful.  
A general tonic for women, growing womanhood, child bearing, change of life, etc.  
Sold at all Druggists or sent direct in plain wrapper on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box.

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

(By Arthur I. Burdick.)

Well, Christmas is here  
With its chill and cheer,  
An' I'm happy—and broke!  
My surplus has flown  
To the "Great Unknown";  
I've not the price of a smoke,  
But look at the smile on Johnny's face,  
An' listen to Molly's laugh!  
An' I ain't regrettin' the cash I've spent  
In my little one's behalf.

Yea, Christmas is here,  
An' it's mighty clear  
That I am cleaned out of pelf;  
But should I make moan  
O'er cash as has flown  
I would be ashamed of myself!  
For Nancy is wearin' a happy smile—  
With the dress I bought for her—  
That's worth about twenty-five times the price  
I am ready to aver.

Ah, Christmas is here,  
An' it's worth a year  
O' savin'—an' savin', too,  
For to get the feel  
O' the Christmas zeal  
A cousin's yer ol' heart through,  
An' a glimpse of the happiness I view,  
As I've assisted to bring,  
Is a recompense for all I've spent,  
An' a lot to boot, I fling!

Yea, Christmas is here,  
With its chill and cheer,  
An' I know one soul forlorn  
As will dine to-day  
In a different way  
Than he fingered on this morn.  
If I had not sent this basket down  
To that widder, I would choke  
A-cassin' my dinner, but now, yea see,  
I'm happy, if I am broke!

## Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with uric difficulties by day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

Mrs. M. Summers  
BOX 5, WINDSOR, Ontario

## CHRISTMAS CANDIES

TURKISH DELIGHT.

One pound of best lump sugar, 1 oz. of gelatine, 1 1/2 teacups of cold water, one teacupful of honey. To modify the intense sweetness, the juice of a lemon may be added, or half a teaspoonful of lemon essence, though vanilla or rose flavoring can be used instead.

The sugar, with half a teacupful of cold water, is put into a saucepan and brought to the boil; while the gelatine is dissolved with a teacupful of boiling water in a basin. Then the contents of the saucepan and the basin are blended together with the honey and well stirred. A few blanched almonds may be added if liked, and the flavoring and the whole mixture boiled for about half an hour. At the end of this time it should be poured out to cool into a deep china dish, which has been previously rinsed with cold water. If the Turkish delight is desired pink and white, it must be made in two quantities, to one of which is added a few drops of cochineal. The bottom layer should cool and partially set before pouring on the other half of the mixture. In order that the sweet may be quite firm before cutting up, the dish may be left standing in cold water till the next day. Then the contents should be turned on to a pastry board which has been thickly powdered with icing sugar, and the sweet-meat cut into little squares, which should again be rolled in the sugar until thoroughly coated.

If the Turkish delight is to be distributed within a short time, pretty packing cases can be made with round and square baskets. The basket should be lined with strips of soft white paper, interwoven so that the ends overlap on every side. The squares may then be packed with plenty of soft white sugar between the layers, and when the basket is filled the ends of paper should be neatly folded over the top. A pretty covering can be made for the basket by taking firm paper of different colors and folding it into a long strands about half an inch wide. These can be woven securely together into a mat a little larger than the top of the basket which it is to cover. When completed, the ends of the strips of paper should be turned in at the edges, and fastened down over the basket with a touch of glue, or tied in position with ribbon.

## CHOCOLATE WALNUTS.

Required for these are chocolate fondant about half a pound, and a dozen and a half of dried half-walnuts. Grate two bars of fine chocolate, or take the same quantity of good cocoa. Soften the white fondant by placing the vessel containing it over boiling water, then knead the chocolate into it until perfectly well mixed. Sugar the hands well, and roll it into balls, and while still soft press a half of a dried walnut into the side of each. Lay out on waxed paper to harden. Chocolate almonds can be done in the same way, using the almonds blanched. The fondant can be used plain, merely flavoring it, and coloring some pink, and some green, thus making white, pink or green walnut creams.

The halves of coconut shells, carefully cut, pierced with holes, and tied with ribbon, are very useful for holding candles and hanging on Christmas trees. The flesh of the nut may be used for making delicious coconut ice. Take 1 lb. of granulated sugar, 3-4 lb. of grated coconut, half a glass of cold water, and a pinch of cream of tartar. Boil the sugar together till it cakes round the side of the pan, and stir in the coconut. Set it aside for a few minutes. Pour out half the mixture on to a greased dish. Color the remainder pink and pour it over that which is already cooling. When quite cold and firm, cut into strips or squares.

## TO MAKE PAPER TRAYS.

Paper trays, made in pretty colors, are useful for holding chocolate bonbons and other candies. With practice they can be made very quickly, and there are no special implements required for their construction, all that is needed being some discs of stout card, a thick glove and an ordinary hairpin. To make a tray, a circle according to the size required is first cut out from a sheet of rather thick paper, and in the exact centre of this is gummed one of the discs of card allowing a paper border of about an inch. The glove is next donned, and the hairpin heated in the flame of a spirit lamp or between the bars of a clear fire; or gaffing irons may be used. The paper is then carefully crimped all round the edge, the pin being re-heated every time as it cools. The trays may be further decorated by painting, either with some little design round the centre, or between each "crimp" in different colors, such as red, white and blue.

## At the Spanish Court.

Christmas in Spain begins with the midnight mass, when the king and queen mother, accompanied by the grandes of the court, magnificently attired, go in state procession to the chapel royal of the palace in Madrid. On Christmas morning the king and court again attend mass in state, after which the day is spent in merry-making. In the afternoon the adoration of the manger takes place, when a representation of the scene in Bethlehem is unveiled in the great hall of the palace. There is also a Christmas tree, from which Alfonso distributes gifts. Throughout the ensuing twelve days the court is all benevolence and gaiety, and every great institution in Madrid shares in the royal almsgiving. The festival closes Jan. 6.

## A Perpetual Christmastide.

The solution of the social question would be found in a perpetual Christmastide, provided our generous thoughtfulness were not confined merely to our own kith and kin. Let us be assured that when the world reaches up to the highest and holiest conception of relationship it will discover that there is but one family and that the human brotherhood cannot be divided into classes antagonistic to each other. The reign of the golden rule will be the true Christian millennium.

## Nothing Like It For Bronchitis And Weak Throat

## Remarkable Cures in the Worst Cases Reported Daily

## CURES WITHOUT USING DRUGS.

Doctors now advocate an entirely new method for treating bronchitis and irritable throat. Stomach dazing is no longer necessary.

The most approved treatment consists of a healing vapor resembling the pure air of the Adirondacks. This soothing vapor is full of germ-destroying substances, and at the same time is a powerful healing agent. It is sent to the bronchial tubes and lungs through a skillfully devised inhaler, that can be carried in the vest pocket. Simplicity itself is the keynote of this splendid treatment.

CATARRHIZONE is the name of this wonderful invention that is daily curing chronic cases of weak throat, bronchitis and catarrh. Every breath through the inhaler is laden with soothing, healing substances that destroy all diseased conditions in the breathing organs. It can't fail to cure because it goes where the trouble really exists, and doesn't attempt to cure an illness in the head or throat by means of medicine taken into the stomach. Catarrhizone is a direct breathable scientific cure.

There is no sufferer from a grippy cold or any winter ill that won't find a cure in Catarrhizone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, lawyers and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large size lasts two months and cost \$1 and is guaranteed; small size 50 cents, sample size 25¢, all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhizone Co., Kingston, Canada.

