



The Nordheimer Miniature Upright A NEW AND GREATER PIANO

Price \$400, East of Ft. William

Distinctly a piano for "the Home Beautiful" and for those who appreciate a glorious tone. A Piano that arouses your pride in its possession, when musical friends call.

The purchase of a Nordheimer is not a speculation. It's a sound investment. Our 78 years of leadership—supplying the best pianos to the best families of Canada—your sure guarantee of satisfaction. Your whole investment is safeguarded by the name "Nordheimer."

There are only two other pianos, in our judgment, made on this continent, that can compare with this Miniature upright. We acknowledge their right to similar claims, but both are American makes and would cost from \$200 to \$300 more in Canada than we ask for ours.

So far, no advance in Nordheimer prices. Your money has 100% purchasing power. Act quickly, as we can give no guarantee of price remaining as above, beyond Jan. 1st.

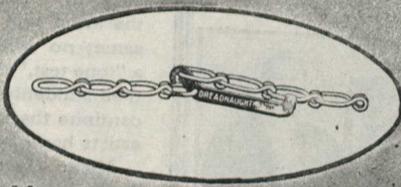
Write for Design Book E; containing full particulars.

This Nordheimer Miniature has been aptly described as "a large piano in a small case." One marvels at its **Grand Piano tone**—a volume and quality heretofore not available in a piano of its size. The development of such a tone would have excited wonderment in a large piano, but to produce it in so compact a case is an achievement that is arousing the enthusiasm of musicians.

NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., LIMITED
CORNER YONGE AND ALBERT STS., TORONTO

You will need DREADNAUGHT CHAINS

in a spot like this



The illustration shows a dangerous hill on the Hamilton-Guelph road, but a slippery city street is probably more dangerous.

The safe and sane method for motorists is to equip with Dreadnaught Tire Chains.

The long lever rim-chain connector shown in the insert is an exclusive feature.

You can't buy better chains than the Dreadnaught you can pay for.



FREE BEAUTIFUL BIG SEWING SET and A REAL SEWING MACHINE



GIRLS—Just think of it. You can have this beautiful complete sewing set and a wonderful sewing machine all your own without spending a single cent to get it. Just look at what we give you.

First—a lovely sewing bag—just like mother's—big and roomy, so you can keep in it all your dolls' clothes, sewing, embroideries, etc. Then a high grade steel embroidery scissors, a real aluminum thimble and a shiny bright metal stand for holding six spools of thread and all your pins and needles in the top. Next comes a book of high grade needles containing a fine bodkin and all sizes of needles for sewing, darning, etc. Then a set of fine English Knitting needles, a 3-in-1 crochet hook, a tape measure, two skeins of embroidery floss and just look—the complete patterns for making all the finest dolls' clothes that even a little Princess Doll would want—a beautiful dress, a lovely coat with flowing cape, a sweet little hat and a complete outfit of underwear including Princess Slip, nightgown, drawers, etc. The sewing machine is exactly as illustrated and is a little marvel. It operates by hand and will do fine work just like your mother's big \$50.00 machine. Everybody says it's simply wonderful.

We are giving all these grand prizes in order to get girls to help us to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" our new delicious Cream Candy Coated Breathlets. Send your name and address at once and we'll send you free a big 10c package to try yourself and to offer to your friends. We know you'll just love them. With your sample we will send you just 32 big handsome packages to sell among your friends at only 10c each. It's as easy as can be. As soon as folks try them they want a package or two at once. Just one or two little Fairy Berries will perfume the mouth, sweeten the breath and leave a lasting fragrance. They are delightful.

Return our money, only \$3.20 when the breathlets are sold and we will at once send you your grand sewing outfit—the sewing bag, scissors, thimble, tape, spool stand, Knitting needles, Embroidery floss, Crochet hook, needle book and the doll clothes patterns all complete just as represented and the grand sewing machine you can also receive without selling any more goods by just showing your lovely sewing outfit to your friends and getting only three of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry girls! Write today and you can soon have all these beautiful presents to show to your friends. 168 TORONTO, ONT.

Address: THE FAIRY BERRY CO. Dept. M. 4

Patriotic Souvenir

A Practical, Patriotic, Lasting
Souvenir of the Great War!



A CREST SHIELD

The ideal souvenir, gives you the Crest of "his" battalion or military unit on a handsome felt hanger. Work is in rich colors, in art process, resembles hand painting, with a metal top and hanger 11 in. x 15 in. Also has a calendar pad for 1918—a dandy feature.

Sold by book, drug, novelty and department stores everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you send us the number of "his" battalion or unit, your name and address and 25c. in coin or stamps and we will send postpaid.

Pugh Specialty Co., Limited
Clifford Street - Toronto, Ont.

Going Home For Christmas!

GOING Home for Christmas! There is art magic in the words. How our hearts thrill to the sound of them, especially if this is the first flight of young wings from the home nest.

And it is true Christmas weather, clear and bright—"a nipping and an eager air." Oh, but the snow will crunch beneath our tread as we walk home from the station, a hand tucked into father's arm, the steel-blue stars twinkling above us and a scimitar blade of moon swung low in the sky. And then at the end of the road, the sparkle of light from window and doorway and the glad home welcome that lies before us!

Going Home for Christmas! The very train has caught the infection of the words as it roars upon its way, and the rails click out the sentence over and over again.

Surely that jolly, fat, white-bearded man has somewhere a host of children waiting for Grandpa's Christmas visit. The pretty girl in the seat before us looks up with laughing, sympathetic eyes, as we blunder up the aisle, oozing parcels as we go. She, too, has an armful of Christmassy-looking bundles—but she has been wiser than we and has consigned them all to the capacious embraces of a brown and white string bag, the very marrow of which hangs in the cupboard of our little room in the city, having been rejected by us as far too countrified for use. Now we wish that we had been more sensible, as we scramble round upon the floor of the car collecting our various belongings.

The conductor calls the name of the familiar station. We hurriedly gather up our impedimenta and alight, to find, as we expected, father's face beaming a welcome to us. Then comes the walk home through the whispering pine-woods, the sudden rush of warmth and light as the door is thrown wide; the aroma of Christmas goodies; mother's outstretched hands and glad cry of welcome; the crowd of dear home faces—oh, but it is good to be home once more, in the heart of it all!

Follows much laughter and chatter—tales of the life of the great city, eager queries for this one and that—all the little happenings of the home to be recounted to our eager ears. But at last we go up to our own old room; mother tucks us into bed once more as she has done so often in the past; the lights wink into darkness one by one, and sleep descends upon us.

And the next day! What distribution of gifts to all the family! What marvelling at the cleverness with which we have anticipated the exact wants of each member of the household. Little brother's exultation over his new hockey skates more than makes up for the chocolates and sundaes we have denied ourselves in order to make the purchase. Father is wearing his gold-rimmed eyeglasses proudly. Mother hangs enchanted above the misty laces that her soul loves.

And ourself! Fondly we declare that our every desire has been fulfilled—that our cup of blessing is shaken together, pressed down and running over. We look with tenderness upon the impossible butterfly, with its purple body and yellow wings stained with much gore from little sister's unaccustomed fingers in her ardor to make for us "a really truly penwiper, all by myself." We are ready, for the moment at least, to swear that it is an object of art unsurpassed by the masterpieces of all the ages. It is the love that goes with their transcendent value—the love that nowhere on earth is gathered and stored up for us save here in the heart of home.

And then comes the sound of the Christmas bells, the drive to church behind Frank and Brit, the old grey horses that we have known from childhood. We kneel at the Christmas Eucharist our hearts going back to that first Christmas among the snowy hills of Bethlehem with a sudden realization of all the day has meant to the world through the flight of two hundred centuries.

And then home again to the Christmas dinner and Christmas games, the dance and laughter, the jest and jollity of the day, consecrated for us now by those moments when, kneeling at God's altar, we gave thanks for the Birth that has given us all the joy of Christmas. Resolutely we put aside all thoughts of the morrow, when we must fare forth into the world again for another year leaving the dear home nest until, a twelvemonth hence, we shall once more be looking forward with joyful hearts to Going Home for Christmas.