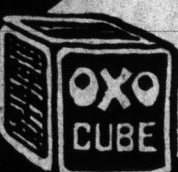


# OXO CUBES


CONCENTRATED BEEF

## DRINK OXO—and KEEP WARM!



No wonder OXO is a favorite winter beverage! It strengthens and sustains against cold and fatigue. Prepared in a minute—the minute you want it.

**A CUBE TO A CUP**




Tins of 4 and 10 Cubes



and the sealed air-tight carton keeps it "Good".

Red Rose Tea comes to you with all its original rich strength and rare flavor fully retained.

IN THE STRIPED PACKAGE



TRY THEM TODAY

## Coal Oil Light TEN DAYS FREE

BEATS GAS OR ELECTRICITY



Make your home bright and cheerful, saving one-half on oil. Government and leading University tests prove this wonderful new Aladdin nearly five times as efficient as best round wick open-flame lamps. Burns 70 hours on one gallon common kerosene (coal oil). No odor, smoke or noise, no pumping up, easy to operate, won't explode. WON GOLD MEDAL. GUARANTEED. Prove for yourself, without risk, by

### Ten Nights Free Trial

that Aladdin has no equal as a white light. If not satisfied, return at our expense. \$1000 given anyone showing us an oil lamp equal in every way to this NEW MODEL ALADDIN.

### GET YOURS FREE

We want one user in each locality to whom customers can be referred. In that way you may get your own without cost. Be the fortunate one to write first for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and learn how to get one FREE.

**MANTLE LAMP CO., 255 Aladdin Bldg., MONTREAL or WINNIPEG**

Make big money spare or full time. Our easy selling plan makes experience unnecessary. We start you without money. Sample sent for 10 days trial and GIVEN FREE when you become a distributor.

### Agents Wanted

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (In.)**  
21 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Don't Throw It Away



USE **MENDETS**

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them. At any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted.

**Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. W. Collingwood, Ont.**

## The Gift of the Storm

By E. C. Cumming  
Contd. from page 13

broke out the man with a reticence. "That will be impossible, Dick, under the conditions that now exist, for I could not possibly leave Dad just now with the work of the year on his hands," the girl replied, well knowing that once again she was side-tracking the issue before them. "Wait for a year and then perhaps I can repay you for some of the things you have done for us."

"Nelly, it's not the question of paying that's worrying me just now. What's done is done and done with, but I want you very much indeed in my life. I can understand that your father is going to be right up against it, but then, we could work the farms from this point together," he said with a persistence that would not allow the evasion.

The question, however, was left unsettled, with the agreement that it was to be considered a year from that date. "I do not know you or your people and while you are here under the name of Coleman, I am convinced that there are some things that you have not told me. If you will let me into your secret during the months that are ahead we will talk over the situation and decide the issue," she promised.

The months that followed were busy ones for the farmers of the prairies, but there were times when Coleman found it expedient to pay many visits to the homestead of the McKenzies. Again and again they found themselves discussing the storm and its outcome, and one evening just before leaving, the man decided to show his hand. In the gathering dusk of the great prairies he told the story of the past, omitting, however, the fact that he was connected with one of the great families of the old land. The omission went by the board and the girl came to the position where she found it possible to accept the bravery of this man without a full knowledge of his pedigree. Such a man, she argued, who could risk life itself for unknown people, must have something that was great beneath his pseudonym, and after all she was convinced that there had come into her life that love for him that overlooks the conventions of names and labels. Towards the end of the year, therefore, the question was again to the fore and at the conclusion of the discussion, Nelly said:

"Dick, my dear, after all I have to give in. The things that you have told me have made me a proud woman and I am happy to accept your gift."

"It's not you that's making the gift at all, my dear, but let us say that it came as a result of the storm," he said.

"A year ago I began to think that it would be the worst day in all my life out on these great plains, but the storm with its gift to me has made me the happiest man in the world. I decided that it was the last place to live in on earth and had decided to get away on the first train that would take me out, but since you have come, dear, it has become a very heaven itself."

The wedding was arranged on the first anniversary of his great fight and appropriately in the shack to which she had at first been taken by the man who now stood at her side. As soon as it was possible to get away they went out together to look across the great stretches, and as Coleman took his bride into his arms he said:

"My storm girl, I am going to be thankful for the rest of my life for the prairie blizzard, for it has surely brought me the greatest of all life's gifts, the gift of a great love."

## Grandmothers' Day

By Janey Canuck

Contd. from page 4

But, pho! I'm a Jack-in-the-box myself who must appear to the impudent call of several bells. Neither did we like the dime banks. These are a mean present for Christmas, the only equivalent of which may be found in the action of those folk who collect nickles from school children

Nelly, these weeks have taught me that life will not be worth the candle when you have gone and I am wanting you to become my wife here,"

to erect a statue in memory of the last sovereign.

But best of all the things we liked the confectionery store containing bottles of sweets, packages of chocolates, scales, paper bags and all other requisites for that juvenile castle of delight, the rich candy lady's shop.

There is no saying how much longer we might have stayed, the little maid and I, if the six o'clock gong had not sounded and had not the shop girls covered the toy people with long white sheets, as though putting them all to bed.

"Sleep tight, little folk," we said, "pleasant dreams, and a very good night to you all."

One of the pleasures of the end of the year is that you are able to sit down (you had better close your eyes for this) and tell your fortune backward. It is a most fascinating experience, and by no means, unprofitable. And when this is over, it is equally interesting to cast your mind into the future and ask whither you go. Along what path will you travel in the coming year? What will the future hold? Will the coming months mark the advent of new energy, or witness the continuance of old indolence? The new way will have new scenery, new possessions, new joys, and should have new songs. It should be a better year than last or we have missed our lesson.

But, after all, our chief concern is not so much what the future holds as how we shall approach it. The unexpected is always just in front of us. By the manner in which we meet it, we will grow either stronger or weaker, greater or smaller. It may be a bitter disappointment, but let us turn the matter over carefully to see if we cannot turn the disappointment into an appointment. We will soon know that it is possible to work all things together for good.

We have not much respect for the prevalent cry about lost opportunities. All moments are propitious. A thousand chances lie between you and to-morrow. "Nothing is too late," says Tennyson, "till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

They are only weak people who are out of the running and talk of lost opportunities. To the live men, the best chance is not in the old year. It is just around the corner in the new, and he's pushing in that direction for all he's worth. He hasn't time to be pessimistic, nor has he time to bother the Almighty with things he can do himself. He knows the Almighty is very busy, too.

To one and all, then—but especially to you, our readers—we wish a propitious new year.

## Getting Home

By I. R. Warren

Contd. from page 8

he said. "It'll keep you going to the bridge at least."

Drawing the cork, he slipped the neck of the flask between the filly's lips, just in the bar, and, tilting it up, poured the raw spirit into her mouth.

The effect was instantaneous. He had barely time to drop the flask and scramble into the saddle before she was off down the road. The runners were not yet in sight. He could hear the sound of their hoofs, but they never came into view.

So they rattled on, until a little bridge came in sight, running over a sluggish and frozen stream. Ned reined the filly in by the water-side, slipped from the saddle on to the ice, and, smacking her neck, sent her on. Then, keeping under the shadow of the bushes on the bank, he struck rapidly upstream.

A couple of miles farther on, the Bow Street runners, following the hoof-prints closely, came up to a riderless horse in the last stages of exhaustion. They struck back along the trail, but the smooth ice left no footprints. Nightriding Ned had vanished.

Further up the stream, a dark figure running along the ice, came to an old mill, where a warm light glowed welcomingly from a window. He unlatched the door and stepped inside, a dishevelled, bare-headed figure.

A little girl ran to him, shrieking delightedly: "Daddy, daddy!"

And a woman, dark and comely, threw her arms round his neck, and broke into sob of thankful relief. "I said I'd get home for Christmas, you see, Margot lass," he said tenderly, "and here I am."