

TAKE IT FOR
**BOWEL TROUBLES
CHILLS
CRAMPS**
APPLY IT FOR
**SPRAINS
CHILBLAINS
SORE THROAT**



Finding Secret of Life

By KATHLEEN NORRIS.

One of the most bewildering things about this bewildering world is the fashion words have of changing their meanings. We read them or hear them at 10, at 25, and at 40, and they seem to have three entirely different significances at the three different times. The small girl at 12, hears your words, indeed, but they appear to carry no meaning to her. "Get your practice in, sweetheart," you say. "You'll be so glad, when you are a young lady, to play the piano even reasonably well. And an hour a day now will be worth weeks of practice to you then!"

HOW IT WORKS.

Does she hear you at 12? She must because she replies, infinitely bored, almost fearful, extremely resentful, "All right, mother."

But eight years later she reproaches you. "I wish you had made me practice when I was little, mother! An hour a day then would be worth weeks of practice to me now!"

Which one of us has not glanced at a book in childhood, passed it by, glanced at it in the unthinking twenties, passed it again, and then found it to be a treasure and a delight in the thirties?

Which one of us does not say over and over: "If I only had the sense then that I have now! If I had been decent to that brilliant woman instead of laughing at the hang of her skirt; if I had studied German with that German family right in the same house—"

PROFIT AND LOSS

Some words I have heard all my life came back to me forcefully the other day with a new meaning. They were without exhausting or fully comprehending. They were these: "Whoso loathes his life shall gain it," and "What doth it profit a man to

SOME EXAMPLES

I know men and women, and you do, too, who have lost their souls; women who have no longer discernment to see the eternal elements in the things of daily life, nor the desire to regain it.

They have their bodies left, and they dress and eat and travel and buy things. They watch each other jealously and resentfully, trying to eclipse and outdistance one another. They are not necessarily cruel, nor selfish with merely tangible things. But they never give themselves. And they are the most wretched persons in the world.

One of them, an elderly woman of my acquaintance, lives in a large apartment with three servants. She gives dinners. She goes to concerts. She flies to Europe and buys clothes. She wishes to harm nobody. At Christmas time she spends several busy days tying up packages for her friends.

BELIEF IN CREATION.

Watching her one night, stout, bejewelled, idle, lazy, greedy, pathetically lonely and unsatisfied, I had a sudden flashing realization that she had simply lost her soul. That was all.

It may be ignorant, superstitious, blind; it may be choked with mistakes and stupidities; but any religion, any code, that has as its basis: "I am a creature, and therefore there is a Creator," is better than none.

A fanatic here and there may scourge himself to death, or some poor searcher for a message beyond the veil lose her mind, but these are just the outer fringes of the great mantle of faith that envelopes, and will envelope, most of the living world.

Hundreds of thousands of persons—men especially, perhaps—seem to feel that by keeping half the law they are doing well. They live Christian lives. They abide by God's Word. But they do not believe in Him.

They want satisfaction and happiness they have come through the brotherhood and the love that religion teaches they freely admit. But there they stop. And just at the point in life that means losing the soul.

DEGREE OF LIFE

Since the conviction occurred to



"BABE" GOES BACK TO THE FARM

Here are "Babe" and Mrs. Ruth, taken in a pastoral setting, with some of their Guernsey cows, on their farm up at Sudbury, Mass. They are living the simple life up there, and the "Babe" says he never felt so fit before. He looks it, and the Missus seems to be enjoying

me! I have been deeply interested in restlessness, dissatisfaction, aimless, and estimating the men and women I see at the mere suggestion that there is just what fraction of their souls remains alive. I recommend this in the scheme, and personal responsibility here and here is her closest friend, who has perhaps lost a child, do, how closely earthly happiness follows upon the discovery that nothing earthly is of the slightest consequence.

Here are two rich women; one, As for the actually spiritual per-

sons, there is nothing with which to compare their happiness but that of a small, well-beloved child in a June garden.

JOY IN GOD.

During a trip once I spent several days with some really "holy" women, who referred everything they did to God, and mentioned His will as casually as if He were travelling in the party—as, indeed, perhaps He was. Their delights in the little, tearful events of the trip, their joy in an occasional baby or an occasional flower, their deep gratitude for wayside meats and beds into which to sink at night, made those days among the most radiant of my life.

Above all, they had their message, greater than pride or shyness or self-consciousness, or poverty or homelessness of middle age. They were doing, as they often said serenely, "God's work."

And this same thing I noted of the greatest and most sensational of the modern evangelists when I talked to him. He was hoarse, weary, hungry, jostled, exhausted most of the time. But he was ecstasically happy, as men are after battles, or women after childbirth, or whole communities after earthquake, flood or fire.

PRIMARY MOTIVE.

"Not even brotherhood will do for this world," said the wisest woman I ever knew in her old age. "Unless it is that brotherhood that comes from the command to love God first, with your whole heart and your whole soul."

"People who are merely good from a sense of human justice are like servants who go out and sweep the street and wash the seaside rocks, and whom no man employs. For all the generosity, for all the work, they have made no bargain, and how can they receive pay?"

Some years ago I read a contemporary life of a man who was a king, only a hundred years ago. One hopes that the accounts of this sovereign are grossly exaggerated, but the phrase "gain the whole world and

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suffer the loss of his soul" has been inevitably suggested to me in every word I read about him. Here was youth, beauty, power, the highest position in the whole world. The little boy walked upon velvet carpets, trumpets heralded his steps. Beautiful women, beautiful palaces, beautiful music, flowers, wines and robes surrounded him.

There was nobody to punish or rebuke his pleasures, his excesses and his vices; nobody to defend the girls who, because of him, went down to dishonor and death. It was all sunshine, races, regattas, banquets, balls. One of the things they tell of him is that upon one occasion he killed a waiter in a wayside tavern and commanded that the man's life be charged against him in the bill.

LATER DAYS.

Lately a modern essayist has written a study of his old age—his old age as a bloated, fat-faced man with a disease-saturated body; a man who came to shun the daylight, to fear curious eyes, and who spent his last long years hidden in a country place, stuffing, drinking, sleeping, evading his duties as sovereign, tearing his hair over the death of his only child.

The last sight we have of him is hiding himself in the branches of an oak, peering out in an agony of shame, lest to be seen and identified and the visitors in his park laugh at his enormous body and florid face.

Clearly no one needs vague mysterious fear of an awful Judgment Day, to realize that this man had simply lost his soul. His body he had, with its appetites and its frailties. Every thing else was gone.

PERSONAL APPEAL

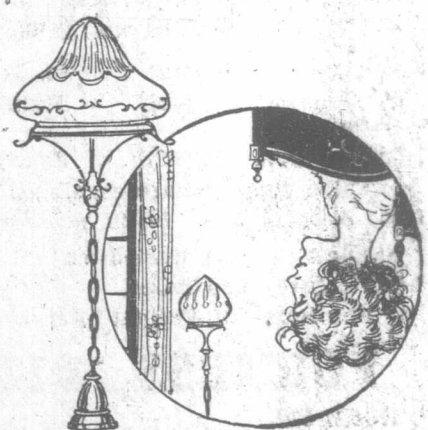
"My dear friend," said a sweet-faced, simple-looking, flat-voiced Salvation Army lassie to me in the street one day, laying her thin, bare, freckled young hand appealingly upon what happened to be a damagingly frivolous looking coat sleeve, "don't you want to be saved? Wouldn't you like to feel that you had given your heart to God?"

I wanted to say—well, you can imagine exactly what I wanted to say. But, after all, there was a happiness in her face that the face of the King I have just mentioned never knew.

LOGIC AND SOUL.

Logic and argument and analysis fail here, as they always will where the things of the soul are concerned. To be in love is to be the least logical of humans, yet which one of us would surrender one second of the ecstasy for that?

The soul is a lamp that needs oil, a garden that needs planting. Among our cares for the children, music, dentist, finger nails, frocks, schooling, friendship, bank accounts, the care of their souls is something for us also to remember.



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REUNITED AT LAST

The ex-Crown Prince of Germany, photographed with his wife on his own castle steps at Oels, in Upper Silesia. This photograph is the first taken of the fugitive since his desperate dash for liberty. The question now is—what will he do next?

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