### SANDWICHES SERVED IN COURT CIRCLES

Sandwiches at 5 o'clock are an everyday affair in court and fashionable circles in Canada and abroad.

A dainty recipe is thin bread or toast buttered, then spread lightly with BOVRIL, sandwiched and served cut in fingers or squares.

# BOAR

CONTAINS ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF.

## ONTARIO PROVINCIAL

# WINTER FAIR

WILL BE HELD AT

# Guelph, Dec. 11 to 15, 1911

EXHIBITS CONSIST OF OVER 6,000 HIGH-CLASS

# HORSES BEEF AND DAIRY CATTLE SHEEP, SWINE, SEEDS AND POULTRY

Judging begins at 8 a.m., Tuesday, December 12th, and continues until Friday afternoon. December 15th.

#### PRACTICAL LECTURES

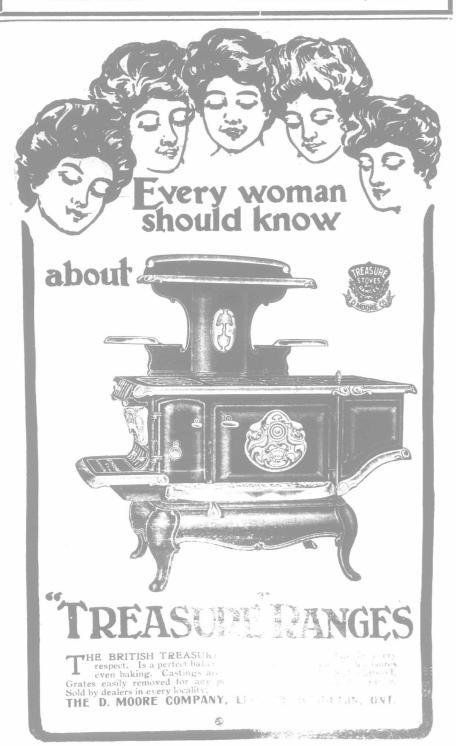
will be given on subjects relating to the various classes of live stock; also to seeds, poultry, alfalta and the conservation of soil moisture.

Single-fare rates on the railways.

For programme of judging and lectures, apply to the Secretary.

JONN BRIGHT, PRES.
MYRTLE STATION.

A. P. WESTERVELT, SEC.
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



#### Cuddle Doon.

By Alexander Anderson.

Many people have in their possession one or two of these tender and touching poems, written by Alexander Anderson, "surfaceman," but few have a copy of all of them. We herewith append the series of three. Anderson, though only a surfaceman, which in Scotland is the designation of those who work upon the highway breaking stones and keeping the road in repair, has in these poems touched a chord that appeals to all classes.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faught an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' his curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'.
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin and fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab Cries oot frae neath the claes, "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at once, He's kittlin' wi' his taes." The mischief's in that Tam for tricks, He'd bother half the toon; But aye I hap them up an' cry, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit
An' as he steeks the door
They turn their faces to the wa'
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks
As he pits aff his shoon;
"The bairnies John, are in their bed,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's We look at our wee lambs, Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck, An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's. I lift wee Jamie up the bed, An' as I straik each croon, I whisper till my heart fills up, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon! The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht Wi' mirth that's dear to me; But soon the big warl's cark an' care Will quaten doon their glee. Yet, come what will to ilka ane, May He who rules aboon Aye whisper, though their pows be bald, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

### BAIRNIES WAUKEN UP.

Wull I hae to speak again,
To thae weans o' mine?
Eicht o'clock, and weel I ken
The schule gangs in at nine.
Little hauds me but tae gang
And fetch the muckle whup;
Oh, ye sleepy-heidit rogues,
Wull ye wauken up?

Never mother had sic faught,—
No' a moment's ease!
Cleed Tam as ye like, at nicht
His breeks are through the knees;
Threeds is no for him ava';
It never hauds the grup;
Maun I speak again, ye rogues,
Wull ye wauken up?

Tam, the very last to bed,—
He winna rise ava;
Last to get his books and slate,
Last to roon awa.
Sic a limb for tricks and fun,
Heeds na' what I say;
Rab and Jamie—but thae plagues,
Wull they sleep a' day?

Here they come, the three at ance, Lookin' gleg an' fell,
Hoo they ken their bits o' claes,
Beats me fair to tell.
Wash your wee bit faces clean,
An' here's your bite an' sup,—
Never was mair wiselike bairns
Noo they're waukened up.

There the three are aff at last;

I watch them frae the door—
That Tam, he's at his tricks again,
I coont them by the score.
He's put his fit afore wee Rab,
An' coupit Jamie doon;
Could I lay my han's on him,
I'd make him claw his croon,

Noo to get my work on han',
I'll hae a busy day,
But losh! the house is unco quate
Since they're a' away.
A dizzen times I'll look the clock
When it comes roun' to three,
For cuddlin doon or wauken' up
They're dear, dear bairns to me.

THE LAST CUDDLE DOON.

I sit afore a half-oot fire,
And I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' or fremit dauners in,
For a' my fowk are gane,
An' John, that was my ain guid man,
He sleeps the mools amang—
An auld frail body like mysel'—
It's time that I should gang.

The win' moans roun' the old hoose 'en,
An' shakes the ae fir tree,
An' as it sughs, it waukens up
Auld things fu' dear to me.
If I could only greet my heart,
It wadna' be sae sair;
But tears are gane, an' bairns are gane,
An' baith come back nae mair.

Ay, Tam, puir Tam, sae fu' o' fun,
He faun' this warld a fecht',
An' sair, sair he was hadden doon
Wi' mony a weary wecht.
He bore it a' until the en',
But when we laid him doon,
The gray hairs there afore their time
Were thick amang the broon.

An' Jamie, wi' the curly heid,
Sae burly, big an' braw,
Was cut down in the pride o' youth,
The first amang them a'.
If I had tears for thae auld een,
Then could I greet fu' weel,
To think o' Jamie lyin' deid
Anaith the engine wheel.

Wee Rab—what can I say o' him?
He's waur than deid to me,
Nae word frae him the weary year
Has come across the sea.
Could I but ken that he was weel,
As I sit here this nicht,
This warld wi' a' its fraucht an' care
Wad look a wee thing richt.

I sit afore a half-oot fire,"
An' I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' hae I to dauner in,
For a' my fowk are gane."
I wuss that He who rules us a'
Frae where He dwells aboon
Wad touch my auld gray heid an' say,
"It's time to cuddle doon."

### Out of the Depths.

Out of the depths of my soul,
A Voice is calling, entreating,
Oh, Mother Nature, make thou
Some of thy mysteries mine.
Lend me thy guidance, thy laws,
The beauty and power in thee meeting.
Open my vision to see; I will be student
of thine.

O'er me the beautiful heavens
With myriad planets are glowing;
'Neath me the bountiful earth,
Teeming with wonders untold;
Out of the depths of the sea
Come voices thy awfulness showing;
Even the least of thy works
Pages of marvels unfold.

Oh, that my ears had the gift
To the soul of thy music to listen;
Oh, that my heart had the power
Thy teachings of love to unfold;
Then would my vision grow clear,
And thro' the dark shadows would
glisten
Truths that would help me to live,

That are old as the mountains are old.

(Who can declare but a tree has a Language and voice in its growing; Who can declare that the grass Has never a song as it springs). Ears we may have, and see not Eyes that are bright; yet not knowing Half of the truth of our lives, so many

The morning stars sang all
Together, ages ago, it is told us.
Little can we understand,
Dull are our earthly-filled ears;
Not till the mortal is dropped
And the spiritual senses enfold us
Can we expect to awake,
Awake to the music of spheres.
—Sarah E. Howard, Greeley, Col.

The dim hidden things.