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We publish a First Aid Book—128 pages, with over 100 illustrations—written by a famous surgeon, now a Major in charge of a U. S. Army Field Hospital. It is a complete reprint of our book that sells for 50c. It is part of our effort to save mistakes, before the doctor comes.

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little Henri she had comforted had grown into such a big Henri.

"You are just as you used to be, Catharine," Henri continued, "only older, of course. I couldn't forget your dear face and those bright eyes. But tell me, who is Marie? You never had any sister in Chebogne."

"Oh, Marie is my half sister. Mother married her father and we lived in Eelbrook. But when my step-father died we were very poor and so we came to the mills to find work. Now, they're shut down, and—" Catharine hesitated.

"So you're helping the dressmaker?" Henri interrupted. "You were always clever, Cassie. You learned English and things so quickly in the school. I was too utterly stupid."

"But, Henri, you never went to the school as much as I did. You had to be out fishing and gardening for your mother. Little Marie never went to anything but a little French-Canadian school. It has made it very hard for her to find work in the mills."

Henri turned to smile at the younger girl. Standing by the chair on which lay the box, she was peering through a torn edge, curiously regarding the contents.

"Marie, child!" exclaimed Catharine, "bring the big scissors. We'll open the box. We're dying to see the presents."

"Nonsense, don't go. I'll break the string," Henri volunteered, skilfully unknitting the twine.

As they pulled back the cover, a mass of fragrant evergreen fell over the floor.

coast on. And somehow, Cassie, even if it should go to pieces, I'd like to think that we'd both be spilled out together."

Placing his arm around her, he drew her gently toward him, his eyes entreating of her, a response.

She smiled shyly, meeting the lovelight in his eyes.

"Henri, yes—I'd like to coast down the hill of life, with you, dear boy, to steer."

Henri drew her nearer and bending his head kissed the flushed face.

"Dear heart, this is a real Christmas. Over by the river there is a chapel. To-night the children are singing carols there. To-morrow the priest comes to meet the people at mass. We'll go and meet him before the service opens. Up on the hillside, with a view of the river, there is a bungalow, all mine. Then, God helping me, you and Marie will make all the other Christmases real and merry."

Mount Cavell

Thy deeds of loyal bravery,
Thy death of high nobility—
Have won a mountaineer fame for thee—
Edith Cavell!

Piercing the sky in majesty,
Whoever lifts his eyes to see,
Must, seeing, think and speak of thee—
Edith Cavell!

Snow-wreaths enshrine thy purity,
While, from each sentinel valley tree,
Birds sing thine endless elegy—
Edith Cavell!

—Marion Short.



Trap Shooting—A pleasant pastime at Minaki

Tears filled the eyes of both girls as they buried their faces in it, inhaling its fragrance.

With exclamations of delight the three opened the Christmas boxes. The simple gifts, the handiwork of the loved ones of Acadie recalled the spirit of other Christmas eves. In response to Henri's request Catharine and Marie threw over their heads the pretty blue and pink kerchiefs, daintily embroidered in sprays of wild rose and fern.

"You are more real, now," Henri laughed gaily. "Three cheers for Uncle Sam and his duty! For if it hadn't been for that, I never would have found you."

Marie gathered the evergreen into one bunch and carried it into the kitchen to freshen with water.

Henri turned to Catharine. "Little girl, I am sorry that I have no gift for you to-night. There was a box of candy, all covered with wild wood violets. Had I known—" then he smiled, for the two silver half-dollars had in reality bought Catharine a Christmas box.

Catharine interrupted him. "You—you have given us a Christmas day. If you had not paid the duty, there would have been no Christmas for us. I am sorry we have no gift to give you in return."

Henri, taking her hands in his own, said very softly:

"Catharine, there is only one Christmas gift I want, and that is yourself, dear heart—for I love you. I've always loved you, Cassie. I want to take you coasting with me again, down a long, steep hill. It's the hill of life.

"There's a pretty substantial sled to

There are many persons so dulled to the sensation of thirst, that they forget to drink a glass of water for hours.

"NO TROUBLE"

To Change to Postum.

"Postum has done a world of good for me," writes a gentleman.

"I had indigestion nearly all my life, but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble. (Tea is just as harmful, because it contains caffeine, the same drug as in coffee.)

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