

She waded through the deep snow until she reached the station. In another hour the train was due. The agent looked up surprised when Janet asked for the ticket. Every one in the village loved the little teacher; but she made no explanation. There times when explanations are not necessary.

Janet had made a decision. She had built her life on high ideals. Truth was written on her face—it was indicated by her gesture and reflected in the gleam of her eye. Her whole life was inspired by faith and she had developed a purpose. The force of a fine unstained ideal elevated her heart and soul.—Janet's courage, determined and magnificent created an atmosphere of personality that made intruders afraid to approach too close. So armed with this power of character she had no fear.

Down the track the light of the engine and whistle thrilled her for the moment. Nearer and nearer it came—somehow the excitement fascinated her for a moment. It was good to get away from a home that laughed at her.

Would anybody care? Perhaps—perhaps not. Father might swear, mother might complain, Maud would laugh and Tom would not think it worth while to bother about. So Janet settled down in the car seat to reflect. The spell of excitement subsided and the motion of the car made her sleepy. After a few hours she was roused by the conductor.

"Next station!" Janet stepped down from the train, walked through the gate, on through the waiting room to the outside and there she had the first glimpse of the city.

A boy passed with an armful of papers and Janet bought one, went back to the waiting room and read the Want advertisements.

She finally decided to try housework as she felt she would face less dangers even if the work was hard.

A few evenings later, tired and lonely she went down to the city to see a moving picture show.

"You are alone?" asked the woman in the next seat.

When Janet answered "yes," the new acquaintance sympathizingly took her hand.

"I'm so sorry for lonely girls. Come to my home. We'll have a cup of tea." Janet felt that surely a change had come at last.

A few young men happened to call in the evening and she met several girls. A little music, conversation, a cup of tea and an escort home brought something new into her misunderstood life.

The days passed quickly and evenings happily. On her day out the new friend and Janet went to a fortune teller. Though Janet paid her two dollars she felt it was money well spent since the mind reader said she was to meet her Prince Charming that very evening. So perfect was the description that later when he called at the home of her friend, Janet felt that surely fortune telling should not be ridiculed. Mrs. Smith, the hostess who so kindly befriended Janet seemed to be a general favorite for men and girls met and accepted her hospitality.

A gay little theatre party was planned.

"Thank you, Janet, you'll be the happiest girl in the city this evening." Will Manning—so clean and well groomed acknowledged Janet's acceptance in a manner that thrilled her with delight.

The lights were brilliant—the play was entertaining. Janet was lifted to another world.

"To the restaurant for dinner!"

The invitation from the men was gladly accepted by the little party. In less than half an hour the group, flushed with excitement, entered a little private dinner room. The walls were decorated in rose colored panels, highly carved woodwork in cream added a rich tone to the magnificence. Soft blue lights gave the whole place a touch of the beauties of a fairyland such as girls dream of.

Suddenly Janet was blinded by a dazzle. Everything before her seemed to disappear and before her eyes up above the mirrors appeared a picture of the

home she had left. Father at the head of the table—mother pouring the tea, Maud at the side spreading bread with butter for the little sister and Tom enjoying his second piece of pie.

To every girl comes a crisis when in a moment, without chance for reflection, she must decide to act instantly. What determines her decision? Her whole past, the daily choices between good and evil—her faith in the honest ideals of life. This crisis came to Janet. She acted instantly true to her honor and courage.

"Excuse me," she said calmly, and hastened out of the room. Once outside she rushed down and out into the open street and on to the home where she worked.

Just as she opened the door the familiar face of a man waiting in the hall greeted her.

"I've come to take you home, Janet, for Christmas."

Janet looked up into the fine honest eyes of the most successful business man in her home town. All through her girlhood she had admired him—but he held himself aloof from girls and was considered a hardened bachelor—though young in years.

"Think you, my dear girl, I have not been longing for you to grace my home? The little home town is lonely for you. The parents you left are broken hearted: Maud goes about like a lost child. You're coming home with me, as my wife. The minister is down at my sister's home waiting for us. How did I know you loved me? I can feel the soul that speaks through honest eyes. I have watched the expression change when you looked from others to me. You were too true to cover the inspiration of sincerity that marked your tone of voice."

And Janet, too moved to speak, did not resist when he drew her to him in silent satisfaction.

Just then the minister appeared at the door of the library.

In her amazement, Janet seemed paralyzed.

His sister's home? This home where she was in domestic service? Ah now, the explanation of her discovery was clear.

Just outside the cry "Evening Papers! Evening Papers!" pierced the harmony for a moment. "A thrilling arrest!" shouted the newboy.

An interruption—a paper—curiosity sometimes interrupts bliss.

"Arrested in—Café! A group of men and one woman! A part of a fortune telling gang. Mrs. Smith rented a room and advertised for a position as housekeeper to bachelors and widowers. In this way she got in touch with certain men. Then she haunted picture shows to 'befriend' young girls and invited them to her home. They were taken in turn to a fortune teller who was in league with her and she prophesied the young men friends who would be introduced by Mrs. Smith. In this way a clever ring of men and women are working among young girls."

Janet leaned nearer and nearer to her manly husband as her hungry heart felt the power of his protection.

Outside bells and bells rang in the joy of Christmas Day and Janet had found her own soul. The spiritual force that comes from the power of faith in the Christ Child had warned her in the great crisis of her life, and her heart was filled with peace—peace and good will.

## Mother's Corner

### HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS

Children are what the mothers are. No fondest father's fondest care Can fashion so the infant heart As those creative beams that dart With all their hopes and fears, upon The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see A father near him on his knee, Who wishes all the while to trace The mother in his future face. But 'tis to her alone uprising His wakening arms; to her those eyes Open with joy and not surprise.

## Furs for Xmas Gifts

And where a more desirable place to choose them than here where the highest grade garments are selling at the most attractive prices ever offered.

This will be a year where practical gifts of a useful nature will be more appreciated than ever. In the giving of furs your gift is enhanced many times if it bears the name of "Fairweather" because there are none better, and this year price need not be the obstacle it has been in the past.



**Ladies' Hudson  
Muskrat Seal  
Coats Coats**

**\$47.50**

**\$150.00**

Made from high grade natural skins with deep shawl or notch collars; lined throughout with even satin, 45 inches long, 40 inches long and fastened with large crocheted buttons. Special values at \$47.50

Ladies' Hudson Seal Coats of exceptional quality. Practical and stylish garments, 45 inches long, lined with soft Bengalines and very light in weight. Specially priced at \$150.00



## MEN'S FURS

FUR CAPS			
Persian Lamb	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$20.00
Mink	22.50	37.50	50.00
Beaver	18.00	20.00	25.00
Muskrat	3.50	4.50	6.00

FUR COLLARS			
Otter	\$20.00	\$27.50	\$45.00
Persian Lamb	15.00	20.00	25.00
Astrakhan and Russian Otter		4.50	6.50

FUR GAUNTLETS			
Persian Lamb	\$15.00	\$18.00	\$30.00
Mink	25.00	32.50	60.00
Beaver	20.00	27.50	40.00
Muskrat	6.00	7.50	8.00

### WE GUARANTEE TO SATISFY YOU

Our mail order proposition enables you to examine goods on arrival. If not satisfactory, return at our expense and money refunded.

## Fairweather & Co. Limited

297-299 Portage Avenue,

Toronto

WINNIPEG

Montreal

"No, we need not stop celebrating Christmas. The ideal for which it stands has not gone out. War has blotted out much that we have depended on in modern life. But amidst all the destructions of War some things stand out, not merely unshaken, but infinitely more firm. They are the eternal realities for which Christmas stands—Faith, Unselfish Courage, and Love.—From Woman's Home Companion.

A short time ago, while talking to a group of young mothers, the question arose as to the proper amount of clothing an infant should wear at night. I was quite shocked to learn that it was the habit of many women not to undress a young baby at all at night. A number of the mothers to whom I was talking had and dressed their babies in the morning, and the clothing put on at that time was not taken off until the following morning, the baby sleeping in the same clothing it had worn all day. Most of the mothers confessed their babies did not sleep well at night, which, under the circumstances, was not to be wondered at.

These mothers were not ignorant nor careless, but women of average intelligence, each striving to give her baby the best of care. The trouble was they were bound by an old tradition, handed down from their mothers, that a new-born babe should be swathed in swaddling clothes during the day and kept in them also during the night—traditions of the days where the fathers and mothers took turns in walking the floor trying to quiet the uncomfortable baby. Happily, for the infant, these days are rapidly passing.

There was not a woman in the little company who would for one moment have entertained the thought of going to bed in the same clothing she had worn the entire day. Healthy sleep under such conditions would be quite impossible, to say nothing of the discomfort. Still the influence of tradition was so strong that not one of the women had thought of applying this same principle—comfort or discomfort—to the baby.

Every child, no matter how young, will be healthier, sleep better, and be far more comfortable by having an entire change of clothing at night; the change will be