

For the Kiddie

Puzzles

Sent By Muriel Hibbard, Rotheray.
as full a hole full and you
her a bowlful?

Author Riddles Sent by
Louise Calder.
is the most desirable fish?

is the tallest Author?
is the meekest Author?
is the holiest Author?

Word Squares.
E S T A T E
S T A T E
T A T A T
A T A T A
R E T A R
E N T E R
fill in the missing letters?

Riddle in Rhyme.
long and slender,
and safe controls,
sees go a-prancing
the carriage rolls.

draws no carriage,
is they obey,
go go a-prancing
woodland way.

are like my second—
a year, they say,
with joy a-prancing
on his way!

Answers to Last Week's
Puzzles.
Answers which were sent by
G. W. Adams,
L. Drummond,
J. E. G.
is full of airs.

Musical Terms.
bell; 2 bars; 3, sharp; 4,
flat; 6, a rest; 7, triplets;
press toe (presto); 10,
trill.

children have tired of even
possession (and how soon
becomes old) and it is too
he same man to pay his rights
this simple amusement.

wreath of holly or ever-
in a doorway and give to
an equal quantity of
wrapped candies, or far-
will stand handling, then see
throw the most articles
wreath into a basket plac-
them. Give a simple
hard candies in the centre,
in manner the game of "Toss-
Take a large napkin
of stout paper, place a lot
board on it. The greatest incentive
to go round in a barrel these days
is to try to buy a pocket handker-
chief.

Two Views of Christmas.
Christmas mornin' everybody was
up early to open their presents. Uncle
Charlie's kind of greedy at first.
He couldn't see why presents wasn't
just as good after breakfast as in
the middle of the night. He chirped
up to him when he saw how many
packages he'd got. He started tearing
'em all open but Aunt Harriet wouldn't
stand for that. She made him untie
all the knots and take the paper off
careful so she could save it for next
year. Uncle Charlie could see why
women spent half their time savin'
string and paper on the other half
blowin' a month's salary on a hat.

The first package he opened was
a muffler. He sez "That's a real
useful present." Aunt Harriet grab-
bed the card and sez "Just that awful!"
He from Mrs. Pardoe on we never
sent her a thing." Christmas to Aunt
Harriet is like a horse trade. Uncle
Charlie sez that was the Christmas
spirit. He was tickled to death to
get a present out of somebody who
he hadn't given them one. If every-

body just swapped you might as well
have a clean house and cancel the
whole thing.

The next package was Anguses. He
told Angus he was a fine lad and he
always said so. Angus has been won-
derin' since who he said it to. He
certainly kept it a secret from him.
Then he opened it. He sez "A man
couldn't have too many mufflers. If he
kept his neck warm he didn't have
to worry much about what else he
wore. Angus whispored "how he
ought to try a night gown."

I could see the rest of the family
was gettin' restless about something.
Then Uncle Charlie started undirin'
one muffler after the other. For the
first half dozen he insisted a fello
couldn't have to many. Then he sez
that stuff about the war givin' people
imagination was all bunk. Aunt Har-
riet told him it was his own fault for
talkin' about mufflers as a useful pre-
sent. They all thought he was hint-
in. He cheered up after a while and
told her she could sew some of them
together and make him a fancy vest

MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fello

Dear Mable:—
Merry Christmas is over. I missed
you even worse than I used to in
the army. You didn't mind Christmas
so much there. Everybody was in
the same boat. Half this bias of
being lonely is thinkin the other fello
is havin' a better time some other
place. If you know what everybody
else was doin you never miss em.

Me an Angus wasn't lookin forward
to Christmas at Mrs. Bodegas boarding
house. All the boarders were awful
mistaken about where they was goin
to spend it. Mrs. Bodegas told me
privately she didn't think a half of them
was goin to spend it anywhere. Peo-
ple get ashamed of not havin any
place to go. They'd rather hide some-
where all day than get on. The few
that were going to stay were so
grouchy they wouldn't hang up their
socks in the dinin room. They sez
somebody's swine on.

Uncle Charlie came through like a
man by askin me an Angus out to his
place. Hes something like Dr.
Jacks in Mr. Bodegas story. He
comes into the office all smiles. He
soon as he opens his roller top desk
though he had a man for 20 cents.
It seems to affect him like a bad ois-
ter.

Hes always talking about giving
presents and how all the money
that had been spent givin him pincen-
shure an vasos would get for his life
insurance. He told me how had sort
of slipped it along to the whole fam-
ily that if they had to give him a
present to make it something useful.
For instance he had something bet-
ter to put in a warm muffler than a
jewel box.

"Dropped it in the Punch Bowl."
Me an Angus hadn't been able to
decide what to give him so we sneek-
ed down to the village Christmas eve.
All the stores had a complete line of
everything useless. At last we saw
two mufflers in a window. Angus sez
we couldn't go wrong on mufflers.
cause Uncle Charlie spoke about em.
I never knew they cost so much.
The man told us the price had gone
up cause the big muffler men was
hoardin em. The greatest incentive
to go round in a barrel these days
is to try to buy a pocket handker-
chief.

Christmas mornin everybody was
up early to open their presents. Uncle
Charlie's kind of greedy at first.
He couldn't see why presents wasn't
just as good after breakfast as in
the middle of the night. He chirped
up to him when he saw how many
packages he'd got. He started tearing
'em all open but Aunt Harriet wouldn't
stand for that. She made him untie
all the knots and take the paper off
careful so she could save it for next
year. Uncle Charlie could see why
women spent half their time savin'
string and paper on the other half
blowin a month's salary on a hat.

The first package he opened was
a muffler. He sez "That's a real
useful present." Aunt Harriet grab-
bed the card and sez "Just that awful!"
He from Mrs. Pardoe on we never
sent her a thing." Christmas to Aunt
Harriet is like a horse trade. Uncle
Charlie sez that was the Christmas
spirit. He was tickled to death to
get a present out of somebody who
he hadn't given them one. If every-

body just swapped you might as well
have a clean house and cancel the
whole thing.

The next package was Anguses. He
told Angus he was a fine lad and he
always said so. Angus has been won-
derin' since who he said it to. He
certainly kept it a secret from him.
Then he opened it. He sez "A man
couldn't have too many mufflers. If he
kept his neck warm he didn't have
to worry much about what else he
wore. Angus whispored "how he
ought to try a night gown."

I could see the rest of the family
was gettin' restless about something.
Then Uncle Charlie started undirin'
one muffler after the other. For the
first half dozen he insisted a fello
couldn't have to many. Then he sez
that stuff about the war givin people
imagination was all bunk. Aunt Har-
riet told him it was his own fault for
talkin about mufflers as a useful pre-
sent. They all thought he was hint-
in. He cheered up after a while and
told her she could sew some of them
together and make him a fancy vest

together and make him a fancy vest

an maybe a warm pair of palamas.
That night there was a big dinner.
Uncle Charlie explained how he gath-
ered in all the family baracods every
year; fed em an sent em home. They
began celestin about 4 o'clock. The
first one there was an old fello they
called Granfather Haslett. He was d-
livered in a wheel chair like a bund-
le. Granfather Haslett didn't have
much to say for a while. Then he
heaved an awful groan an sez we
better make the most of him cause
my time. Hed had many first ap-
pearances than Subern Marlow, the
actor. Aunt Harriet sez she expected
to see him sittin by her grave
while she was bein lowered into it.
He was the life of the party though
compared to Uncle Charles Aunt Ma-
lida. When he wished her a merry
Christmas she sez not to make fun of
her. Christmas was the saddest day
in the year. If he spoke of it again
shed bust into tears.

What Happened to Santa Claus.
She went around tellin everybody
they was lookin bad an a lot older.
She guessed we was all decayin like
the trees and flowers. At last she fas-
sioned herself on Granfather Haslett.
They began fightin about when the
end of the world was comin an seem-
ed to have a pretty good time out
of it.
After dinner everybody went out
of the room an Uncle Charlie sez
with a big paste board fire place with
a chimney an evergreen in front of

New Year's Day is an anniversary
which enables man to get rid of all
of his bad habits except reading the
newspaper at the table.
Owing to the fact that New Year's
day almost always falls on January
1st, it is considered a good place to
start from when a man desires to un-
load a few time-honored habits which
have been dogging his footsteps for
years. No man who is in his right mind
ever thinks of giving up smoking until
New Year's day rolls around, when
he will have plenty of company and
will be tempted to break over by a lot
of ungodly associates who are still
able to sleep on their left sides. Once
just like it, but which lack its inspir-
atic tobacco heart will throw his
corn cob pipe into the stove without
waiting for New Year's day, but he is
a greater rarity than a gortierhouse
steak in a college dining hall.

New Year's day is succeeded in rapid
sequence by other days which look
just like it, but which lack its inspir-
ing effect upon the human will. There
something about New Year's day
which causes a man's will to rise to
unknown heights and turn a cold,
stony look in the direction of the
Scotch highball and the Martini cock-
tail. Thousands of men do not drink
anything at all on New Year's day,
and if congress would pass a law mak-
ing January 1st last the year around
the prohibition question would be
solved for time and eternity.

On New Year's day some people pay
off boats an gettin run over an the
like. To hero em talk you think
the trapeze fello in the circus led a
quiet life, but which lack its inspir-
atic toin that than watchin Uncle
Charlie anyhow.

Thanks a lot for your Christmas pre-
sent. I hope you got mine all right. I
sort of fest next Christmas Ill be in
Philopotts. They say a big city is the
only place to make money. The only
way I can see to make it is in some
counter fitters office. I wish somebod
didn't explain it to me.

Yours doubtfully,
BILL.
(Copyright, 1915, By The Bell Syndi-
cate, Inc.)

AUSTRALIAN FLYER
NEGOTIATES THE
MOUNT OWEN RANGE
London, Dec. 26.—Captain Ross
Smith, Australian aviator, who recent-
ly completed a flight from England
to Australia, thereby winning a prize
of 10,000 pounds, has landed at Char-
leville, Queensland, after safely negoti-
ating the formidable Mount Owen
range, according to advices from Syd-
ney. His machine was in a damaged
condition, the advices add.

LET THE AMPUTATION GO ON.
Everybody who is ordinarily in-
telligent should know where Pales-
tine is. The vagueness with which
all foreign lands are being re-
ferred to "over there" is not creditable to
general education. I once asked
of a classroom of college students
to tell me how to go to Jerusalem,
and not one could do so; most of them
got only as far as Paris. The men
of the Bible will never be real to
us unless the places of the New
Testament are real. This Book is not
in the same category with Mother Goose
and the Fairy Tales; although Chris-
tian people not a few regard it with
somehow the same sense of unreal-
ity. A map will make clear why
Peter and John were at a place of
universal potency.

Orange Trees and Men.
I have seen orange groves bear-
ing at the same time blossoms and
ripe fruit. Which is symbolic. Cer-
tain lives, like those of the two Gal-
ilean fishermen who are at the mo-
ment under review, are bearing the
blossoms of tomorrow's fruit, even
while producing fruit today. Peter
and John have profoundly affected hu-
man history; they are among the
greatest work is yet to be done.

It seems as if the world today is
all of a sudden and all in the new
come, as it were, to a time of un-
iversal social new birth. All the old
forces and institutions are being re-
valued. Some are being rejected,
coming into fresh power. The
after centuries of use. Others are
character and message of the great
builders, like Jesus and his apostles,
are now entering into a remade op-
portunity. Like a discovered die,
they may stamp their impress upon
the currency of humanity. In all the
long stretches of time, has there ever
been an hour so full of possibility as

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.
Home for Christmas! There's a joy
For the weary, grown up boy
For the little girl who now
Feels the years upon her brow!
Home for Christmas! Back again
To the mother at the door
And the old hearth with its blaze
And to feel her fond caress
And those happy yesterdays.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! There's a thrill
For the totter up the hill,
For the trudge on the road
Heart sick with his heavy load.
Home for Christmas! Back to be
Once again at mother's knee
And to feel her fond caress
In that spell of happiness.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

TWO WORKINGMEN WHO CHANGED WORLD

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.
The International Sunday
School Lesson For December
"THE TRAINING OF
PETER AND JOHN"—I. John
1:1-9.

Upon the clouded horizon of the
restless world today the most hope-
ful sign is the fact that Jesus and
most of his apostles were callous-
pained workmen.
That portends peace. When the
world's toilers turn from the shrill
harsh and ungodly voices of pres-
ent-day "leaders," they will be
ready to listen to the quiet, confi-
dent tones of the fellow workingmen
who, although they lived long ago,
nearly two thousand years ago, still
have the most modern messages for
today.

Most of what is wrong with this
old earth—its injustices, its evasions,
its ignorances, its prejudices, its sel-
fishness—as due to plain misunder-
standing. What are the perils there
in our own present situation arises
from the lack of confidence of masses
of people in the sincerity and sym-
pathy of law-makers and executives.
They feel that their viewpoint is not
the viewpoint of the dominant few.
Jesus and his associates are not
subject to this suspicion. They were
plain people, workers with their hands.
They experienced the lot of the poor.
For their teaching revealed a sympa-
thetic comprehension of the loads
that the mass of mankind carry. One
of our modern poets, Sara N. Cleghorn, has strikingly voiced this mes-
sage from the Bible:

"Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had
been
At mass-meetings in Palestine,
We know whose side was spoken for
When Comrade Jesus had the floor.
"Where were they told and heard
they lie,
Among the great unwashed dwellers?
The tramp on the corner, the friend,
The cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder
me!"

"By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye
He did tomorrow prophesy.—
The kingdom's gate is low and small;
The rich can scarce wedge through
at all!"
"A dangerous man," said Calphas;
"An ignorant demagogue, alas!
Friend of low company, he has
Slanders the upright Pharisee."

"For law and order, it was plain,
For Holy Church, He must be slain.
The troops were there to awe the
crowd,
And violence was not allowed.
His clumsy force with force to foil
His strong, clean hands He would not
soil."

He said their childrens quite plain
Between the lightning of His pain.
"Between the twilight of His end,
He made His fellow-fallen friend;
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes
Invited Him to Paradise."

"Ah, let no local Him refuse!
Comrade Jesus hath paid His dues,
Whatever other be debared,
Comrade Jesus hath His red card."

Where It All Occurred.
This is the time for the long look
backward. The International Sunday
School Lesson Committee has assign-
ed for this Review the topic:
"THE TRAINING OF PETER AND JOHN."
The training of Peter and John con-
tains the two apostles who figured in
the year's studies. So we are to take
a broad, far survey of them, and of
the conditions amid which they lived.
Perhaps we may catch a new
glimpse of the importance of our own
world of these two Asiatic work-
men of the long ago.

There is such a thing as a
place-providence, no reverent stu-
dent of history will deny. There is
a geography of God. He has chosen
the main lands as the scene of His
major operations. A myriad preach-
ers have seen such a significance in
the situation of the western conti-
nent, as it is old, the shores
of the Mediterranean are the thea-
tre of vast and world-transforming
events. The Holy Land has been
the battleground of the ages—and the
living spring of waters from which
world-encircling streams have follow-
ed.

Everybody who is ordinarily in-
telligent should know where Pales-
tine is. The vagueness with which
all foreign lands are being re-
ferred to "over there" is not creditable to
general education. I once asked
of a classroom of college students
to tell me how to go to Jerusalem,
and not one could do so; most of them
got only as far as Paris. The men
of the Bible will never be real to
us unless the places of the New
Testament are real. This Book is not
in the same category with Mother Goose
and the Fairy Tales; although Chris-
tian people not a few regard it with
somehow the same sense of unreal-
ity. A map will make clear why
Peter and John were at a place of
universal potency.

Orange Trees and Men.
I have seen orange groves bear-
ing at the same time blossoms and
ripe fruit. Which is symbolic. Cer-
tain lives, like those of the two Gal-
ilean fishermen who are at the mo-
ment under review, are bearing the
blossoms of tomorrow's fruit, even
while producing fruit today. Peter
and John have profoundly affected hu-
man history; they are among the
greatest work is yet to be done.

It seems as if the world today is
all of a sudden and all in the new
come, as it were, to a time of un-
iversal social new birth. All the old
forces and institutions are being re-
valued. Some are being rejected,
coming into fresh power. The
after centuries of use. Others are
character and message of the great
builders, like Jesus and his apostles,
are now entering into a remade op-
portunity. Like a discovered die,
they may stamp their impress upon
the currency of humanity. In all the
long stretches of time, has there ever
been an hour so full of possibility as

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.

DOPE SMUGGLED TO BANGOR FROM NEW BRUNSWICK

Police of Maine City Make
Raid, Catching St. John
Man in Their Net — Big
Profits from N. B. Nar-
cotics.
(Bangor News.)

Buying whiskey at \$2.25 to \$3 a
quart in Canada and peddling it in
Maine cities at \$8 to \$12 is a paying
business, but the dope traffic beats it.
That's why times have been so prosper-
ous at No. 11 Pine street of late,
and also why Edward Malone could not
afford to travel constantly at war time
prices between Bangor and the New
Brunswick border. But things won't
be so lively around No. 11 for a while
now, because dope peddlers and all
were cleaned out Wednesday morning
after they left some time before Malone
could make another trip to the border
or Cora McDonald and her circle can
minister further to the local appetite
for morphine and cocaine.

Since plain whiskey went out of
style around here, lower Pine street
has been doing the best it could with
substitutes, and Patrolman Rogan,
who sees and hears everything that
comes on in that part of ward 1, has
long been aware of the fact; but to get
the dealers with the goods has been
something else again. However,
enough came to Rogan within the last
few days to convince him that a visit
to Mrs. McDonald's at No. 11 would
show something worth while. So, at
12:30 Wednesday morning, accompa-
nied by Capt. Sprout, he went up to look
the place over. It was after three
o'clock when the officers got through
their search, which yielded these re-
sults: Arrest of Cora McDonald, prop-
rietor of the place; Guy Achey, a
"distributing agent"; Nellie Thibeau,
a lady boarder, and Allison McKel-
of St. John, N. B., who had
called upon Nellie, socially. Also
quantities of morphine and cocaine,
and combinations of those drugs, by
podernic needles used for injection,
spoons in which the combination was
mixed and heated, glass tubes, etc., and
the delicate scales used in weighing
all of which were found secreted in
hid pictures, in the woodbox, in gas
fixtures and in bureau drawers.

For a considerable part of the day
the municipal court was busy hand-
ling doses of justice to the Pine street
syndicate, as follows:

Held For Grand Jury.
Cora McDonald, for having in her
possession narcotics, held in \$1,000
for the January grand jury; receiving
from Nellie Thibeau money which
was the proceeds of prostitution, held
in \$500; permitting a building under
her control to be used for purposes
of prostitution, held in \$500.

Guy Achey, having in his possession
narcotics, held in \$1,000 for the Jan-
uary grand jury; frequenting a house
of ill fame, held in \$500; frequenting
a house used for purposes of prostitu-
tion, 90 days in jail; for frequenting a
house used for purposes of prostitu-
tion, 90 days in jail; for frequenting a
house used for purposes of prostitu-
tion, 90 days in jail.

Allison McKel, frequenting a house
of ill fame, held in \$400.

All five respondents went up being
unable to furnish bail. County At-
torney Blanchard appeared for Ed-
ward Malone in each case, and Edward P.
Murray represented the women pris-
oners.

Rogan Gets Malone.
Mr. Malone, the dope runner, was
out of town while all this was going
on. Patrolman Rogan knew it—knew
where he was, and when he would get
back. It has been a cleverly planned
part of Mr. Malone to drop off the Calais
train at Brewer Junction so that, not
being seen alighting at Bangor sta-
tion, he could get to the "store" in
town, no one would be able to see
him. So Rogan, on a good tip, went
over to Brewer to welcome him and
the welcome took place on schedule
time, 12:30, noon. Malone had been
making two trips a week between here
and the border, bringing back each
time enough dope to supply the Pine-
street trade. This time he had \$75
worth of cocaine and \$60 worth of
morphine. New Brunswick wholesale
prices, besides a complete dope ped-
dler's outfit. He and Achey are said
to be the leading peddlers of dope in
eastern Maine. In 1914, Malone was
held in \$1,000 for having narcotics in
his possession, and in \$1,000 for sell-
ing and dealing in narcotics.

Big Money in It.
How well the dope trade pays may
be shown by a little calculation. A
drum of cocaine yields 600 "shots" in
New Brunswick \$35 yields 60 "shots"
at \$2.50 each, or a total of \$150 to
\$160. A drum of morphine costing \$30
yields the same number of "shots"
at \$2 each, or a total of \$120 to \$125.
Better than 200 per cent.

UNITED FARMER
LEADER CHECKS UP
PREMIER DRURY
Claims He is Substituting Au-
tocracy Bureau for the Old
System of Patronage.

Toronto, Dec. 26.—Secretary J. J.
Morrison, of the United Farmers of
Ontario, also officer, thought of by those
watching the march of the United
Farmers of Ontario events as the
"power behind the throne," today
sharply criticized the system under
which the present Drury government
make appointments to the civil ser-
vice of the province. It is, he declar-
ed, the most substitution of an "auto-
cratic" system for the old system of
patronage. The government, he con-
tends, should strike at the "unreason-
ably high salaries" which are the
root of the patronage system. The gov-
ernment's action in promoting a wo-
man to a \$3,500 position as Registrar
of Middlesex County, with offices in
London, he characterized as "decided
extravagance."

CHILDREN'S CORNER
years of age may join
s, birthday and age.
below will be found
filled out and mailed
care of The Standard,
the Children's Corner.

