

WOMEN and THE HOME

57 CHILDREN ARE ROYALLY TREATED

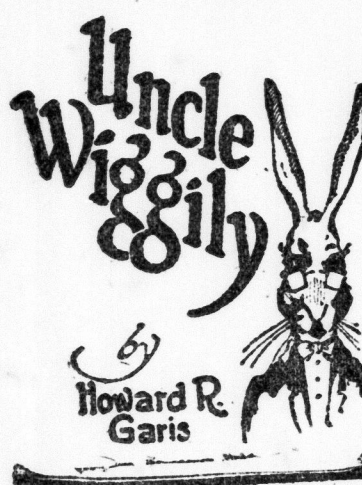
Aberdeen School Clinic Is Scene of Happy Christmas Party.

MANY HELPERS
Miss Bertha Smith and Nursing Staff Conducts Examination.

The kindergarten of the Aberdeen school was the scene of another happy Christmas party yesterday afternoon, when the Child Welfare association entertained the mothers and babies visiting the clinic. After the babies had been duly weighed, 57 of them, they were given into the care of club members present, while their own mothers drank tea from a table attractively decorated with roses.

The babies and small children had their party spread on kindergarten tables, and sat on small chairs as they partook of the delicious animal biscuits, milk and oranges. Later in the afternoon the mothers and doctors had tea from a rose-decked table.

The party proved a great success, largely due to the efforts of the assisting women, members of the Red Cross, since, Lord Roberts and Aberdeen Mothers' clubs.



UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE LAST APPLE

Hanging from a tree in the orchard was the last apple. No one had really given it that name, but it did not need half an eye to look and see that it was the very last apple of all. Not another tree had one hanging from its branches, and this tree had but the lonely fruit left.

"Oh, dear," sighed again. "What's the matter?" shrieked a bluejay who was flitting about, making a great deal of noise, as jays seem to love to do.

"Oh, I am so lonesome, miserable and forlorn," said the apple, "I do seem to be of any use in this world. All the other apples either fell off or were picked, and they have gone out into the world."

"Ha! Ha! Yes, they have gone out into the world!" laughed the jay. "Apple sauce!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked the lone fruit, surprised-like.

"I mean, what good did it do the other apples to go out into the world?" inquired the bird. "They have been stewed up into apple sauce or made into apple pies or dumplings, or they have been eaten by hungry boys!"

"Well, I call it something even to be eaten by a hungry boy," spoke the apple. "That is doing good in the world. Even to be made into apple sauce is doing good. But what good do I do here, hanging on the branch, half frozen, and so lonesome?"

The apple waited a moment for the jay to answer, but the noisy bird had flown off to shout and call with some others of his kind.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the apple again. He was the very last of all the fruit in the orchard. Somehow he had been forgotten. And now hanging so late on the branch, he had been partly frozen by Jack Frost. Still the stem was firm and the apple did not fall. One rosy cheek had been turned brown by the cold, but otherwise the apple was good to eat.

"But I fear no one will come to pick me or eat me!" sighed the fruit.

Just then, hopping along the snow-

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75c one insertion (\$1.00 for 24 insertions) on the Women's Page is made for notices under this heading. Orders for inserting engagements must bear the name and address of sender and must be in this office by 9 o'clock on the evening preceding first day of insertion.

Dr. Drummond Thomson, Murkirk, Ontario, announced the engagement of his eldest daughter, Jessie Marie, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Angus Thomson, to Mr. John R. Bandeen, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Robert Bandeen of Rodney, Ont., the marriage to take place early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, fifth division, London Township, wish to announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Vera Marion, to Mr. James Shute of Detroit, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Shute, London, the wedding to take place shortly.

covered ground, came Uncle Wiggly. With him was Baby Bunt, the little orphan rabbit girl, who was to spend the Christmas holidays in the hollow stump bungalow.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly!" called Bunt. "Isn't it lovely to be out in the woods and fields now?"

"Very nice indeed, my dear," answered the old rabbit gentleman with a twinkle of his pink nose.

And then the Wozzie called Bunt. "Isn't it lovely to be out in the woods and fields now?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," answered the old rabbit gentleman with a twinkle of his pink nose.

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After-Supper Story

A Short Story Complete in This Issue.

COOL CASH.

As her cousin entered by the back door Lil Robinson smiled a welcome, exchanging a cool iron for a hot one and began to press out a tablecloth.

"Been down street?" she asked, noting Benonia Peck's attire.

"I've been to see Lawyer Smith," Benonia dropped panting into a chair.

"I got a citation paper in this morning's mail about Harvey Pitcher's estate. I'm an heir, Henrietta Skillen is an heir, too. And you ought to be."

"Haven't heard anything about it," Lil worked steadily. "Except that he was dead, of course, and that I never saw him in my life so I didn't feel terribly interested, even though he was my second cousin."

"But you don't understand! We are his heirs! For, of course, you will be cited, too—to appear before the magistrate in the city of Benham at 4 o'clock on Nov. 2 to show cause why the last will and testament of Harvey Pitcher deceased should not be admitted to probate." She was quoting impressively.

Lil turned a laughing face from the ironing board.

"Well, you have got it all by heart," she said. "But what does it all amount to, anyway?"

"It amounts," Benonia's voice trembled, "to \$60,000 to be divided among eleven heirs."

A momentary astonishment crossed Lil's sweet, honest, sensible face.

"How do you know?" she asked at last.

"Henrietta told me so. She has been working on this very thing since Cousin Harvey died. That is what she has been going to Benham for. Do you realize, Lil, what it means? Sixty thousand divided between eleven of us—more than \$5,000 apiece. Henrietta is going to build over her house and get her a French seal coat. We're going to have a new car and a new rug for the parlor and a new dining-room suite. I tell Frank we won't wait for it. You can only be young once. What are you going to do with yours?"

"Haven't got it yet," Lil folded and creased the tablecloth and hung it on the bars. Her eyes were watery. Five thousand dollars was a lot of money. If they should get it they could use it to great advantage, with Thelma and Reed clamoring for more than their parents had ever had and George tiring out quicker than he used to. Her mind spun a web of fancies instantly—a finer next summer's gown, a new billiard table, a new overcoat for George and a new stove. Dear, dear, she needed a new stove! Only yesterday ashes had sifted through on her layer cake and she had had to be mighty careful that Thelma didn't find it out. If there was anything in this inheritance story she would order chicken for Sunday. Well, she would see. But though she meant to talk it over carefully with her husband, she didn't intend that the children should find out about it.

But the children did find out. They came romping in from school wide-eyed and vociferous.

"Mother, we are going to get \$5,000. Did you know it?" Reed demanded.

"And when we do I'm going to have a new silk dress like Aubrey Scammon's," declared Thelma.

"Who told you this?" Lil said, dishing up dinner.

"Dorothy Skillen. Her mother told her. She gets \$5,000, too, mother. Is that just salt pork stew again?"

"It is salt pork stew, Thelma. Run and get ready. Here comes daddy."

George Robinson, a tired, gentle, loose-jointed man, entered.

"It's only old salt pork stew," Thelma said. "Daddy, we won't have to eat salt pork stew when we get our \$5,000, will we?"

Lil and her husband exchanged glances. Hers questioned, his answered.

"Yes, I've heard. Never count your cabbages till they're harvested; wood-chucks got into Ben Snyder's garden last night and destroyed every one. Guess we'll go on as we've begun."

George sat down before his plate of stew and smiled into it appreciatively. A great unrest had been created in the children. Dorothy Skillen had been talking in terms of wild extravagance. Her mother was going to get her a white fox fur—when they got their \$5,000. Thelma wanted a taupe fox. Reed wanted a real radio, not that scrappy old set he'd fixed up himself.

"That night there was more talk of the same nature. Lil, meanwhile, had been called upon by Mrs. Skillen and had also received her citation papers. There might be something in it. She sighed. Henrietta was so positive. That lawyer in Benham had assured her so thoroughly.

"Now, see here, youngsters," Lil said firmly, at last. "If we get this money it won't make any difference in our way of living. I promise you that. It will be invested in a rainy-day fund and you might as well stick to your studies and get down to business."

Next day Dorothy Skillen trailed in to show her new scarf.

"Mother got it at Atway's and had it charged. And, oh, you ought to see mother's new seal coat!"

"Charged, too?" George said dryly.

"Well, of course, we'll have plenty of money in a week or so now, mother says. And there's really no reason in waiting for our things, is there?"

Thelma looked so down-hearted that Lil felt a pang. She drew a deep breath.

Presently came Benonia Peck.

"Come over and see what I've got," Lil said. "I found the very dining-room suite I wanted at Ashton's."

Did you have it charged?" Lil asked.

Benonia looked irritated.

"Why not? Cousin Harvey's estate will be settled at once and I can pay for it out of my \$5,000. It was only \$250."

Lil wanted to see the new furniture.

"They have a rug at Ashton's you ought to get," Benonia said. "It will be gone in a day or two, so if I were you I'd nip it up."

"Guess I'll wait and see," Lil replied. During the week that followed Lil heard each day of some new thing one or the other of her cousins had bought.

"Dorothy has a new gray dress," Thelma commented. "They've got lots of new things. And we haven't had anything yet."

"We haven't had any money yet," Lil returned her mother.

"But we are soon to get it." "That remains to be seen. Now stop fussing, my child, and attend to your regular business."

A few days later the heirs received what was coming to them from Cousin Harvey's estate after the expenses of settling it had been met. There was exactly \$100 apiece.

"That remains to be seen," Benonia wailed.

"We are owing every cent of it," Henrietta mourned. "The last thing I did was to buy a new toilet table for Dorothy's room. I thought sure there'd be plenty to build over the house with."

"We won't have a hundred dollars, free and clear," sorrowed Benonia.

"Well, \$700 looks like a lot of money to me," confessed Lil placidly. "To tell the truth, I never expected we'd get anything. I'm pleased through and through."

"I suppose now you'll get your rug. It's still in the window at Ashton's," Benonia said jealously.

"No, I can get along without the rug. I shall put the money aside for a rainy day fund, and let the interest accumulate. Nights when it storms or George isn't feeling good and things are a bit awry, I shall remember that next-egg with pleasure and thank Cousin Harvey for the peace of mind it gives me."

"That will mean more to me than all the new rugs in the world," ended Lil earnestly.

(Copyright, 1925.)

PRETTY JUMPER FROCK.

Simplicity is the keynote of this dainty georgette jumper frock, fashioned on the popular flaring lines. It is in the new porcelain shade, which is expected to be popular next spring.

ARVA W. M. S.

The missionary auxiliary of the Arva United church met at the home of Mrs. Elmer Berdan. It was decided that the quilts be given to the In As March society of the Metropolitan United church, London, and for Christmas cheer, Mrs. George Connor gave an interesting talk on a chapter of the study book, "Building With India," and Mrs. McClary brought a splendid report of the district convention held in the Wellington United church.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

A Holly Wreath, resplendent with a brilliant red bell, hangs in the window. A green Christmas tree, bedecked with tiny candles and much tinsel, stands beside the grate. But these signs of Christmas cheer find no reflection on the faces of the elderly couple sitting moodily before the fire—their boy, their girl will not be home this year. And then the surprise. The bell rings, the door is answered and there you stand fresh and fit after your most comfortable trip in a Canadian National train. Your mother fairly jumps into your arms, your father circles around trying to get your hand, bubbling over with happiness. What joy you have brought them! What a glorious surprise! And what a good time you'll have yourself!

Let the Canadian National Railways take you home this Christmas. Enjoy all the good things your mother will prepare. Any Canadian National Agent will make your reservations.—Adv.

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BRAND'S A1 SAUCE

McCormick's Leather Goods Christmas List

In Yesterday's Paper will help you to solve your Christmas-buying problems.

Leather Goods please and last. They're a constant reminder.

JAMES MCCORMICK

LONDON'S LEADING LEATHER GOODS STORE

395 TALBOT STREET

USEFUL GIFTS FROM THE SEMI-READY STORE FOR MEN

The Question of Suitable Gifts For Men Is Easily Solved At the Semi-Ready Store.

Large and Complete Stocks To Choose From At Reasonable Prices.

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At \$1.50 Belts, Braces, Garters, Cuff Links, Silk Handkerchiefs, Fancy Socks, Ties.

At \$2.00 Shirts, Caps, Dress Sets, Lined Gloves, Wool Gloves, Wool Scarfs.

At \$3.00 to \$5.00 Golf Hose, Broadcloth Shirts, Silk Scarfs, Pullovers, Broadcloth Pyjamas, Silk Scarfs, Umbrellas, Golf Sweaters, Cashmere Scarfs, Sweater Coats, Buckskin Gloves, Hats, Lined Gloves, Underwear.

Over \$5.00 English House Coats, Sweater Coats, Silk Shirts, Silk Dressing Gowns, Tuxedo Vests, Overcoats, Silk Pyjamas, Cashmere Scarfs, Wool Gowns.

GOLF SOCKS

He would appreciate a pair of Imported Fancy Socks to match his golf jacket.

\$4.00 to \$6.00

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NECKWEAR

The finest collection of Imported Ties from Italy, France, England and United States. Silk and Wool Crepes . . . \$1.50 Paroli Pure Silk, wonderful patterns . . . \$1.00 English Pure Silk Knitted. Special purchase . . . \$1.35 2 for \$2.65. Imported Hand-Framed Pure Spun Silk Knitted Ties \$2.75

SHIRTS

Forsyth, Arrow, Regal and Tooke makes, in Silk Broadcloth, English Poplins and Scotch Zephyrs. Priced from \$2.00 to \$10.00

IMPORTED GLOVES

From the Leading Makers. Silk-Lined Suede . . . \$4.00 Unlined Suede . . . \$3.00 Genuine Buckskin . . . \$4.50 Other Lines, Cape and Suede Leathers at . . . \$1.85 to \$5.00

