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bear. One stifling gasp—and I would have fallen had not Philip Marston reached his long, strong arms across the counter and held me upright with his powerful hands.

There was a commotion in the store. Clerks and customers alike were all agape. The floorwalker came hurrying from the end of the aisle. But those most concerned were utterly oblivious to anything but one another. I opened my eyes.

"Philip!" I called in a tone which must have told all who heard. Even Philip himself could not mistake its meaning. Even mother was satisfied to take a second glance, until I saw her and called joyfully. "Mother! Oh! Mother!"

The Upward Look

A Christmas Thought

"The shepherds found the babe lying in the manger."—Luke ii.
"The wise men presented unto Him gifts."—Matt. ii.

Once again has come the time to think thoughtfully and reverently of the story of our Jesus' birth, which, as the Christmases have come and gone year after year, never loses its charm in the intensity of its pathos, vividness and wonder.

This little one, to be the king of countless loyal and loving followers, was born in a humble manger, instead of a stately palace. His first visitors were not all shepherds, some of the humblest folk of the land, but also wise and rich men, from far-away countries. To the first the angels had sung, "Peace and good will to men." With this message still ringing in their ears, they had come to worship the new child; with this message singing in their hearts, they had gone away, until they too burst out into glad rejoicing.

By the last visitors were presented gifts of rare value. We cannot all give presents as expensive as those, but we can all of us have the Christ-spirit of sacrifice, and good-will, and give ourselves, at this Christmas season, our talents, our thoughts, our money, not living happiness and joy to those who we know

The Christmas Spirit

By Helen M. Richardson

JUST a little bit of Christmas
For the neighbor at your side,
Who upon the wave of fortune
With yourself seems not to ride.
Do not be a miser, hoarding
Health and strength and power
To bliss,
Share them with the lone one near you
Who these charms may not
possess.
For 'tis not alone the dollar,
Soon forgotten, that you spend,
But the hand-shake that goes with it,
Carries blessing in the end.
Putting the true Christmas spirit
Into everything you do.
You will find it will be Christmas
In your heart the whole year
through.

will have much of these, but to those who we know will not.

This year a wife told her husband she wanted their children to have a different Christmas from any they had had before, by giving real Christmas cheer to thirty of the poorest children they could find. Willingly, he consented, so with a friend who knew just where such were, they went out one evening to invite them.

First this lady was taken and shown the outside of some of the houses and asked if she were willing to take the ones from such a home as that into her own home among her little

ones. "Yes," she said bravely and gladly. "Our children are not too young to have the joy of giving to and helping others, and this is the best way to teach them." So into the most squalid, tumble-down, dreary homes she went, and invited them all: Italians, Swiss, Irish, English, Germans, French, Canadians, whether Catholics or Protestants. In her delicate refinement and fair beauty she seemed a Christmas angel, inviting them so courteously and graciously that not one refused, though some



As Happy as a Lark!

—Photo by Mrs. Mary McMorine, Lennox Co., Out.

even in their great poverty had much dignified pride.

The rest of that evening had been promised for a society function, and as this lady looked around the beautifully lighted, tastefully furnished rooms, and the elegantly dressed guests again and again came a mist into her eyes as she thought, if that half only knew how the other half lived, what a difference it ought to make.

This Christmas day, would that more than ever before might remember the lonely, the erring, the sick and the destitute, so that there may be rejoicing among those needy, if most, "in spite of the terrible, black, over-hanging war-cloud." This will be the people's gifts to our Heavenly King as precious and costly as those presented to Him, so many centuries ago.—I.H.N.

Autobiography of a Boy

Is there anything that a boy likes better at this time of the year than a good, long visit from grandma? Sometimes it seems as though she knows better what a boy wants and is thinking about than father or mother. Her baggage is always certain to contain a new knife, and one year she brought a pair of skates, and on another visit a kite that looked like a bird and sailed in the air just like one. It was made in China where men and boys fly kites in kite time.

There are no holes in stockings, no buttons missing and no holes in pockets, while grandma stays, and she never forgets to bake cookies once or twice a week, for she says that growing boys need a lot to eat; and when father and mother are disposed not to take the boy to town on the Christmas shopping trip, it is grandma who puts in a kind word, and father and mother relent.

Mother says grandmothers spoil boys, but grandma replies "I didn't spoil your husband," and then mother says, "But you are not his grandmother," and then they both laugh. Grandma believes that we must not be too young to help; they have been through such hard times at school and hard work at the barn, and it is right that they should be petted a little.

It is nice to sit on a stool at her feet in the evenings while she knits stockings for winter, and have her tell that daddy did when he was a little boy, and the things he said and how far he had to walk to school, and the way through the woods where everybody said there were spooks.

Grandma can tell, too, things that her grandmother used to tell her of the time when there were Indians about, and how they would sometimes come into the house in the middle of the night and sit around the big fireplace and ask for something to eat. But they never hurt anybody, for they were called "friendly Indians," and grandma has baskets of headwork they made for her grandma many, many years ago.

The boy who has a grandmother to come and see him once in a while is in great luck, for she is about the best friend a boy can have.—Farm Journal.

OUR HOME CLUB

Aunt Jane's Christmas Message

The Christmas holiday with all its mirth and cheer is here again, but, Oh, how many changes have taken place since last Christmas; yea, in the last few months. Only a year ago all nations seemed to be perfectly at peace. Some may say, "What does the war matter to us? If they want to fight, let them. We will eat, drink and be merry." But I surely think it does matter to us, and how can we sit down and enjoy our turkey and plum pudding without a feeling of sadness in our hearts for those poor people whose hearts are bleeding and aching.

The Bible says, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with those that weep." If we as a nation have ever had cause to weep it is at the present time for what are those brave soldiers doing who have boldly gone forth to fight! One cannot read the papers without feeling that thousands have and are giving their life-blood for us to enjoy our freedom.

Many at this season of the year are puzzling their brains to know what to give or get for those who have everything that heart could wish and some there are who can ill afford it. It seems to me that at this trying time it would be well to economize lest there be a more urgent call for help. The war is not over, and anything we can do I think should be done without delay.

I heard a good mother say the other day, "Well, I am always glad when Christmas is over, for the children get so many things given to them I almost feel I must give something in return, and it is so hard to choose for people whom you know have everything." But when we think of those poor mothers who last Christmas no doubt had their families and children see whole families wiped out, it certainly must be heart-rending. We have someone sick in our family. We give them the best of care, and finally they die. Do we mourn for them? How much more will those poor creatures mourn for those loved ones who have been so suddenly called into battle to be simply murdered!

I am sure that I am speaking for all members of the Home Club, when I say, "God grant that this war may soon come to an end."—Aunt Jane.

It frequently happens that painters splash the glass windows when they are painting the sills. When this is the case melt some soda in very hot water and wash the glass with it, using a soft brush. It will entirely remove the paint.



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