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BEGS to announce that owing to War Requirements, together with increased cost of production, all Price Lists are cancelled, but special quotations and samples will be gladly sent on application.

Enquiries Solicited, and Comparison of Value Invited.

A DISGUSTED CAT.

Dandy is the name of a very large and handsome cat belonging to a lady living near Boston. Dandy is really very clever, but he had an experience recently that came near branding him as exceedingly stupid, and he was very much "cut up" over it. An exchange tells the story.

His mistress has a little boy of five years, for whom she had bought one of those clever imitation cats stamped on cloth and stuffed with wool or cotton.

Dandy did not happen to be around when the cotton cat arrived, and after playing with it for a little while the child left it on the windowsill. It sat there, looking from the street wonderfully like a cat.

The lady was sitting by this window sewing, and presently she saw Dandy come into the yard. He glanced up at the window, and was instantly transformed from a dignified, well-behaved cat to a jealous, snarling demon.

The servant girl, who opened the kitchen door in response to his imperative meows, said that he shot by her with the rapidity of lightning, and seemed to clear all of the back stairs at a single bound on his way to the sitting-room.

Into this room he dashed, his yellow eyes aglow with jealous rage, his throat emitting snarls. He leaped fiercely upon the dummy cat and fell with it to the floor.

Dandy's demeanor, when he saw how he had been deceived, was very funny. He walked round and round the cotton cat, amazement and disgust expressed in one prolonged meow, followed by another and another. Then he stood still, with his head twisted in a way too ludicrous to be described.

Finally, he shot out of the room as swiftly as he had entered it, and was seen no more for four days and nights—an unheard-of proceeding in his life. It probably took all that time for him to recover from the shame and disgust his feelings had sustained.

When he finally returned he utterly ignored the object of his foolish rage, showing greater wisdom in this respect than men and women often show when enraged and mortified.

DEATH

On November 4th, 1918, at the London General Hospital, Chelsea, Second Lieutenant Robert Stewart White, R.F.A., elder son of the Bishop of Honan and Mrs. White, aged 29 years, from pneumonia.

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—Santa Claus is responsible for a great deal—mostly the happiness of small people round about Christmas time, but I have a suspicion that this time he is responsible for something else—and that is, the rather few answers I received to our Help Competition. There were several, that is true, and some people told me they thought it was rather hard, which may account for it perhaps; but it never occurred to me that you minded hard things much—I thought you liked them! But I suppose Christmas is such an exciting time anyway, that one must forgive one's cousins if Help Competitions and such things don't seem very interesting.

Paul Gardner writes and tells me about his examinations; how on earth did you ever do so well in your algebra, boy? I never did so well as that in algebra in my life, and my geometry —!!! I wonder they ever had any patience to go on, though I really worked hard. But I used to do better than you in literature, so I don't mind so much.

I had letters from more new cousins, too, which is what I like more than anything; two of the answers also come from two little sisters who say they are both nine years old. Tell me this minute, Kate and Florence, are you twins, because if you are, you're the first twin-cousins I've ever had. And it's you, Kate, who have won the prize! Another new cousin to do it. To go back to Kate's answer; her texts were all short, but they were so good, especially the first four: I wish I had space to print them all, but I'm afraid there isn't room, as the new competition is rather long. It's an old friend this time—A Text-hunting Competition, and I suppose you will all get busy when you see it. It's about the easiest kind of a competition, I think, though there are plenty of catches in it too, so you must look out.

You are all wondering what Santa is going to bring, I expect; for one thing, I guess you all want a good fall of snow, else what use will there be for that sled you asked him for when you wrote the letter and sent it flying up the chimney? Christmas and no snow is a queer kind of arrangement—like a party without any cake, isn't it? But you should see our Christmas tree that we have! And the children don't know a thing about it. We've got to dress it up to-morrow and manage somehow so that nobody will suspect at all, and how to do it I do not know. Mrs. Cousin Mike will have to manage it somehow—she's a clever person, and I suppose she'll do it, but I couldn't—especially as there isn't any snow! If there were some, then I could pack them all off and tell them to play in it and not dare to come near the house till I sent for them,—but as it is . . . well, I'll leave it to other people!

Many thanks for the merry Christmas wishes from all of you; if you were here, I should probably shake hands with you very hard and say, "Same to you, same to you." I might even kiss you, only some of you mightn't like it. But anyway, since I can't do either, I'll shout very loud from the office: Happy New Year, Everybody!! Did you hear me?

Your affectionate Cousin Mike.

RESULTS OF "HELP COMPETITION."

Prize awarded to Kate Maxwell, age 9, 88 Keewatin Avenue, Toronto.

Highly commended in order of merit:

- 1. Alfreda Hall, age 11, 290 Shel-drake Boulevard, Toronto.

- 2. Helen Robinson, age 11, The Rectory, Stanley, N.B.
- 3. Ruth Gardner, age 10, Bobcay-geon, Ontario.
- 4. Paul Gardner, age 12, Bobcay-geon, Ontario.

TEXT-HUNTING COMPETITION.

Where, in the Book of Isaiah, are the following texts found:—

- 1. Learn to do well.
 - 2. Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord.
 - 3. None shall slumber nor sleep.
 - 4. For God is with us.
 - 5. The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.
 - 6. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet.
 - 7. Two or three berries in the uppermost part of the bough.
 - 8. A possession for the bittern and pools of water.
 - 9. He shall smite and heal it.
 - 10. I will commit thy government into his hand.
 - 11. He will swallow up death in victory.
 - 12. He that believeth shall not make haste.
 - 13. Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us.
 - 14. The terrible one is brought to nought.
 - 15. Thine eyes shall see thy teachers.
 - 16. Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.
 - 17. The fear of the Lord is his treasure.
 - 18. They were as the grass of the field.
 - 19. In all these things is the life of my spirit.
 - 20. He shall gather the lambs with His arm.
 - 21. Fear not, for I am with thee.
 - 22. Sing unto the Lord a new song.
 - 23. Thou art a God that hides Thyself.
 - 24. From that time that it was, there am I.
 - 25. That thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go.
 - 26. They all shall wax old as a garment.
 - 27. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings.
 - 28. A leader and commander to the people.
 - 29. And the Lord shall guide thee continually.
 - 30. The angel of his presence saved them.
- Last day for receiving answers is Thursday, January 16th.
Don't forget to write your age.

A CALL TO THEE.

By Fred Scott Shepard.

A call to thee is coming,
O Church of Christ, awake!
The hearts of men are burdened—
Their sins they would forsake;
Go forth with Christ's evangel—
His Gospel to them take.

A call to thee is coming,
O Church of Christ, arise!
The world with sorrow groaneth—
For peace and comfort sighs;
Proclaim God's tender mercy,
And say, "Lift up thine eyes!"

A call to thee is coming,
O Church of Christ, behold!
The Master standeth, waiting
For thee, do not withhold
Thine utmost, loyal service—
Its price is far untold.

Be faithful to thy mission,
The love of God proclaim—
The suffering love that brought us
Salvation through His name;
O Church of Christ, be faithful,
Lest failure be thy shame!

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THE VOWEL GAME.

"Now," said Charlie, when everybody was gathered around the table, "let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked everyone at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie, distributing pencils among the family group. "You take the five regular vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except a in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said Cousin Lucy. "Please give us an example."

"You'll have to give me a few minutes' grace, then," laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take a." He wrote industriously for a few minutes, and then read the result aloud:—

"A man at Panama has a cat that can catch all bad ants, rats and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn."

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes, or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read, and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain, commonplace English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points wins the game."—Selected.

THE NEW YEAR

is a good time to make sure your subscription to this paper is paid up. Ask your address label. It tells.

Brain Fag

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