

in duties.

H. N. Jennings is in Toronto to arrange for the early appearance of the great British picture-play "Ole."

rough a regrettable error it was in Saturday's issue that J. B. Weaver would entertain bridge this evening. The society regrets that she was wrongly led in the matter.

ing the visitors in the city today. William Arkell, representing a business house. Mr. Arkell enthusiastic member of the Toronto London Advertising Clubs and is a booster for such organization every considerable city. He is a former newspaper man of considerable and varied experience, and is well qualified to do the duty. In bringing into the city the most famous mercantile activities and interests town.

E. Mavor spent the week-end in town.

Norman Kibler of Hamilton business visitor in the city.

H. P. Graham of Montreal is in town.

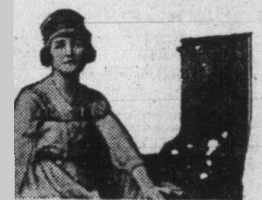
R. W. Henderson of Montreal town.

red Solo Vincent Thiele rendered a do-vocal solo number at the evening at St. Matthew's Church today. His singing was greatly appreciated by the attendants.

ite Coal save now all sizes of hard coal and can make prompt delivery of any part of the Twin City. Wm. Hogg, Waterloo, 24.

PETERGROWING WEAKER EL, Jan. 27.—King Peter of who has been seriously ill for me, is growing weaker, according to dispatch received from Laisbach.

Wed. Jan. 29.



JARTET. Quartet are both program will include violin, cello, soprano and vocal duets. Personality in addition to vocal duets. \$50c.

er

Bill

FIRST ON RE-PICT-NDE-ABLE Y-ON OF BRITISH

N demand for this of the two films for the past five released first for

g Str.



# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## THE CANTEEN



AROLINE, KATE and Susie had a wonderful idea. It was Caroline's idea really, as you might have guessed if you had known Caroline. She was just full of ideas! "Brother George is coming home," Kate had cried in great glee. "He's been mustered out!"

"Mustered out?" Susie asked in alarm.

"It only means he's to come home and needn't go back to camp any more," explained her friend. "Isn't that fine? And he has a right to wear his uniform for three months while he is finding a new job. And he's going to bring some home-made ice cream and cake and stuff very cheap. A man named Thomas Barnes who has hospital leave. That means he's been sick or wounded and they've excused him for awhile so he can go home, but he hasn't any home, he's an orphan, so Brother George is bringing him to our house. Isn't that dandy?"

"Dandy? I should say!" cried Susie, her braids shaking with excitement. But Caroline looked very thoughtful and said nothing.

"Well?" demanded her friend.

"I just got a idea," Caroline said, rubbing her nose thoughtfully. "Seems to me if we're going to have soldiers

pigtails over her shoulder and asked:

"Well, how shall we begin?"

Now Caroline not only had ideas, but she was a clever little hand at carrying them out.

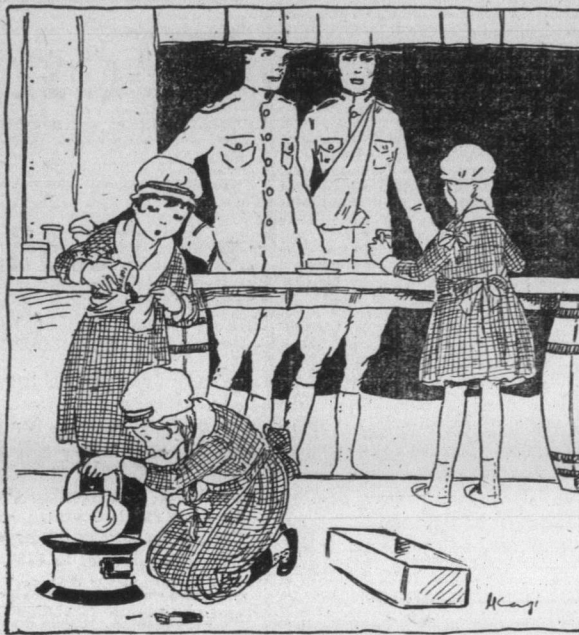
"First," she said, "we've got to make aprons and caps."

"I guess Rose'll help us make 'em," Susie said. "Rose is just a dear and never snippy like some of the sisters."

So they all three went to ask Big

"Game indeed!" thought Caroline indignantly, but she said nothing, because Rose meant well.

After the aprons were finished, the "Committee," as the three girls called themselves, went to look for a suitable place for their canteen. They found an old empty shed near the station which they thought would do. It was swept and cleaned and decorated with flags. Then Caroline borrowed a bot-



You Should Have Seen Those Little Girls Bustle.

Sister Rose, who was fourteen, and a very grand young lady going to high school.

"The aprons should be gray with white collars and cuffs," said Rose, and the caps are white with a striped ribbon across the front. Yes, I'll help you make them. I have an old gray petticoat that would do for one."

Caroline bought some gray lining and Kate begged an old dress from her mother, so soon Rose was cutting out the aprons and stitching them on the machine, while the three little girls bustled and bustled about, doing all they could to help.

"What are you doing, dears?" asked Susie's mother peeping in the door of the sewing room.

"We're making caps and aprons," Rose answered. "The girls have invented a lovely new game!"

of her mother's shoe dressing and printed in big black letters, on a long board they had found:

CANTINE. SOLDIERS WELCOME!

(She had to ask Rose how to spell "Canteen" and "Soldiers," and it did her good to learn how, because she never said "soldiers" again.) Then they hung up the board in front of their canteen.

For tables they used old barrels with boards laid across them and they covered them with clean paper. Cups and saucers were begged or borrowed from the three homes, and Kate's father let them have a little one-knife set, and Caroline's mother lent them a kettle and three pots and a frying pan.

"Coffee, tea, cocoa; sausages, eggs and ham; sandwiches, ice cream and cake," read Caroline from the list she had made.

"How will we make all that?" asked Kate.

"Well, they won't ask for everything," answered Caroline, "and Mother says we can take things from home if we pay for them."

Brother George and Thomas Barnes arrived the day after the canteen was opened. They were met at the station by the family and on the way home Kate led them into the canteen. It was a very cold day so they said they would like some hot coffee and cake. You should have seen those little girls bustle! Susie put the coffee in a muslin bag while Caroline started the stove and put the water on to boil. Kate brought out sugar, milk and spoons and the cups, then she ran home for some cake. In a very little while two steaming cups of good coffee stood before the two soldiers.

"Well, be coming in again soon!" said Brother George, paying down twenty cents.

Well, well, well! Little did they dream what was coming. It was holiday time, so the little girls went to their canteen bright and early the next day and what did they find but a great crowd of soldiers around the shed?

"Please, we're cold and hungry!" explained one of the men. "There was an accident up the track and our train won't be able to start off again for three hours. Please hurry and give us a bite!"

Kate flew like a rabbit to her home and called her mother to help. Caroline lit her stove and put on water to boil and tied up her coffee in a muslin bag. Susie was taking the orders: Forty ham and eggs, twenty coffee; thirty sausages—dear, dear! The pigtails stood straight out with dismay. There wasn't that much food in town, she was sure!

But in a few minutes in bustled Kate with the three mothers, Rose and all the other girls and ladies in town. Thank goodness, they all brought something! Three hours later every soldier was gone—filled up and happy.

"My word!" cried Caroline. "Isn't it a good thing we had a canteen here?"

And everyone, even the duffered mothers, agreed that it was.

## THE ACORN THAT THE SQUIRREL FORGOT

ONCE upon a time, a little brown acorn away up in the top of an oak got to wriggling around in the cup where it lived, until it got right loose, and one day when a wind came by and shook the branches, it tumbled out and fell down and down through the leaves to the ground below. It struck a rock and bounced up in the air like a rubber ball, and then went rolling down the hillside and finally came to a stop on a bed of



The Leaves That Whispered It To Sleep.

velvety moss. At first it had a very lonely and undressed kind of a feeling, as that was the only time since it was a wee bit of a thing that it had ever been out of the little fuzzy-lined cup that had always held it, so snug and tight.

But everything around was so new and strange that it did not have much time to get homesick or lonesome. All about were ferns with tiny dewdrops hanging from every place where drops could hang; little family groups of pink and white mushrooms were scattered among the withered leaves, and busy red ants were running here and there, but never too busy to stop and rub feelers with every neighbor they met, that being their way of saying "Hello, how's everybody today?"

While the acorn lay very still and wondered what strange thing would happen next, a squirrel, one of these long, gray, wavy squirrels came down a tree and approached the mossy bed where the acorn lay wishing with all its heart it had stayed in its little cradle up among the leaves that whispered it to sleep every night.

The squirrel turned aside to nip off a pink mother mushroom standing in the midst of her children, and holding in his paws, sat up so straight that the whole of his white vest showed. He nibbled and nibbled until

there wasn't any mushroom left, and then he wiped his mouth with his paw, because squirrels do not have napkins, you know, and then he noticed the poor little undressed acorn trying to hide in the moss. Taking it up in his paws and turning it over and over, he sat up just as he did when he ate the little mushroom children's mother, and the acorn thought its time had come. But as the acorn was such a fine one, so smooth, and so fat, and as he wasn't very hungry anyway, he decided that the acorn would taste mighty good some day in winter when food was hard to find, and when the ground was covered over with snow. So holding it tight in his teeth, he found a nice soft place under a bunch of wood violets and there he dug a cute little hole as you ever saw puffed the acorn down in it, covered it all up, and then patted the earth so smooth that no one would ever have dreamed that an acorn lay buried there.

Now this squirrel had buried so many acorns for his winter use, that he was just obliged to forget where some of them were hidden, and so it was with the acorn of this story—he forgot to come back for it. All winter long it lay there, just as snug as a bug in a rug, and did not even know when the snows came and covered the ground inches deep with a great white blanket. The next spring the sun warmed the earth and the rain drops soaked down and kept the acorn nice and moist. Then a very strange thing happened: the little acorn had a queer feeling as if something inside was trying to get out, and while it was wondering what was the matter, its shell cracked open, and a very pale and a very tender little sprout began to push its way upwards, while a baby root started down in the earth to see what it could find to eat. By this time the sprout had reached the surface, and elbowing the grains of sand out of its way peeped out on a wonderful world of growing green things. Once out in the glorious sunshine, the little leaves that had been folded up like a fair umbrella, began to open, and very soon two little newly born oak leaves were turning green as they drank the sap the rootlet was sending up. Now all the baby oak had to do was to stay in one place and grow, and some day it would be a great spreading tree with wagon loads of leaves, thousands of branches where birds could build their nests.

And all because the squirrel forgot where he buried an acorn.

## PETER'S PENNY MAGIC

THE SLOWEST, oddest boy of the neighborhood was Peter Bell, who lived in a big brick house with his uncle and aunt. Peter never did anything first—so you can

### PUZZLE CORNER

THREE LETTER SQUARES

1. Sorrowful.
2. Unnecessarily active.
3. A minute mark.
4. The edge of anything.
5. A girl's name.
6. An elastic cushion.

1. A dog.
2. Custom.
3. A color.

### THE ANT HILL

- Each word ends in ANT.
- Capriciously ill-tempered.
- Exultingly glad.
- False.
- A voracious equine bird.
- Careless indifference.
- An imposing exhibition.
- A show.
- Unable to endure.

### ANSWERS

- THREE LETTER SQUARES—
- |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|
| S-A-D | L-I-P | C-U-R |
| A-D-O | I-D-A | U-S-E |
| D-O-T | P-A-D | R-E-D |

- THE ANT HILL—1. Petulant. 2. Sublimity. 3. Recreant. 4. Cormorant. 5. Nonchalant. 6. Pageant. 7. Ter-magant. 8. Intolerant.

HIDDEN PROVERB—A man is known by the company he keeps.



"He's Glued It On," Said Red.

"A drop of 'lasses," guessed another. Peter smiled broadly, took the penny off, and handed it to the fellow. He dared them to do the feat, and

then laughed as the penny dropped repeatedly upon the ground. There was no molasses or glue about it.

"I did it," Red suddenly shouted, and sure enough there the penny stuck above his eyes just as if it had grown out of that particular spot. "I moistened it," he explained.

The boys had fathomed Peter's secret, and he nodded good-naturedly. He watched a ball game for a minute or two, and then he silently walked away.

In the afternoon of the same day Peter returned. Another game was on. Peter called to the boys. He said he could make a penny stick on the slickest surface they could find. Red thought of a varnished door casing inside his home and asked Peter to try his stunt there.

"Watch me," said the penny magician as he fumbled in his pocket and produced the coin. He held it on the varnished surface with his left hand while his left thumb pressed it firmly. He withdrew his thumb carefully and the

penny remained.

"Bet I can do it," said one of the boys.

When he tried three times and failed, another seized the copper. But he also failed. Then Red, remembering the forehead trick, blew his breath upon the coin and pressed it on the casing. The penny jingled upon the floor when he withdrew his hand.

For a half hour those boys tried to do what Peter had done. Peter slyly remarked that Columbus was the only man who could make an egg stand on its little end and that he did it by cracking the shell.

Peter enjoyed himself hugely while the boys tried and failed. How many times had he been called "Sissy" and "Dumpty" and other disgusting names? He was proving himself master as a magician.

"It's all in knowing how," explained Peter at last. "and all you need is a knife. Hold the blade of the knife nearly flat against the penny and make tiny cuts in the rim in the same direction. Press the penny firmly against the surface with a twisting motion of your thumb. It's easy."

THE YOUTH OF A GREAT MAN

TOWARD the end of the fifteenth century in a certain hilly country in Italy, two little boys could be seen when they would cross over to each other and talk in whispers in a very serious way. Their master was a strict man and when he caught the boys shirking their duties, threatened them with punishment and bade them remain out longer, in fact until dark. But no sooner was the master's back turned than they drove the cattle into the barn and crept softly to their attic room. Whispering all the while, they packed their scant belongings into a little bundle and crept softly out in the world. The world to them was Rome, and thither they went to look for work. Peter soon was employed as a cook's assistant in a Cardinal's house, but the other, Michael by name, was not so fortunate. He wandered from one place to another but always came back in the evening to share Peter's room, hopeless and sad. Michael used to enter many churches in his walks about Rome and the wonderful paintings on the walls fascinated him beyond expression. For hours he would stand in front of a decorated wall until he knew every line of the painting by heart.

One evening after Peter let him secretly into his room, Michael, who had found some bits of charcoal, began to draw odd pictures on the white-washed walls. This form of amusement was his nightly occupation, even after he had been employed to assist the cook in that very Cardinal's house. One day the Cardinal, while roaming through his house, chanced to enter Peter's and Michael's room and he was startled by the wonderful drawing on the wall. He sent for the two boys and said "Who's work is this?"

"I did them, Master, but if you won't punish me I will try to rub them out."

"Be not afraid of me," answered the Cardinal. "I like your work and I mean to send you to a man who can teach you the art of painting." Turning to Peter he said, "You, too, have been a good servant and I will advance you."

Have you guessed who the Michael was who began his great life's work in this humble, patient way? Yes, you are correct, it was no other than the world's greatest painter and sculptor, Michael Angelo.

While Michael Angelo was sculpturing his great statue of Moses, you know the one with the horns representing the rays of light radiating from his countenance, a friend who thought himself an artist was watching him and he said: "I think your statue very fine, and I like it very much; but I think the nose too big. If I were you I would chop off a little of it."

Michael Angelo raised his chisel and mallet and off came a piece of marble and fell to the floor.

"How do you like it now?" asked the artist.

"Now it is fine, and I wouldn't touch it again."

"Have no fear," said Michael, "and be assured that I didn't touch the nose before. I had a piece of marble in my hand and I let it fall to test your critical ability. I, too, know when a work is right and I didn't propose spoiling this statue that has cost me so much time, and effort, for a whim of yours."

After that the critic wisely held his peace, and the Moses statue is still one of the world's masterpieces in marble.



## TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE. BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT

### BREAD BOARD.

PAINT EDGE BLACK, AND DECORATE WITH NATURAL COLORS.



SUGGESTED DESIGNS.

NEVER HAS there been such a call upon people to save food-stuffs as there is now. Our country has to live to supply food for many people across the water for sometime yet, and to be able to do so, we must save very carefully of what we have for our own use.

Bread has often been called the staff of life. It certainly is now. Mr. Hoover has asked that people make use of the bread board. Where bread is cut in the kitchen and brought to the table, it is difficult to tell how much to cut, with the result that often there are several slices left over. These dry out quickly and are usually thrown away, as no one wishes to eat dry bread. If the bread is placed directly on the dining table, it can be cut as needed and no waste occurs. It is for this reason that the request to use the bread board has been made. The best material to use is maple, as it is hard and will offer more resistance to the knife than most woods. The wood is bound to be cut slightly each time the board is used, so a hard wood is the best. Maple is a close grained wood, which is also an advantage.

Get out the stock to dimensions in the usual way. Select the design that best pleases you. Three suggestions are offered herewith, though the board may be worked up with a circular or an oval shape if desired. Those shown have proven very satisfactory, as they conform to the shape of the average

leaf of bread. Of course, there are no hard and fast rules governing these. The dimensions may also be changed to suit, the most important part being that you observe the suggestions regarding the decoration—proper space allowance, etc.

Whatever design is selected, be very careful that you have your work accurate. For instance, in the design having the corners cut off, be sure the chamfers meet uniformly all around. Note that the chamfer is made quite deep with reference to the thickness of the board. A small chamfer would allow but a small decorative space and the result would not be effective. This is important to remember if you decide to use different designs than the ones presented.

### THE JUNIOR COOK

APPLE HONEY

Save the peelings and the perfect cores from twelve apples. Wash and put on to cook with one pint of water.

Cook slowly till the water seems to be about half boiled away. This will take at least 25 minutes, slow cooking, may be longer.

Strain through a fine sieve. Press gently with a broad spoon so as to be sure to get all the juice.

Measure the juice. There should be a cupful or more.

Put the juice into a saucepan and add three-quarters as much sugar as you have juice.

Stir till sugar is dissolved. Put over the fire and cook till the juice drips like syrup when run from a spoon.

Pour at once into a jelly glass.

This is delicious for sandwiches, or to eat on bread after school.