### for the Kiddies

## of **Outftits**

1.50 1.00 1.00 1.00

Vhistle..... .40 

2.00

Bros. Ltd.

# MAGAZINE FEATURES

### Simple Letters of A Simple Fello





-

E ME UP." "TOLD US TO H

OLD HANDS." SUNSET FIRES.

(By Mary Charlotte Billings.) Away cross the hilltop
At night I used to see
A house with colored windows
As lovely as could be,
Aflame with sunset yellow
And flashing crimson light;
Oh, how I wished our windows
Would shine like that at night!

bein Skotch he lisped. There wasnt many that could understand him when he was alive.

The medilums house looked kind of like the one we boarded in. A colored girl showed us in the front parlor where a lot of people was sitting on the edge of chairs lookin foolish.

Madam D. Mora, the medilum, was an awful blow. She was the kind of a woman that done seem to care much for exercise. Her dress was hitched away ap in front and way down behind. It kind of made her look like a chariot in the circus.

She looked us all over then rolled her eyes up the ceilin an sez "The spirits is beginnin to murmur. Eliza will you collect two dollars and fitty cents from everybody... We hadnt figgered on that. Angus explained how it was his Uncle that wanted to speak to him, and not him to his Uncle. He wanted to know couldnt she reverse the charges some way. It seemed to be a one way sistem tho. After all it was cheap ennif considerin the distance. I had to pay more





Now heard the music of the sea!

I pity not the dead that were,
Nor grieve for them that soon shall
die,
For they have seen the blossoms stir
With every breeze that traveled by
And they the breath of life have
drawn

Rann-Dom Reels

Angus got her to give us the address Angus got her to give a short, jerky cognommen which follows it down to old age. Then also it is quite popular to hunt see why people get so charty then also it is quite popular to hunt see why people get so charty then show tolks dont talk to them when their alive.

\*\*Pours only till death.\*\*

\*\*Copyright, 1919, By The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

\*\*ANGUS WOK\*\*

\*\*ANGUS WOK\*



Once this hillside ecnoed to and shouts of the Roman soldiers and the Jewish temple police, as they exulted over the capture of the Master. Formorly, it had been jubilant with the hosannas of the multitudes who acclaimed him as Conqueror. Amid the shadows of these rocks the frightnened disciples scurried for cover at the hour when Jesus needed them most. But above all else, the memory recurs that this friendly hillside was Christ's favorite place of prayer. Here he met the Father; and here all suffering spirits meetinm, in the Garden of Pellowship. In her earlier years Ella Wheeler Wilcox eaw this clearly:

"In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth;
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Semewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden all must sometime see—
Somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

"With joyous steps we go our ways.
Love lends a halo to our days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar;
We laugh, and say how strong we are.
We hurry on, and hurrying, go
Close to the borderland of woe,
That waits for you and waits for me—
Forever waits Gethsemane.

"Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams, Bridged over by our broken dreams, Behind the misty caps of years. Close to the great salt fount of tears, The garden lies; strive as you may, You cannot miss it in your way. All paths that have been, or shall be. Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

"All those who journey, soon or lafe Must pass within that garden's gate. Must kneel alone in darkness there. And battle with some flerce deepair. Not mine, but thine, who only pray, 'Let this cup pass,' and cannot see The purpose in Gethsemane."

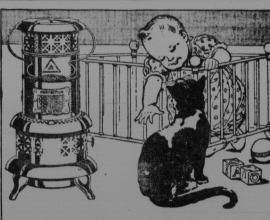
The Tragedy of Time.

All time that has been and will be focused its supreme tragedy upon this gray hillside. Our lesson story itself is more important than any

## LIFT OFF CORNS

WITH FINGERS





# A Cozy Home.

Baby plays on the floor safely when the Perfection Heater is lighted. At bath time, too, there's no danger from chill with the Perfection Heater close by — and hundreds of other uses.

You can take a Perfection Heater anywhere. Warms any room quickly. The wick-stop prevents smoking. Every atom of coal oil is turned into odorless heat. Runs about ten hours on one gallon of Imperial Royalite Coal Oil.

Saves lighting the furnace early in the Fall and running it late in the Spring. Cheerful warmth whenever, wherever you want it. Built right and lasts for years.

Nickel trimmings, with drum black japanned or blue enameled. Select yours to-day. Your dealer sells Perfection Heaters, with the triengle trade-mark.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED Power Heat Light Lubrication Branches in All Cities.

