

MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fellow

Dere Mable:—
 I'm awful tired from havin' slept much lately. It all started with Angus reading me a spook story the other night. It told how most of the people that die have a rotten time cause they keep thinkin' of things they forgot to say or do. I can't make any of it understand. Once in a while they find somebody that can. They call him a medium.
 I see I was glad I want one. From all I heard the spooks had a lot of time on their hands. They just be naggin' you a botherin' you all the time. Imagine havin' Aunt Isabel pesterin' me about catchin' cold all through eternity.
 Angus is the kind of a fellow that can't read about any kind of a symptom without havin' it. He sez he wouldn't be a bit surprised if he was a medium. Had been hearin' awful funny noises lately. It kind of ran in his family. His grandfater, Donald McMurtrie, that died of asina without lookin' out the window. Just had a damp feelin'.
 In the middle of the night Angus woke me up and sez did I hear any-thing funny. I told him nothin' could be funny at that hour of the night. Besides I want no night watchman.
 Grandfater Talked About Money.
 I was pretty jumpy by that time. I heard Madam D. Mora say "Is Angus McDonald here?" Angus admitted he was but he didn't seem very sure about it. Then Madam D. Mora sez somebody was callin' him. She sez "Somebody callin' you. I think it's a relative. Are any of your relatives dead?" Angus sez yes, most of em. Especially his grandfater McMurtrie. Madam D. Mora sez she thought this was his grandfater. McMurtrie talk to her. Then she lissened a minit. She sez he was very close to us. His



He sez this was a joke. If I wake up I'd bear grandfater McMurtrie breathin' in the next room.
 Well Mable I lissened and I could feel my hair stickin' into the pillow. There was the worst fargin' an' curst. He go on on the other side of the wall you ever heard. Angus sez he knew it was his grandfater. Nobody else ever breathe like that. He supposed the dampness in heavin had caught on his asina again.
 I told Angus if he was goin' to get in a bunch of spooks for buddies wedd have to get different rooms. Then I pulled the bed close an' the pillow over my head an' went to sleep again.
 Angus Scents Treasur
 Angus went himself all next day. He kept tellin' me stories about grandfater McMurtrie's life. I don't see why Angus was so sure he was in heavin. The same thing happened next night. Some time after grandfater McMurtrie's asina got the better of him. I felt sorry for the old man but I couldn't see what he expected to prove by botherin' us. Why did he haant so good doctor.
 Angus sez that settled it. He was goin' to a regular medium. The old gent might have something on his mind. There was a story that grandfater McMurtrie had left a lot of money hid somewhere. Perhaps he wanted Angus to have it. If that was the trouble he sez he'd do anything in his power to set the old gentleman easy.
 One of the thipsters down at the office was a spook fan. She chatted with her relatives way back to the time when they hung from trees. Angus got her to give us the address of a good medium. His sez she had to be pretty good to understand grandfater McMurtrie's cuses besides



bein' Scotch he lipped. There wasn't many that could understand him when he was alive.
 The mediums horse 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 medium, was an awful blow. She was the kind of a woman that don't seem to care much for exercise. Her dress was hitched away up 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 ceiling an' sez "The spirits is beginnin' to murmur. Eliza will you collect two dollars and fifty cents from everybody." We hadn't figured on that. Angus explained that it was his Uncle that wanted to speak to him, and not him to his Uncle. He wanted to know could he reverse the charges some way. It seemed to be a one way system the. After all it was cheap enuff considerin' the distance. I had to pay more

Are You Superstitious?

By IMOGENE BURCH
 A SUPERSTITIOUS NEGRO
 Few races of people have more superstitious than the negro. Many of their beliefs were brought to America from Africa, where the greatest "scientist" among them was their hoodoo doctor. An old Southern doctor once told me how he got the best of a superstitious negro who lived on his plantation. The doctor was asked to come to the cabin where Mandy was very sick. On arriving he discovered that Mandy was suffering from dropsy, and the best remedy he could prescribe was exercise.
 "The gwine die, marse," she said, "I've been conjured. Sister Lisa she done conjured me."
 The doctor knew that it would be useless to contradict the negroes and that it would do no good to leave medicine, so he said:
 "Mandy, if you want to get well there is only one thing to do, and that is to get rid of that spell that Lisa has cast upon you."
 "Yes, air, I sure would like to get rid of dat conjure, marse."
 "Then Mandy you must do just as I say." With that he proceeded to prescribe a way for Mandy to rid herself of the "conjure" and incidentally to get the exercise that she needed. The first day, he told her, she must go out

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

THE PRIVILEGE OF LIFE.
 It is no little thing to be able to walk the fragrant ways of earth; My sighs are all for those unborn Who have not known the thrill of birth.
 How many countless ones remain To prove their fitness for this life, Seeking the word from God that they may be entrusted with a soul!
 What matter earthly pomp and fame? What matter worldly gain or loss; Christ out of Heaven gladly came To suffer death upon the cross, And we that live's no small highway plod And claim the joys the mornings give, Are honored by Almighty God In that we're privileged to live.

Ran-Dom Reels NAMING THE BABY.

Life is to be presented with a set of twins and then try to locate a pair of long names for them. Nearly all twins are given names that sound as much alike as possible, thus making it an easy matter to tell them apart after they have been identified by the parents.
 If the baby is a boy, the mother always insists upon naming it after the father, which is a splendid arrangement, as in after life the father is able to handle about four-fifths of the son's mail and get a good clear idea of the modern love letter when it has proper carburetor adjustment. In the case of a girl baby it is always better to pick out a name that has been worn for several years by some rich relative who is looking for a good place to leave a farm covered with ripening alfalfa and red pigs.
 It is a trying task to name a baby when it is the seventeenth member of the family. Some people use the telephone book, while others can be seen feverishly scanning the society column in the effort to find some name which has not been tried on any other child. Benjamin Franklin was the seventeenth child, but he survived his name and grew to be a great, good man, which is the best fortune our parents for what we received.

SUNSET FIRES.

(By Mary Charlotte Billings.)
 Away across the hilltop At night I used to see A house with colored windows As lovely as could be, Affame with sunset yellow And flashing crimson light; Oh, how I wished our windows Would shine like that at night!
 Away across the hilltop One time I went to see What wondrous panes were flashing Those rainbow gleams to me, Plain glass they were, like ours; And when I homeward came I saw our own bright windows With sunset fires aflame!
 HE MEANT TO BE POLITIC.
 He the part of wisdom to close the mouth when the conversation begins to include words the sound of which is unfamiliar to you. The soldier who is the hero of this little incident "took a chance"—and probably wished he had not.
 While in the army, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, I was accompanied by a sergeant who tried to give the impression that he was one of the brainiest men Uncle Sam had hired. On pass one Sunday, in a certain town, a young woman asked us to her house to have a cup of coffee. On arriving, she introduced us to her mother, who made excuses in regard to her appearance. She then remarked, "I'll go and put on the percolator."
 The sergeant said, "Oh, you look all right the way you are."

MODERN MEMORIES

By William T. Ellis.
 The International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 7 is: "PETER AND JOHN ASLEEP IN GETHSEMANE." — Mark 14: 32-54.
 It was only last summer that I sojourned in Jerusalem; and, repeatedly, the Mount of Olives on the western slope of which is the Garden of Gethsemane—symbol of the ordeal of all spirits who suffer self-renunciation to the point of agony, and scene of the actual ordeal of Jesus.
 War has left this hallowed spot untouched; the British refused to bombard Jerusalem. From the wall of the city, within the temple enclosure, the Mount of Olives looks like a collection of gardens with high walls, and circuitous roads. Secularism has encircled all the traditional sites within these high limestone walls; so that the soldiers on top of the many motor lorries that pass to and from the Jericho camp can scarcely see over the top of them.
 Inside the enclosure of the Franciscans is what is generally regarded as the true site of the Garden of Gethsemane. Certainly it was somewhere within a few yards of this spot that the Saviour underwent his agony of the bloody sweat. Devotion wants to agree with the saintly old monk who has for so many years tenderly cared for the garden, that this venerable olive tree, an ancient giant, gnarled and twisted, but still bearing fruit after many centuries, was the Gethsemane tree under which Jesus prayed alone. Such as these were "the little green leaves" that "were kind to him."
 "The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Saviour prays alone."
 " 'Tis midnight; and, from all re-voiced, Emmanuel wrestles lone with tears: E'en the disciple that he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears."
 " 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt, The Master of Sorrows weeps in blood: Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not forsaken by his God."
 Moonlight on Olivet.
 One night three of us, Americans, went out from our hotel near the Jaffa Gate and crossing the city, to the Brook Kedron, we climbed the steep road up to the crest of the Olivets. Several times we passed the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and at our feet it was, we knew, upon just such a night, with the effulgence of the full moon bathing the city, that the Saviour, here or there for the last time to this hillside which he loved, to muse upon the city of his desire.
 There lay Jerusalem, softened and hazy in the moonlight. All the ugliness which sunlight reveals was gone. Near, on the site of Solomon's Temple, rose the Dome of the Rock. Other mosques with cupolas, and the two German church towers and the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, were clearly traced; and here and there in the city a feeble light shone.
 A beauty as of charity enveloped it all, and to the visitor comes thronging memories of the prophets, saints and martyrs; the soldiers, kings and travelers; the city, felt toward it, and all the other things which today are soiled and perplexed. Over the spirit there steals a sense of confidence; verily, the travail of his soul shall be as a great, good man, which is the best fortune our parents for what we received.

A Garden of Fellowship.

Once this hillside echoed to the shouts of the Roman soldiers and the Jewish temple police, as they marched over the capture of the Master. Formerly, it had been jostled with the hosannas of the multitude who acclaimed him as Conqueror in the shadows of these rocks the frightened disciples scurried. And the hour when Jesus needed cover 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 the suffering spirits meet him, in the Garden of Fellowship. In her earlier years Ella Wheeler Wilcox saw this clearly:
 "In golden youth, when seems the earth A summer land for staging mirth; When souls are glad and hearts are light, And not a shadow lurks in sight, We do not know it, but there lies Somewhere, 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, an' 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 Bridled 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 late, Must pass within that garden's gate, Must kneel alone in darkness there, And battle with some fierce despair, Not mine, but thine, who cry, '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

comment. I quote the Weymouth editorial: "So they came to a place called Gethsemane. There He said to His disciples: 'Sit down here till I have prayed.'"
 "Then He took with Him Peter and James and John, and began to be full of terror and distress, and He said to them, 'My heart is oppressed with anguish to the very point of death: wait here and keep awake.'
 Going forward a short distance He threw Himself upon His face and prayed repeatedly that, if it was possible, He might be spared that time of agony; and He said:
 "Abba! my Father! all things are possible for Thee: take this cup of suffering away from me; and yet not what I desire, but what Thou desirest."
 "Then He came and found them asleep, and He said to Peter, 'Simon, are you asleep? Had you not strength to keep awake a single hour? Be awake, all of you, and keep on praying, that you may not come into temptation: the spirit is willing, but the body is frail.'
 "He again went away and prayed, using the very same words. When He returned He again found them asleep, for they were very tired; and, they knew not how to answer Him. A third time He came, and then He said, 'Sleep on and rest. Enough! the hour has come. Even now they are betraying the Son of Man into the hands of evil men. Rise up, leave your selves, let us be going: my betrayer is close at hand.'
 "Immediately, what's one of the Twelve, came and with him a crowd of men armed with swords and cudgels, sent by the High Priests and Scribes and Elders. Now the betrayer had arranged a signal with them.
 "The one I kiss, he said, 'is the man; he hold of Him, and take Him safely away.'"
 Knowing the Great Hour.
 A few days ago I was in the Senate Chamber in Washington when the Senate adopted for the first time in its long history, the clause, to facilitate decision upon the peace treaty. After it was all over, a stranger sitting next me asked, "Have they adopted the clause?" He had been sitting through the procedure without being

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

People who live only to amuse themselves work harder at the task than most people do in earning their daily bread.—Hannah More.
 It is right to be contented with what we have but never with what we are.—Aron.
 Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster, It goes forward, now slower, now faster.—Susan Coolidge.
 Moderation is the elken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Fuller.
 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6:7.
 However it be, it seems to me, 'Tis only noble to be good; Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.—Tennyson.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE FABRICS.

How to tell a pure fabric from its counterfeit, as disclosed by the experts of the Department of Agriculture, may prove quite interesting as well as profitable to many readers of The Companion—men and women alike.
 A microscope is the most accurate means of distinguishing cotton and linen threads. Cotton fibres, under the microscope, have a ribbon-like appearance with many twists, and a broad, flat central canal; linen fibres are round, jointed, and heavier than cotton.
 If the fibre is without starch, oil makes linen translucent and cotton opaque. The finish must be washed out of highly finished material before the test can be applied. A comparatively simple test that, after some experience, enables you to distinguish between linen and cotton is called the "tearing" test. The linen weaves, in general, are more difficult to tear than the cotton weaves. The torn ends of the linen threads appear uneven in length, and the individual fibres of the threads are parallel; the torn ends of the cotton threads are more even in length, and the individual fibres are twisted in every direction. The sound of tearing linen is shrill; that of cotton, dull or muffled.
 Another simple test is to touch a lit match to the threads and then to blow out the flame and examine the burned ends. The cotton threads will have blunt ends, but the linen threads will have pointed ends.
 An easy way of distinguishing between the highly sized and calendared cotton damask and true linen damask is to boil a sample. After having been

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