

best yet. Wish I could walk through."

"Where would you walk first?" asked Hildreth, smiling.

"It's this way, see?" said the boy, "I promised to take 'Lefty' to his Christmas dinner. He's had hard luck, an' he's lame, an' he ain't as big as me, so I told him I'd blow; but now I can't," with a look at his bandaged leg outlined beneath the sheet. Hildreth made a sudden resolve. If he could not be happy himself, he could at least make an effort to bring happiness to the sick and unfortunate.

"How would you like to have me hunt 'Lefty' up, and give him the money for his dinner and tell him why you can't be with him?" he asked.

"Great!" cried the boy eagerly. "He'll be on Broadway in front of the park, an' you'll know him, 'cause he wears a crutch, and his right leg's crooked." "Here," he went on handing out the dollar, "you'd better give him this an' tell him to keep the change; he may need it."

Hildreth took the money.

"How do you know that I won't keep it?" he asked of the boy confidently. "An' I want to say," he went on awkwardly, "that I'm obliged to yer, an' some day maybe I kin do something fer you an'—Merry Christmas."

Before leaving the hospital Hildreth sent his card to the superintendent and had an interview with him, after which he hailed a passing taxicab and drove off. An hour or so later the same taxicab whirled up to the hospital entrance and Hildreth assisted a very small boy "wearing" a crutch and a half-scarred, half-expected smile, to alight. The driver followed them up the steps with his arms full of bundles of various shapes and sizes.

Johnny Dugan lay in his bed, his eyes half closed. He was lonely, but the nurse had told him that he would have his dinner before long, and he was wondering if they would give him turkey, and how 'Lefty' was getting along without him, when there came a familiar tap, tap along the corridor. He raised his head expectantly and Lefty's grinning face greeted him from the doorway.

"Hullo, Johnny!" he cried; and then, as his eyes took in the unusual whiteness of the bed and its fittings to say nothing of his friend himself, he stumped over to the bedside and fell upon his knees.

"Hey Johnny," he half sobbed "you ain't hurt, bad—you ain't goin' to die, are yer? Tell me yer ain't. A feller brought me here in a taxi an' he said you wanted to see me, but I didn't look for nothin' like this. Honest I didn't Johnny."

A shade of impatience and something akin to contempt passed over Johnny's face.

"Die nothin'," he said. "It's only me leg. Ain't you never seen any one clean before? That's all the matter with me."

Hildreth came in. He had heard the last words and there was an appreciative twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, Johnny," he said, "I've managed to fix it so that you and Lefty and I can have our Christmas dinner together. It is your party, and," handing him the dollar, "I guess you had better keep this so that you can settle the bill."

That was a dinner to be remembered. Hildreth and Lefty sat at a small table beside the bed, while Johnny, with the assistance of a smiling nurse, did the honors.

"Who do I pay?" asked Johnny, when the tray had been removed.

"I don't know," said Hildreth, seriously, "but I'll find out for you."

He left the room and soon returned with the superintendent.

"Dr. Thomas," he said, as they entered, "I wish to thank you in behalf of Lefty and myself for permitting us to dine with our friend Johnny here. It has been a very happy occasion for all of us."

"How much does it come to?" asked Johnny. "I want to pay for him too," pointing to Hildreth.

The doctor looked grave.

"These Christmas dinners are expensive," he said. "I guess I'll have to charge you twenty-five cents apiece."

"That's all right," said Johnny. "We couldn't have done better at Casey's," and he handed over his dollar and put the quarter behind his pillow.

The packages were opened, and a wonderful electric engine which whizzed delightfully at the simple turning of a lever, was set up. There was also an overcoat, as well as warm caps and gloves for each boy.

As they were engaged in inspecting the gifts, the door opened, and the boys beheld a beautiful young woman, while Hildreth's heart bounded, seeing Janet Gunther standing before him.

"This is quite unexpected," she said with an effort of lightness, coming forward and holding out her hand. "I wish you a Merry Christmas."

Hildreth shook hands and repeated "Merry Christmas" mechanically. The girl's radiant beauty had shaken him.

"And this must be Johnny Dugan," she went on, taking a seat beside the bed. "Johnny, I only learned a short time ago that you had been hurt by my car, and I came as quickly as I could to see if I could do anything to make it easier for you. I can't tell you how sorry I am, and on Christmas Day, too."

Conflicting emotions were tugging at Johnny's head and heart. Here was the owner of the car which had injured him and from whom he expected to demand a money-balm for his pains. She was so beautiful so evidently sorry, he felt ashamed to do anything against her. So in his confusion he turned to the one who had been good to him.

"I guess you'd better talk to him," he said, indicating Hildreth.

"He's me lawyer," she asked with the slightest tilt of her chin toward Hildreth.

"It is quite true," he replied. "It is only fair to say that neither my client nor myself knew the owner of the car."

"Since when have you taken accident cases?" she inquired a little scornfully.

"Since this morning," he answered, looking at her steadily. "This happens to be my first."

She knew that she had hurt him, but the situation was trying, and she felt ill at ease. He had not attempted to explain his presence and his interest in the boy, and she could not understand.

She had come with the Christmas spirit in her heart on what she regarded as an errand of justice and mercy, and then to find John Hildreth of all men, and arrayed against her, too!

There was an awkward silence which was broken by Lefty.

"Hey Johnny, what yer think?" he began, but paused abruptly.

Janet Gunther's eyes softened as she saw the pathetic little figure with its battered crutch. She had never before been in close touch with the lame and the halt, and the realism moved her strangely.

She took a chair by the bed and began to talk to the boys, while Hildreth walked to the window, glad that all was working out as he had so hurriedly planned, and yet—Johnny Dugan's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"It's funny how things come out," he said. "Last night I was sore because I was hurt, and me an' Lefty couldn't have our Christmas, an' I was lonely, an' then he come an' give me a dollar, an' he went an' got Lefty an' all this stuff, an' we had a good dinner—that was mine, though," he put in with boyish pride, "an' I don't know why he done it, but he did, an' it's been a bully Christmas after all—for us."

The girl had listened intently to this recital. She understood now. She had hurt him again as she had hurt him before. As she raised her head a motto upon the wall met her eyes.

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

She glanced at the boy's head upon the pillow. She wanted to be led to him. But could she put aside pride, convention and all the bitterness of past years for this impulse? And as she confessed to herself that she could, she knew that it was not impulse but something stronger than she had ever felt before—even for him. She walked over to where Hildreth stood and he turned to meet her. The eager longing in his eyes was not to be misunderstood.

"John," she said, "you are doing so much to make others happy. Can you not forget—everything—and include me?"

"Do you mean?" he said in a low tense voice. "That you still love me?"

"Don't make me say it all, John," she whispered. "It's not easy—here."

"My darling!" he said tremulously, and before two pairs of astonished eyes he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"John," she protested faintly, "what will they think?"

"Think!" he exclaimed. "They'll think we're having a 'bully' Christmas, too."

"An' I hope yer will," said Johnny Dugan soberly. "If she's a particular fren' of yours I don't want you to do nothin' against her. It wasn't her fault any way, an' I ain't goin' to have no law on her—not this Christmas."

The girl's eyes were misty as she leaned over and kissed first one abashed boy and then the other.

"I'll take it as a present from you, Johnny," she said, "and it's the nicest present I have ever had—except this," and she slipped her hand in Hildreth's.—Frederick White in New Idea Magazine.

CHRISTMAS

It comes as a sudden sun in the darkness of midwinter. Its illumination as a hope stretches far back into the gloom of November; and far forward, as a memory, into the cold and storms of January. Weary men look to it as a time of armistice or truce when they may forget they are enemies, and believe they are friends and brothers. For alas! that it should be true, all men accept the verdict of the stricken Job, and believe that life is a warfare; and most men think themselves Ishmaelites, with the hands of the rest of mankind against them. They do not like it—this struggle for survival of the fittest. It is hard, scientific, brutal. But so they are taught; and so they learn all too aptly. They would fain unlace their helmets and unloose their armor, and lie down by the common stream to drink and repose, before taking up their weapons again. Well Christmas is just such a time. The little Child suddenly appears; and contention is hushed.

Humanity asserts itself in Him who assumed it, and all the belligerents bow down. Courtesies are interchanged; the finer feelings come uppermost; men grasp one another's hands in friendship. They touch the fingers of those who are to fight. They allow a tear to gather and fall. It is well! Soon they must take up the weapons and go forth; and steel their hearts against the finer thoughts, that still remain to humanize them.—Canon Sheehan.

OUR STRENGTH AND SHIELD

Beneath Judea's sky of midnight blue
Shepherds and kings, on humble homage bent,
Star-guided, all the quivering silence through
Still sought their King, though weary and forepent.
O Thou-crowned One, we too are seeking Thee
At this late day. Afar, Thy Star we see,
May it shine clearer!
Drawing us nearer,
Saviour, to Thee.

Thou knowest all. How far we are from joy
How far from Thee and Thy celestial peace.
The sin-mists thicken, earth's barb-wires annoy.
We stumble on. Will worry never cease?
We faint, dear Babe, so tangled is the way:
Send us Thy Morning Star to bring the day.
Bidding it guide us
Shining beside us!
Hear us, we pray.

Have pity, Thou! Our land is groping dim
After the Way. Is our old Faith all gone?
Is silence all? Is no Angelic hymn
To pierce the azure as we journey on?
Fair Jesus-Babe, Thy touch is firm and sweet;
Oh, gently guide our wilful, wandering feet,
Till our whole nation
With loves adoration
Tay coming shall greet.

Such grace betide us that its silvery shower
Shall draw us closer to Thy Mother's breast;
When shall her prayers hasten the blessed hour
Where souls forgiv'n shall know love-lighted rest.
From Bethlehem bestow the gift we crave
Thy Spirit's Presence—in His Might to brave
Will o' Wisp evils,
Doubtings and devils;
Shield us! And save!
—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE HOLY NIGHT

In the hush of the solemn midnight,
As out of the purple skies
The golden host of stars look down
With myriad shining eyes,
Their ordered splendor seems to breathe
Of a yet more glorious sight,
When the radiant Star of Bethlehem
Shone on the Holy Night.

And the silent world seems listening,
As if to catch again
Some echo of the wondrous hymn,
The rapt, triumphant strain,
That on the blest Judean night
Burst from the opening sky,
Proclaiming peace on earth to men;
Glory to God most high.

Oh, to have watched with the Shepherds,
And heard that matchless song!
Oh, to have seen with raptured eyes
The bright, angelic throng!
Oh, to have hearkened the tidings,
With which the heavens still ring,
And been the first to be bidden
Unto the court of the King!

Ah, happy, blessed Shepherds,
Tell us what found ye there?
A Child who lay in a manger,
A Mother who knelt in prayer,
The breath of the beasts to warm Him
The straw for His lowly bed,
While the songs of angels filled the sky,
And the great Star burned o'erhead.

Oh, to have knelt with the Shepherds,
To worship and adore
The Lord who came as an infant,
Humble and weak and poor!
To have brought to His feet in offering
The fairest lamb of the fold—
Earlier gift than the Magi's
Incense and myrrh and gold!

Hush! we may still with the Shepherds
Go unto Bethlehem;
Still hearken the wonderful tidings
Brought by the angels to them;
Still kneel in the lowly stable
With the Mother undefiled,
And offer our love and homage
At the crib of the Holy Child.

We may open our hearts to His coming,
Bidding Him enter and reign,
Teaching our soul the deep meaning
Of poverty, hardship and pain.
So may we share in the blessing,
So catch a gleam of the light
That poured from the Star and the Manger
In the peace of the Holy Night.
—CHRISTIAN REID

"THE STORY OF CHRIST"

HOW AN ITALIAN SCEPTIC FOUND HIS WAY BACK TO THE FAITH

The sensation caused in literary and religious circles by the appearance of Giovanni Papini's "Storia di Cristo" makes especially timely a character study of the famous Italian writer by Charles Phillips which appears in the November number of the Catholic World.

The meeting with the man whose writings as a skeptic had attracted the admiring attention of Bergson and William James, and whose work since his conversion has compelled the attention of thinkers in every civilized country, was a surprise to the interviewer.

"Atrocious portraits of him printed in the papers," says Mr. Phillips, "pictures that looked more like caricatures than portraits—coupled with a slight acquaintance with his handwriting, which at first glance seemed to suggest all sorts of imaginable eccentricities—had somehow given me the impression that he was of the fire-eating type, that he belonged to that category of erratic and untidy minds so frequently labelled 'genius.' True, I had not quite succeeded in reconciling that impression with the cameo-like cutting of his wonderfully lucid prose. Nevertheless, he was vaguely my preconceived notion of Giovanni Papini. I had even imagined him touselled and undersized!

PEN PICTURE OF THE AUTHOR

"How different the reality! A tall, spare man, easily over six feet in height, erect and soldierly, with a face at once strong and astonishingly youthful, indeed boyish, greeted me, and ushered me into a study that might have been the private office of a railway director for all the signs it gave of the average literary worker. The heavy oak writing table by the window, very plain and solid, instead of being littered with papers, fairly shone with order and precision. There was nothing on it but a blotter, an ink bottle, and one book, not even any cigarette ashes, although Papini smoked continually. The walls of the little room were lined from floor to ceiling with books—and they were not in places, or on the floor! He sat in a high-backed chair, the Venetian of his race, his feet falling to the carpet, spoke the severe rigidity of the author's workroom.

"But Papini was not rigid. With his slim figure dressed faultlessly in the dark gray tweeds of a business man, without a trace of Byronic type or other literary negligee, he was as easy and as precious as his own flowing Italian. There was about him the quiet charm of a man completely and unconsciously in possession of himself. 'This conversion,' I commented inwardly, 'is no flash in the pan, no new coat to be worn only while its colors seem bright. This man knows what he is about.'

"His shaggy head is the only mark on him of the artistic celebrity—or of his first erstwhile days of anarchy. Despite the boyishness of his face, it has a rugged sculpturing; and the eyes are rather worn with study. When he was obliged to peer close at a paper he was writing, I learned the secret of his odd penmanship, which after all is remarkably clear and exact, despite its first appearance of carelessness.

A BORN MISSIONARY

"Papini knew my errand and spoke of himself when questioned with the directness and simplicity of a lawyer! Of course, he is long ago accustomed to this sort of thing; a man who has given his life to the literature of opinion is not to be embarrassed by a few queries from a stranger. But all that he told me seemed somehow to be in the spirit of an offertory—the same spirit that one feels permeating his 'Storia di Cristo'; told frankly in the thanksgiving for what he has gained, and not reluctantly, if others may benefit by it. He is, in fact, like all radicals—even anarchists—a born missionary. 'The whole inclination of my character,' he explained to me later, 'has always been, even during the long period of unbelief and negation, toward the desire of helping and illuminating others.'

"Papini is only forty—and looks no more than thirty—yet in his short career he has produced twenty-three volumes of published works which have run already into fifty-seven editions. You see, he laughed,—just to show me his acquaintance with things American—'fifty-seven varieties!'

"How do you do it?" I asked. I had a mental picture of a roomful of typists and secretaries in the offing.

"No," he answered, "I never dictate and have never used a typewriter. All my work, for twenty years, has been done in manuscript. (You are a human dynamo, then, I commented to myself—a dynamo that runs so smoothly, there is neither noise or vibration.) 'But for all that I have been able to turn out,' he went on, 'I am very lazy! sometimes I go whole months without even writing a letter. Then come periods of abundance and work, in which I compose with great rapidity.'

"Only forty; born January 9, 1881; but a Florentine. That explains a good deal. The Florentines

are all born dynamos! Papini had begun, I had been told, as a mer boy. I asked him if this were so.

"Yes."

"And were there any influences in your youth tending toward literary expression? I mean, were there any writers in your family?" "None whatever."

"And about other influences—toward radical thought?" "For which he had early become famous."

"As to that, yes. My father was an ardent anti-clerical, a Garibaldian soldier, a follower of Mazzini—so much so that, when I was born, my mother had to have me secretly baptised."

THE BOOK THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS

Papini's first book, "The Twilight of the Philosophers" (Crepuscolo dei Filosofi), published in 1905, was a vigorous and radical attack on all the modern schools of thought from Kant to Nietzsche. It made the name of the Italian known throughout Europe, and although never translated into English, was introduced to American readers by James, who published a lengthy review of it in the Journal of Philosophy of New York (1906). This book was quickly followed by a still more brilliant work, a mixture of philosophy and fantasy, called "The Laily Tragedy" (Il Tragic Quotidiano), published in Florence in 1906.

"I was curious about Papini's literary associations and influences during these first years of his success. I found them, as I had expected, of unusual interest. Naturally, so youthful and brilliant a writer was distinctly in the ring when it came to knowing the people of his own country who were 'doing things'—who were thinking and writing, especially those who were leading or following in the same free lines that he had chosen. Giuseppe Frezzolini, author of a widely read work on Modernism; Morselli, poet and dramatist—'He is dead,' Papini explained: 'at Rome, just a few weeks ago; and he died the death of a saint!'; Sofici, famous skeptic and cubist; Giulio, anarchist—since become a fervent catholic, 'the Venetian of Italy,' as Papini calls him; these and many others of the busiest and most brilliant of modern intellectuals in Europe were Papini's intimates—even a bare review of whose names today shows straws in the wind of Papini's prophecy of the coming Catholic renaissance.

"At the same time his reading was playing its role in Papini's development. There was Carducci, stylist—and Satanist. I felt the influence of Carducci very strongly," said Papini, "and especially in my youth I owed much to him as a model of literary style. In 1917 I published a volume treating of Carducci (L'Uomo Carducci—Carducci the Man), but in that work, as you will see, I did not pass over his spiritual limitations or his anti-Christian animus. By that time I was getting on to Christian ground myself."

CONVERTED BY THE WAR

"So I went on. But no, not any particular personal event precipitated my conversion. (As you see, it was not precipitate at all.) It was one big universal fact—the War.

"At first I took the War with the everyday indifference that characterized so many of us. But in 1916 I began to suffer. I myself, from all that was afflicting the world—the misery of it, the ferocity, the falsehood, the death! Then I really began to ponder how men, civilized men, could have fallen to such degradations. I thought and thought, and thought and thought—until finally I turned to the story of Christ, the study of the Gospels. And in the light of that study I soon discovered that the same terrible things, more or less according to proportion and form, had always been happening for the same old reasons.

"The question was, how to make them happen less often—how, in fact, to put a stop to them altogether. All our external systems of politics, economics, etc., were good for nothing. Changing our social regimes—Democracy, Communism, and so on—were equally useless. They did not alter the fact. What was to be done? What did the world need?

"I arrived at the conclusion that we must change the spirit of man. To leave it as it is, is to simply keep on going wrong, perpetuating the evil. We must change our *instincts*.

"How was that to be achieved? What was the doctrine which most perfectly revealed such a transformation—the actual changing of the instincts of man? That of the Gospels. Coming to this conclusion I rested a little while, having laid hand on the moral system of the Evangelists. I was convinced now of my immortal soul. But of course, that was not enough. There was one step more—from the law of the Absolute to the Absolute itself. Logically, I passed from the moral system of the Gospels of Christ. And Christ led me into the Church—that is, the only true Church, the Catholic Church, the Church of Rome."

One of our illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

HOLY MOTHER LOVE

The world has thrilled and melted to the tender pathos of "Mother Machree" as sung in silvery tones by the inimitable John McCormack; it has been touched to tears by the intensity of feeling throbbing in Kipling's "Mother o' Mine," but in all literature there is hardly a tribute to the divinity of motherhood and the protecting holiness of a mother's love comparable to that paid in the United States Senate on Friday, July 22, by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, in an eloquent speech on the Maternity Bill, then being debated on the floor of the Senate. It was part of a protest against handing over to the Children's Bureau proposed by the Bill, the care of maternity and childhood and vesting that care in an officious board composed mostly of spinsters and meddling "maiden ladies" who had never known the holy meaning of mother love.

"I care not how estimable the office-holding spinster may be, nor how her heart may throb for the dream children she does not possess, her yearnings can not be substituted for a mother's experience," said Mr. Reed. "Official meddling can not take the place of mother love. Mother love! the golden cord that stretches from the throne of God, uniting all animate creation of divinity. Its light gleams down the path of time from barbarous ages, when savage women held their babes to almost famished breasts and died that they might live. Its holy flame glows as bright in hovels where poverty breaks a meager crust as in palaces where wealth holds Lucullian feasts. It is the one great universal passion—the sinless passion of sacrifice. Incomparable in its sublimity, interference is sacrilege, regulation is mockery.

"For mother love there is no substitute, even though it bear an official stamp. If there be truth in religion, then this holy sentiment was planted in woman's heart by the hand of God. It has made life possible. It is in truth the very source of life itself. When all other passions are dead it survives. It will pass through the fiery furnaces of disgrace and yet live. It will endure the scorching breath of contumely with unwavering fidelity.

"A mother will enter prisons of shame and kiss a felon hand thrust through the bars. She will sit beside the accused in courts of law, when the mob jeers and the heartless machinery of justice grinds its grist of agony, and with unwavering faith maintain her child is innocent. She will stand at the foot of the scaffold and, when the trap has fallen, cover the condemned body with kisses and with flowers. It is still to her the innocent suckling she once hugged to her breast.

"But if the path of life has led her son to fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride, ineffable unspendable. If he is called to war, she will bid him good-bye with dry eyes, although her heart be filled with tears. She will maintain a firm and hopeful mien, that he may gain sublimer courage from her sublime example. When he sleeps upon the tented field her spirit will keep watch. Whilst he is slumbering she will pray. In the agony of waiting she will die a thousand deaths, but will choke back her sobs and hide her torture. She will search for him amongst the slain, and try with kisses to warm the dead and unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with the beloved body, and her soul will keep the eternal vigil of a deathless love!

"Mother love! It has produced, fondled, reared, inspired and glorified all of the shadowy hosts who have passed across the 'bank of time' since man first raised his eyes toward the heavens. It is, I say again, the golden cord that binds the earth to God. Official interference between the mother and her babe is tyrannical and criminal."—Catholic Columbian.

It is a great deal easier to do that which God gives us to do, no matter how hard it is, than to face the responsibility of not doing it.

In most lives God requires a Great Sacrifice. It may be the death of a child, the collapse of some hope, some physical suffering, or bitter disappointment. We cannot become great ourselves in any other way. The soul is built up by sacrifices.—Father Lester, S. J.

Hay Fever, Asthma
Cataract and Chronic Bronchitis
All sufferers their terrible afflictions upon the human bodies of no less than 10,000 Canadians by use of Huckleby's 2 Bottle Treatment. Don't suffer one minute longer. Send today for trial size, 10c.

W. K. HUCKLEBY LIMITED, MFG. CHEMIST
142A Mutual Street Toronto, Ont.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
"The Home of Comfort"
J. Lapointe, Mgr. QUEBEC

F. E. LUKE
OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN
167 YONGE ST., TORONTO
(Upstairs Opp. Simpson's)
Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

LONDON OPTICAL CO.
Have Your Eyes Examined
Dominion Savings Building
Richmond St. Phone 6180

Christmas Gifts
BEAUTIFUL GOLD PLATED
\$1. Rosary
Any Color
Complete with leather pocket case for man or fancy box for lady. Postpaid.
Order To-Day
Canada Church Goods Company Ltd.
149 Church St. Toronto

BEAUTY OF THE SKIN
Is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema between and under the arms, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment
Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

BABY COVERED WITH ECZEMA
When 4 Days Old. Cross and Cried. Cuticura Heals.
"My baby brother had eczema which began when he was about four days old. It came in little pimples and then a rash, and he was covered. He was so cross that he could not sleep, and he cried."
"This lasted about two months before we used Cuticura. It helped him, so we bought more, and he was all healed after two boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Miss Almada Williams, Youngs Cove, N. B., May 22, 1918.
Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.
Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS
BURNS 94% AIR
A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).
The inventor, T. T. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W. Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

DEAF?
Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts that every deaf person should know. If you have had noise and are only slightly deaf, don't let it go until it is too late! Or, if you are almost totally deaf, there may be a chance of helping your hearing. This pamphlet will tell you. It also explains about a
NEW INVENTION
—The Mears De Luxe Ear Phone, and tells about our great 10-day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny unless your hearing is improved. But first write for the free literature. Now, before our supply is exhausted. Remember, there is no cost or obligation of any kind. Mail card or letter TO-DAY for this interesting pamphlet. Address:
THE MEARS CO. OF CANADA.
Room 319 Mappin Bldg., Montreal.