

The Waterdown Review

THE BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN ONTARIO

VOL. 6.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1923

NO. 33.

A Few Last Minute Xmas Suggestions

Electric Toasters \$4.50

Hand Power Washing Machine, a 1900 machine, gravity motion, no cogs or machinery to get out of order. This name is a sign of quality...\$23.50

Fancy Hand Painted Nippon China

Handkerchiefs 5c to 75c

Bath Towels plain or fancy 59c to \$1.50

Table Napkins \$3 to \$7 a doz

All Pure Wool Blankets size 64x84, \$10 a pair

Comforters \$4.29 to \$5.75

Guaranteed Electric Irons \$3.50

Fancy Check All Wool Bed Covers in brown or pink and white check. These make a very suitable Christmas gift.....\$7 each

Men's Dogskin Mitts \$3 a pair

Boy's Wool Scarfs 60c

Children's Books 10c to 50c

Building Blocks 35c

Toys for the Children from 15c up

Handslighs 85c to \$2.50

Games of all kinds

"Christmas"

A magic word truly that sets the whole world a tingling, and such memories as it brings, and such homecomings, and such a rush and flurry. So let's iron out the wrinkles, whatever our troubles may be, and just be glad. Our sincere wish to you all is

A Merry Christmas

Playtime Beads, something every child will enjoy 50 cents

These are just a few suggestions, but the store is full of useful Christmas gifts for all the family.

EAGER'S The Store of Quality Waterdown



Ford and Christmas

Your wife—your children—your mother—your sister—some of them need a car—a Ford Car.

Some day soon you intend to get one for them.

It would come as a matter of course next spring or summer. But—imagine the shining eyes if a signed delivery order for that Ford model you intend to buy were placed beside someone's plate at the breakfast table Christmas morning.

The special Christmas Delivery Form is reproduced above. Delivery may be specified now—or later—at your convenience.

The new Ford models have appeared at a particularly fortunate time—to give you a wide range for selection in open and closed models—the highest quality Fords ever produced—at the lowest of low Ford prices.

Payment may be arranged on the deferred payment plan.

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan
Inquire about an enrollment on the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan as a Christmas gift.

Ford

CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

Greetings

Wishing all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and most Prosperous New Year.

THE REVIEW.

United Community Church Service

Next Sunday evening, December 23rd, the Methodist, Presbyterian and Anglican churches of Waterdown will unite in a Christmas Service in the Memorial Hall at 7 p. m. The pastors of the churches will have charge of the service. Rev. C. S. Jones will be the preacher of the evening, and the united choirs will sing Nevin's beautiful Christmas Cantata "The Adoration". The soloists for the cantata are Mrs. I. Baker, Mrs. A. W. Palmer, Mrs. D. A. Hopper and Rev. E. A. Slack. A ladies quartette will consist of Miss Ruth Weaver, Mrs. R. J. Vance, Mrs. D. A. Hopper and Miss Sinclair, and a male quartette, Messrs A. W. Palmer, E. J. Sparks, Dr. R. J. Vance and Thos. Allen.

Everyone is invited to come and help make this a real community service, a service which shall help spread the Christmas message of peace on earth good will toward men. An offering will be taken during the service which will go to the choir funds of the churches.

Locals

Miss Doris Bews is home from college at Guelph, for the Christmas holidays.

Erland Greene, of Canton, Ohio, is spending the Christmas holidays at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Attridge of Cranbrook, B. C., are visiting his mother, Mrs. R. Attridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Horning and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Griffin left Tuesday for Pasadena, California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown are spending the Christmas holidays at Mr. Brown's home in Barrie, Ont.

Mrs. Catharine Simpson and sister Miss Grace Campbell, left last week to spend the winter with relatives in Rochester, N. Y.

PICTURES—Memorial Hall on Thursday, December 27th. Betty Compson in "The White Flower" also Mack Sennett comedy. Admission 27c and 16c. Pictures at 8 p. m.

A new fire and burglar proof door of the latest design has been placed on the vault of the local branch of the Royal Bank. Workmen have been busy the past week making the necessary alterations.

The Poultry Association will dance the old year out and the new one in this year. Invitations are now out for a New Year's Palm Garden Dance Monday evening, December 31st. McBeth's six piece orchestra will furnish the music.

A fine program of dialogues, pantomimes, recitations, choruses and other numbers has been prepared by Knox Sunday School for their entertainment on Christmas eve, Monday December 24th, and an evening of special interest is being looked forward to.

One of the events of next week will be the Bachelors' dance in the Memorial Hall on Wednesday evening. The committee have engaged Chamberlain's Alexandra Academy Orchestra for the occasion. This orchestra is considered one of the best in Hamilton.

Public School Entertainment

The Public School entertainment in the Memorial Hall last Tuesday evening was a decided success, the hall being filled to capacity. Much credit is due the teachers who trained the children. A feature of the evening was the distribution of diplomas to the successful pupils of last year's entrance class. Mr. Geo. Stock presented the boys, and Mrs. A. M. Slater the girls. Mr. Robertson, school inspector for Wentworth acted as chairman.

Owing to the resignation of Rev. Monsignor Forester, of New Germany, his lordship Bishop Dowling has made the following changes and appointments among the clergy of diocese, to become effective Jan. 1.

Rev. Joseph Wey, to be pastor of New Germany.

Rev. William Becker, to be pastor of St. Clements.

Rev. Michael Weidner, to be pastor of Freelton and Waterdown.

Greensville

Mrs. Mary McKee, who underwent a serious operation at the city hospital two weeks ago, is recovering nicely and expects to be able soon to return to her home here.

Knox Church

REV. C. SINCLAIR JONES, Minister

Morning Service—"Christmas"

Evening service withdrawn on account of United Service in Memorial Hall.

Sunday School and Bible classes at 9.45 a. m.

Last Call Before Christmas

Costumers wishing to save from 25% to 30% on a watch, clock or other jewelry can do so by buying through Zimmerman. Place your order at once.

Annual School Meeting

As required by the Public Schools' Act, the undersigned Trustees of School Section No. 3, in the Village of Waterdown, hereby give notice that the Annual School Meeting of the supporters of the Public School in the Section, will be held at the New Public School on Wednesday the 26th day of December 1923, at the hour of 8 o'clock in the evening, for the transaction of the business prescribed by the 14th to 24th sections, inclusive, of said Public Schools' Act.

R. J. VANCE, Secretary.
Waterdown, Dec. 20th, 1923.

Season's Greetings

Wishing all the patrons of the Thompson Bus Line a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

As a compliment and mark of appreciation of past patronage I will give all who wish a free ride to and from Hamilton on Christmas Day. Kindly secure your free ticket before Monday evening.

A. E. Thompson.

Ask Your Grocer

for a trial package of

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

2401

If you enjoy green tea you will be satisfied with no other blend. — Try it today.

GUARDING FORESTS FROM INSECTS

How Entomologists and Foresters Co-operate in Protecting This Great Natural Resource.

By Dr. J. M. Swains, Dominion Entomologist for Forest Insects.

In dealing with the great natural resources embodied in Canadian forests the forest authorities have to consider not only the economical harvesting and efficient utilization of the crop, but also the protection of the growing trees. The three chief enemies of the forest are fires, fungi and insects, and while opinions differ as to which of the three causes the greatest loss, there is no doubt that the damage due to insects in Eastern Canada and in British Columbia during the past ten years has been very heavy.

The insects which have in recent years been most injurious to Canadian forests are the spruce budworm in Eastern Canada, the western pine bark-beetle in British Columbia; and the larch (or tamarack) sawfly from the Atlantic westward to Saskatchewan. Other injurious insects are: the Douglas fir bark-beetle, the mountain balsam bark-beetle, and the western spruce bark-beetle in British Columbia, the eastern spruce bark-beetle, the bronze birch borer, the birch leaf skeletonizer, the forest tent caterpillar and the white pine weevil which appear, as the names indicate, chiefly from the Prairie Provinces eastward.

Difficult to Fight.

Unlike forest fires, insect attacks are not caused by man and, consequently they are more difficult to fight. Nevertheless the Dominion Government, as part of its work in protecting forest resources, carries on an unending war against this enemy. The campaign is entrusted to the Forest Insects Division of the Entomological Branch of the Department of Agriculture and in carrying on the work the division co-operates with the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior and with the provincial forest services.

The two greatest problems thus far attacked are those created by the spruce budworm and western pine bark-beetle. The former is the most serious outbreak of recent years. Since 1910 it has swept over the spruce and balsam fir forests of Eastern Canada and destroyed an immense quantity of pulpwood, estimated by authorities as between 100 million and 200 million cords, or a quantity sufficient to supply our pulp mills for many years at their present rate of consumption. This appalling loss renders it important that we conserve carefully all that remains. The officers of the Division of Forest

Insects have studied the situation minutely throughout Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick and the final results of their studies with recommendations of methods to be used will be ready for distribution shortly.

Efforts to Control Pests.

The extensive barkbeetle outbreaks in the yellow pine, white pine and lodgepole pine in British Columbia have killed many millions of feet of the best pine timber in the province, and the injury is still spreading in many places where artificial control measures have not yet been undertaken. Extensive control operations carried out by the British Columbia Forest Branch and the Dominion Forestry Branch in co-operation with the Dominion Entomological Branch have resulted in the satisfactory control of these outbreaks over hundreds of square miles of forest lands and in the direct saving of many millions of feet of timber. It should be possible, through an extension of these control measures to check all the remaining pine beetle outbreaks in British Columbia during the next two years.

These insect problems and many others are being investigated by the entomologists of the Division of Forest Insects. The control of forest insect injuries must be based on a knowledge of the habits of insects, the principles of silviculture and the methods of logging employed in the region affected; and, while direct measures, such as modified logging operations, must frequently be employed, the extension of the practice of scientific forestry will largely remove many of the insect and fungus troubles so common now in our timber lands. It is being realized that forest entomology and forest mycology are branches of silviculture and that for the solution of their major problems, foresters, entomologists, mycologists and practical lumbermen must work in co-operation, as they already have been doing, in this country, in the most harmonious and effective way.

The services of our entomologists are available without charge for advice with respect to all forest and other insect injuries, and for more detailed investigation and report in the more serious cases. Reports on the major problems under investigation are published from time to time in the form of bulletins or circulars of the Entomological Branch, Department of Agriculture.

Obtaining Accuracy in Measuring Canada.

The necessity for exact surveys in order to properly develop the natural resources of a country is everywhere recognized and it is the aim of the different organizations entrusted with Canada's surveys to attain as near as possible to absolute accuracy. Every one knows in a general way that in a geodetic survey of a continent or country the surface is mathematically covered by triangles, the triangle being the figure into which every conceivable outline can be divided. Every one knows too that if a mathematician is given the length of one side of a triangle and the angles which the other sides make with that line he can determine the length of the other two sides exactly, and, consequently, the position of the third angle. Since any number of triangles may be built up on the first one, the need of knowing

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the school, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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is checked by reference at regular intervals to these standards.

Small Chance for Error.

The base line, for the purpose of measurement, is generally divided into kilometre lengths, (about five-eighths of a mile). Posts are placed at twenty-five metre intervals; larger ones at the even fifty-metre lengths, and smaller ones intermediately. A larger post than ordinary is placed at the end of the kilometre stretches. Where the base line passes over ravines, creeks, or shallow lakes, it is necessary to put up bridge work and use longer posts to carry the line. Each kilometre section of the line is measured four times, once in each direction with each of two tapes.

The effort throughout is to have the measurement exact and there is no standard maximum allowance for error. At the same time it may be explained to the general public that today error of measurement in base lines does not exceed one-twentieth of an inch per mile.

A Crocodile Report.

Running railways in India has certain drawbacks. Witness this report that the traffic superintendent of the Bengal Northwestern Railway at Sonpur recently received from the native station master at Koparia:

"Resident Engineer Mansi saw other day a crocodile here in front of the station borrow pit, which contains water to a height of about ten feet and is broad 40 feet; connected it is, become now only with Kosi River flood water. Two small and one their mother crocodile lie in it.

"Last night one big crocodile came on the station line at north end of platform and was lying. Pointsman Kunda Mail was going for reception of forty down that he narrowly escape of its attack. Traffic inspector saw some days ago the crocodile injury to a kid, but could not shoot for it went under the water.

"This is of course dangerous to public passengers who remain at station during night, unconsciously sleeping down on platform as well as to staff and their family and children. Please arrange!"

We hope that the matter has been arranged by this time, and that the mother crocodile and her two babies are not sitting on the platform, shedding crocodile tears for the station master.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Soon Put Right.

Pat Macree was in search of a new house, and at last, after many weary months of unsuccessful search, he found one which he thought would be just the thing.

Accordingly he went off at once to see the agent about it.

That gentleman at once gave him the key and accompanied him on a tour of inspection round the premises. Looking out of one of the back windows Pat remarked that the railway ran rather close to the house.

"The trains do make rather a noise," the agent admitted. "They may interfere with your sleep at first, but you'll get accustomed to that after the first two nights."

"Arrah, shure, O'll not want to get accustomed to it at all, sir, answered Pat, "cause OI can easily go an' sleep in me aun't's house thim couple o' nights!"

Dignified, But Funny.

Little Dorothy's mother was showing her new dress to some of the neighbors. "Oh, mother, what a pretty dress!" cried Dorothy. "Do wear it to-night." "No, darling," said the mother, "not to-night. This is to wear at the party next week when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner." Dorothy showed her disappointment. "But, mother," she said, suddenly, "can't we pretend just for this evening that daddy is a gentleman?"

Not a Family Pet.

"Jim, to what family does the whale belong?" asked the teacher. "I dunno," said Jim, awaking from a sound sleep, "no family in our neighborhood owns a whale."

A rather awkward looking individual went into an ice cream parlor the other day and bought an ice cream cone. He went out on the sidewalk to eat it. Presently he reappeared with the cone emptied of the cream, and, handing it to the astonished clerk, said: "Thank you for the vase."

Germany's mercantile fleet has increased from 500,000 tons in June, 1920, to 2,500,000 gross tons to-day.

We'll Publish Your Songs

We will also put

WORDS—TO YOUR MUSIC
MUSIC—TO YOUR WORDS

Write for Particulars.

TIP-TOP MUSIC COMPANY
70 Victoria St. — Toronto

When it's really cold there's nothing like Hot Bovril

"The Man of Perfect Service."

From Serbia comes an interesting account of a popular hero who lives in one of the country districts. He is a peasant named Marko, but he is known far and wide as "The Man of Perfect Service."

"With nine of his peasant comrades he was detailed during the Great War to do orderly work with a general and his staff. It was the duty of Marko and his companions to keep everything in order about the general's headquarters.

They had not been at work long before the general received loud complaints of their slackness. He called them before him. "Brothers," he said, "you are here to render service to myself and my officers. Let it be done joyously and perfectly. That is all."

After the appeal they showed marked improvement. But before long the complaints began again. One night as Marko and the others were settling to sleep the flap of their tent lifted, and the general appeared. "Good-night, brothers!" he said. "I hope all is well with you."

"Good night," was the gruff rejoinder. When the flap had fallen Marko cried, "Brothers indeed! Who's he calling brothers! Don't we do all the work! What is he a general for, I'd like to know? He's no better than the rest of us."

The next morning when they awoke they discovered to their astonishment the officers' boots, brightly polished, standing in a row just inside the tent. They hastened into the hall and found the fire burning merrily and the place looking cleaner than they had ever seen it before! They rubbed their eyes and spoke to one another of the old fairy tales of the elves that came to help the good housewife.

When the same thing occurred the next morning they decided to set one of their number to watch during the night. Towards morning the sentinel saw the general appear in the tent and quietly arrange the officers' boots, all perfectly polished, in a row. As soon as the general had gone the man aroused his comrades and told them the staggering news.

Presently Marko was summoned to the general's presence; he guessed that the general had overheard his foolish words of complaint. "Marko," said the general, "did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?"

"Why, yes, sire!" was Marko's amazed response.

"Then you remember the lesson He gave His disciples when He washed their feet?"

Marko's heart was suddenly filled with shame.

"Marko," continued the officer, "I am your general because a general is supposed to be able to do any of the duties of those under his charge as well as much more. I have shown you that I can do your work, but you must not think that I have not enjoyed doing it!" His eyes twinkled with delight. "In every perfect service there is hidden a great treasure. Whenever a man truly serves he finds God."

That was the beginning of a great change for Marko and his friends. There was never any more need of complaint, and when the war was over Marko returned to his own district to begin there a new life of service. So perfectly has he achieved it that many have cause to think with undying gratitude of "The Man of Perfect Service."

Not On the Spot.

Little Tommy had a sore toe, so his mother thought this a good opportunity to make him eat his cereal. "Tommy," she said, "if you eat your oatmeal, it will cure your toe."

Shortly afterward Tommy came to his mother with a very disgusted air. "I ate my cereal," he said, "but my toe isn't any better. I guess the stuff went down the wrong leg."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Caught the Post.

Pat was walking along the road when, hearing a whir, he looked back and saw Larry flying fast and furious on a bicycle.

"Hi, wait a minute," shouted Pat. "I want to speak to you."

"I can't; I'm in a hurry. I want to catch the post," cried Larry, flying by. Suddenly the bicycle swerved and crashed into a telegraph pole, and Larry and the machine lay in a helpless tangle. When Pat came up, Larry was extricating himself from the wire puzzle.

"Begorra," said Pat, with a grin, "I see you caught the post."

He Forgot the Combination.

A colored man was driving along the road in a ramshackle buggy drawn by a bony, spavined old horse, when a stranger hailed him:

"Hello! uncle! Can you get me to the station in time for the next train?"

"No, suh; I don't believe I kin, suh. This is a broken-down o' cavalry haws. You can't git him offen a walk nohow."

"Huh! You say he's an old cavalry horse? Let me drive him."

The man clambered upon the seat and took the reins. "Make ready!" he called out sharply. "Charge!"

The old horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. As they reached the station the man shouted, "Halt!" The horse obeyed. The man flipped old John a quarter.

The next day two young men stopped John and asked him to take them to the station as quickly as possible.

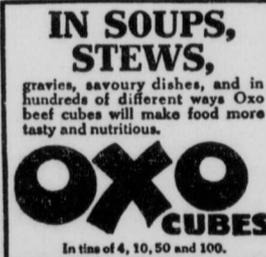
"Suttinly, gen'l'men," said John. "Git right in." He gathered up the reins and shouted: "Make ready! Charge!" The horse broke into a gallop and soon reached the station.

"Git ready to jumpy, gen'l'men," John looking frightened, shouted to his fares. "I've done forgot de word what stops him."

Flexible armor was copied from the scales of the fish. Also consider our latter day mesh-bag, milady's fond conceit. The file, the anchor, rails and grooves of guidance, dovetailing and many manual instruments all have their counterpart in Nature.

FARMERS

If interested in wagons or repairs send in your name with this ad. We will send you an article worth \$1.00 to \$5.00. JACKSON WAGON CO., LTD. ST. GEORGE ONT.



ARE YOU GOOD AT PUZZLES?

THE FARMERS' GUIDE, Canada's Finest Farm Paper, is offering you over \$2,000.00 in cash prizes, in a most unusual and attractive undertaking.

WHAT IS THE AGE OF THE LION?

This is the big question.



Send to Puzzle Editor, The Farmers' Guide, Gardenvale, Que., for full size copies of the big LION and full details, enclosing a postage stamp. Lack of space prevents giving the details here.

Here is a fascinating pastime for the whole family for the winter evenings. Do not fail to take advantage of this attractive offer of Canada's Finest Farm Paper.

WRITE NOW!
You will enjoy it.

COLD STORAGE OF FOOD PRODUCTS

Effects of Introduction of Refrigeration in Marketing Certain Lines of Canada's Resources.

By J. A. Ruddick, Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

In regard to the natural resources of a nation two things have to be considered: first, their production, secondly, their transportation to the point where they are to be utilized. The latter part of the problem assumes different aspects according to the character of the product. A comparatively few years ago only those goods of the most non-perishable character could be transported any considerable distance. Now by the application of modern methods the drawbacks of time and distance have been largely overcome. The problem has been met in different ways according to conditions, but in no direction has the advance been more marked than in the way of preserving goods by cold storage. The Dominion Government, through the Department of Agriculture, has steadily promoted the adoption of cold storage methods with most beneficial results to the health and economic welfare of the people. By means of this agency perishable products are carried long distances to centres of population and also exported overseas. This steadies and extends markets and supplies valuable food products when and where they otherwise would be unobtainable.

The public has been familiar for a long time with the sight of refrigerator cars on railway trains and of late years the subject of refrigeration on ocean steamships has been more than ever in evidence. To connect the railway transportation with that of the steamship it is necessary to have suitable warehouses for transferring the goods from one to the other. These have been located at different seaports. The largest of these cold storage warehouses is that recently completed by the Harbor Commissioners at Montreal.

The plant consists of two buildings,

the warehouse proper and the power-plant. The warehouse, eight stories high, of reinforced concrete and of the most modern design, covers a ground space of 440 by 110 feet. The building is so large that ten refrigerator cars at one time can be filled or emptied without loss of refrigeration. In addition to this, ten more cars can be loaded or unloaded just outside the building and thirty motor trucks at one time deliver or receive goods within it. By means of the very complete arrangements perishable goods of whatever kind can be transferred from cars to ship or from ship to cars without being exposed to risk of deterioration through rise in temperature.

Among the noteworthy features of the building are the apparatus for washing and purifying the air in the rooms from germs, and the thermometer installation for the purpose of ascertaining from outside the temperature within the rooms. The fire protection facilities include in addition to the character of the building itself, an automatic sprinkler system which will operate at a temperature below zero and an automatic alarm system which operates fire gongs and signal lights and closes doors in elevators and air shafts.

In this immense building different rooms are maintained at various degrees of temperature, so that the products may be kept just above freezing, just below freezing or solidly frozen for as long a time as may be desired and in this way the most delicate products of the farm, dairy, orchard, or the sea and lake, such as meat, butter, eggs, tender fruits and fish which a few years ago could be marketed only a short distance from the place of production, can now be landed in first-class condition on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Fascination of Russia.

"What is the inscrutable power that has hidden in you? Why does your aching, melancholy song echo forever in my ears? Russia, what do you want of me? What is there between you and me?" The passage is from one of Gogol's books, written while he was in exile, pondering the secret of the fascination that his native land held for him.

Not only Russians in exile but also foreigners who have lived in Russia have felt the strange spell of the country. What is the reason for it? I have often, says Maj. Maurice Baring in the Puppet Show of Memory, found myself asking that question.

The country has little obvious glamor and attraction, and the picturesqueness peculiar to countries rich in historical traditions is absent in Russia; but beauty is not absent, though it is often obscure, and for that reason it is the more striking. The realization came home to me strongly in the summer of 1913. I was staying in a small wooden house in central Russia not far from a railway, but isolated from other houses and a fair distance from any village. The harvest was nearly done. The heat was sweltering; the country was parched and dry; and the walls and ceilings were black with flies.

Just at the cool of the evening there came out of the distance a rhythmical song that ended on a note that seemed to last forever; it was piercingly clear and clean. The music came a little nearer, and you could distinguish first a soloist chanting a phrase and then a chorus taking it up. Finally solo and chorus became one and reached a climax on a high note that grew purer and stronger and more and more long drawn out without any seeming effort until it died away. The tone of the voices was so high, so pure and at the same time so peculiarly strong and rare that at first it was hard to tell whether the voices were tenors, sopranos or boyish trebles. Both in range and in quality they were unlike the voices of the woman whom you usually hear in Russian villages.

The music drew nearer and filled the air with majestic calm. Presently in the distance beyond a dip between the trees and in the middle of the natural stage that the garden made I saw against the sky figures of women walking slowly in the sunset, carrying their scythes and their wooden rakes and singing as they walked. Once again the phrase began, and the chorus repeated it; and once again chorus and solo melted together in a high and long-drawn-out note that seemed to swell like the sound of a clarion and then to grow purer, more single, stronger and fuller till it ended suddenly and sharply as a fizzle ends. The song seemed to proclaim rest after toil and satisfaction for labor accomplished. It was like a hymn of praise, a broad benediction, a grace sung for the end of the day; the end of the summer, the end of the harvest. It expressed the spirit of the breathless August evening.

The women walked past slowly and disappeared into the trees. My glimpse lasted only a moment, but it was long enough to start a train of thought and to call up pictures of rites, ritual and custom, of rustic worship and rural festival, of pagan ceremonies older than the gods.



Would Feel Rich at That Rate.
Wife—"I feel like thirty cents!"
Hubby—"Why grumble? In Germany you'd feel rich at that rate."



THE CAT CAME BACK—AND GOT THE COLD SHOULDER
The return of the "Clown Prince" to Germany has failed to make any impression on the political life of Germany.

—From the News of the World.

Stories About Well-Known People

The Blind Organist.

Though he is quite blind, Dr. Alfred Hollins, of Edinburgh, is one of the most gifted organists in the country. He has fought and conquered his affliction, and one would ever imagine that he had not the use of his eyes. He never makes the slightest slip and every part of the music is perfectly timed.

Dr. Hollins was trained at the Royal Normal College for the Blind, and is now the organist at Free St. George's Church in the Scottish capital. Recently he received the degree of Doctor of Music. No one, I believe, has ever deserved this honor more.

The Trust Buster.

In succeeding Mr. Harvey, Mr. Frank Kellogg, the new American Ambassador in London, will find himself looming larger in the affairs of Great Britain and America than any of his predecessors.

Mr. Kellogg is a great admirer of British institutions. He is a lawyer who has been engaged in some of the greatest commercial cases of modern times. In one suit alone his fees totalled nearly \$100,000.

His nickname in the United States is "The Trust Buster," because of his victory in the Government action against the Standard Oil Trust.

In a Forbidden City.

To have penetrated to mysterious Lhasa, in Tibet, which is known as the Forbidden City of the Living Buddha, is an achievement of which few, if any, other white men than an English scientist, Dr. William Montgomery Govan, can boast.

Dr. McGovern, who made the journey on anthropological, literary and antiquarian grounds, had to go most of the way disguised as a coolie. He had to study for a long time the habits of these coolies. Tremendous courage was required to carry the enterprise through, and that he not only reached

the city, but also gained possession of many priceless manuscripts and took many photographs, is tribute to his dauntlessness. He remained six weeks, and then had to fly for his life, when his disguise was discovered and the city raised against him.

Teaching the Blind in Burma.

Few people realize the devotion to duty shown by foreign missionaries. "I live as a native," said the Rev. W. H. Jackson, director of the Mission to the Blind of Burma, "dressing as they do, and sleeping on a mat in a climate that kills 40 per cent. of European inhabitants."

"I made my first printing plant," he continued, "out of old kerosene tins, hammering out the Braille dots on the flat sides. I calculate that it took 5,000 strokes of the hammer to complete one sheet, of which one-third were on my thumb."

"We have 25,000 blind in the jungle villages, and on an income of \$12,000 a year we keep up a staff of four Europeans and fifteen Burmese, to say nothing of supporting sixty children until they become independent."

Who Did?

The musician was making such a terrible hash of his piccolo solo at the church meeting that finally an agitated masculine voice in the congregation cried:

"Oh, shut up, you darned fool."

Whereupon the minister locked the doors and announced that no one would be permitted to leave until he learned the identity of the person who called the piccolo player a darned fool.

At which announcement another voice from the congregation replied:

"I don't care who called the piccolo player a darned fool. What I want to know is, who called the darned fool a piccolo player?"

Scenic Wonders of Jasper Park.

Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies has just concluded its most important tourist season. The predictions made at the opening of the year have been fulfilled and the great scenic playground in northern Alberta has come into its own. This park, which is the largest of the areas reserved by the Government of Canada for park purposes, was set aside in 1907. Lack of adequate accommodation for visitors prevented its use by the public in proportion to its importance and it was not until after the erection of Jasper Park Lodge on the shores of beautiful Lac Beauvert by the Canadian National Railways two years ago that tourists began to arrive in appreciable numbers.

Notwithstanding the increased facilities for accommodating guests provided at the Lodge in the 1923 season, its capacity was again taxed and numbers had to be turned away. The delightful surroundings and the splendid service contributed considerably to the great popularity of this region and it is proposed in the coming year further to enlarge the Lodge, increase the number of bungalows, and possibly erect camps at Maligne Lake or other important scenic points.

Since the reservation of Jasper Park, the National Parks' authorities have steadily carried on development work in the construction of roads and especially trails to the scenic beauty spots of greatest importance. Jasper Park's expanse of 4,400 square miles offers great possibilities for trail travel, hence it may be considered chiefly as a "trail park." Facilities for motoring are limited and as the only convenient means of access is over the main line of the Canadian

National Railways from Edmonton the amount of motoring within the park is comparatively small. The Maligne Canyon road, 9 miles in length, the Edith Cavell highway, which has been completed for 14 miles out of the town of Jasper, and the road along the Athabaska valley are the most important motor roads in the park. Over 600 miles of trails have been completed linking up the majority of the scenic wonders of the park and opening up a world of beauty to the pony back rider.

Of the many beauty spots which may be reached by trail in this park those, which through the striking beauty of their surroundings demand mention, are, Maligne Lake, Tonquin Valley, Mount Robson, and Athabaska Falls. All are within two days' trail travel of the town of Jasper.

Maligne Lake, considered by many the most beautiful lake in the Canadian Rockies, is 35 miles from Jasper. During the trip Maligne Canyon and Medicine Lake are passed before the wonderful setting of Maligne Lake is disclosed. The lake is 18 miles long and is divided into two parts by what is known as "The Narrows." Probably nowhere can a concentration of such fine scenery be found as in the lower half of the lake. Giant mountains encircle it rising sheer from the water's edge, their sides clothed with unscarred forests and their heads crowned with gleaming white glaciers from which waterfalls come tumbling down to the lake, with Mount Unwin, climbed for the first time last season by Howard Palmer and Allan Carpe, members of the Appalachian Club of Boston, standing out prominently to the south. The return trip is made over Shovel Pass, with its altitude of

8,000 feet, from which one of the most magnificent panoramic views is obtained.

This year a new trail was completed to the Tonquin Valley, bringing this wild and majestic mountain region within one day's ride of the town of Jasper. Bare, castellated peaks along the Divide, dominated by the unconquered Mount Geikie, feature the landscape in this section.

Mount Robson, although not within Jasper Park proper, is reached by rail from the town of Jasper, horses being secured for the remainder of the trip at Robson station. The trail winds up the Valley of One Thousand Falls to Lake Kinney and Berg Lake at the base of Mount Robson.

The beautiful Athabaska Falls are reached by following the west side of the Athabaska Valley as far as the Whirlpool River along the old route, worn a century ago by fur traders and trappers to the Athabaska Pass. The falls and the wonderful gorge are about 22 miles from Jasper at the foot of Mount Kerkeslin.

Trail riding as a means of seeing the national parks is rapidly gaining in popularity. It is being realized more and more that in order really to get the best of mountain scenery and at the same time reap the full benefit to health of the great out-of-doors, the trip should be made on pony back. Intending visitors who desire to essay this delightful mode of travel need not fear lack of facilities because the means have increased with the growing demand and during the past season between 400 and 500 horses were employed for the transportation of individuals and parties from Jasper to all parts of the park.

The Blot on a Sportsman's Day.

Lions are apparently still plentiful in parts of Africa. They leap and play in throngs across the pages of Mr. J. Stevenson Hamilton's article in the Cornhill Magazine. The author somewhat diminished their numbers, however, for his eye was good, and his rifle was in excellent working order. Here is the account of one blot of lion stalking:

After a while "Watch" nudged me and whispered, "Nansi Inkuni!" I peered out cautiously; sure enough, a couple of hundred yards away a big black head was moving over the grass. The problem was how to get within easy shot of the creature, which was a big male, without disturbing any of the females that very likely were in the vicinity.

Leaving my companion, I began to crawl slowly forward and found myself at last under a thorn bush. Some sixty yards in front of me and to the right I could see the head of a lioness; she was gazing about, but luckily never in my direction. Straight in front of me and a little more than a hundred yards away the big male was lying down, at intervals flicking his forepaws. He was sideways to me and I could see little more than his head; he had a fine black-and-yellow mane. Presently he rolled over and was entirely lost to sight. Probably half an hour passed. There was not a sound except the humming of insects, and it was becoming uncomfortably hot under my bush. Then another lioness got up suddenly and, walking over to the old lion, lay down close beside him. She proved to be restless and kept sitting up and staring about to all directions.

Once or twice in the next half hour the old lion roused himself, but the female was always in the way, and I could not fire. At last the moment came. From somewhere in the background a younger male, followed by a couple of females, appeared slowly approaching. The old lion sat up on his haunches, and for once his attendant remained quiet. His back was turned to me, and I had a perfect shot at the nape of his neck.

Crack! He dropped like a stone, but in that instant there was pandemonium. Lions seemed to jump up from everywhere. Not knowing whence the danger came, they dashed wildly about in all directions, snarling and leaping blindly hither and thither.

The old lioness on my right sprang to her feet and trotted straight toward me. When she was about twenty-five paces distant she halted and began peering about. I did not want to shoot her, but instinct made me do it. In the excitement of the hunt I had forgotten all about my camera man waiting patiently in the rear; I had cheated him of a unique photograph. He had got his machine set up about twenty-five yards behind me and was about to take a picture when I spoiled his chance. One snapshot of a lion under such conditions would of course have been a finer trophy than half a dozen merely shot. My friend was good-natured about it, but I must say that I felt the incident was a blot on an otherwise perfect day.

That night there was feasting and rejoicing both among our own followers and among the people of the small adjacent village. For hereabout lion flesh is esteemed the greatest of all delicacies.

Cleaning Policemen's Bulls'-Eyes.

One of the quaintest of old-time jobs which still survive in London is that of cleaning the oil lamps used by members of the Metropolitan Police. These have not yet been entirely discarded in favor of electric lamps.

The police are not responsible for the cleaning and filling of their own lamps. This has been done under contract for many years by the firm of J. C. Christie, who employ a staff of twenty-nine men, especially for the work.

The men are known as "trimmers," and for thirty-five years it has been their job to trim the wicks, fill the lamps with oil, and make them quite fit for service by the policemen of 200 stations in and around London.

It is remarkable how the oil lamp has survived the era of progress in which we live today. Only about eighty stations in the London area are equipped with electric lamps.



We're Eating It Too Fast.
"Lumber is getting scarcer and scarcer—the market is terrible."
"Yes—those breakfast-food factories are putting it on the bum."

About the House

DOES YOUR CHILD DO WELL IN SCHOOL.

It was a blow to the family pride for the Hardys when young Johnny failed so utterly to make good in school. The Hardys were smart people. John, Sr., was a township trustee; Mrs. Hardy, an ex-school teacher. What law of heredity or power of environment could be operating to put little John in the "dub" class?

Fifty paces away stood a billboard with circus pictures on it. Idly throwing stones at the elephant as he studied over little John's report card, Hardy landed one right on the tip of the animal's trunk.

"Try that, Johnny," he cried. "Hit the elephant right on the tip of his sneezer, like your dad did."

"How d'ye know that's his sneezer? How d'ye know it's an elephant, standing way off like that?" demurred Johnny.

"Can't you see it?" exclaimed Mr. Hardy, a great light dawning upon him.

"I can now!" admitted Johnny, having gone within thirty feet of the billboard.

That made the diagnosis. His dullness was explained. That very afternoon Johnny was sent to the oculist. When he started to school again on the following Monday it was a new John who took the seat in the "dub" row. And it was a new John who jumped with astonishing speed and agility over row after row until he reached the "king" row. Spectacles had wrought the miracle. Properly fitted lenses had opened the windows of a new world for little John Hardy.

This is no uncommon incident. Intelligent parents often take it for granted that their children would complain if they needed artificial help for their vision. But children who have always had a certain range of vision, children whose eyes are impaired by astigmatism, do not realize that they are under a handicap. They are seeing with just the same accuracy that they have always seen; and are they to know that the object that is nothing much but a blur to them is clear and distinct to others. They make no complaint, because their conception of good vision does not lead them to expect anything better. There is no greater tragedy in our schools to-day than the child who is weighed down by the stigma of dullness, when his real trouble lies in the fact that he cannot see the letters and figures that are placed on the blackboard by the teacher, or has difficulty reading the books that are supposed to be the source of his information.

If your child does not do well in school give him the inestimable benefit of a very careful examination by a conscientious doctor.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS.

Oh, gracious goodness, I declare!
Discouragement will o'er me steal,
When I see Molly sitting there
And never touching her oatmeal.

Oh, Jack, how can you hope to grow
To be a man and join the navy,
When you are so eternal slow
In eating that good bread and gravy?

Now, Fred, it's no use looking hurt,
And putting on that dreadful frown;
You know you won't get your dessert
Till all your vegetables are down.
—Alma Manley Horn.

THE USEFUL TEA WAGON.

The tea wagon has many uses. A rather novel use is that to which it was put by a woman with a small baby. Her tea wagon was of enameled metal and was easily cleaned. She put the baby's clean clothes on the lower shelf and put the baby's bath tub on the top shelf and found it very easy to bathe the baby. The tea wagon was of such a height that she did not have to bend over, thus saving herself backache. She had the baby's clothes near at hand, and since the house was not always warm enough it was possible for her to take the baby into the kitchen and bathe it near the range, with no danger of its taking cold.

Another use for this same tea wagon was on ironing day. As the mother ironed she put the finished pieces on the tea wagon, and afterward wheeled them about to the various cupboards, drawers and closets where she put her freshly ironed clothes and household linens.

LEFT-OVER VINEGAR.

In many households there is often a quantity of spiced vinegar left over from sweet pickles of various sorts. It need present no problem to the thrifty housewife, and she does not need to throw it away. If, after heating it, she will add enough dissolved gelatin to make quite a stiff jelly she will find it is a delicious relish to serve with cold meat. Or she will find it

makes a pretty salad garnish or, cut in thin slices, it may make a novel and tasty addition to almost any kind of sandwich.

HER MAGIC SECRET.

A mother who always managed to look neat and trim in the midst of the rush of things was once asked her magic secret.

"Oh, there are two of them," she replied laughingly, "a white collar and a hair net."

Although she seemed to consider the question as a joke, in these two articles really lay the secret of her trim appearance. Once her hair had been neatly arranged the hair net kept it so. It was the work of a moment to adjust the fresh, becoming white collar, yet it gave a note of distinction and character to the simplest house dress.

A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE SCHOOL DRESS.



4253. Blue or brown serge would be good for this style. It is also nice for velvet, knit woolsens, and taffeta. The sleeve may be in wrist or in elbow length. In black velvet or blue jersey, with collar and trimmings of suede, this style would be unique and attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For collar of contrasting material 40 inches wide 1/2 yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Paths.

For good adventures I indorse
The little paths you come across;
But not the prisoned ones that we
Keep straight and clean and orderly
In yards and gardens. There they stay
And never roam nor swerve nor stray;
Sedate and staid in brick and gravel,
Whose dull business is to meet
The burden of domestic feet.

For, oh, the kind of path I mean
Is dim and shadowy and green;
A narrow, winding one that strayed
Wayward and daring; undismayed
By ditches, hills or woods that cramp,
Ragged and restless as a tramp.
An idle vagabond, cajoling
Gypsy feet like mine to strolling,
That dreams at midday in the shade
Of vibrant, singing walls of jade
In whose cool shadows can be heard
The music of a brook or bird.

A path whose curves and bordering
trees
May hide a thousand mysteries;
With grass grown high enough to
screen
A pygmy or a fairy queen;
And forests dense whose gloom may
hold
Wild, fierce brigands or hidden gold
A dryad may be there to free
From some strong, ancient ogre tree,
Or something weird and strange,
almost
As queer and lonely as a ghost.

Oh, they belong—these roving trails—
To us who believe in fairy tales,
And miles and miles I would spend
To find what may be at the end.
—Annie Blackwell Payne.

Here is a hint from the Japanese. If you need some almost transparent white glue to mend a torn picture, mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, gradually add boiling water and stir constantly until a paste is formed, then boil for one minute in a clean saucepan and you will have a strong colorless cement.

Ants With or Without Wings.

Mr. Vincent, seated on the verandah of his summer home peeling willow wands to make a towel rack noticed a sturdy black ant running straight across the verandah. He tried to turn it back with the toe of his boot, but the little creature quickly made its way round. Then Mr. Vincent, using the wand in his hand, turned the ant round several times, but he could neither confuse it nor deter it. In a moment it was climbing over parts of the boys' radio outfit, which must have been as confusing to it as a mountain range and a forest combined is to a man. Mr. Vincent stamped his foot in front of the creature, but he could not scare it.

When he was ready to give up trying to turn the ant back his son Allen came along and took up the task. Falling in every other way, Allen placed a piece of board in the ant's path. When the ant mounted the board to walk over it the boy carried it back to the starting place. But immediately the ant began its journey again.

When it was halfway across the verandah the boy brought it back a second time, but the determined little creature took up its journey anew and pressed on over every obstacle and in spite of all opposition. Finally the boy sat down, and the ant reached the other side of the verandah and vanished over the edge.

"Well, Allen," said Mr. Vincent, "if we men had such perseverance, there are few things we could not achieve! The Bible sends the lazy man to the ant to learn industry; this morning we may learn perseverance from the ant."

"But it's not true of all ants," Allen replied. "I tried the same game on a winged ant, and I turned it aside easily."

"And what a parable that is!" exclaimed Mr. Vincent. "Just think of it, an ant with wings so that it could soar right over your head and go on its way gives up, whereas this little fellow who has only his legs to depend on, goes on over everything, knowing no defeat! So it is, I fear, with men and women, boys and girls. Some with many advantages are turned aside from pressing on to the prize of their high calling, and some who are not so equipped but who have will and determination reach the goal. It's a great thing to have determination!"

Good Queen Bess Watched Pennies in Her Household.

Housekeeping accountancy was a fine art, practiced by royal personages in the sixteenth century, according to a big book auctioned off in London this week. The imperial folio account book was one kept by Queen Elizabeth when she was still a princess, eighteen years old, and shows the household expenses of her residence at Hatfield for the year 1551-1552.

The volume has twenty-six vellum pages and the covers are decorated with illuminated lettering and scroll work, with five pen and ink emblematic drawings among the entries. Each account is signed "Elizabeth," the signature being graceful, one with fine flourishes around it, and countersigned by Sir Walter Buckler, then her chamberlain.

It is shown that Elizabeth spent nearly £4,000 that year, quite a respectable amount, when it is considered that a pound in those days was worth at least four times as much as it is to-day. Although "the good Queen Bess" is supposed to have had a great love for literature and a passion for dress, these "accounts" do not give much indication of it.

In the period covered by the ledger she seems to have made only two purchases of books and items of £18 for "certain stuff for her grace's person" and 12 pence "for making paper upper bodies for her grace," which does not seem very extravagant. She gave nearly £8 in "almes to dyverse poor men and women at sondrie times," and was careful to record all tips, one of the entries reading, "13s. 4d. for my ladie of Arrundell's servant."

Elizabeth seems to have spent quite a lot on music, one entry reading "30 shillings to farmer that played on flue," and another, "for More, the harper, 30 shillings"—such entries being of frequent occurrence. There is a long list of moneys paid for "sauces, herbs, muttons, veals, hogs-heddes of bere, and Raynische wine."

Thirty dozen "candelles" cost the princess 45 shillings, and she paid to "John Brydges for seafish 15 shillings; to a poor woman that brought six chickens and two capons, 5 shillings; to him that made her grace a table of walnut tree, 44 shillings; for Bible, 20 shillings."

England's only State newspaper, the "London Gazette," is 258 years old. When published first for Charles II, it was known as the "Oxford Gazette," the Court having fled to that city on account of the plague.

The man who says "I'll think of what to say when I get there," often thinks of what he should have said after he's left.

BANK OF MONTREAL ANNUAL MEETING

At Annual Meeting of Bank of Montreal Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the President, Reviews Business and Agricultural Conditions in Canada and Deals With Principal Features of Revision of Bank Act.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, Emphasizes Necessity in Canada for Reduction in Cost of Living and Taxation.

An opportunity of obtaining a thorough knowledge of present conditions, as well as to gauge the outlook for the next year in Canada, was afforded at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal.

The President's Address.
Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, in his address to shareholders, said, in part:—
"Our banking year has been one of many perplexities. Our profits, in common with banks at home and abroad, are not so large as during war and succeeding years, but I feel sure it has been a gratification for you to know we have been able to pay our usual dividend as well as a two per cent. bonus.

"The lessened profits are due partly to the fact that our customers have leaned less heavily upon us, but chiefly because we felt that in view of the possibility of untoward developments in the banking world, our cash reserves should be kept exceptionally strong to enable us to lend aid if and when called upon to do so.

"There is also the incidence of much heavier taxation to be considered in connection with the balance sheet. Our resources, however, are as large and our earnings power so constant, that I have no misgivings as to the maintenance of substantial profits.

The Bank Act Revision.
"The revised Bank Act embodies no novel principles. The powers and privileges of the banks remain very much as before, neither enlarged nor contracted; but provision has been made in the way of wider authority of auditors and heavier responsibility of directors, by which means it is hoped to strengthen the safeguards for depositors and shareholders. It is true to say that however rigid the law, the solvency of banks—as for that matter, of all business—depends upon the integrity, diligence and prudence of the management.

The amended Act continues to the banks scope for wide and helpful operation in finance and commerce, restrained by considerations of safety, but not so hampered as to prevent fair profits under prudent direction. In this connection it may be observed that, despite the notion held in some quarters respecting the profitable nature of banking, capital has not greatly sought this source of investment. In the quarter century from 1870 to 1900, the capital of Canadian banks remained stationary, and in the subsequent twenty years of rapid commercial development, less than \$60,000,000 was added. Banking resources, apart from

deposits have been derived for many years past more from accumulated reserve of profits than from the investment of new capital, a condition which is not become desirable to correct when trade expands in order to maintain an adequate note circulation.

General Manager's Address.
Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, in his review of the affairs of the Bank during the year, said, in part:—
"Canada's economic position will not be satisfactory until we succeed in balancing our public revenue and expenditures, including railways.

"For the time being we are handicapped in three distinct respects, two of which are common to all countries engaged in the war from the beginning and at present endeavoring to balance their budgets, viz: high cost of living and high taxation. Further, Canada is suffering from lack of adequate population.

"As the first two handicaps diminish we shall doubtless attract a greater volume of immigration and, what is still more important, we shall retain the people who come, as well as our natural increase. Therein lies economic salvation for the Dominion. The remedy is in our hands and is practicable. We have only to conduct our personal and public affairs more economically than do our neighbors in that most wealthy and free-producing of all countries, the United States.

Profitless Advantages.
"Meanwhile we must not lower our flag, nor is there any occasion for doing so. Canada has no profitless advantages as a place to live in, to work in and to play in. These should be obvious to all—so, indeed, they are to our friends in the United States, who now have \$250,000,000 or more commercially invested in Canada—and they will without question attract to us in the future the people we need.

"Prosperity in full measure cannot, however, return to the country until agriculture, our chief industry, becomes again more profitable. The lot of the farmer in the last few years has been hard, owing to low prices for products and high cost of requirements. This unfortunate state of affairs still persists. It is the result of worldwide, not local, conditions, and is by no means confined to Canada. Agriculture, however, cannot be permanently depressed. In the nature of things an improvement is bound to ensue, but the burden in the meantime bears heavily upon this vital industry. For your information, of this Bank's current loans in Canada, upwards of \$35,000,000 are to the agricultural community.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Sir Wm. Orpen Obliges.

On one occasion when Sir William Orpen, the famous portrait painter, was staying at a country house, a portrait of whose owner he was painting, he was met in the hall one morning by the butler, who said, "You're a painter, aren't you?"

"Certainly," said Sir William.
"Well, I wish you would do a little job for me. That infernal fool, my young footman, has kicked some paint off the drawing-room floor, and there will be the dickens of a row if the master sees it; will you touch it up a bit?"
"Of course I will," said the painter, and fetched his palette and did the job.

Not a Real Baronet?

In ordinary company, Sir James Barrie is frequently shy, silent, and ill at ease.

Now and again, however, his quaint humor asserts itself. As, for example, on receiving his baronetcy.

A friend hastened to congratulate him on his new dignity.
"Well, I don't know," drawled Barrie. "When I began writing novels, people said they were not real novels. When I began writing plays, people said they were not real plays. I expect men are going about now saying I am not a real baronet."

Safety First!

"Politeness is all very well, but there are times when it is superfluous."

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Playing With Pat.

It was the lunch hour on the new building, and Pat's fellow-workmen, deciding to play a joke on him during his absence, drew the features of a donkey on the back of his coat, which he had left behind. In due course Pat returned, and presently appeared bearing the decorated coat.

"What's the trouble, Pat?" asked one man, trying to appear indifferent.
"Nothing much," replied Pat, equally indifferent. "Only I'd like to know which one of you wiped his face on my coat."

London judges are sentencing men to prison instead of fining them for cruelty to animals.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS



How Molly Cottontail Saw Santa Claus

BY THE NYCES.

It was the funniest thing! Though little Molly Cottontail didn't think so; indeed, she was pretty nigh scared out of a year's growth. But there, we'd better commence at the very beginning.

It was the night before Christmas and of course you know what that means; mysterious whisperings and hiding of knobby bundles—and everything. And Molly Cottontail and all her folks, and Aunty and Uncle Hopover and all the little Hopovers—

fine supper and plenty of it when the entertainment was over.

That touched Flattail's heart, for next to taking his ease he loved nothing better than a good meal; so he had no time in getting the Hopovers and the Cottontails to the schoolhouse. It was such a cunning little place, all aight, and just buzzing with the voices of bunny folks. And there was a tree, festooned with strings of red and white pop-corn and hung with gingerbread men and candy canes.

grown-ups; then Daddy Tarfoot was called on to dance a hoe-down; next came games. Let's see—they played "Blind Man's Buff" and "Puss in the Corner," almost running down the ladies who were placing the most delicious supper on the table. But no one minded; the grown folks said they couldn't scold the children on Christmas Eve.

Flattail Beaver said he really enjoyed the supper more than anything else. And after everything had been cleared away Eben Cornstassel disappeared—and Santa Claus appeared on the platform, and distributed presents, and stockings made of white turlington, filled with candy. Flattail Beaver re-

"I didn't know it was that late—if we want to get home ahead of Santa we'd better hurry."

Then the Hopover bunnies and the Cottontail bunnies were bundled into the sleigh; Flattail called, "Are you ready?" and away he pelted.

Molly was in the back part and she soon fell asleep and dreamed she was playing blind man's buff. All at once the sleigh lurched round a fence corner, and Molly gave a leap right into a huge jimson weed, and there she hung, by her warm wooly coat, to a great prickly bur.

Poor little Molly! She wriggled and she twisted and she squeaked. But no one heard her and she couldn't lose

The Christ Child.

The snow was falling fast,
And the lights were dim and low,
When a small child wandered up and down

And had nowhere to go.

He saw a house illumined

And children merry and gay,
But when He knocked and waited
He was told to go away.

To-night was Christmas Eve,
And most every one was gay.
People were hurrying to and fro
With gifts for Christmas Day.

So He wandered on,

A small and lonely child.
Then He looked in a window and saw
A mother and children, sweet and mild.

He knocked at the door and waited
Until He heard the mother say:
"Children, some one is knocking;
Go see who it is, I pray."

The children came to the door
To let the poor child in.
He was very cold and chilly,
For his clothing was torn and thin.

This mother was reading her Bible
To her children bright and fair,
When she went to look for the boy,
Behold, He was not there.

The mother said: "My dears,
That boy so sweet and mild
Is not a little wanderer,
But the little Christ Child."

So if you are good and kind,
Live a good and noble life,
You will receive a grand reward
From our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

So when you pass from this world of ours,

If you have been good and true,
You will find in the Golden City
The gate standing open for you.
—Annie Wilson Podger.



The Man of the Hour

dressed in their best—were going to the Christmas entertainment, to be held in the tiny red schoolhouse at the extreme end of Bunny Hollow.

It was the snappiest kind of a cold night and the snow was just right for sleighing. So Uncle Hopover bundled them into his sleigh—and a good big one it was. The old-fashioned kind—with bells that tinkled beautifully. It held all the Hopover folks and all the Cottontail folks; also dear old Granny Wobblenose.

Uncle Hopover hired Flattail Beaver to pull the sleigh, but he had an awful time doing it, for Flattail was very lazy. And he would make no promise until Aunty Hopover and Ma Cottontail told him he should have a

After they had all greeted one another with "Merry Christmas," and "Same to you," and said how beautiful everything looked and what a smart man teacher was to plan it all, they sat on the tiny benches until the schoolmaster (his name was Eben Cornstassel) stepped to the platform and announced that Molly Cottontail and Johnny Hopover would give a dialogue.

Johnny was very shy and scarce talked above a whisper, while Molly thought more of her new dress than she did of her dialogue. The dress was bright red and Granny Wobblenose had made it her very own self.

One after another the bunnies recited their pieces to the pride of the

ceived two stockings—one for his wife and one for himself. "I'm mighty glad I came," he said.

"Well," exclaimed Ma Cottontail, "I'll be glad to leave. Not that I didn't enjoy it; the entertainment was lovely and a great credit to the teacher; but I've lots of things to do before Santa comes to our house. Luckily the bunnies hung their stockings before we left home," she laughed.

So she hunted up Uncle Hopover and Pa Cottontail to tell them it was time to make tracks for home. They were sitting close to the fire talking to Daddy Tarfoot and Daddy Longears, about who raised the biggest crops.

"Goodness me!" Uncle Hopover said,

herself. And Ma and Pa and Aunty Hopover and the sleigh—all disappeared and left her quite alone.

She wasn't left alone many minutes though, for to her great joy another sleigh came flying swiftly along, much more swiftly than Flattail pulled them all to the schoolhouse. It was drawn by eight reindeer and driven by—whom do you think? Why, no other than Santa himself. And he lurched round the very same fence corner!

Dancer and Prancer were in the lead and in their haste they pretty nearly stumbled. So Santa had them rest for a moment. "Squeak, squeak, SQUEAK!" came from the jimson weed. Meaning: "Oh, Santa, please help me!"

"That sounds like some one in trouble!" exclaimed Santa Claus; and he pulled up close to the fence.

"If it isn't Molly Cottontail! and fastened to a big bur—why you poor little thing; little more'n you'd be frozen to death."

Molly was so thankful—and she wasn't one bit afraid of Santa. No, indeed; she told him exactly how it happened. And Santa said: "Never mind—I'll have you home in a jiffy; but first I must stop at Sammy Slow's house—it's right on my way."

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, "we know Slow and we love him dearly."

"Do you?" exclaimed Santa with a twinkle. "Then you know a dear little boy"—and the words were scarce out of his mouth when they were on the roof of Sammy's house and in a moment down, down the chimney they slid—Molly in the pocket of Santa's big warm coat.

Of course Sammy Slow was in bed—but Tabitha Tabbycat was not and she was well acquainted with Molly Cottontail, and brought her a cup of nice warm milk, to take off the chill.

When they reached the home of the Cottontails, they found everything in confusion. Granny Wobblenose was sure Molly had fallen asleep in the schoolhouse and been left behind. Ma Cottontail was almost indignant at dear Granny, and she said: "Indeed Molly was not left at the school-house—I counted all my bunnies before I left the building."

Anywavy Granny tucked all the bunnies into their little beds, and Pa and Ma had donned their warm wraps and rubber boots, and were just about to start in search of Molly when Santa Claus pulled up at the door. They could hardly believe their eyes when he took her out of his pocket and set her down beside them.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ma. "Here's Santa, and Molly not in bed." And she rushed her inside and Pa ran to the woodpile for a few sticks to warm things up a bit. And when they returned to thank Santa, they found him gone—quite out of sight; but he had tucked candies and all kinds of cunning little presents inside their door. Then they heard his voice—way off in the distance: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The Voice Beloved

BY M. JESSIE LEITCH.

It was Christmas Eve. Snow had been falling softly all day long, feathering the woods with softness, heaping the hedges with purest silver and filling the world with white silence.

"It will be a white Christmas," said John Dobbs, pausing to stamp the snow off his feet before he entered the kitchen that was freshly scrubbed as to floor and fragrant with the spiciness of Christmas cakes and puddings.

Mary Dobbs, his wife, paused in her futing of pie crust to glance anxiously at his hand. It was empty. He had gone to the village for the express purpose of getting the mail. She sighed a little, then smiled resolutely.

"Cold, John?" she asked, balancing the pie deftly on her floury hand and smiling at him as if he were her child instead of her husband.

"Not cold. A bit disappointed. I'd set my heart on that letter with a foreign stamp. It's not like Nellie to forget the old folks at home the day before Christmas."

John Dobbs looked all of his sixty years as he dragged off his overshoes, placed them in the woodbox and hung his old woolen jacket up behind the door.

"Don't worry—the letter will be along. Nellie has never forgotten yet."

His wife's voice was reassuring. She slipped her pies into the oven, moved the tea kettle to the front of the cheery old cook stove, glanced at the clock above the lamp shelf and said something about getting supper. But she knew that there would be no other mail until Christmas morning.

"There was nothing else, John?" she continued, as he untied a bundle of papers and felt for the glasses that were pushed up into his grizzled hair.

"There's a card, some place. Something about a parcel at the express office, but I called for it and it wasn't there. Here's the card—you read it."

"It's from Nellie! The parcel is from Paris. Perhaps the last train wasn't in, John? If you'd only waited!"

Mary Dobbs' face was flushed, her eyes were shining.

"I was so disappointed about the letter that I didn't pay much attention to the card," he said.

Eleanor Dobbs had been in Paris for five years. She had a voice. She was studying Grand Opera. Her parents were very proud of her. They were very lonely without her but Eleanor had a voice and voices, her teachers had always said, were few and far between.

It had all begun years before when Eleanor, a shining-haired little girl of five, stood on the schoolroom platform and sang at the Christmas tree entertainment. So sweet, even then, were her baby tones, that there had been tears in her mother's eyes when she lifted her down from the platform. The child, frightened by the applause which followed her little song, had hidden her face in her mother's lap and refused to sing again.

Year after year, as she grew, Eleanor was always singing about the house, at her lessons, at her play—singing to her dolls, singing to her father as he sat before the oven door at night in the little farm kitchen.

"Nellie must have her voice trained. It's a gift," her father would say. And her mother, listening to the golden something in the child's song, would adore it silently and without telling anyone, go without a new dress that she might put the money away toward the training of her darling's voice.

Nellie was an only child. There had been a boy who died in infancy. His father could not bear to talk about him. Yet it was twenty-seven years since little John had been buried in the graveyard plot behind the village church.

Twenty-seven years!

Sometimes when John Dobbs set for a long time looking into the blaze of the old cook stove on winter evenings, his wife, seeing the loneliness in his eyes, would put down her sewing or her knitting and place a gentle hand on his arm. "Our John would have been a man—" she would say, without finishing the sentence, or just hold his hand, helplessly silent, knowing that the same unspoken grief was in his heart as was in her own. For every man and every woman in the world years sooner or later for a man child—a boy grown tall. As age comes on, it is the ringing step of a man who is young and full of strength and courage that they want. And need.

"If Nellie would only come home and marry! If there could be the sound of children's footsteps in the old house." This was what Nellie's mother would breathe softly to herself. But, with a voice like Nellie's, would it be right? Did "prima donnas" marry? Mary Dobbs was not quite sure. Certain it was that little Nellie, "Eleanor" they called her in the newspapers that came from across the sea, was a prima donna. It seemed so wonderful to read her letters about

seasons and engagements and concerts and recitals. The little-girl touch of terror at the sight of a mass of people, of stage fright, of fear that she would not sing well, had long since disappeared from her letters, every one of which was carefully hoarded to be read over and over again. There was assurance and confidence in those grown-up letters. And there was pride. Sometimes her mother wondered if there might not be a little vanity—it all seemed so greatly of the world, the talk of Nellie's about the gowns she had to buy for her last concerts, the parties, the friends, the dinner parties in strange cities that sounded so very very far away.

John Dobbs rustled his papers before the fire. The kettle was steaming. Setting it back, abstractedly, Mary Dobbs fried potatoes as she had done for thirty years, at supper time, cut bread and opened a can of jam, fried bacon and eggs, made coffee, took an apple pie from the oven and skimmed thick cream from a milk pan in the cellar that was very old-fashioned and very full of vegetables and coal and wood and apples and home-made pickles.

The lonely two sat down at their little white covered table in the spotless kitchen and smiled across the table at each other. It was Christmas Eve—the fifth since Nellie went abroad.

"Your coffee is the best in the world, Mother," said John Dobbs.

"Have another cup?" said Mary Dobbs, knowing that he would.

They were thinking of Nellie, of the letter that had not come. Mary was very sure that John was thinking of the baby son who slept under the evergreens. A mist of tears clouded her glasses. She wiped them away heroically. John, looking straight at her, did not see her tears, because his own eyes were full.

"I think I'll go down to the express office after supper, Mother, and take that card along," he said. "There might be something."

Just then the jangle of sleigh bells sounded in the yard. The old people sprang up, hope shining in their eyes, clutching at the very springs of their being. Nellie! Could it be possible that their little Nellie had come? But it was only Jim Greggs from the next farm and Mary Dobbs' hands were cold as she tried to put a note of genuine cheer into the voice that responded to Jim's shout, "Christmas box for you!"

Jim was lifting a huge box from his sleigh which was loaded with groceries, a small pine tree, sundry lumpy parcels that bespoke the presents for the Sunday School Christmas Tree, of which, for many years, Jim had been Master of Ceremonies.

"This young piano was lying at the express office waiting for you, John," he said. "It came from Halifax and a deal of trouble they've gone to, packing it and painting your name on the outside of the box in capital letters. Look at that!"

"What can it be? Nellie must have sent it," said Mary Dobbs with shining eyes. "There isn't a soul in Halifax who would be sending things to us—unless Nellie."

"But Nellie is in Paris," said John.

"This came from Halifax."

"Let's get it in the house," said practical Jim. Across the threshold, into the lamplit kitchen, they dragged it. Mary brought a hammer. John Dobbs attacked the case methodically, saving the nails as he drew them out.

It was a music box, the finest and the best that any of the trio had ever seen. The mahogany shone in the lamp light. Mary Dobbs touched it with hands that were tremulous and eagerly caressing. A card, bright with scarlet ribbons, was tied to the inside of the cover and in Nellie's writing were the words, "Merry Christmas to the best Mother and Father that ever lived, from their Nellie."

"I'm glad she mentioned your name first, Mother," said John Dobbs, shakily.

"Open her up! Let's have a tune. These must be the records," and Jim Greggs, with neighborly freedom, began to open a smaller box fastened with heavy cord. Jim took a record at

random and put it in place. He wanted to hear the new "music box."

There was a moment's grating, whirring, then a woman's voice rang out—golden in its clarity—full of tenderness. Mary and John stared, speechless, the color of sweet surprise flushing their faces, a lovely light flooding their eyes.

"It's Nellie's voice!" Mary Dobbs was sobbing. She was on her knees beside the beautiful instrument, her arms clasping the shining wood. John Dobbs made no attempt to hide the tears that streamed down his face. Jim Greggs took his cap off and listened with wonder and incredulity on his face. He had known "Dobbs' girl" all her life.

"I love the dear silver that shines in her hair—" sang the voice.

"It's you she means, Mother," said John Dobbs huskily, and drew his wife into the tender curve of his arm until the golden voice was still. Jim Greggs approached the machine awkwardly, reverently.

"There's a song on the other side," he said softly and adjusted the needle and turned the little lever.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," sang the voice that was unbelievably full of golden notes that flooded the little room with melody and Love's divine message.

So "little" Nelly sang to her dear ones on Christmas Eve. Truly she had not forgotten "the old folks at home!"

There were other records. *Holy Night*, John's favorite Christmas song, and *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, the hymn that Nellie had sung first of all when she was a baby, lisping the words and singing them all to one tune, and songs they could not understand because the words were French and Italian. But the voice was Nellie's—come to them across the miles.

It was underneath the last record that they found the letter—a real Christmas letter, full of tenderness and plans for another Christmas when they should be together. Next they found a photograph—the last, best picture of their girl.

With shaking hands, they unwrapped the tissue paper, even tearing the bright little Christmas seals. Nellie! Their "little" Nellie!

"She's just like she used to be, only taller," her mother said.

"She favors you, Mother."

"But she has your eyes, John," said Mary Dobbs, reaching over to clasp his hand and then they placed the photo on the centre table, sat down and looked at it as if they would never tire of looking.

As the clock struck twelve, John put the first record on again, tenderly, and the notes of *Home Sweet Home* filled the room and their hearts.

"It's a wonderful Christmas morning," whispered Mary Dobbs when the last note had died away, sweet beyond compare.

With all good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Christmas Candies

For good little boys and girls

Holiday time is the time for rich sweets and appetizing confections. Here are recipes that are as wholesome as they are good:

Quick Date Creams.—Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter until it is creamy. Add one cupful of confectioners' sugar a little at a time and beat the mixture well after every addition. Add one scant tablespoonful of cream, drop by drop, and flavor the whole with vanilla. Stone a pound of dates, fill the centres with the cream mixture and roll the candies in sugar.

Grape Caramels.—Place two cupfuls of milk and one cupful of sugar in a saucepan and stir the mixture until it reaches the boiling point. Add one cupful of grape-jam or marmalade and cook the whole until a little

of it dropped into cold water will form a firm ball. Then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, cook the mixture until it reaches the "hard-ball" stage, add one cupful of nut meats and pour the whole into a greased pan. When it is cool cut it into squares.

Peanut Bars.—Shell one quart of roasted Spanish peanuts, remove the skins and chop the nuts fine. Beat the white of one egg until it is stiff, and while you beat add gradually one cupful of brown sugar, one quarter teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold the peanut meats into the mixture, spread the whole in a square, shallow buttered tin pan and bake it in a slow oven. When the candy is done cut it into bars with a sharp knife.

A little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!

A little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!



ALWAYS ON TIME.

How to Serve the Christmas Dinner

No matter how simple the Christmas dinner may be, some attempt should be made to give it a holiday air. An appropriate centerpiece can be made by arranging evergreens, berries, seed pods and other pretty things from the woods or the fields, in a low basket or in a pic plate, filled with moss.

Cover the table with a nicely laundered table-cloth laid over a silence cloth and, at each place or "cover," as it is called, arrange the necessary china, glass, silver and the napkin. At an informal dinner the large plate is not placed at the cover until the person is served. At a formal dinner, a cocktail of fruit or shell-fish, or clams or oysters on the half-shell may be placed at each cover just before the guests enter the dining-room.

If individual "salts" and "peppers" are not used, place larger ones at each end of the table. Bread, on plates or bread-trays, can also be placed on the table, with jelly, pickles or other relishes. A serving of butter is placed on each butter-plate, and the glasses are filled with water. The napkin can be left flat.

HOW TO PLACE THE SILVER.

Flat silver is placed one and one-half inches from the edge of the table, the sharp edges of knives toward the plate. The bows of spoons and the tines of forks are turned up. The glass is placed just beyond the tip of the knife, the bread-and-butter plate a little beyond the forks. Sauce dishes should be placed at right of plate, but if the coffee-cup occupies that space push the sauce dish farther up. Place the necessary spoons beside the dinner

knife, and the butter spreader upon the bread-and-butter plate.

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT THE HOSTESS.

By careful planning everything can be arranged in the kitchen before the dinner begins. Foods can be dished and placed in the warmer or in a very moderate oven. The happiness of guests and family depends largely upon having the hostess at the table and every one will be glad to help and make the serving as light as possible. The call to dinner should be obeyed at once. If guests are present, simple place-cards will enable both guests and family to be seated without confusion and will add to the table decorations.

If soup forms the first course, place the soup in hot soup plates or bouillon cups, either of which should be placed on other plates and placed before each person. One authority claims that everything except beverages should be handed and placed from the left. Another authority claims that soup should be handed from the right. They also disagree as to whether the plates should be removed from the left or right. The important thing is to have the food served and removed as easily and quietly as possible.

After removing the soup plates, place the main dish and the hot dinner plates before the person who is to carve (usually the head of the family). Vegetable dishes can be placed in front of other members of the family or obliging guests. The person who carves asks each person his preference as to light or dark meat, places it on the plate and passes the plate to those who are serving the vegetables, who pass each plate to the person for whom it is intended. When this course is finished, remove the plates, the bread, jelly and relishes and serve the salad.

Arrange the salad on plates and keep in a cool place until served. The crackers and cheese are placed on the table, then passed from one to another. Remove salad plates, crackers, cheese, pepper and salt, brush crumbs from the table with a folded napkin and a plate, refill the glasses and serve the dessert.

TEA-WAGON A GREAT HELP.

The dessert plates, nuts, raisins, and candy and certain desserts can be ready on a side table or a tea-wagon, which is a great help in serving dinner. Ice cream, hot puddings and pies must be brought in from the kitchen. The dessert and dessert plates are placed before the hostess who serves this course. Nuts, raisins and candy are also placed upon the table. Coffee is poured in the kitchen and served with the dinner. Sugar and cream are either placed upon the table or passed when the coffee is served.

Christmas Eve.

Day flickers into dusk; the street lamps flower
Like saffron poppies in the heart of night;
The petals of the snow drop hour on hour
Until earth blossoms like a rose of white.
Midnight and silence; calm, cold hills look down
Upon a valley stretching still and far;
Low in the east beyond the little town
Glimmers the Christmas candle of a

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak and Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root, namely poor blood. Either bloodlessness or some other trouble of the nerves will be found to be the reason for almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffering from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation of the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always poor blood. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is exhausted nerves. But run down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

If your health is poor; if you are pale, nervous or dyspeptic, you should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills act directly on the blood, and by enriching it give new strength to worn out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit through the use of this medicine. If you are weak or ailing, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will be pleased with the beneficial results that will speedily follow.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Mother's Love.

I have stood upon the mountain top
And seen the world below.
I have gazed down yawning caverns
And seen the torrents flow.
Raging, foam-flecked and mighty,
Hurled upon rock with a roar.
To inspire one with grandeur,
Man could ask nothing more.

Yet to be inspired by grandeur
Comes not from the mountain's
height,

Nor from the raging torrent
In its fury and its might.
For that which touches deepest
And brings from oneself the best
Is to catch the inspiration
Of a Mother's Love expressed.

I have seen the earth unfold itself
To springtime's gentle rain.
I have felt the unleashed fury
Of a winter's hurricane
Bellowing, resentful and sullen,
Tearing through glen and dale.
To impress one with nature's forces,
Surely this cannot fail.

Yet nature's deepest impressions
Come not from the grandeur of
spring;

Nor does it come from the winter
With its storms and the coldness it
brings.
For those which are lasting and
worthy

Sole stamped in life's greatest tests,
Are impressions gathered and treasured
In a Mother's Love expressed.

Yes, expressed in a million tokens
Of infinite love divine;
Expressed in life's greatest sorrows,
Comforted as in yours and mine;
Lifted to heights of the universe
In building the character of man,
Is a Mother's Love expressed to us
Made holy by God's own hand.

The Grammar of Health.

Teacher—"Compare 'cold.'"
Student—"Could, cough, coffin."

CANCER

The REAL CAUSE of this terrible disease; how to treat it and how to avoid it, is fully explained by the book on

The Cantassium Treatment
which does away with the danger and suffering caused by surgical operation, radium and X-ray.

In this book are a number of case reports, at home and abroad, which prove the great value of Cantassium Treatment to internal and to external cases of irregular cell-growth and Cancer.

Why wait to be stricken by this rapidly increasing devastating scourge when you can learn how to avoid it by sending for this FREE BOOK, which will be promptly mailed to YOU, without cost, by CHARLES WALTER, 51 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

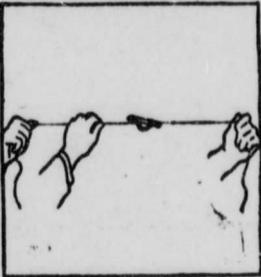
Note

To meet the requirements of a limited number of Cancer sufferers who desire complete rest while taking the Cantassium Treatment, arrangements have now been completed for their comfortable accommodation in suitable premises in Toronto, where, if they wish, they can be attended by experienced physicians.

EASY TRICKS

No. 58

A Rubber Band Mystery



You'll show a rubber band and a piece of string two feet long. You'll run the string through the band and ask a spectator to hold the string, one end in each hand. Your task now is to get the band off the string without the spectator letting go.

That is, of course, impossible—but magic is the doing of apparent impossibilities. You will have hidden in your hand a duplicate of the rubber band. Borrow a match. Grasp the band (which is on the string) in the hand in which the duplicate is hidden. Bend the hidden band around the string and hold it there by thrusting the match through it. The hand now hides the original band. Draw this hand toward the end of the string, calmly pushing the spectator's hands off the string. Of course, while you are doing this, you are slipping the band off the string and hiding it in your hand. As the spectators think they can see the original band on the string, no attention will be paid to this movement, especially if you do it boldly. The other hand, in the same manner takes the other end of the string.

The spectator is now asked to take the match away, quickly. The rubber band, of course, falls to the floor. You haven't done exactly what you promised to do—but you have done a mighty good trick.

(Clip this out and paste it, with other of the series, in a scrapbook.)

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constipated children can find prompt relief through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fall to regulate the bowels and stomach, thus driving out constipation and indigestion; colds and simple fevers. Concerning them Mrs. Gaspard Daigle, Demain, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great benefit to my little boy, who was suffering from constipation and indigestion. They quickly relieved him and now he is in the best of health." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Developing Our Power Resources.

As a basis for the administration of the water-powers of the Winnipeg River, the Department of the Interior completed in 1915 a comprehensive investigation covering the whole stretch of the river from the Ontario boundary to Lake Winnipeg. Before this investigation was begun, the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company had already constructed a hydro-electric plant on the Pinawa channel, a side channel of the river, and the city of Winnipeg had nearly completed a development at Pointe du Bois Falls on the main river. As a result of the department's investigation it was found that the entire natural fall of the river from Pointe du Bois to Lake Winnipeg could be concentrated at seven sites, having a total capacity with regulated flow of 813,000 h.p. or 420,000 h.p. for the whole river, including the existing developments.

Recently the Manitoba Power Company was permitted to proceed with the concentration decided upon for Great Falls, which was composed of the natural fall of the various drops forming these falls, together with an additional ten feet to be secured by cutting through the rock barrier at Whitemud Falls, thereby reducing the tall water level at Great Falls by this amount. The company readily accepted the general scheme of concentration laid down by the department, and under the advice of its consulting engineers proceeded with the work which included the channel excavation at Whitemud Falls. On October 15 last, the excavation being complete, the channel was placed in operation by the blowing out of the cofferdams which had hitherto kept the water out of the workings.

When the river had adjusted itself to the new conditions it was proved that the work of the company's engineers had been exceedingly well done for the results obtained were exactly those that had been looked for, and the department's purpose of effecting a piece of definite practical conservation had been fully achieved.

If the cells of the lungs were spread out flat they would form a surface of 480 square feet.

Town Lot Poultry Keeping.

By S. W. Knite.

Only a small space is required to keep a few hens in which would supply table eggs all the year.

But, someone says, "I have no one to look after them and I am not able myself." This obstacle has been overcome in many families where there are no boys or girls. I was much interested in the poultry displays at the school fairs this Fall, and I had the pleasure of visiting quite a number. One small town in particular (of one thousand inhabitants) had an exhibit of close on two hundred fowl, all colors and stages of growth. The prizes were well deserved where they were awarded and were in the form of a setting of eggs in Spring, from purebred stock, thus encouraging the youthful fancier. We are all aware of the vim a youth will put into anything interested in; and boys and girls in many cases have made a decided success in the poultry, taken in as partners with their parents.

The following interesting items, by courtesy of The Reliable Poultry Journal, will show what two juniors did, both under 14 years of age. At the time of writing, these children had finished their 3rd year in the business. Paul and Alleen Warner started poultry-keeping on a three-quarter-acre town lot, with 20 White Leghorns, 120 Banded Rocks and 20 Rhode Island Reds. All were good standard breeding, as shown by the fact that they took 31 first and 13 second prizes at various shows. A great many adults would be proud of such a record, both in prizes won and net profits made by these young poultry keepers.

Their first year they sold, from 36 hens:

Eggs at local market\$129.12
Eggs for hatching 102.90
Chickens sold for breeding 31.50
Chickens sold for eating 88.51

Feed and supplies cost 802.03
 192.13

Profit \$109.90
--------	----------------

Second year with 75 hens:	
Eggs sold on market\$280.07
Eggs sold for hatching 125.80
Chickens sold for breeding 44.00
Chickens sold for eating 80.37
Premiums from shows 65.60

Feed and supplies cost 598.74
 297.22

Profit 296.52
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Increase in flock 78.00
Third year flock contains 110 hens.	
Eggs sold on market\$431.38
Eggs sold for hatching 152.00
Chickens sold for breeding 52.00
Chickens sold for eating 140.25
Premiums from 68 prizes 72.50

Feed and supplies cost 848.13
 366.23

Profit \$481.90
--------	----------------

Increase in flock 70.00
Total Profits—\$888.32.	

Also an inventory value of \$148 increased flock.

Another instance I came across was a boy of 13 years, who had the caring for 25 pullets of real good stock. They got finest care and attention possible, with the result that their average production for the year was 216 eggs each in a pen 10 ft. by 14 ft.

Get your boy or girl interested in poultry and thereby instill into their young minds a fundamental knowledge of business, also their ability to assume responsibility. It will benefit them mentally as well as financially.

For a Long Visit.

Little Madge was in high excitement; a baby brother had arrived on the scene. She spread the good news, and among others told the gardener, a bit of a wag. "The question is," said the old man, "is the new baby going to stay?" "Oh, yes, he means to stay," said Madge, "he's got his things off."

MONEY ORDERS.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and more easily digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil for three and a half minutes.

England's oldest remaining toll-gate is claimed to be on the road between Whitney and Oxford; by the gate stands a notice-board dating from the time of Charles II.

MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition for YOUR EYES Use Murine Eye Remedy Night and Morning. Keep Your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago.

SEVERAL CARS DRY MILL slab wood, stove length. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario.

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

1/2 LB. TINS

and in packages

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited



And That's Heavy Enough.
Dealer—"I assure you, sir, this is strong coal."
Customer—"Must be—always seems able to hold up its price."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Why Doctors Go Mad.
Insurance Doctor—"Were you ever in the hospital?"
"Yes, once."
"What for?"
"To see my aunt."
Whatsoever a man sews he rips.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
Earache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

THE CHILDREN'S
COUGH
REMEDY
MINTINE

Its efficiency proven
by over 30 years use.

Mocking the Doctor.
A doctor and his Irish coachman were driving past a duck pond, when the coachman said: "O! hate thim birds, sorr."
"Why should you hate the poor creatures, Pat?" asked the doctor. "I'm sure they never do you any harm."
"Sure, sorr, don't you hear thim mocking you? You never pass thim but they call 'quack, quack, quack!'"

Training schoolboys to "lend a hand" with the housework is a novel educational suggestion which has much to recommend it.

Mother! Give Sick Baby "California Fig Syrup"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Liver and Bowels of Baby or Child.

Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic Babies and Children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels acting without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits! Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

HOARSE

Gargle several times a day with Minard's in water. It cuts the fungus and gives relief.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT



Clear Your Skin Restore Your Hair With Cuticura

Daily use of the Soap keeps the skin fresh and clear, while touches of the Ointment now and then as needed soothe and heal the first pimples, redness, roughness or scalp irritation. Cuticura Talcum is excellent for the skin.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Evans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., Montreal. **DO NOT** Cuticura Soap shows without using.

Gordon & Son

**CUSTOM
TAILORS**

PHONE 153
WATERDOWN

**"Our Home"
Tea Room and Shop**

Wishes one and all a
very Merry Christmas
and a bright and
Happy New Year

W. G. SPENCE
Phone 121
Mill Street Waterdown

Do Your Christmas Shopping at Home

TRY US

Let Us Help You Choose Your Gifts

We have a select line of Christmas Greeting Folders and Cards. See them before buying.

Also Christmas Stationery in Pads and Papeteries

Houbigant's Coty's, Hudnut's, Day Dream and Ben Hur Perfumes, Toilet Water, Extracts, Powders and Compacts.

Christmas Cigars and Tobacco

All the leading lines in Christmas Packages at reduced prices

We have a large variety of Pipes ranging from 25c to \$7. They make an acceptable gift. Any pipe over 50c guaranteed. Come in and see them.

Christmas Candy

Neilsen's, Lowney's, Moir's and Laura Secord's in boxes or bulk. All size boxes. Order early.

W. C. Langford Waterdown

**Watch Us Grow
There's a Reason**

The Sawell Greenhouses

HEMINGWAY'S

Going Out of Business

EVERYTHING GOING AT A SACRIFICE

Sale Commences

Monday, December 10th

Entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Overalls, Men's and Ladies Hosiery, Men's Sweaters and Underwear, Dry Goods, Cottons, Gingham Prints, Flannelettes and other articles too numerous to mention.

Come Early To Get Your Choice



The New Ford Coupe

An entirely new body design of remarkable beauty as well as practical utility, is the distinguishing feature of the new Ford Coupe.

The body lines follow in one graceful sweep from the new high radiator to the "Turtle-back" curve of the rear deck, which has been enlarged to conveniently accommodate bulky grips and packages.

Upholstering is luxuriously deep both in the seat and back, the covering being of rich brown broadcloth with mahogany stripe. A recess shelf is provided behind the seat, for parcels.

Interior fittings include revolving window regulators, and door locks and handles finished in nickel. The large rear window is fitted with silk poplin shade in dull silvered mountings.

The windshield is surmounted by a broad sun-visor, which protects the eyes from glare.

As a handsome and practical all-weather car for town or country, the new Ford Coupe cannot be surpassed.

New Ford Prices

Coupe, \$665 Fordor Sedan, \$895

Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment Standard on these models.

Touring Car, \$445 Runabout, \$405 Truck, \$495

Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment \$85.00 extra.

All prices f. o. b. Ford, Ontario. Government Taxes extra.

All Ford models may be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

Ford

CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

THOS. E. MacKEEN

Waterdown, Ontario

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Gordon Johnston Hutton, of the City of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth, Province of Ontario, Architect, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from his wife, Edna Louise Springer (Gage) Hutton of the City of Hamilton, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Hamilton, in the Province of Ontario, this Seventh day of December, A. D. 1923.

BELL, PRINGLE & YEATES
43 Sun Life Building
Hamilton, Ont.

Solicitors for the above named Gordon Johnston Hutton.

E. L. Richardson, manager of the Calgary Stampede of 1923, held under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and Governor-General Byng, announces that, owing to the enormous success of the great rodeo July 9-14 it will be staged annually instead of at intervals of several years, as heretofore. The recent Stampede was attended by 137,800 people.

Only once in the history of Canada was the gold production record set in 1900, when the Yukon placers reached the peak of their yield. During 1922, 1,263,364 ounces of gold were mined in the Dominion. The value is set at \$26,116,050, an increase of 36% over the previous year's figures. In 1900, 1,350,057 ounces of gold were mined and the value was \$27,908,153.

Canada's trade is climbing ahead. Total trade in the three months ending June was \$462,544,438, an increase of \$110,841,056 over the corresponding three months of last year. For June alone total trade was \$179,720,516, an increase of \$44,944,732 over last year. Domestic exports in the three months increased approximately \$50,000,000 and imports approximately \$61,000,000.

You Will Find It Here

FOR SALE—Good Sideboard in first class condition with mirror. Owner has no room for it and will sell very reasonable. Apply at Review Office.

FOR SALE—White Plymouth Rock Cockerels, bred-to-lay strain imported from F. A. Schwegler, Buffalo, N. Y. Apply to Frank Johnstone, Waterdown.

FOR RENT—Two Front Business rooms. Apply to Mrs. A. L. Featherston, Mill street.

LOST—On Saturday afternoon in the village of Waterdown, a lady's gold wrist watch. Reward at Review Office.

ROOMS TO RENT—Apply to Mrs. Mary Church, John street.

FOR SALE—Beech and Maple Hardwood cut in stove lengths. Apply to Robson Bros. Phone 35 r 2.

FOR SALE—Ford Coupe in first class mechanical condition, Yale lock, accelerator, shock absorbers, etc. Apply at Review Office.

FOR SALE—Good team of work horses, 9 years old, 3000 lbs. Also full teaming equipment. Apply at 614 King St. East, Hamilton, or to Fred Poole, Phone 38r13 Waterdown.

WANTED—Doll's Buggie. Apply at Woodward's, Main street.

Miss Muriel Feilde

Teacher of
Piano and Theory
(Leschetizky Principals)

R. J. VANCE
DENTIST

Phone 105

Mill Street Waterdown

Dr. P. F. METZGER

DENTIST

Phone 177 r 2

Mill Street Waterdown

Gladiolu Bulbs

The past season has been a most successful one for growing bulbs, and in order to relieve the spring rush I will allow a 10% reduction on all orders received up to December 10th. Send for price list and description sheet to

Len. Fortune

Aldershot Ontario

THE PUBLIC

Will save a large percentage in purchasing their watches from

N. Zimmerman

And also by having him do repairing for them.

Main Street opposite Weaver's

Fresh Meat

Choice quarters and half-quarters of fresh meat Fridays and Saturdays Stanley H. Hill, Phone 25 r 14.