THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL. XXXVIII — WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1924, — NO 34

A Merry Christmas to all.

FENNELL & WALLACE, Winchester, Ont.

Get it at CASSELMAN'S

The Xmas Store

Gift Suggestions

Silk Scarfs
Leather Purses
Party Bags
Party and Vanity Bags
Bead Necklets
Gloves, Hosiery
Bath Towels
Pure Linen Towels
Colors and White
Maderia Linen Doyleys
Cluny Lace Doyleys
Damask Tray Cloths
Stamped Articles
A Flannel Dress
A Crepe Dress
A Satin Dress
Alterations free.
Box of Handkerchiefs

GENTLEMEN

Box of Note Paper
Suspenders
Arm Bands
Ties, Scarfs

KIDDIES

Toys, Dolls
Books, Handkerchiefs
Hose, Gloves
Xmas Cards, Seals, etc.

Also other lines not mentioned in this advt.

Mrs. C. Lee Casselman

Main Street - - Winchester

Notice re Hydro Bills

Hydro bills for the period ending Dec. 15 will not be mailed until January 1st, 1925 and will be payable, January 10th, 1925

T. O. VANBRIDGER, Supt.

COAL!

We have on order a number of cars of high grade coal including a quantity of D. L. & W. SCRANTON, which is the best American Anthracite on the market.

We are also introducing SCOTCH & WELSH ANTHRACITE These Old Country products have recently been introuced in the neighbouring cities and have become popular, because: They are the most economieal fuel to buy, being free from slate or stone: They are cleaner and require less labor since they produce no clinkers and only a fraction of the ash left from American coal. Give them a trial.

SMITHING COAL & EXPLOSIVES also in stock.

Phone. Residence 97
Coal Yard 150 **F. M. Eagleson**

MR. CAR OWNER

The time has arrived for you to store away your car. We have the best equipped shop outside of the city. Bring your car to our garage. We will overhaul it, hone your cylinder block and put in new pistons if need. Paint your car. Our battery room cannot be excelled. Our garage and battery room is heated therefore guaranteed against frost, we have first class Mechanics, we use nothing but genuine parts. All work guaranteed.

MELVIN'S GARAGE

Ask the Manager



There are many things the Manager of the Union Bank can help you with.

His daily contact with business problems enables him to give you competent advice. He will gladly do it. 980

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Winchester Branch and Safety Deposit Boxes—H. L. Lee, Mgr.
Metcalfe Branch—R. K. Runnels, Manager
Crysler Branch—P. W. St. Louis, Manager

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Miss Helen Agnew is home from Queens University for the holidays.

Miss Sadie Lee, of the High School has gone to her home in Kemptville.

Miss Annie Armstrong of Berwick is spending the Christmas holidays here.

Miss Leila Browne who is teaching near Frankford, is the guest of her grandparents here.

Miss Greta Earle of the Bethune Bush school is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Jean Fetterly, who is attending Queens University, is home for the holiday season.

Miss Erma Beach, of Queen's University is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

The Misses Edwards are home for the Christmas season from McMaster University, Toronto.

Miss Irene Kirk, of Englehart, Ont., is the guest of Mrs. H. B. Faith, for the holiday season.

Miss Belle Elliott, of Queen's University, is spending the Christmas season at her home here.

Miss Grace Wert of the High School staff, has gone to her home in Avonmore for the holidays.

Miss Mary Campbell of Queens University, Kingston, returned home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Howard Justice and Mr. G. Claxton. Queen's University students, are home for the holidays.

Mr. Harold Dukelow and Miss Adrienne Earle of the Ottawa Normal came home for their holidays.

Miss Helen Worden, of Cranbrook, B. C., is spending the Christmas holidays, the guest of Miss Helen Smith.

Miss Florence McLean, who is attending McMaster University, Toronto, is spendidg the holidays with her parents at Ormond.

Mr. B. H. Cochrane of Prescott was in town on Saturday, the guest of his mother and sister, Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. W. B. Campbell.

Rev. J. A. Waddell and daughters, Jean and Mabel, left on Monday to spend Christmas in Kingston with Mrs. Waddell at the home of her parents.

Miss Lillian Agnew has successfully passed her probation examinations at the Kingston General Hospital, and has been accepted as nurse-in-training.

Mr. Levi Storey of Calgary accompanied by his sister, Mrs. J. Forrester of South Mountain were guests of their aunt Mrs. Jas. Cochrane on Monday.

Mr. K. Munroe, of McMaster University, Toronto, and Mr. Glen Raney, teacher at Toronto, are spending the holidays at their respective homes here.

Mr. Jas. Brisbois, who spent the past week with friends in this vicinity, left for his home in Boston on Saturday last and was accompanied by his father, Mr. Roger Brisbois.

There's A Moral Here

Said the puddle duck to the little white hen, "I've not sold an egg since I don't know when; Yet I feel quite sure the eggs I lay are as good as a hen's egg any old day." Said the little white hen to the puddle duck. "You think perhaps you are out of luck. Your eggs re as good, I'll freely admit, and larger, too, by quite a bit. But my dear Mrs. Duck, I'll give you a tip, the whole fault lies with your salesmanship. You produce your eggs without a quack, to your swimming pool you waddle back; I tell the world, to let it know, so I cackle around for an hour or so. There's a good demand for the eggs I lay, for I make my advertising pay."

A Protest

No greater, no more unchristian insult was ever offered an honorable Christian gentleman, than that which was flung into the face of Mr. J. D. Stewart, Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, at the congregation meeting of St. Paul's Presbyterian church on Monday night last, when a resolution was passed authorizing that the custody of the ballot box used in the taking of the vote on Church Union he placed in the Union Bank. Let me be clearly understood that I do not object to the Union Bank, as it is the bank in which I do my own business, but I do publicly object as a member of St. Paul's church, and a citizen of Winchester, against the mean and unchristian spirit that prompted the resolution in question. I do not now even remember the mover and seconder of the resolution, neither do I believe that the mover and seconder of that resolution fully realized for one moment the insult they were offering. All the resolutions offered at that meeting were carefully and cunningly prepared beforehand, and were simply placed in the hands of those who read and those who seconded them. That was clearly evident from the very beginning, and I am open to correction when I say they were all type written. I have known Mr. Stewart since coming to Winchester over nine years ago. I had many talks with him on the question of Church Union since it became a live issue, and when I say that a more tolerant, a more Christian a more liberal and charitable, and a more honorable spirit toward those who disagreed with him, and toward the author of all this local turmoil, cannot be found. Mr. Stewart, for many years a church elder, for many years the superintendent of the Sunday School of St. Paul's church, a leading spirit in all the church's activities, and one of the most liberal contributors to the church's funds, was practically told on Monday night last by the persons who so cunningly framed the resolutions in question, that the congregation of St. Paul's church could not trust the custody of a sealed ballot box in his keeping, but must place it in the hands of those who are not members of the congregation. Personally I do not believe there are ten members of St. Paul's congregation who have not the utmost confidence in Mr. Stewart, and would be willing to trust him in any matter. But the congregation was subtly misled, and I cannot believe otherwise than that the insult was deliberate on the part of those who suggested and framed the wording of that resolution. If I am mistaken I will be glad to know it. but I do not retract my position until a public apology is offered Mr. Stewart for the open insult.

Jas. H. Ross.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

Show the Christmas spirit.

In another week we will be writing it 1925.

Remember the Christmas entertainment in the Methodist Church Christmas night.

The white population of the British Empire is estimated at only 67 millions, out of a total of over 400 millions.

Ben Hokea's Orchestra of Toronto, will play at Winchester, on Dec. 26th, Iroquois, Dec. 27th and Kemptville on Dec. 29th. Come and enjoy one or all of this dances.

Mr. Byron Timmins, of Inkerman, had his fine herd of 50 Purebred Holsteins tested and only found 7 reacters. Mr Timmins has now an accredited herd of Holsteins.

Somebody says that Christmas would be better for fewer gifts, and more friendly letters, fewer Christmas cards, and more hearty hand shakes, fewer holly wreaths and more cheerful smiles. Is this a fact?

There is to be a total eclipse of the sun, visible in Ontario on January 24. Hamilton will be in the centre of it, and a special observatory is being erected there so that astronomers may observe it and collect data.

In Kemptville recently the death took place of John Johnston, in his 80th year, for 17 years reeve of the the township of Oxford-on-Rideau. He had been confined to his room for the last ten months a the result of having broken one of his legs in a fall.

When they invent a labor saving device to keep the snow off the sidewalks about one's house, and to keep the furnace fed with coal so that it will not go out on the coldest night, the editor of the Press thinks the news ought to be radioed all over Canada.

All the world loves a lover, and hate follows those who hate. Anyone who has used Williams' Camphorated Mustard Cream for rheumatism, colds in the chest, and various other aches and pains, has nothing but praise for this excellent preparation. Its good for the kiddies, too. The price is reasonable. Your druggist has it at 35c a jar.

Burgalrs have upon two occasions within the last few days forced an entrance to the Sunday School of Knox church, Cornwall, breaking open and looting little banks in which scholars have been depositing their offerings in support of a leper mission. The Sunday School rooms of St. John's church have also been entered and the contents strewn about.

Methodist Church

Special Christmas music rendered in a most excellent manner by a full choir characterized by both services at the Methodist Church last Sunday. These solos and anthems were so much enjoyed that a repitition of them has been specially requested for next Sunday. The Junior Choir gave a beautiful Christmas selection in the morning entitled "A Song in the Night", Mrs. Percy Durant sang most effectively: "A Dream of Bethlehem and the anthem: "Christians Salute the Morn" in which solo parts were taken by Mrs. E. Steele. Miss Jean Beach, and Mr. H. Nesbitt was considered the best the choir has given. In the evening Miss Jean Beach sang that beautiful solo: "Night of Nights" and the choir rendered two anthems that were very much enjoyed. One was "Peace on Earth" in which the solo part was taken by Miss Shaver. The other was, "The New Born King" in which Miss Annie Walker and Mr. Howard Annable took solo parts.

At both services the pastors text was taken from Luke 2:10, his subject in the morning being the significance of Christmas. He spoke of it as being a holy festival as well as a home festival, and of the example set by Jesus where he was subject to his parents in the home. An earnest appeal was made to the young people to be kind and thoughtful to those in the home at this season. Christmas is the festival of giving, also a religious festival when we think of God's love to us it will cause us to think that there is a Christ like service we can render to others. At the evening service the pastor's message was again very practical. He asked what would happen if there were no Christmas? There would be no beautiful service such as we have on this day, no grand Christmas music, no gifts, and none of the joys of this season. The fundamental note of the Christmas message is love. Another note is peace and another is consolation, while the best of all is that there is a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. The hymns and scripture lessons all bore on the Christmas festival, so that the services were most inspiring.

Cloverdale

Miss Stella Cinnamon returned home from Brockville with her mother to spend Christmas.

Mr. Harold Humphries of Windsor is visiting friends here.

Miss Olive Hughes of Ottawa Normal is spending Christmas at her home here.

Mrs. Ira Docksteader visited friends in Winchester last Friday.

T. Stobo reports the U. F. O., convention at Toronto, was a representative of organized Agriculture. An organization which every tiller of the soil should become a member.

Miss Priscilla Bodea spent a few days last week at Mr. J. Docksteader of Ormond.

The annual school meeting of the rate payers and trustees of S. S. No. 22 and 23 will be held next Wednesday morning. A good business is expected.

Mr. David Lamoureux and sister Ethel spent Monday night at Mr. T. Stobo.

Master Kingsley McNamara is spending his Christmas holidays in Smith Falls.

Still Grinding

Although our factory is partly shut down for repairs, we are still grinding every day, and your order will be promptly attended to.

The M. F. Beach, Mfg. Co. Ltd.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

If You're Good

Santa Claus will come to-night
If you're good
And do what you know is right,
As you should.
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bring for you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep,
If you're good.

Good sleighing for Christmas.

J. J. Morrison still controls the U.F.O.

The Press wishes all its readers a very Merry Christmas.

Do you know someone who would b made happy by your remembrance to morrow morning and who don't expect much happiness.

Now is the time to subscribe for your home paper. Don't keep on borrowing your neighbours. It isn't worth the one-fifty you save.

What about some new stationery for the new year, letter heads, envelopes, statement heads can be had right here at the Press Office, cheaper than giving your order to the travelling salesman.

One of the simplest ways by which you can show a newspaper you appreciate it is by being prompt with your subscription renewal. Hundreds of subscriptions expire this month. Prompt renewal will make us happy.

This is the season of year when special precaution is required to prevent loss by fire. With all the holiday decorations of inflammable material, and the Santa Claus with frayed manilla rope whiskers, someone should always have an eye to the "safety first" and always be ready for an emergency.

The Melvin Dramatic Club will give an entertainment at Morewood on New Year's night.

Thursday's Concert

The concert held in Lannin's Hall on Thursday last, under auspices of the Hockey Club was fairly well attended. The play "Looking for Mary Jane", which was presented by the Iroquois Dramatic Club, was real good and put on in a very pleasing manner, each person taking their part in a professional like tone. They are to be congratulated on the success which they have achieved as a Dramatic Club.

A Beautiful Calendar

The calendar to be given by the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal to subscribers whose subscriptions are received in time, is a most beautiful work of art. The figures of the calendar are easy to read and the picture, entitled "The Sale of Old Dobbin" is a masterpiece in colors, suitable for framing. The subject of the painting is so full of human interest that will never tire of looking at it. In addition to the calendar and picture, the Family Herald offers to each subscriber an opportunity to win as much as five thousand dollars in an easy and interesting contest, A catalogue of valuable articles which are giuen as rewards for new subscriptions can also be obtained free from the publishers of the Family Herald. The Family Herald as an interesting journal carries everything before it.

Vote On Church Union Being Taken

At a well attended meeting of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church congregation on Monday night, at which Mr. J. L. McCormiek acted as chairman, it was decided to proceed at once with the vote as to whether St. Paul's would follow into the Union or remain out of the Union. It was also decided at the same meeting that adherents whose names appeared as contributions to Church funds in 1923 4 should also have the right to vote, but their vote is to be recorded on a ballot of a different color of paper to the regular ballot, and to be counted separate. Mr. Joseph S. Robinson was appointed as returning officer, and Mr. Wm. Dixon and Miss Ida Gardner as poll clerks. Four scrutineers for each side were appointed. The poll was opened on Monday night and kept open until eleven o'clock, and will be open in the Church school room every afternoon for fourteen days from three till four in the afternoon, except on Christmas day and Monday 29th Dec., when it will be open from 7.30 till 9 in the evening. The ballot box is to be sealed after each poll and kept secure in the vault of the Union Bank here. The meeting seemed to be decidedly anti-union.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The annual entertainment given by the Winchester Methodist Sunday School will be held on Christmas night in the church. A good program of songs, drills, pantomines and also a drama of a high order is being prepared by the school. Mrs. Farmer, Elocutionist, of Ottawa, will be the assisting artist. Admission 35c and 20c Doors open at 7 o'clock and programme at 7.30 o'clock.

Coon's Store will be open on Monday at the C. P. R. station 10 per cent. discount for cash off regular prices. Groceries, dry goods, toys, fancy goods, boots, shoes and rubbers, come along and bring a list and save money.

C. A. Coons

Remember the usual Christmas entertainment by the Methodist Sunday School on Christmas night, Further particulars next week.

OUR GREETING AND WISH

AS THE three wise men rode on that first Christmas to find the manger-cradled Babe of Bethlehem, they bore gifts on their saddle bows; gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. And so the spirit of Christmas giving crept into the world's heart.

The injunction was to go into the highways and byways and seek out the poor and distressed, the humble and afflicted, the ragged children and the outcasts and the aged, and in the name of Him who was born on Christmas day, carry some sunshine into their lives. Give unto the poor and afflicted and your hearts shall glow with that peace which passeth understanding.

The two dominant characteristics of the Christmas season are kindness, expressed by good will toward men, and the inward joy wrought by kind acts, and suggested by peace on earth. "The earth has grown old with its burden of care, but at Christmas it always is young," and with each recurring Yuletide we like to think of the spiritual blessings brought to the children of men on that first Christmas.

Our greeting to you is one of kindness in return for the good will you have displayed toward us. Our wish is that you may be filled with the fresh, clean joys of the season and receive a liberal endowment of that spirit which at this time rises like a mighty flood over the world.

THE PUBLISHERS

MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNI ATTENTION!

The committee has thought it wise to abandon the idea of the Annual Banquet for the present year. Watch for notice in next issue of the Press regarding an informal gathering New Year's Eve.

Births

Fader—At Winchester, on Friday, Dec. 19th, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. John Fader, a daughter—Beatrice Louise.

Brown—At Morewood, on Dec. 20, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Brown—a daughter.

Lost

Buffalo robe, either in Morrisburg or between Morrisburg and Winchester, on Saturday last. Will finder please return to.

D. H. Jackson
Morrisburg

For Sale

set of sloop sleighs, nearly new. Apply

Geo. F. Mowat
34 36 Hotel, Winchester

Eye Specialist

Dr. F. M. Denneny, the eye specialist, of Ottawa, will be at the hotel, Winchester, every Thursday, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Consultation free. If you are having trouble with your glasses, consult him.

Skating!

The Winchester Skating Rink is open every night Good ice. No vulgarity or profanity allowed.

Let the youngsters come we will try and take good care of them.

J. C. CARR, Mgr.

To Our Patrons.

As the year draws to a close we wish to express our appreciation of the business which you have entrusted to us.

During the coming year it will be our endeavor to merit more than ever that priceless asset, your good will.

May you and yours have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

E. FLORA, Winchester.

Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

The Needlecraft Store.

Come to the Needlecraft Store for your Christmas Novelties, also worked models at greatly reduced prices including Centre pieces, Library table scarfs, tea cloths and servietes, buffet sets, pillow cases, towels dressing sacques. etc.

We carry a line of beautiful silk and silk and wool hose that would make very acceptable Christmas Gifts,

A full line of stamped goods, embroidery threads, lace, Corticelli wools always on hand.

IDA GARDNER.

1926 Calendars

Don't place your order for 1926 Calendars until you see what the Press can offer you We have samples coming, and we guarantee they will be as attractive and the prices as low as any outside agent can offer you. Keep your order for the Press and spend your dollars at home.

Don't forget the big Christmas Ball on Friday, Dec. 26. Ben Hokea and his famous orchestra will furnish the music.

THE GIFT STORE

We take this opportunity of extending to our many friends and customers our heartiest good wishes for

A Merry Christmas

and

A Prosperous New Year

J. A. McDOUGALL

P. S.—Don't forget to come in and hear our Radio Demonstration every night, also our Phonograph Record Sale which is on until Jan. 1st, Edison Cylinder Records 30c, Edison Disc $1.00, Columbia 60c

J. A. McDougall, Jeweller & Optician,
Main St. Winchester.

W. J. CASS, B.A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary.
Successor to Geo. C. Hart.
Phone 11 Winchester, Ont.

LAWSON & LAWSON
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.
Offices—Molsons Bank Building
Chesterville, Ont.
W. B. Lawson, K.C. K. D. Lawson

DR. WALTER S. FLORA
Dental Surgeon
74 Sparks Street · Ottawa, Ont.
Phone Queen 4136

DR. G. H. McKEOWN
Dentist
Winchester, Ont. Phone 28
Gas for Extractions.

Whitteker the Optician
Will be at Winchester the second Monday and preceding Saturday of each month.

The Business of the
Late D. F. Sutherland
PRIVATE BANKER
Is continued as usual at his former office at Winchester.

JAKE ROSS
All kinds of Poultry wanted at all Seasons. Wool Wanted.
I buy all kinds of Hides
Phone 81 - Winchester

"Maybelle Todd Phillips."
Graduate of Mt. Allison Conservatory of Music, Sackville, N.B.
Graduate Conservatory Music, Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.
Also 2 years' Post Graduate Course, Dalhousie Conservatory, Halifax, N.S., under Remo Cortesi, is prepared to take pupils in piano, voice and organ. Pupils trained for Toronto Conservatory. Reasonable Rates.
Phone 91 Church Street.

CLARA IRVING
Teacher of Burnowe's Method of Kindergarten and Primary Music.
A method which is a delight for beginners. Also teacher of advanced pupils.
Terms reasonable. Lessons given at her home on Main St. Phone 117.

Holly Rebekah Lodge
No. 116
Meets First and Third Wednesday in the I.O.O.F. Hall, at 8 p.m.
Mrs. K. Helmer, N.G. Nora Elliott, Rec.-Sec.

Henderson Lodge No. 383, A.F. & A.M.
Winchester
Meets Friday on or before full moon in Sweet's Block, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren always welcome
K. J. Guy, W.M. F. Coons, Sec.

Winchester Lodge, No. 336, I.O.O.F.
Meets in the Lodge Room, over the Bank of Nova Scotia, Main Street, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
J. Gibb, N.G. H. Knowland, Sec.

G. A. DIXON
General Insurance
LIFE, FIRE, AUTOMOBILE
WINDSTORM
PHONE 109, WINCHESTER

IN 1923
What Will Be Doing?
GOWLING BUSINESS COLLEGE
Ottawa, Ont.
Will prepare you for a good position that will insure advancement.
Attend this Great School that leads all other Canadian schools in open competition on the Civil Service Examinations and make sure of being in a good position in 1923. Enter any time.
Write for free catalogue.
H. W. BRAITHWAITE, Prin.
W. E. GOWLING, President.

Sanitary Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor,
Hair-cutting, shaving, massaging and shampooing.
Ladies' hair-bobbing, shingling, waving, massaging and shampooing a specialty, done either during open hours or by appointment.
Oscar Pierce, Proprietor.

Ross Morrow
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Carleton and Russell.
Sales of all kinds handled.
Phone 608r 24
Winchester Springs, Ont.

Shoes Repaired
All kinds of Boots and Shoes repaired as good as new, scissors, knives, skates, etc., sharpened. Bring your work to the old reliable stand and be assured of satisfaction at reasonable rates. Also issuer of automobile and truck licenses. Cards and markers always on hand. I carry in stock a good line of shoe polishes, laces and other shoe accessories, also Firestone tires, tubes, cement, patches, etc. A share of your valued patronage solicited.
WM. WORKMAN
Main St. East - Winchester, Ont.

Children of the Old Times

If our young folks could go back five or six hundred years, they would find that the children of those times dressed and behaved very differently from themselves. The higher civilization of the twentieth century has given all classes of people advantages that even royalty did not possess in those old days, but no class has greater reason to be grateful for the changes that have occurred than the young people of to-day.

In those times that we are going to speak of a child's life was rude and uncomfortable enough. Babies, as soon as they were born, were wrapped in swaddling clothes, so that they looked like the chrysalis of the silkworm. The cradle was a rude, cumbrous affair, usually made of oak, and often with no rockers.

The huge oaken cradle in which King Henry V. of England was rocked when a baby is still in existence, carefully preserved by descendants of a personage who held the responsible office of rocker to this prince. It is wider at one end than at the other, and there are holes at the bottom for cordage to pass through, on which was supported the royal baby's bed—a mattress of rushes, the best the land afforded.

Very little was done for children in those early days. They had no books of any kind, excepting the horn-book, a kind of tablet, from which they learned the alphabet. Few Anglo-Saxon or Norman children could read or write. Their learing consisted in psalm-singing and reciting poetry. The principal rule for teaching was to tell a child to learn, and then subject him to a severe beating if he did not.

This harshness seems to have continued to a late period, in English society, for Lady Jane Grey, wso was remarkable for her precociousness and scholarship, complained of the "nips and bobs and punches" administered by her parents, who could never be satisfied by anything she did.

Costumes Long Ago.

The style of dress was simple, and did not vary greatly through several centuries. Boys wore a tunic, a garment that descended about to the knee, and was fastened at the waist by a girdle of folded cloth of the same material. The lower classes wore nothing -besides this tunic, but the gentry wore over it a short cloak or mantle, which was fastened on the shoulder by a brooch.

They usually went bareheaded, but sometimes they put on a pointed hat or cap, shaped like a sugar-loaf. The trousers were tight to the leg, and were, in fact, long stockings, or hose, as they were called.

Over these stockings they sometimes wore bands of cloth, linen or leather, commencing at the ankle, and terminating a little below the knee, either in close coils, like the hav-bands of a modern hostler, or crossing each other sandalwise, as they are worn to this day by the people of Abruzzi and the Apennines ,and in some parts of Russia and Spain.

The shoes were of cloth or leather, open at the instep, and fastened with thongs. Among the gentry these thongs were adorned with gold and gems. The buskins of Louis le Debonaire, the son of Charlemagne, were of gold stuff; his tunic was interwoven with gold, and his belt was of silver.

The dress of the girls was a loose, short gown, worn over a longer robe, confined to the waist and having long, wide sleeves. Sometimes these sleeves were so long that they had to be tied up in knots, so as to avoid treading on them.

The hair was worn braided in two long plaits, and coquettishly tied with parti-colored ribbons. When they went out of doors, they wore a very wide cloak over the upper part of the body, and a covering upon the head, which must have hade them look much like little nuns.

Between the years 1100 and 1500, according to old pictures, the dress of the young folks was very nearly the same as that of other persons. Little girls dressed like their mothers, with long, cumbersome trains to their dresses, stomachers trimmed with fur, a leathern or silken purse attached to their girdles, studded or impearled with little metallic buttons, and large chignons on the tops of their heads.

Young fellows of eleven or fifteen tripped about in long, peaked shoes, tight hose, short tunics or slashed doublets, bordered mantles, long or short, according to the prevailing style, their hair so long that it fell into their eyes, and covered with a bannet of cloth a quarter of an ell or more in height—a modified garb of their fathers.

The poor young prince, by right King Edward V., who was afterward murdered by his cruel uncle, Gloster, in the Tower, received for the ceremony of the coronation of the usurper a short gown, made of two yards and three-quarters of crimson cloth of the same stuff lined with green damask; a mantle made of two yards and a half of purple velvet, bordered with ermine; a stomacher and doublet made of two yards of black satin, besides two foot-cloths, a bonnet of purple velvet, gilt spurs, and a chain of gold to be worn around the neck.

Favorite Sports.

The out-door amusements of the boys were boxing, running, wrestling, football, tilting at the ring and quintain. Toys familiar to us were used—such as whop-tops, balls, marbles, shuttle-cocks and hoops.

These toys were, of course, very crude and coarse as compared with those of modern days.

There are many crude pictures in ancient books illustrating these old games. In one they are playing ball; in another, battle-door and shuttle-cock; in still another, the boys are playing with a hoop. Two of them are holding the hoop up between them and the third is preparing to jump through it head foremost.

His plan is to come down on the other side upon his hands, and so turn a somersault and come up on his feet beyond.

The hobby-horse and the whip were well known.

One of the most popular toys was called the jousting-tov. It was a model of a mounted knight in full armor, with a lance manufactured of brass. The knight and his horse rested on a stand with four wheels, which was drawn about by means of a cord attached to the front.

The plaything was so constructed that the knight could be thrown backward and separated from his horse by a smart blow on the top of his shield or the front of his helmet. With two of these toys it was easy to represent two knights in deadly combat.

They were placed some distance from each other, and then drawn suddenly together. When the lance of one hit the figure of the opposite knight, of course it overthrew it, and ended the mimic duel.

As soon as the boys were old enough they were trained in the marital exercises and usages which were practiced in those days.

They put on heavy suits of armor, and took lessons in springing upon a horse, in running races, and in striking heavy blows in quick succession with a battle-ax or club, as if they were beating an enemy lying upon the ground, nd trying to break his armor to pieces, and other similar things.

One feat which they practiced was to climb up between two partition-walls, built pretty near together, by bracing their backs against one wall and working with their knees and hands against the other.

Another feat was to climb up a ladder, on the under side, by means of the hands alone.

They also learned to mount upon a horse, behind another person by leaping directly from the ground.

But the most famous exercise of all—or perhaps it should be called a game—was performed with the quintain. The quintain was of singular construction. There is one still standing on the green in Offharn village, Kent, a southern county of England, and so we have a pretty good idea of how the plaything looked.

It consists of a stout post set in the ground, and rising ten or twelve feet above the surface. A strong bar is placed across the top, turning on a pivot, so that it will go round and round.

At one end of this cross-bar there is fixed a square board for a target. From the other end a heavy club is suspended.

In playing the game, the competitors mounted on horseback, and rode one after another under the target-end of the cross-bar, hurling their spears at it with all their force. The blow from the spear would knock the target-end of the cross-bar away, and so bring round the other end with its heavy club to strike a blow on the horseman's head if he was not instantly out of the way. It was like striking one enemy in front in battle, with another enemy ready to strike you on the instant from behind.

Of the children's indoor amusements, dancing was the favorite one. Very staid, stiff and sober, however, were the dances of the period, and it must have been a funny sight to see the boys and girls, looking like minature men and women, engaged in this pastime.

A game called "Qui Fery," now our well-known "Hot Cockles," was frequently indulged in.

One of the players was blinded, and knelt in the centre of a circle, with one hand behind her. The rest of the company, each in turn, struck her hand, asking "Qui Fery" who touched?) If the one blindfolded guessed correctly, that one took her place.

"Cross and Pile," afterward called "Head and Tail," "Crambo," a game in which one gave a word for another to find a rhyme to it; dice, chess, tables, now our familiar back-gammon, were among the frequent amusements of old-time young folks.

Dwellings Were Comfortless.

The dwellings at this period were dark, cheerless and inconvenient. The poor people lived in huts of mud, wood or rough stones, with thatched roofs.

Nobles and princes lived in large castles, very stately on the outside, but cold and uncomfortable within. There were no carpets on the floor, nothing but straw or rushes sprinkled over the stone pavements. But feeble light was admitted through the few windows, and the smoke from the great fire-place ascended through a hole in the roof, for there were no chimneys. The parlor or great hall was hung round with suits of armor, fierce-looking weapons, deers' antlers and grizzly-boars' heads. The "festive board" was literally boards, which were simply set upon trestles to form a table. There were no books in cheap or in elegant bindings, no paintings on the walls; but, perhaps, the rudely-carved figure of a saint looked down from its niche, and in some of the wealthier houses, a huge copy of the Bible or some ancient Latin work might be found in the ladies' chamber.

It was no wonder that the poor girls and their mothers were glad to pass as much time as possible out of doors.

Whenever the weather was fair, they came out of the dark huts and cheerless castles, some to mount palfrey and ride a-hawking in the broad meadow, others to dance and play chess in the shady gardens.

A great deal of attention and care were paid by the gentry to their yards and gardens, and they were favorite places of resort to the ladies of the household.

A manuscript of the fourteenth century gives an illustration of a group of boys and girls amusing themselves in a garden of weaving-chaplets and garlands of flowers. In another, a party of ladies are represented dining at a table.

Early rising was a virtue among our ancestors, and the girls and boys of those early centuries arose betimes. Six o'clock in the summer and seven in the winter was the rule.

ARncient Table Manners.

Lunch or breakfast was eaten soon after rising, and the dinner hour was at ten or eleven.

Later, in King Henry the Eighth's time, they dined at noon. Supper occurred at five in the afternoon.

Table manners were primitive, and the conveniences of our age were lacking. There were no such things as forks. They were not invented for a long time afterward. The common table knife was a clasp-knife. It was considered the height of refinement for tyo to eat out of the same dish.

Napkins were not in use. People wiped their hands on the straw or rushes on the floor, or oftener on the table-cloth. The following rules are thse which a mamma of the fourteenth century might be supposed to give her young daughters who were just entering society:

"In eating, you must avoid much laughing or talking. If you eat with another—namely, in the same plate—turn the nicest piece to him, and do not go picking the finest and largest for yourself, which is not courteous. Moreover, no one should eat greedily a piece that is too large or too hot, for fear of being burned or choked.'"

How delightfully simple! Who could help being decorous and unobjectionable in society, living up to this code of etiquette?

It was considered quite the thing for young gentlemen to leave home and take service under persons of higher rank in order to learn meanners and accomplishments. Their duties at first were humble. They waited at table, put on their master's shoes, carried him armor in battle, and performed other offices which would be considered menial by our smart young men of to-day. This apprenticeship, however, was a valuable one to the neophyte. He learned to be meek, obient and courteous—virtues that were the highest attribution of knighthood.

In the same manner girls were taught to spin, to weave, to embroider, and to make dresses. They also learned how to nurse and doctor the sick—a most excellent thing in a girl's education. Medical herbs were grown in every garden, and the girls dried and made them into medicine for use when needed.

During the middle ages the ladies were the surgeons and physicians. In all the medieval romances and manuscripts, women are represented as nursing wounded knights, and preparing with their own white hands the plasters for mained limbs and painful wounds.

Our old-time children have now very nearly grown to be men and women. We have followed them from infancy to years of maturity. Their dress, their amusements, their mode of living have passed in review before us, and we will now leave them—the boy perhaps a perfect knight, to tilt on tourneyfields or fight stern battles in the warfare of life; the girl a matronly woman sitting at her embroidery frame in her dark stone chamber, or riding forth in the sunshine to the beautiful meadows with her lord, to watch the falcon's light or see the red deer leap from covert to covert.

Life may not have been so dreary to them as we might suppose, but, surely none of the young folks of today would care to go back and live with the children of the olden time.



Basil King

Canadian author, who, although on the verge of blindness, has sailed for Spain to obtain material for a new novel.

Basil King, the Canadian novelist, is facing total blindness. He has been facing that possibility for many years and now that it is an imminent certainty, he is looking to the future with courage undaunted. Far from feeling that his talent is useless, he has sailed for Spain, where he will spend the winter in search of literary material.

"His sight has always been weak," stated S. C. Swift, head of the Library Department of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, in Toronto. "In fact, that was one of the things that compelled him to give up the ministry years ago. Reading and writing since have intensified the trouble."

"Has it influenced his writing at all?" Mr. Swift was asked.

"I think it has, though not to any marked extent. I think it has possibly sobered him, but it has certainly not made him pessimistic. He is quite a philosopher, you know, and takes things as they come, with a strong faith in the Almighty."

King's book, "Conquest of Fear," published a year ago, shows the sobering influence of the writer's approaching blindness, in Mr. Swift's opinion. Mr. Swift, from his knowledge of King's writings, hazarded the guess that the book for which he purposes gathering material in Spain, will be partly on historical and partly on social lines.

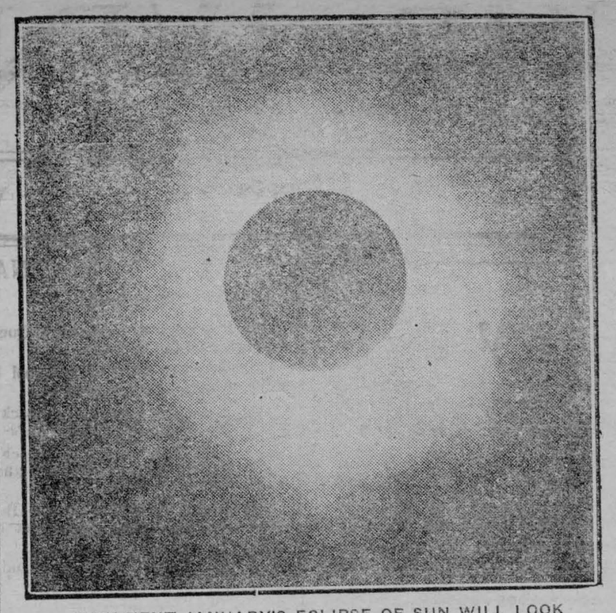
A TASTY COLD WEATHER DISH.

For tomato chowder use:

4 tb. salt pork (diced), 2 chopped onions, 1 qt. boiling water, ¼ cup rice, 1 qt. stewed tomatoes, 2 tsp. salt, dash of red pepper.

Cover and cook slowly for one hour, or until the rice is soft.

Hot water is in future to be supplied free to the inhabitants of Windhoek, a small town in South-West Africa. It is obtained from a hot-water spring which is to be connected with the ordinary water supply.



HOW NEXT JANUARY'S ECLIPSE OF SUN WILL LOOK

This is what the total eclipse of the sun will look like to Toronto people on January 24. The picture is one taken by Dr. C. A. Chant, Professor of Astro-Physics at the University of Toronto, in Australia during the total eclipse which was visible to that country in 1923.

THE LEGEND OF THE ASH TREE

By Isabelle Sandy
Translated by
William L. McPherson

After chasing away his son, who had married a poor servant girl, and not even a pretty one, the old farmer vindictively pursued the boy's memory, trying to eradicate it from his mother's heart.

Following long silences full of pent-up wrath, he was accustomed to grumble while she humbly served him his smoking soup:

"The scoundrel! He will never get a penny from me!"

Or:

"If that woman comes prowling around here, I'll break her back!"

One day when she had been to market Catali found on returning that the son's bed had disappeared. To her look, charged with fear and suffering, old Deljean responded:

"What good would it have been here, since that scoundrel will never set foot in this house? Pierrou's daughter, who is going to be married, was very glad to buy a fine bed at a bargain. Neighbors must do one another a good turn."

One evening when he had been drinking and the sky was black he bumped into an ash tree in the corner of the farmyard.

Sobered at once, his nose swollen and his hands bleeding, he swore that the offending tree should be cut down the next day.

"Wait until fall; you will have more time then," said the mother.

For she loved this tree, which was thirty-two years old, as much as the father now began to hate it—less because of his wound than because of the memories attached to its bark, to each of its branches, to the most fragile of its buds, to its tiniest root buried alive in the ancerstral soil.

There was not a leaf unfolded in April, not a leaf bronzed by the summer and torn away by the autumn, which did not write on the sky—impassive witness of human variations—the name of their son.

For the boy and the ash tree had seen the light the same year, the latter because of the former, since the tree's growth was to mark the growth of the child. Was it not natural that the rancorous old man wished to tear it out of the ground? He wished to tear the love of her son from the mother's heart.

In the autumn when the farm work was over, he declared, as he sharpened his ax:

"I'm going to cut down that miserable tree!"

From the corner of his eye he watched the mother, who accepted in silence this last aggravation of her suffering. After her other torments, what was this one? Had she not heard from the neighbors that her son, sick since the war, was hardly able to support his family and that his wife was wearing herself out trying to fill his place? Yet the father's little fortune seemed to be increasing more every year.

The man took his axe. Made a little remorseful by the mother's calm, he struck a blow at the ash's trunk. The tree hardly suffered. The blow was feeble. The old man stopped, already exhausted.

"Wait till next fall," the mother suggested.

She knew well that her acquiescence would disarm the angry husband, as her cries would have made him more aggressive. Winter brought its freshness to the wounded tree. Spring re-clothed it with buds. Probably it did not shed a tear from the notch. Indifferent to the love or hate of men, infinitely wiser than they, the ash accomplished its destiny, which is to lift toward the light the soul of the fecund earth, and, perhaps, to enchant humans with its aerial grace.

But in the minds of this wrathful father and this grieving mother, the ash had only one reason for existence—to recall memories. It had the name and almost the face of a steady and tender youth, who suffered afar in poverty while his parents lived in abundance.

When the next autumn came rheumatism crippled the old man. He had to go to a neighbor.

"Take that ash tree out of my farmyard and you will do me a favor."

"I will gladly do so, but you must give me the tree for my trouble."

"You are joking. A trunk like that is worth forty francs."

"But you don't like this tree. You can plant another."

"That might suit you, but it doesn't suit me," the old man grumbled.

He suffered—less in his petrified heart than in his aching limbs. He envied his wife her serene and unspoken grief. He insulted her without reason, merely in order not to perish of silence. Then he envisaged another escape than wrath. It was as if a wan door opened in his night. He fixed it with his glance, which had always carried command and authority.

And he understood that death would obey him.

So one morning, before the faint dawn had awakened his wife, he took a rope, made a running noose in it and tied it to one of the ash tree's strongest branches.

"You are going at last to be of some use," he murmured.. "I am too old to uproot you, but you are strong enough to support me. I know people who, after having seen what they shall see this morning, will cut you down, because you have caused them so much horror. And I shall suffer no longer."

He mounted a little ladder, put the noose around his neck and jumped.

Because of the dog, who scented death and howled, the old man was saved. But he had used up in this supreme resolution all that remained of his wrathful will.

Sick and impotent, he confided the farm work to others and scarcely ever quitted the room. At certain hours the ash's shadow came and danced over the rough floor. But the old man no longer resented anything. One day he said to Catali:

"I feel that I am going soon."

She answered simply:

"When God wills."

But she craftily studied out of the corner of her eye the progress of the decline shown on his distented, weakened face.

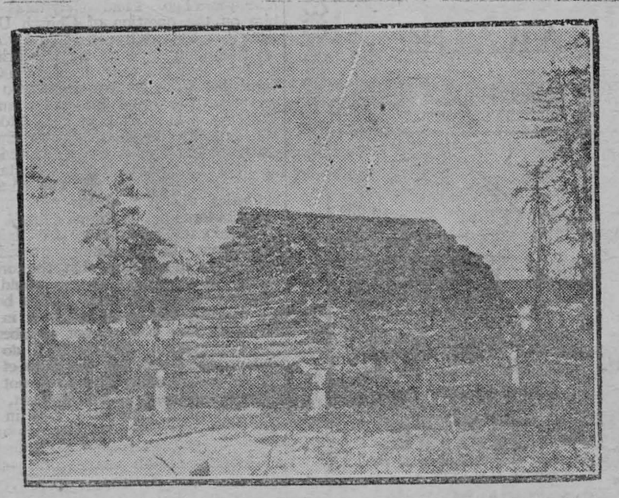
One morning the old peasant heard a joyous chatter in the ash. He sat up and saw on the branches two little boys, very like his son. At a stroke a quarter of a century effaced itself for him. He recalled his past, which was that of an upright man, rich in a son and a good wife.

He grasped his stick, tapped on the floor and waited for his wife. She hurried in, with no sign of fear, her face all aglow. With a gesture he forbade her to speak. Was he not the master and free to choose the link which would reunite the family chain?

"Bring me the children," he commanded, pointing to the tree from which the chatter came.

For his wounded pride and his rancor in the past counseled him to turn his thoughts to the future of his race.

The sons of his son climbed down from the branches of the ash tree, like fruit for which some unknown woman was stretching out her hands.



A cache of supplies belonging to surveyors of the Topographical Survey of Canada is shown in Northern Saskatchewan. It is built off the ground and strong enough to resist the assaults of animals.

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It pays to attend the Largest and Best.
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How to Jump.

Jumping is capital exercise; but there is a right way and a wrong way of jumping, as there is with most things; and whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. A good jumper, too, may find, some day, that it is a great advantage to him to be able to take a long leap. Many a life has been saved by knowing how to jump, and by the confidence which a good jumper feels in his own powers at the critical moment.

In jumping you should hold your breath, spring from the toes and ball of the foot, and alight on the toes again, never on the heels, because there is no springiness in the heels. It would jar you all the way up if you were to jump down upon your heels.

It is by elasticity, then, that a leaper must rise, and by elasticity that the shock of the descent must be broken. In "taking off," the knees must be bent till the calves nearly touch the thighs; the muscles, which have been stretched by this posture, then suddenly contract again; the feet press upon the groud, and receive an impulse or reaction from it; the body is straightened to its height; you spring into the air and draw the feet up after you, and then it is done.

For a good jump, you require elasticity, reaction and momentum.

There is momentum in a standing jump. You shut your hands and swing your arms, throwing them forward at the moment of taking the leap, and the momentum of the arms and fists helps you upward and onward. Besides this, there is the momentum of the body after you have made your spring. The success of your jumping depends very much upon bringing all those forces to bear at the same moment, and with one consent. If, for instance, you do not rise properly from the toes, you lose elasticity; if the ground be too soft under your feet, you will not receive a proper reaction; and if you are balked in the act of throwing your arms and body forward, your mementum does not take effect. One great use of practice is that, while it strengthens the muscles, it enables you to bring these forces into harmony. Strength of muscle and lightness of body count for much, of course, but combined action is of even mre consequence, and no one can jump well without it.

Badly-Dressed Statesmen.

Cecil Rhodes would not have accepted the dictum of the "Tailor and Cutter" that is obligatory on statesmen to dress well. Even on ceremonial occasions Rhodes would wear old and dilapidated flannels and a seedy slouch hat.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, when Premier of Cape Colony, made an effort to enforce the wearing of "respectable" dark clothes in the Cape Parliament. Sir Gordon was the height of respectability himself, and always wore a black frock-coat in Parliament.

Rhodes refused to follow the Premier's lead and made a speech against the proposed sumptuary regulation. "If I cannot help to legislate in comfortable clothes," said he, 'I refuse to help at all, and I think most honorable members will agree with me." They did.

The Real Best Sellers.

What are the real "best sellers?" The books that are the sensations of a moment are usually known by this name, but in most cases they are forgotten in a very short time. One day they may be on all the bookstalls; the next the man who buys second-hand literature will hardly look at them.

The real best sellers are the "old-timers" of our youth. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the authoress of which died recently, has still a steady sale. Dickens is as popular as ever, and even Wilkie Collins is familiar to many more people than we might suppose.

Another interesting sidelight on this question was provided by Mr. C. J. Longmon, who presided at the recent Longmans bicentenary luncheon. He said that more copies of "Robinson Crusoe" had been sold in India alone during the last five years than had been sold in the first five years of its publication.

Ante-Natal Control of Sex Predicted.

Determination in advance of the sex of children will become an accomplished fact within the next fifty years, according to Julian Huxley, well known scientist, says a London despatch. Theoretically, he declared, in a lecture at Brighton, ante-natal determination of sex is possible now.

"It is a very microscopic and difficult thing to do," he warned, "but it seems to me that it is easier to determine sex than to do the things that have been done in the way of construction on air planes and phonographs."

The Deepest Sea.

The discovery of a spot in the Pacific Ocean, south-west of Japan, 32,636 feet deep, will ot greatly astonish oceanographers, for the Pacific has long been known as the deepest of all the great seas of the globe.

Nowhere else has any depth been reached as great as 30,000 feet, but in the Pacific as many as ten soundings have been made exceeding that figure. In the Atlantic only two places are known with depths greater than 24,000 feet, the deepest being a spot nofth of th West Indies, where the lead found bottom at 27,972 feet.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

Sir Vincent Meredith Expresses Belief That Canada Will Prosper—Country Offers Inducements to Immigrants Vastly Superior to Those of Other Countries.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor Points Out That Canada Must Put House in Order—People Must Insist on Government Practising Policy of Economy.

The 107th annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was marked by interesting addresses by Sir Vincent Meredith, President, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager.

The President declared that he was satisfied "that a gradual improvement in the trade situation is occurring. Statistical returns support this view, and while there is irregularity in the movement, in the main the trend is upward." After pointing out the gratifying growth of a favorable balance of trade, the President declared that he regarded this increase in Canada's foreign trade credit as "an augury of a not distant improvement in domestic business."

The President concluded his address with the following expression of confidence:

"My last word is a word of confidence and encouragement. The interests of your Bank are more closely bound up with those of Canada than ever before and unless Canada prospers the Bank cannot expect the prosperity it should enjoy. I believe Canada will prosper. It offers inducements to immigrants vastly superior to those of other countries which are at present endeavoring to attract citizens. It stands third amongst the countries of the world in natural resources.

"Yet cardinal virtues must be practiced and I would again stress the necessity for hard work and economy, so often preached and seldom put into practice, and the need for immigration. Given these three things, I look forward with the utmost confidence to Canada's future."

Much to be Thankful For.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the general manager, in his address to the shareholders, said in part:

"First and foremost I would say that there must be an end to the present apathy about public affairs. In my opinion, those who will not go to the trouble to register their vote in municipal, provincial, and federal affairs should be penalized in some form for their indifference.

"We all know that apart from the cost and defects of the war Canada's troubles are the accumulated result of what may be termed in mild and temperate language imprudence in affairs.

"Good government is a hard problem in any country. No government can move faster in these matters than public opinion will permit, and upon the people lies the responsibility of voting for economy.

"We, in Canada, have much to be thankful for. If this were a poor country our case would be a bad one, but we have riches in our forests, our fields, our fisheries, and in our minerals, also in our mighty water powers, and in the industry and ambition of our people.

"If Canada were a private business enterprise the situation would present no great difficulty, for we are solvent, with wealth vastly in excess of our liabilities; and a way would be found by following the obvious course of cutting down our overhead and, like a sane, capable and industrious people, putting our house in order."

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario.

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at Spadina House, Spadina Crescent, Toronto.

The health of many men and women engaged in certain industries is affected by benzol, a product largely used in this province in the preparation of rubber for commercial purposes. Too often in the past, before the effects of benzol poisoning were known, and measures taken to counteract it, there was a considerable amount of somewhat unexplainable sickness, through such conditions as loss of energy and loss of appetite, general weakness, sleeplessness and irritability. These and other symptoms of a kindred nature indicated that something was wrong, but just what the trouble actually was, constituted a problem. Knowing the effects of benzol poisoning, investigations were made by physicians from the Ontario Dept. of Health, in plants where this commodity was used. One of the first tests consisted in making an examination of the blood of the persons working there, to see if the amount of red and white corpuscles were up to the standard. In nearly every case where the worker had been submitted to the fumes of benzol for a considerable length of time, there was a diminution in the white blood count resulting in the symptoms already mentioned. Just how many people in the province are subjected to benzol fumes has not been determined up to the present, but at any rate, there is definite proof that the poisoning from this source constitutes a health hazard, the injurious effects of which cannot be minimized.

It might be opportune to mention at this point that benzol is very active solvent for rubber. It is efficient and economical in all trades in which rubber has to be used. Its only two disadvantages, and both are formidable, are that the fumes are poisonous and highly inflammable. It will, therefore, be seen at once that measures have to be taken to control the fumes of benzol and quickly and efficiently remove the from workshops and factories where people are employed.

A few days ago I visited a large canning factory in this province where benzol is used in the manufacture of rubber rings for the lids of airtight cans. Recently one or two of the workers employed in this industry died and the cause of death was attributed to benzol poisoning. As a result, very active interest is now being taken by the management in the health of the workers, and every possible effort is being made to remove the danger of benzol poisoning. Powerful exhausts have been installed over the ovens where the benzol fumes are evaporated and these exhausts draw away a very large amount of the fumes. Except directly at the intake of the exhaust, the odor of benzol is hardly discernible. As a further precaution, the workers are subjected to a blood examination every month or six weeks, and if any indication of anaemia is found, the affected person is either transferred to another department or allowed to go home for a period of rest and recuperation. The management has further shown its interest in the workers by providing a pint of fresh milk each morning for every worker in the benzol department, and this innovation has proved doubly successful in that it has stimulated the employees and especially the women employees to bring sandwiches, etc., to take with the milk. Many of these women, worried with household cares had hitherto time for only a cup of tea or coffee before coming to work. The provision of milk has brought about a better standard of health for every worker so favored, and in addition has reduced the time lost through sickness. Efforts are being made by the Industrial Hygiene Division of the Provincial Department of Health to interest all employers in the health of their workers, so that active measures may be taken to preserve the health of all classes of people engaged in industry and so bring about a better standard of health and living conditions not only for the workers themselves but also for their families and dependents.

Percy's Puzzle.

The teacher had been lecturing his class on the wisdom often displayed by animals and birds. He compared it with that of human beings, to the latter's disadvantage. Having finished his discourse, he invited his pupils to ask questions bearing on the subject. Percy held up his hand.

"Well, Percy," said the teacher, "what is it you want to know?"

"I want to know, sir," replied Percy, "what makes chickens know how big our egg-cups are?"

Bovril inside keeps cold outside

Ask the Canadian Pacific about Canada

Order Your Farm Help Now

TO BE OF SERVICE to Eastern Canadian farmers and help to meet their needs in securing competent farm help, the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY will continue its farm help service during 1925 and will include in this service, as last year, the supply of women domestics and boys.

Through experience in the last two years, the Company is now in touch with a number of good farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland and other European countries and can promptly fill applications for farm help.

In order to have the help reach Canada in time for the spring operations, farmers requiring help must get their applications in early, to enable us to secure the help needed.

Blank application forms and full information regarding the service may be obtained from any C.P.R. agent or from any of the officials listed below. THE SERVICE IS ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.

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C. S. DENNIS, Chief Commissioner.



With The BOY SCOUTS

The Scout Law.

Are the Scout Laws too hard to keep? Do they require too much of a boy? Such a question might form the basis of a good discussion at a troop meeting. I remember an incident which happened some time ago in a Scout troop, when a boy who was probably one of the finest fellows in the troop went to the Scoutmaster and said in effect: "I feel that I must resign from the Scouts, sir, because I cannot keep the laws."

One must admire the honesty of that Ssout in doing what he did, and without a knowledge of circumstances one would hardly be justified in saying that he did wrong. Perhaps there are some Scouts now who are faced with the problem. Perhaps they feel that they have not or are not keeping the Scout Law. Are they to throw up the game on that account? It may be argued that if it is not worth living up to the rules of an organization it is not worth belonging to it, but I think the answer to the question goes deeper than that. Somebody, I think, has said, "Christianity is only trying," and similarly it might be said Scouting is only trying. If a fellow is honestly trying to the best of his ability to obey the Scout Law that is what really matters. It doesn't matter so much if he fails in one point or several points, once or repeatedly. It is only when he stops trying that it is time for him to hand over his Scout badge.

Wolves Again!

There seems to be much excitement up the Soo way these days about all the wolves, but what about the Wolves in Oakville? The following is taken from the Scout news (not hunting news) of a recent copy of the Oakville Star:

"On several occasions the howl of wolves has been heard in and around Oakville. Last Tuesday night the terrifying sounds were again heard, this time in the centre of aur town. It is rumored that they will show themselves to the public for the first time on December 12th. The wolves by that time will have had a good meal and will be thoroughly domesticated, so there will be no need for a panic!"

Scouting on the Radio.

That London, Ontario, Scouts are keeping right up to the mark is evident by a radio concert which they planned for the evening of December 4th. It was to be broadcasted by the Free Press station and included the following numbers: "O Canada," sung by the Scouts, accompanied by the Orchestra of the 3rd Troop; "Be Prepared," March, by the Orchestra; "Don't Scrap the British Navy," sung by Scout Fox of the 10th Troop; and a talk on "Scouting" by Frank Gray, Vice-president of the London Local Association.

A GRAND MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Mrs. Avila Noel, Haut Lameque, N. B., writes:—"I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets as they have worked wonders in the case of my baby. I always keep them in the house and would not feel safe without them." What Mrs. Noel says concerning Baby's Own Tablets is just what thousands of other mothers say and feel. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels nd stomach, thereby banishing constipation, colic, indigestion and a host of the other minor ailments of little ones. The Tablets are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates or narcotics or any of the other drugs so harmful to the welfare of the baby. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Blinded by Butterflies.

Nearly everyone has suffered the pain due to getting foreign bodies in the eyes, but few realize the origin of some of these irritants. Recent researches by an eminent oculist show that many of the things we collect in our eyes cover vast distances before finally obtaining the lodgment that gives us so much discomfort.

For example, the great deserts of the East contribute prolifically to the number of dust particles we get in our yes in the course of a lifetime. Heavy winds whirl tiny atoms of sand the world over, and many of them come to rest in the human eye. A microscopic examination of a particle of sand taken from a person's eye showed that it must have come from a desert three thousand miles distant!

Volcanic disturbances may cause discomfort in a similar way. Molten lava exudes clouds of steam which contain billions of particles, most of which fall to earth thousands of miles from the scene of the eruption.

Likewise pollen from the larger forests may affect our eyes, the tiny molecules being borne into the upper air currents and blown far and wide. Microscopic examination, again, reveals the striking fact that our eyes sometimes collect minute particles of meteor dust, which finds its way into our atmosphere with the heavy vapours discharged by the star in falling through space.

Perhaps even more curious is the little-known fact that the scales of butterflies' wings are often found by oculists to be a source of irritation to the human eye. These scales are invisible except through a microscope, but they are capable of causing intense discomfort. Some of them, it has been proved, reach our eyes from tropical lands, having been carried across the ocean by the air currents.

Scrubs can multiply as fast as purebreds—but they never get the right answer.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Rossini's Way.

Rossini must have been the fastest composer on record. We know he was the laziest, because he used to spend whole days in bed. But in his case, to be slothful was to be busy, for out of the apparently sleepy security of his blankets he showered upon his bedroom floor page after page of music. Once his librettist brought him the words of the still famous "Prayer" from "Moses in Egypt," boasting that he had written the verse in an hour. Rossini instantly jumped out of bed, saying: "I'll write the music in a quarter of an hour!" And he wrote it in ten minutes. Among the vast amount of Rossini's compositions were no fewer than 37 operas. Two only survive—"William Tell" and "The Barber of Seville." His speed turned out an amazing bulk of music—but that same speed fore-doomed most of it to oblivion.

TOO WEAK TO WALK

The Sad Condition of a Brandon Lady—How Relief Came.

"I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Annie Treherne, Brandon, Man., who tells of her new found health as follows:—"Some years ago I had an attack of pneumonia and it left me in a terribly weakened and run-down state. I was unable to walk for a long time as I had practically lost the use of my legs, and had to be carried upstairs, for I had not the strength to go myself. I became despondent over my condition for I had tried many remedies, which failed to help me. While in this wretched condition a lady friend urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I procured a supply. After taking the pills for a while I could see that I was growing stronger, and I gladly continued their use until I had fully regained my old-time health and strength. Now if I feel at all run down at any time I at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never fail me. I can therefore warmly recommended them to others who may be run down."

There is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to improve the blood and bring back strength after acute diseases such as fevers, pneumonia, influenza, etc. Given a fair trial they will not disappoint you. You can get the pills from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Example of the Pine.

One day a boy and his father who were hunting in th mountains took shelter from the wind in the lee of some great gray boulders that lay like sleeping giants close to the crest of a lonely ridge. As the two looked upward they saw the wild autumn wind lay grim hands on a mountain pine that towered from the summit of the ridge. It was a sentinel that could escape no danger; it was an outpost to receive the first shack of the enemy's attack. Savagely the wind tore at it, shook it violently, howled through its shadowy branches. To the boy the tree, stalwart though it was, seemed about to be blown to pieces.

"Look, father," he said, pointing upward, "what the wind is doing to that pine."

The full fury of the blast just then made the pine shudder and sway wildly and heave despairingly against the stormy sky.

"Storms are an old story to that tree," said the father. "A tree like that from the time when it is high enough to catch the first breath of wind lives in a struggle. Tennyson describes an oak as 'storm-strengthened on a windy site'; and the strongest trees are always those that have weathered the greatest number of gales. Besides, the question is not, what is happening to the tree, but what is happening in the tree?"

"The pine doesn't really seem to mind fighting the storm," the boy admitted.

"It's the same with us," the man said. "It really doesn't matter what happens to us, but it matters a great deal what happens in us. You see, a man's character is tested by everything that happens to him; he becomes either weaker or stronger. The test is not nearly so important as the result of the test. If you think clearly, nothing can really happen to you, but everything can happen in you. That old pine is safe because it resisted the first storm years and years ago, and it has kept on resisting. It is getting stronger all the time. Because of what has happened in it nothing harmful can happen to it."

The Homer Pigeon.

What is known as a Homer or Homing pigeon, is one that will return to its home or loft from a distance. An ordinary pigeon might be called a Homer if it has this homing instinct, but what the pigeon world calls a Homer is the Antwerp, a breed that originated in Belgium. It has the sagacity and endurance to travel hundreds of miles. It seems likely that the old arriers, Dragoons and Horsemen were used for carrying messabes. All pigeons are strongly attached to their homes and will fly back to them, so far as their powers allow them to.

Use Pacific Coast Seed.

Seed of the tree species of the Pacific slope are being largely used in Great Britain by the British Forestry Commission in its reafforestation work. Large quantities of this seed are collected each year by the officers of the Dominion Forest Service in British Columbia, and shipments (sometimes amounting to several tons) are made to the Commission. Smaller shipments have been made to Australia and New Zealand, the United States and other countries.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Pain.

Weevils are spread in crops not by planting infected seeds, but from the crop that has been held over from the preceding year and stored near the fields.

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.

The Inchcape Rock.

Many poems are unknown to the modern schoolboy that used to delight his youthful grandfather. Who now declaims Southey's spirited ballad of the Inchcape Rock, once so popular with budding orators? Do young voices in their teens, magnificently rolling their r's and occasionally cracking inopportunely at the climax, still proclaim from the school platform to their critically attentive fellows how—

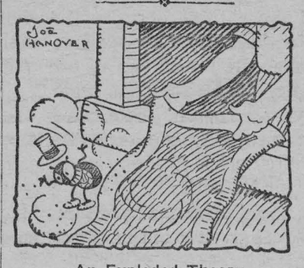
"Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
He cur-r-rst himself in his despair.
The waves r-rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide!'"

It is to be feared not; Southey is a neglected poet nowadays. But the story of the Inchcape Rock—or Bell Rock, as it is aftener called in our day—is interesting from the first. Sir Ralph the Rover, insolently removing the warning bell buoyed over the reef by the pious and benevolent Abbot of Aberbrothock, and later himself wrecked upon the unguarded rock, is, like the good Abbot, a figure rather of tradition than of history; but a bell there was, long preceding any light. The building of the present Bell Rock Light, as it is related in F. A. Talbot's Lightships and Lighthouses, is as fine a story as Southey's tale of the pirate and the Abbot's bell.

It was in 1806 that the Commissioners for Northern Lighthouses decided to put up a tower on the long, low, lonely reef twelve miles from the coast of Scotland—a reef two thousand feet long, entirely submerged at high tide and falling steeply away on all sides to deep water. Until the tower had risen to a fair height work was possible only on the calmest days of the summer and then during but five hours a day. It was before the era of steam, and men and materials were dependent on the perilous and difficult manoeuvring of sailing craft in the complex racing currents with their sudden changes—manoeuvring often made even more difficult by the weather's turning against them.

Once while some of the men were at work on the rock their vessel and tender broke adrift in steaming fog and rising wind. The workmen were too intent on their work to observe their danger, but not so their engineer, Robert Stevenson, who was that day superintending the job in person, and who realized their plight only too well. But he said nothing, and only when they laid down their tools to leave did the men realize that they were caught and were more than likely to be drowned before the boats could beat back. Indeed it was not their own boats, but a pilot boat that fortunately came to their rescue just as the water was beginning to lap about their feet.

They were so drenched, exhausted and terrified that out of thirty-two only eight could return to work next day; but, after a day's rest the twenty-four others had recovered their nerve and were back on the job. The tower, a hundred and twenty feet high, was completed in 1810. It still stands, though its "ruddy gem of changeful light," as Sir Walter Scott called it, now shines from a modern light chamber with vastly improved power and brilliance.



An Exploded Theory.

Bug—"Who said 'snug-as-a-bug-in-a-rug?' Bah!"

The Electric Waiter.

In a certain restaurant in Detroit, the meals are served by electricity.

The diner enters the restaurant, selects his table, notes on the menu the food he requires, drops the menu through a slot in the table, and waits a minute or two. Presently there is a humming noise, and in the centre of the table, on a four-poster tray, appears the food he has ordered.

When the menu is slipped into the slot it drops to the kitchen below; the server there attends to the order, presses a button, and the food is on its way to the table.

When the diner has finished his meal he takes the bill, which has also been delivered by electricity, and pays at the usual cashier's desk.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Britain's largest train is the 3.45 p.m. from Swindon to Paddington, which does the 77½ miles in seventy-five minutes.

TAYLOR-FORBES

Tree Pruners GUARANTEED

For every purpose in the orchard, cutting limbs up to 1¼ inches. Handles—4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 feet.

Your Hardware Dealer knows the quality

Our descriptive circular sent to any address on request.

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.

EASY TRICKS

No. 346

Hidden Spirits



This stunt does not amount to much if badly presented. With a little care in working up the effect, however, it can be made very puzzling. The effect is that a spectator places a tumbler on the table, drops a coin into it and covers it with a handkerchief. The performer pretends to magnetize the hidden coin. At his command it jumps up and down in the glass, ringing any number requested. At any rate, it seems to do that because the spectators, who are not too near, hear it ring. The secret is another tumbler, a small one, in the trickster's hip pocket. In this is a coin to which a thread is attached. The other end of the thread is fastened around a suspender button on the left side. The thread is slack enough so that the spectator can catch it around the little finger of his left hand. An imperceptible movement of the little finger will cause the coin in the hidden glass to hop up and down, making the ringing sound. At a few feet it will appear to come from the glass on the table.

The best part of the trick is to make suspicious movements with the right hand, leading the spectators to believe that the coin in the glass on the table is animated by a thread attached to it. If some confident spectator snatches the handkerchief away and accuses the trickster of doing the trick in that manner, the trickster can easily turn the laugh on him and at the same time divert attention from the real solution of the mystery.

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

Influence.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

Payment for articles advertised in this column should be made with Dominion Express Money Orders—a safe way of sending money by mail.

The sun is the greatest physician. —Sir Herbert Barker.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Never wring or twist a dyed garment. Squeeze gently and allow to drip till nearly dry.

MONEY TO LOAN.

FARM LOANS MADE. AGENTS wanted. Reynolds, 77 Victoria Street, Toronto.

An Oxo a day Keeps illness at bay CUBES

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Refreshes Tired Eyes Write Murine Co., Chicago, for Eye Care Book

Don't Cough! Rub the throat and chest with Minard's, the great enemy of colds.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT



Let Christmas Day usher in months of pleasure with a

MARCONIPHONE

Radio Receiver. No other gift will give such continuous pleasure, so constantly remind the recipient of your thoughtful goodwill. And it's a gift you can be proud to send. All Marconi dealers have various models and will install the set you select.

Write to any one of addresses below for illustrated booklet F.D.

MARCONI the father of Radio

34-24

Distributors for Manitoba:
Great West Electric Co., Ltd., Winnipeg.
Distributors for Alberta:
Bruce Robinson Distributors, Ltd., Calgary.
Distributors for Saskatchewan:
Independent Electric Co., Ltd., Regina.

MORE THAN 55,000 FARMERS have bought their farms in Western Canada from the Canadian Pacific. A remarkable Fact. Think! There is a reason. The large area of our holdings affording choice of location and of land to suit every farming need. Fair price, fair contract, and fair dealing combined with abundant fertility of soil, good climate and social conditions make farm life there desirable and attractive. Thousands more will select their farm from our virgin lands, from our improved farms, and with some capital and determination to work, can make a home and pay for it. Write for our booklet, "The Prairie Provinces of Canada," and leaflet, "Western Canada Forges Ahead." C. L. Norwood, Land Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Desk W., Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.

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ECZEMA IN RED PIMPLES
On Face. Itched Badly. Cuticura Healed.

"Eczema first began with an itching on my face. Little red pimples formed that itched very badly causing me to scratch. The scratching made the pimples large and red, and some nights they burned and kept me awake for a while.

"My mother recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample which helped me. I purchased another cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointmen and in a month I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Edith H. Kelley, Rt. 1, Unity, Me., July 12, 1923.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum helps to prevent skin troubles.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, P. O. Box 2616, Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

FABRE LINE
The popular Route to the Mediterranean



WINTER CRUISES 1925

	SS. Providence	SS. Patria	SS. Providence	SS. Patria
From: New York	Jan. 10	Feb. 17	Mar. 21	Apr. 28
To: Ponta Delgada 12 hrs.	Jan. 17	Feb. 24	Mar. 28	May 5
Madeira 10 hrs.	Jan. 19	Feb. 26	Mar. 30	May 7
Algiers 24 hrs.	Jan. 23	Mar. 2	Apr. 3	May 11
Palermo 12 hrs.	Jan. 25	Mar. 4	Apr. 5	May 13
Naples 12 hrs.	Jan. 26	Mar. 5	Apr. 6	May 14
Piraeus-Athens 24 hrs.	Jan. 29	Mar. 8	Apr. 9	May 17
Constantinople 24 hrs.	Jan. 31	Mar. 10	Apr. 11	May 19
Beyrouth 14 hrs.	Feb. 3	Mar. 13	Apr. 14	May 22
Jaffa-Jerusalem 39 hrs.	Feb. 4/5	Mar. 14/15	Apr. 15/16	May 23/24
Egypt 3days	Feb. 6/8	Mar. 16/18	Apr. 17/19	May 25/27
Messina 8 hrs.	Feb. 11	Mar. 21	Apr. 22	—
Monaco 15 hrs.	Feb. 13	Mar. 23	Apr. 24	—
Marseilles	Feb. 14	Mar. 24	Apr. 25	May 31
Length of the Cruise	35 days	35 days	35 days	33 days

Minimum Fare $450.00 including shore excursions and Hotel at Egypt. Clean, Comfortable and Comodious Vessels especially built for the Mediterranean Trade. Shore Excursions at Ports-of-call. Stop-overs permitted. Concerts, lectures, dances, card parties, games of all sorts in addition to the social pleasures of ocean travel. Unsurpassed French cuisine and first class service throughout. Orchestra: Moving Pictures: Wireless News Daily. For further information and descriptive literature apply:—

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The Winchester Press.

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NOTE:—All small advertisements received by mail or phone, and not paid for within one week will be charged 10c extra.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MEETINGS, such as Women's Institutes, Lodges or other Societies or Clubs, where the announcement is for the convenience of the membership and general public, 10c per line.

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CARD OF THANKS AND IN MEMORIUM NOTICES—First inch 50c, each additional inch 25c.

GOVERNMENT, LEGAL AND MUNICIPAL NOTICES, BY-LAWS, Etc.—12c per line for the 1st insertion, 6c per line for each subsequent insertion, 12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements ordered for insertion "until forbidden," and those sent without written instruction, will appear until written orders are received for to discontinue same.

Display Advertising Rates

One insertion, 50c per inch, 2nd and following insertions, 35c an inch QUARTERLY, 100 ins. and over 12c per in., less than 100 ins. 15c in. Whole page advt., 1 insertion, to regular display advertisers, $24.00. Half page advt., 1 insertion to regular display advertisers, $14.00. These rates are for "run of paper."

Subscription Rates

$2.00 per year when not paid within 3 months. Foreign subscriptions $2.00 per year in advance.

Thursday, Dec. 25, 1924

GREEN AND WHISKEY

Charles Green, of Oakville, Ont., writes a letter to the Montreal Gazette in which he says that if Premier Ferguson does not give some measure of local option to those places that voted so largely in favor of Government Control, that he will not at the next election vote for the Conservative candidate who supports Premier Ferguson. He further states that there are four more votes in his household, and not one of them will go to support Premier Ferguson unless he does something in the way of local option. The Gazette in commenting on the letter seems to think Premier Ferguson is in a sad dilemma, and concludes that there are many other Ontario Conservatives of the same mind as this Mr. Green. The Gazette says of the situation in reference to Premier Ferguson "If he has the same brand of courage and honesty which inspired the late Sir James Whitney, he will grasp the nettle firmly, do what he considers the right thing and defy the malcontents. If he palters with the question, he is likely to please neither side and greatly injure his own prospects and those of his party." We do not think that Premier Ferguson is lacking in courage, but we do know that if he gives way to the liquor interests, even in the way suggested, he will lose far more votes than if he sticks to his guns and tells the malcontents to go to blazes. Where will they go? The Liberal leader and the U. F. O. leader have both declared themselves in favor of prohibition and opposed to any measure of local option, so that if Mr. Green, and the four in his household, transfer their vote to another party, they will be in no better position, and eventually conclude that he has made an ass of himself. The Press can easily name many Conservative voters, some who have as many votes in their household as Mr. Green of Oakville, who will not vote for a Ferguson candidate if the Premier does not remain true to his promises. We can also name prominent Liberals who will vote for a Ferguson candidate as against any other, if the temperance question is brought into issue. This Mr. Green speaks for himself as he has a right to, but he does not speak for the majority of the Conservative party.

THE EXTRAVAGANT FARMER

A writer in the daily newspaper points out that while 37 per cent of all automobiles in Canada are owned by the farmers, only 20 per cent of value of motor cars are owned by the farmers. In other words while the farmer is content with a cheap car, his city cousin must have one of the expensive makes. A prominent financier says that reckless extravagance among the farmers in the prosperous years of the war led them into habits of living they find it hard to break away from, and this is the most important contributing cause to the general dissatisfaction and discontent among farmers to-day. But, as the writer in question points out, how about the "extravagance of the city cousins." Why is it that so many writers seem to have the idea that the farmer is not entitled to the same luxuries and the same conveniences as the people who dwell in the city. The farmers son leaves his farm home, where he probably slept in a room over the kitchen with only a small rug on the floor, a cheap wash stand and a wooden chair, this being the extent of the furnishing. He goes to the city, and in six months he must have a room furnished up to date in every respect, and a bath room to use as he wants. Why should not the young man have the same comforts and the same conveniences in his farm home? And would it be extravagant on the part of the farmer to provide his home with such conveniences? What more right has the man in the city to luxuries than the man who lives in the country? If the man in the city can better afford it, then there is something wrong with a system that makes such a distinction. The banker who charged the discontent of the farmer to his extravagance in owning a cheap automobile, in all probably rides in one that cost four times as much as the average farmer could afford. And very likely that same banker was born and brought up on the farm or in a country village. No man, be he farmer, merchant, manufacturer, banker, can afford to neglect his business, and live beyond his means, and farmers as a rule, are not guilty of either of those faults, because they cannot control the seasons, and their creditors are too everlastingly after them, while they allow his defaulting cousin to go and seek new pastures. When one thinks of the useless extravagance of many city dwellers as compared to the ordinarily plain and simple living of the average country dweller, it's enough to stir up a spirit of rebellion in the hearts of the country folk. And to think they have to be lectured at by men who don't really know what they are talking about.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS

Perhaps this little note won't escape notice until too late, but the writer has for many years urged that the Christmas spirit be extended to the dumb brutes about the home. The horse, the cow, the dog, the poultry, yes, and the cat, should have something extra at the great Christmas gift time. Be their Santa Clause for this year and bestow a little extra care, and a little extra food on the animal that is within thy fold.

FED UP ON IT

A good looking and well dressed nigger was in town last week soliciting aid for some mission in connection with the dark race. Every year about this time we have numerous demands for some such schemes. Why should not the black people in Canada be able to look after themselves. They are, as a fact, but this annual begging trip eems to have become a fixture, and it should be turned down. There are some causes for which public support is deservedly solicited and to which it is a privilege to contribute, but there are others that should not be encouraged. We don't think a big husky black man has any license to be going up and down the country begging support for "his people."

SISTER AND BROTHER

I was walking up Main Street one day last week when I overtook two children, sister and brother, the girl seven and the boy five years old. The girl had a snow ball, and the little lad was busy making one. I spoke to them and asked what they intended doing with the snow balls. The little girl replied "Oh, nothing, but I guess if I hit you on the ear with it you would know." Then she continued, "brother made it for me. He is only five years old."

"How old are you, and what is your name," we asked.

"I'm seven, and my father works in —, his name is —. You know mother has been sick, awful sick, but I help her a lot, and that is why I don't go to school."

"What do you do," we asked.

"Oh, I wash the dishes, peel the potatoes, and help mother a lot. So does — my brother. He's only five, but he carries in the wood for mother, and gets the water too."

Had the above incident been recorded in some popular magazine, people would have thought what a beautiful, unselfish, brave little spirit that girl has. Well, the incident is true, and happened less than two weeks ago right here in Winchester. And as we parted we thought of the future of that little boy and girl. Will their brave little spirits have all ambition, all unselfishness crushed out by unhappy and impoverished environment. A little girl of seven, a little boy of five, working to help and save their sickly mother. And knowing all the circumstances we say that in that unselfish little heart is the budding of a beautiful and useful character, unless—well unless the bud is crushed before it gets time to sprout.

THE SCANDAL MONGER

The following is taken from an exchange and applies with the same force in Winchester.

"Would that we might have a law against gossiping as we have against stealing. As Shakespeare says: "He who steals my purse steals trash; but he who robs me of my good name robs me of that which enriches him not, but makes me poor indeed." False witness destroys the whole man, body, soul, and spirit. This spirit of gossip is the peculiar temptation and sin of otherwise respectable people. It is rampant among the clientele of the average church. So much so, that many of the royal men, who are outside the church and whom the church needs so sorely are deterred from throwing their lot with the church because of the conviction, based upon the residuum of fact that church people are given to unfriendly criticism of their neighbors.

We must recognize our responsibility in this connection. Our big sins may often be small sins in the estimation of God, and our small sins may be considered by Him big sins. Lust and insobriety, condemned by us with pharisacial vehemence, received the Master's mercy. They are the sins of the flesh. But gossip, slander, the destruction of the reputation of other people, are cold-blooded and cruel sins. They are spiritual sins and are unexcused by passion or overwhelming desire.

May God seal our lips in the church, in society and elsewhere, that we may never say anything about anybody unless we can say something kind; that we may never wound the sensitive spirit, nor offend the tender heart.

It is an unfortunate fact that most places possess its full quota of those threatening menace of modern civilization—the scandal monger and gossiper. They spend their time spreading, not the gospel of "good will toward men," but in bearing false witness against their neighbors, uttering wherever they find a listening ear, some evil gossip concerning another. We do not feel we are unfair when we say that any community will be better off when these people pass to their future punishment. If one cannot say something decent about a neighbor, it is better to remain with sealed lips. Nothing is gained by promiscuous discussion of the alleged faults of another and too often is the accuser more guilty than the one accused.

The Imperial Bank, in one of its advertisements gives some good advice to its customers, as follows:—

"Keep your dollars in your home town. Part of every dollar you spend in your home town goes to pay taxes and increases the welfare of everyone living in that community. Also, the dollars deposited in your home town bank are used to develope home town industries. Dollars that go elsewhere do the same for strangers. For your own sake and the sake of your community, buy in your home town and bank in your home town.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By this time it was getting dark and snowing pretty heavily and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cosy dinner; with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again were shadows on the window-blinds of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter —artful witches, well they knew it —in a glow!

But, if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas.

—Dickens: "A Christmas Carol."

* * *

"MISS OR "MRS."?

A number of unmarried Englishwomen, who have reached an age about which it would be ungenerous to inquire too closely, have been complaining in the papers of the rule that all married women shall be called "Mrs." and all unmarried women "Miss," no matter what their ages may be. They point out that the fact that a boy, who is "Master" in his early life, becomes "Mr." by the mere lapse of time, whether he marries or not; but that a girl who begins as "Miss," continues to be "Miss" until she marries.

This was not always the case, as the curious may discover by looking up the history of "Miss," "Mrs." and "Mistress." The Englishwomen maintain that the title by which they are called, as spinsters, is not conducive to the deference, which is accorded to married women, and which they demand for themselves. The remedy they propose—that all women be called "Mrs." after reaching the age of forty—would be of doubtful efficacy. Men would go on calling their women acquaintances "Miss" until they received what the newspapers call "official notice that the age limit was passed. The old "darky" woman stated a fact of general application when she said that the happiest person is an old maid "when she has quit struggin'." The woman who cares whether she is called "Miss" or "Mrs." when her hair is turning, is still "strugglin'."

* * *

Presbyterians Are Called to Full Week of Prayer

Rev. J. W. Woodsie, convener of the Committee on Church Life and Work for the Presbyterian Church in Canada, is sending out a signed invitation to all the Presbyterian ministers in Canada to arrange for a week of prayer, starting with Sunday, January 4. The call to the ministers, in urging the benefits to be derived from a week of prayer, says: "Our people, in the present disturbed state of the Church, need to be steadied and heartened, and that can only be as they abide in the presence of God and do the daily duty in His strength." Reference is also made to the international outlook with unparalleled promise for the teaching of the Gospel.

* * *

The Kiwanis Club, Kingston, after hearing a most able address on the subject of the Bowmanville Boys' Farm by Major C. H. Buckland, Inspector of Neglected and Dependent Children, authorized a contribution to the Farm of $1,000 from the funds of the club, this sum to be handed over in one payment.

* * *

Took Fifth Place

The rifle team of the Brockville Collegiate Institute took fifth place in a field of 31 in the senior series of the Laura Secord rifle competition with a score of 924. The Athens High School finished in twenty-second place with a score of 733.

* * *

BLAZE AT ARNPRIOR CAUSES $20,000 LOSS

Office and Plant of Chronicle Newspaper Destroyed on Sunday

Fire of unknown origin breaking out around six o'clock on Sunday morning almost completely destroyed the printing plant of the Chronicle newspaper, Arnprior, causing a total loss, which is estimated at about $20,000, part of which is covered by insurance. Despite the fire, arrangements are being made by R. A. Jeffrey, Mayor of the town and owner of the newspaper, to have the circulation of the paper continued without interruption.

* * *

Kingston Education Board to Have Health Committee

Kingston, Ont., Dec. 12.—The Board of Education has established a health committee, its duties to be the conservation of the health of the school children, the supervision of the nurses or other staff engaged in the work, the provision of all necessary equipment and the promotion of the closest cooperation with the Kingston Board of Health and its officers. The committee will consist of five members.

* * *

THE EMBARRASSING PART

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does the question embarrass you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the student: "not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me!"—Yorkshire Post.

"The Big Store"

FLANNELETTE BLANKETS

Commencing Dec. 26th and while the stock holds out we will sell the largest size heavy soft Flannelette Blankets at $2.40 per pair.

With hearty thanks for past favours and with bright hopes for the future, we wish

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year
To All

A. SWEET & CO.
WINCHESTER - - ONTARIO

A. A. Casselman,
JOBBER.
General Saddlery and Hardware Merchant.
Wholesale and Retail Established 1886
Terms Strictly Cash

Customers are you willing to do the same—Hand over the cash to help local trade as you are to the Mail Order Catalogue Houses. The Farmers' Supply House has been competing with the Mail Order Catalogues, in quality and price. Goods arriving daily. You would do well to call at my store and consult your Humble Servant, before purchasing your necessary supplies. We make a specialty in all kinds of saddlery, hardware, and harness repairs; Fancy auto rugs and fancy woollen horse blankets; extra large heavy jute horse blankets, wool lined. A specialty in russet leather horse collars with flexible throat and ribon sewed; single and double harness, fancy English Russet stallion halters and bridles California wrapped and chafed belly bands, calfskin folded; fancy whips and lashes; a specialty in Blacksmith and wheel-right supplies. Wilkinson plows and repairs, also all other kind of plow repairs. Galvanized hog troughs, wheel barrows, steel scrapers; extension ladders. Furniture and brass beds in stock; also Good Cheere cook stoves and Supreme and Lion cook stoves. We also sell New Perfection oil stoves. Pure white Izal (1—600) disinfecting, nearly 30 years by Government services Sheffield Eng, and used by the Ottawa Exhibition 1923, Excells all others for poultry, cattle, sheep and hogs, sick rooms, schools and public buildings; (non poisonous) is many times stronger than pure carbolic acid. Circulars free.

Money to Lend

If buying more land or paying off an existing mortgage and you wish to borrow money on easy terms apply to
J. A. Riddell,
Morrisburg, Ont.

Tailoring and Men's Needs

We have a very complete stock of popular priced merchandise suitable for Xmas Gifts. Here are a few lines.

Broadcloth Shirts $3.00	Tobralco Shirts $4.25
Gloves $1.75 to $5.00	Ties 50c to $1.75
Silk Mufflers $3.00 to $3.75	Crepe Mufflers $4.00
Wool Mufflers $1.00 to $2.00	Fancy Belts 75c to $1.25
Suspenders & Arm Bands $1	Garters & Arm Bands 75c
Men's Sox 75c to $1.50	Handkerchiefs all prices

Boy's Arrow Collars at $3.00, a very suitable gift.

Hats, Caps and Many other Useful Articles not mentioned here.

A. E. Goodfellow
Winchester - - Ontario

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage.

ALEX ROSS
Insurance Agent and Agent for the Canadian Newspapers. Kindly leave your orders at the Post Office Winchester.

A flour that never varies

Your bread and cakes invariably will be light and of perfect texture—your pastry flaky and delicious—if you use

Quaker Flour
Always the Same-Always the Best

You can depend on Quaker Flour. It always bakes the same. Every milling is rigidly tested by being baked in our own bakeshop.

Every sack of Quaker Flour is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction.

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon. 258

Distributors.—Fennell & Wallace, T. O. Keyes, Hugh McMaster, Winchester
R. D. Cheney, Mountain, H. A. Nesbitt, Finch.

Winchester Springs

Mr. John Stamp left Wednesday for Grandview, Man., where he intends to remain for the winter with his daughter, Mrs. McKeller.

Miss Maggie Kain has returned to Iroquois and intends to remain with Mrs. M. Beach, for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. E. McIntosh, and Miss Ruth, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William McIntosh, of Berwick.

Mrs. John Patterson spent a few days with friends at Inkerman, last week.

Mrs. A. J. Casselman spent last week with her parents at Toy's Hill.

Miss Nancy Coughler spent a few weeks with friends at Lunenburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Robinson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dillabough at Russell, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beckstead and daughter Nellie, of Williamsburg, visited at the home of Mr and Mrs. W. McIntosh, and also Mr. and Mrs. H. McIntosh and family.

Miss Elta Thorp, of North Bay Normal, is spending Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Casselman and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casselman, took tea with Mr. and Mrs. R. Peterson, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Orren Casselman spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. O. Strader, at Brinston.

Mr. Roy McIntosh, and Mrs. Loran McIntosh spent a couple days at Kemptville and Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold J. Casselman and Master Murrel Coleman were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Armstrong, of Winchester, on Sunday evening.

Mr. Joseph Webb and sister Edith motored to Inkerman on Sunday evening and attended the Anniversary Service held in the Methodist church.

Mrs. E. Meddagh of Brockville spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. L. McIntosh.

Mrs. Wm. Steele, of Toy's Hill, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Webb.

We are pleased to hear that Master Dalton Robinson is home and much improved from his recent operation.

Master Denzel Robinson returned to his home after spending a few days with his aunt, Mrs. R. Dillabough, at Russell.

Miss Helen Nesbitt spent a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Munro.

Mrs. A. J. Casselman spent Saturday in Ottawa.

Miss Mildred Davidson, of Domeville is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. Wm. McDonald is convalescent from his recent illness.

This world of ours isn't a bad old world;
there are pleasures and joys we miss,
We frown when we should be smiling, by
conv:rting woe into bliss,
It's a weary world for the most of us, and
most of us make it so,
For we tote our worries along with us and
add to the load as we go;
Life's worries and useless trifles, friend,
don't hoard them as jewels rare,
Let's cast them away by the side of the
trail, and forget that we left them
there.

Every good and loyal citizen should make it a rule: 1.—To embrace every opportunity of promoting the progress and prosperity of his own town. 2.—To foster a spirit of good will and co-operation among its citizens. 3.—To promote good feeling with our neighbours in the surroundin country. 4.—To help to earn for Winchester a reputation for courtesy and service to visitors. 5.—To lend assistance to every movement for increasing the business of the town or the happiness of its people. 6.—To attend all public meetings, and take a share in their activities and not to keep quiet at a meeting and then go away and talk about the mistakes that were made. 7.—Let this apply personally to ME and then act accordingly.

A Visit To The Old Home Town

How swiftly has the time passed by
Since we were children, you and I
What changes in ourselves we see—
But things have changed as well as we.

Our old home town we know so well,
The story of the years could tell,
The joys we knew, those happy days
Are still renewed in many ways.

For on its streets the boys still play
The same old games as in our day;
I see them, too, with hook and line,
And they are just the same as mine.

With boats upon the same old lake
The boys and girls excursions take;
In winter days when ice is glare
You'll find a merry gathering there

The same old houses still are there,
Some freshened up, some worse for wear
The old stage-coach has had its day,
The horses, they have passed away.

The auto and the steam car now
Have somewhat changed the town somehow,
And many other things have passed away
They, like the stage-coach had their day

But, stranger still, it all appears
To us, who after many years
Back to the dear old home we go,
And scarcely find a face we know.

The old time folks, say, where are they
Their homes are there, but they're away;
I met a stranger passing by
And asked if he could tell me why.

I mentioned names of old-time folk,
But 'twas some time before he spoke;
With vacant stare he shook his head.
Then said: "They must be mostly dead"

He turned to go, I caught his hand,
And said: I cannot understand!
It seems but yesterday that they
Upon the streets with me did play.

And over there the schoolhouse stands,
Where with crossed hairs on outstretched hands
We count the whacks the teacher gave,
In hopes the hair a few would save

The old box stove, when hot enough
Was just the place we'd drop some snuff
Or some vile compound, if you please,
To make pupils and the teacher sneeze.

I wonder, if the boys still play
The same old games as in our day?
'Twas "mumbly-peg" and "two old cat,"
Where two would pitch and two at bat.

Marbles, shinney, and pull away
Those were some games, I want to say;
Of those old games we once had there
My children's children love to hear.

They wonder grandpa, old and lame,
Could ever have played in such a game:
'Ewould make them laugh to see the fun
If grandpa now would try to run.

But grandpa once was full of fun—
He played the games, could race and run;
And as I walk these streets today
Those times don't seem so far away.

I now feel almost young again,
As they come romping through my brain,
And vainly wish they could be real
In answer to my heart's appeal.

Alas! their voices now are still,
While other folks their places fill
I'm strange to them—and they to me,
No old familiar face I see.

I see those children here at play:
And looking down life's long highway
I see them dropping one by one,
As old-time friends of mine have done.

And wonder if that, bye and bye,
Some one of them will come to try
To find some friend, or old time spot
And find them gone, as like as not.

I'm lonesome as I look around
The old home town I have not found;
Old houses still are everywhere,
But what made home to me's not there

And now, old town, good-bye, good-bye,
Time's changed you, too, as well as I;
When I pass on you'll still be here,
But time will change you, year by year.

And, leaving now, I turn to view
With one long, lingering look at you
A silent tear steals from my eye,
And once, again I say "Good-bye!"

OUR BEST WISHES

A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year to all.

THE M. F. BEACH COMPANY, LTD.

TELEPHONE NO. 3 - - - WINCHESTER, ONT.

Flour and Feed Store.

Feed for Cattle, Feed for Horses,

Feed for Poultry. Best Brand of Flour.
Your Order Solicited—Prompt Attention.

John Johnston, Winchester, Ont.

Phone 84 "The Leading House."

"MEATS THAT SATISFY."

GET READY FOR XMAS

Choice Mince Meat in 6 lb. and 8 lb. pails and by the lb.

Beef is cheap now. Call in and see for yourself the big assortment by the quarter, chunk, or by the lb.

Pork and Lamb Hams and Bacon always in stock.
Fresh made Sausage.

We pay Highest Cash Prices hides, sheep skins and tallow.

Shop Phone 12. House Phone 55

W. J. FISHER

Winchester - - - - Ontario.

Why bother about Christmas Baking, when you can get the Choicest Assortment of Christmas Cakes, etc., and just what you want at Carkner's Bake Shop, Main St., opposite Town Hall.



Winchester
CAFE

When in town, come in and visit the new Cafe.
Meals at all hours.
Clean Quick Service.
We solicit your patronage.
WINCHESTER CAFE

Winchester
Star Laundry

Bring your Shirts, Collars and Washing to the New Star Laundry, Main Street, Winchester. Pressing and Cleaning at Reasonable Prices. We solicit your patronage.
STAR LAUNDRY
Rowat Block, Main Street, Winchester

DR. HOWARD E. HANSEN,
Chiropractor
Will be at the home of Mrs. S. Howes, Tuesday and Saturday each week, from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p m.
NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION

Boots and Shoes Repaired
All kinds of shoe repairing neatly done at reasonable prices. Deeks old tire shop
G. Raistrick
St. Lawrence St,
Winchester, Ont.



Christmas Presents

The Christmas present that brings with it joy, because of its beauty and its usefulness is the one that sensible people buy. We have many of them in our large and well selected stock, and while it is impossible to list them all, we mention a few of the choice gifts we have in stock. Look them over.

Beautiful Boxes of Stationery

Choice Hand-Painted China. Newest in Cut Glass
Ivory and Ebony Toilet Articles. Party Boxes.
Fountain Pens and Eversharp pencils. Trays.
Purses. Club Bags. Games for old and young.
Birthday Books. Christmas Booklets.





See Our Dolls

The kind the little one just loves

Moirs Chocolates and Candies

The Purest and Best Candies on the market to-day
You can have them in fancy boxes or by the pound
Choice Gift Boxes of very Choice Chocolates.

We also take orders for Magazines, Music, etc.

Alex Duncan, - Winchester, Ont.

A Thousand Stories in Lake District of Manitoba Says Canadian Authoress



Martha Ostenso Gave Best First Novel of Year that Setting

Miss Martha Otenso, who was awarded the $13,500 prize and royalties on the book for the best first novel submitted during the past year in a contest organized jointly by Dodd, Mead & Company, Pictorial Review and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is a twenty-four-year-old school teacher from Manitoba. Miss Ostenso's novel will be serialized, filmed and published in book form in 1925. The story, which is called "The Passionate Flight," deals with the farmers of the Western Prairies and portrays the romance of one whose ambition to soar beyond the black loam led to dramatic consequences.

More than 1,500 manuscripts were submitted. The judges state that Miss Ostenso's was so far superior that no other story seriously rivalled it.

A brief sketch of her life and the circumstances which inspired her novel, as related by Miss Ostenso, follows:

"Where the long arm of the Hardangerfjiord penetrates farthest into the rugged mountains of the coast of Norway, the Ostenso family has lived in the township that bears its name since the days of the Vikings. The name means 'Eastern Sea,' and was assumed centuries ago by an adventurous forbear who dreamed of extending his holdings over the mountains and through the lowlands of Sweden eastward to the very shores of the Batlic. Although his dreams never came true, the family name recalls it and the family tradition of land-holding has persisted unbroken; the part of the land that borders the lovely fjord is still in its possession, handed down from eldest son to eldest son.

"My father, a young son, was free to indulge his roving disposition. A few years after his marriage to my mother he decided to emigrate to America.

"My mother's parents lived high up in the mountains, remote from the softening influence of the coast towns. At their home it was, near the little village of Haukeland, that I was born. This, the first of many small towns in which I have lived, is known to me only through hearsay, for when I was two years old we came to America.

"The story of my childhood is a tale of seven little towns in Minnesota and South Dakota. Towns of the field and prairie all, redolent of the soil from which they had sprung and eloquent of that struggle common to the farmer the world over, a struggle but transferred from the Ostensos and Haukelands of the Old World to the richer loam of the new. They should have a story written about them—those seven mean, yet glorious little towns of my childhood! In one of them, on the dun prairies of South Dakota, I learned to speak English. What a lovely



Martha Ostenso

language I found it to be, with words in it like pail and funeral and alone, and ugly words, too, like laughter and cake and scratch! What strange sounds the new words made to me.

"Later, in another of the little towns, I learned that it was fun to make things with words. It was while living in a little town in Minnesota that I became a regular contributor to the Junior Page of the Minneapolis Journal, and was rewarded for my literary trial-balloons at the rate of eighty cents a column. In the public school of that little town there still hangs, perhaps, a large print of a rural scene in a resplendent frame, with a neat name-plate at the bottom of it. That also came from the Journal, in recognition of an essay which, in my eleven-year-old opinion, placed me abreast of Emerson.

"When I was fifteen years old, I bade good-bye to the Seven Little Towns. My father's restless spirit drove him north to the newer country. The family settled in Manitoba.

"It was during a summer vacation from my university work that I went into the lake district of Manitoba, well towards the frontiers of that northern civilization. The story that I have written lay there, waiting to be put into words. Here was the raw material out of which Little Towns were made. Here was human nature stark, unattired in the convention of a smoother, softer life. A thousand stories are there still, to be written.

"My novel lay back of my mind for several years before I began to write it. In the intervals of those years, spent as a social worker in a great city, I often compared the creaking machinery of skyscraper civilization with the cruder, direct society of the frontier. Slowly, as my work among the needy brought me nearer and nearer to the heart of the city, the border life began to be limned clearly against the murkier background of my work-a-day scene.

"A year ago last summer I returned to Manitoba. The approach to remembered scenes renewed my interest in my story, the character stood out clear-cut at last, and I made the first draft of the novel.

"I was not satisfied with the result and laid the manuscript aside, with no definite purpose regarding it. It was not until spring that I returned to the city and learned of the Curtis Brown contest. It was with diffidence and reluctance that I was persuaded by friends, who thought well of the early draft and its possibilities, to rewrite it in time to submit it for consideration. At best, I felt, if it were as good as my friends said, it might not be wholly ignored.

"I leave it to the scientists and pseudo-scientists who argue interminably about the relative influence on men of heredity and environment to decide the responsibility for what ever merit my story may have. The blood of the Norsemen! The Seven Little Towns? Perhaps—I do not know. No—but I have my own very unscientific opinion. It won't bear stating, but this much may be said of it: It has something to do with magic and fairies and all the other impossible, beautiful things that I believe in."

NOTICE!

I have moved my business up over Fisher's Meat Shop on St. Lawrence St., and, as usual, am prepared to repair all kinds of boots and shoes. Scissors, knives and skates sharpened I carry in stock a good line of shoe polishes, laces and other shoe accessories. Good work at reasonable prices. Give me a trial.

WM. WORKMAN,
St. Lawrence St Winchester.

POULTRY WANTED

I will take in hens, ducks and large roosters at my place every Tuesday. I will buy turkeys and geese later on. All fowl must be delivered by noon.

John Henderson.

Main St., Winchester.

MONUMENTS!



JOHN F. GIBSON

Manufacturer and Importer of Marble and Granite Monuments, Cemetery Fences, Copings, etc. Scotch Granites a Specialty.

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For the Province of Ontario. For dates phone 76 J Morrisburg at my expense or the Press Office Winchester.

Thos. Irving

O'Coats.

Men's Overcoats. Men's Style.
Men's Comfort.
O'coats of Style and Comfort Combined.

If you are thinking of buying an overcoat it will pay you to see our range in

Square Sleeves, Raglin Sleeves, and Leather Lined.

Watch our store for a Special on Shirts.
We have a large range of the Arrow Shirts.
You can't beat an Arrow. Just due to arrive.

Specialties in all Men's Wears.

HARVEY W. NESBITT.

Kit Kennedy

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

It was to Miss Barbara that the tramp appealed.

"Whisky indeed? Bread and cheese will set ye better, my lad. Keturah, a pennyworth of bread and cheese for a gaun chiel in the outer parlor. What—drink ye will have also? You can pay for it? Well, if you can, and that honestly, it consorts but ill with your onputting. Yet, after all, we keep a house of public entertainment, and we cannot be choosers any more than the beggars. But keep the peace, my lad, or out you go from the Red Lion, money or no money. And mind ye that, no swaggerers within my doors! There shall be no complaint of unruly house or noisy brawling go forth from this house so long as I am its mistress. I speak for Keturah also!"

She added the last clause as an afterthought.

The tramp's hand mechanically sought the brim of his battered hat with a grace which to Miss Barbara's experienced eye instantly betrayed that too common type, the "man who had seen better days." He was therefore more than ever a man to be suspected, to be watched, to be got out of the way of her sister. For to such Miss Keturah was often both over-kind and unwisely liberal.

"Madam," said the tramp, courteously, "you need not fear that I shall not behave myself in your house."

"See that ye do, then!" was Miss Barbara's uncompromising retort, as, having filled the order, she shut down the panel of the bar with a decisive snap and went to see what her sister Keturah was doing.

Presently in the outer parlor of the Red Lion, as the "casual" room was called by a very latitudinarian courtesy of language, gathered a large and, for Whinnyliggate, a most representative company.

At the corner of the deal table there sat, by immemorial right, Geordie Breerie the packman, a man fully as broad as he was long, with a face smoothed and jollified with good living, and made russet and purple by exposure to many a summer sun and winter gale. His huge pack stood in the corner, done up in black American cloth, flaccid and inert, with a comical lurch forward of its upper part, out of which he had extracted a number of press pieces to show Miss Keturah, when Miss Barbara should happen to be out of the way—an opportunity which had not yet occurred.

Geordie Breerie, it was reported among his professional brethren, could frighten the fiercest dog in Scotland, and that by a very simple plan. As he walked along the packman presented a very curious appearance. First and nearest the ground there were two short and thick legs, squat like the props of a corn stack. Next came an equally short but much thicker body, as nearly square, indeed, as might be. ("A big sack o' cauf (chaff) on the top o' twa wee sacks o' cauf," was the description of Geordie by a local humorist.) Then, driven by the weight and height of his pack almost into the middle of his body, came Geordie's head, crowned by its broad blue bonnet. While above all, black and square, towered the pack, the whole combination being enough to drive the most unsuspicious farm dog into hysterics of rage and noisy denunciation.

Nevertheless, George Breerie was never harmed. He had a way of bending himself double from the thigh and looking through between his legs at his barking enemy, which was more effective than a field piece loaded to the muzzle.

For so soon as that vast purple face and bristling red hair appeared upside down between Geordie's legs, and the whole apparition began to approach backwards "like a partan," the bravest and most reckless collie tucked tail inward like a steel spring, and stood no longer upon the order of his going.

On this and other counts Geordie was an important person in the outer parlor of the Red Lion, and was, besides, the only man who dared to hammer on the table with his pint stoup to call the attention of the austere divinity behind the veil.

Upon his frequent visits to the Red Lion Geordie presumed a little upon being the only person at whose jests Miss Barbara had ever been known to laugh, and he derived much consolation from the distinction, even building a little upon it in confidential converse with his cronies.

"I tell ye what, Geordie, ye will stan' at the back o' that coonter some day yet," Rab Irvine, the journeyman smith, would say, jocularly. "The auld runt Babby is fell fond o' ye, that's plain to everybody. Did ye no see what a laugh she took to hersel' when ye gied the table siccan a drive wi' your neive that ye spilled the jug o' tippenny doon your breeks? It was fair compromisin', yon."

"O no so verra," said Geordie, much flattered; "the like micht hae happened to any body, even yoursel', Rab, though you haena' my personal advantages. A weel-made unmarried man has his privileges—as is weelkenned.

"Aye, aye, it's a sair warl' ony way ye tak' it!" said Rab Irvine, shaking his head with feeling mournfulness. "Did ye hear that my brither Tam's wife was deid?"

"But what for need ye fret aboot that?" asked Geordie Breerie, resentfully. He was angry that the subject should be changed, for he liked nothing better than to be joked about Miss Barbara Heartshorn and his chances of one day becoming landlord of the Red Lion.

Rab Irvine shook his head still more lugubriously.

"It's no that," he said, "it's no that ava! She was a besom, and Tam's well rid o' her. But what gars me greet is juist that everybody is gettin' a change but me!"

CHAPTER VI.

LILIAS ARMOUR'S TWO HUSBANDS.

The tramp sat in the corner most remote from observation. He did not wish to be recognized—though, indeed, there was no one in the company who had known him when he was classical master in the Academy of Cairn Edward. Nor was it likely that any one of his ancient cronies would recognize in the ragged tramp the smartly-attired young college man who had fluttered the hearts of many an orthodox civic dovecoat by a careless wave of his hand, as he took the hill road to the Black Dornal with his green botanical case over his shoulder.

"A worthy young man—a diligent young man; learned and hopeful, sure to rise!" declared the parents, peeping through the first floor blinds immediately over the shop.

"A handsome young man! Did you see how he waved his hand to me?" said the eldest daughter at the narrower windows of the floor above.

"No; it was to me!" said the younger, but secretly, thinking of certain glances exchanged at the last Choral Union.

And now the worthy young man, the handsome eye-glancer, the collector of botanical specimens, the lover of Lilias Armour, belle of six parishes, sat unknown and unknowable on a wooden bench in the outer parlor of the Red Lion, drinking by himself, none paying heed to him.

Upon this jocund company, enter a well-attired, well-groomed figure, leather-breeched, riding-whipped, blatantly assertive, floridly prosperous.

"And ye are welcome; come awa ben, sir!" cried Miss Barbara through the wicket gate, whence she spied upon her guests, and from whence she rebuked the evildoer and bade the worthy Pharisee come up to the higher seats in the Red Lion synagogue.

But Walter Mac Walter was jovial from the market, and willing to stand well with the company as a free-handed, open-hearted landed proprietor.

"Thank you Miss Barbara; presently, presently!" he answered, taking off his hat politely to the divinity within the veil, "when I have spoken to these excellent fellows here, I will accept your kind invitation!"

He opened out his coat and sat down beside Geordie Breerie, calling jovially for glasses round as he did so.

All complied with his invitation except the tramp in the dark corner, who sat moodily drinking by himself. At the first entrance of the prosperous man of means the tramp had shaded his brow with his hand, only stealthily peering at him when his back was turned.

Walter Mac Walter looked gaily round.

"Are your glasses all charged?" he cried. "All at my expense, remember. I will give you a toast—'the health of the Misses Barbara and Keturah Heartshorn!' Stop though, there is a man in the corner not standing up!"

"Hoots!" said Geordie Breerie, with contempt, "dinna bide for him. It's only a puir feckless gaun body that's been sittin' there tipplin' by himsel' the hale forenicht!"

"One man is as good to me as another," cried Mac Walter, whose strong suit was an affectation of republican equality; "beggar or laird, he shall never leave this house without drinking this toast. Hey, man, come to the bar and get your glass like a man. All's free when Walter Mac Walter pays."

"I would rather be excused," said the Classical Master, quietly.

"Excused! Nonsense! Drink it, man. And if you cannot rise to get it, faith I will bring it to you, and have a look at your physiognomy as well, which you hide like a bashful bride!"

And as he spoke he rose from his seat and made his way between the chairs to the corner where sat Christopher Kennedy.

(To be continued.)

How the Ancients Rode Horses.

The Greeks and Romans did not know stirrups. The ancients had no saddles like ours, although a Monsieur Ginzrot tries to make out from Julius Caesar and other Roman writers that they did sometimes employ a kind of frame like a saddle-tree, which was stuffed with wool or cloth, and then covered over with a thick, pliable cloth, and the whole was fastened on with a cingulum or zona, which answered to our surcingle or girth. That they had saddles of some sort, there is no doubt, but they were entirely unlike ours. They were cloths either of a single piece woven thick like a carpet, or were doubled and even quadrupled, and sometimes wadded. Such saddles would not be convenient for sustaining stirrups. Among the thousands of bronze remains of harness, bridle-bits, buckles and other horse paraphernalia in the department of the "small bronzes" in the Naples Museum, there is not a stirrup, not a spur, not a horseshoe. Among the equestrian statues and statuettes in bronze, marble and terra cotta, the saddle is rarely to be found as a companion to those equestrian statues. The greater part are without even a simple cloth. The full-size equestrian statues in marble of the Balbi (father and son), are found in the Bascilica at Herculaneum, are without saddles, and, of course, without stirrups. The Balbi ride bare-back. The full equestrian statue in bronze of Nero, discovered only a half a century ago in Pompeii, represents the emperor riding without saddle or stirrups. The wonderful bronze statuette group of Alexander and Bucephlus gives us the pose of the great Macedonian seated upon his bare-back steed, and he appears riding calmly and fearlessly into battle, dealing heavy blows with his sword with as much force as if he had stirrups to stand up in. All these are in the museum at Naples, and photographs and engravings of them are to be found everywhere.

The Nobel Millions.

The reservation of this year's Nobel Prizes for Chemistry and Physics will still further swell the big capital sum available for the five awards.

Dr. Nobel bequeathed the sum of $8,750,000 for the purpose, the annual interest of which was to be divided equally between those who received the five Nobel Prizes—Peace, Literature, Chemistry, Physics, and Medicine.

Some $10,000,000 accumulated to the fund during the first five years after Nobel's death in 1896, as the first awards were not made until 1901, and as since then twelve prizes have not been awarded the Prize Fund now exceeds $10,000,000.



May Command Royal Navy

Vice-Admiral Sir Osmond de Beauvoir Brock is slated to succeed Admiral Beatty as first lord of the admiralty at the beginning of the year, it is understood. For the past two years Sir Osmond has been in command of the Mediterranean station.

Viscount Ginger.

Titles in England are not what they used to be. They are still valued, and those which are ancient and historic command no little respect, but times have changed. The part of the great public that still "dearly loves a lord" loves him with less humble and unquestioning affection than of old and takes him far less seriously. But even in early Victorian days there was one stronghold, at once aristocratic and democratic, that no title could overawe. In the great English public schools it was immaterial who war lord and who was commoner, but most important who was fag and who was fag master.

In some recent reminiscences an old Harovian has amusingly described a cricket match at which a very great and also a very pompous old lady, a marchioness bearing a historic title, was present to see her grandson, a courtesy lord, play in the eleven. He was a jolly, ordinary, red-headed, freckled youngster, unpretentious—his comrades would have made him most unhappy if he had been otherwise—and on the team. As the game progressed he had plenty of opportunities to show what he could do and made the most of them. His noble grandmother was more and more delighted and excited. Every time he hit the ball she called out importantly, "Well played, Viscount M——!"

When he was at last out, she wished to see and congratulate him and, turning to a tall, young fellow, close at hand,—who happened, though of course, she did not know it, to be the boy's fag master,—requested him haughtily to "please inform Viscount M—— that the Marchioness of P—— wishes to see him."

The tall youth did not move a muscle. Instead he called to another fag near by, "Go tell Ginger that the Marchioness of P—— wants to see him, will you?"

A little later Ginger came hurrying along obediently in response to the summons, but for a moment the indignant marchioness could hardly muster a smile for him. Her face was still frozen in the awful look with which she had striven to chasten the impertinent youth who had declined to execute her commission personally and presumed to call a viscount Ginger! But, being a fag master, and therefore on the Harrow cricket field a much more important person than viscount, count or marchioness, the tall youth remained unchastened and sufficient in his dignity.

An Invincible Armada.

In 1588 Spain was the leading nation of Europe, and when the king set about crushing England with a great naval attack, it looked very much as if he would accomplish his purpose. The great fleet was composed of 129 large vessels, carrying 19,295 soldiers, 8,460 sailors and 2,600 slaves as rowers. It was one of the most formidable fleets of the time.

A storm in Spanish waters destroyed several of the vessels of the "Invincible Armada," and the rest put into port for repairs. When everything was in readiness again the fleet started and entered the English Channel, sailing along in the form of a half moon, nearly seven miles broad. They were met by the English fleet, consisting of thirty ships, which had been increased by the addition of merchantmen and privateers to about one hundred and eight vessels, under Lord Howard, of Effingham, Drake and others.

They fought, and it soon appeared that the great Armada was anything but "invincible," for Drake sent eight blazing fireships into the midst of the Spanish fleet. In terrible consternation, the Spaniards tried to get out to sea, and so became dispersed. The English pursued, a storm came on and drove the Spanish vessels among the rocks and shoals. The "invincible" fleet, with a loss of thirty great ships and ten thousand men, defeated and disgraced, sailed home again.

Public monuments are never erected for the man who is so big that he won't serve on a committee unless he is the chairman.



This picture does not fit in with the stories of writers of fiction. It is a front view of the Hudson Bay fur trading post at Moose Factory in reality.

Woman's Interests

MENUS FOR CHURCH SUPPERS AND OTHER GATHERINGS.

Please suggest menus and methods of serving at church suppers and other large gatherings.—The Marthas.

I do not advise elaborate decorations, for they take too much time and do not pay. Set the tables with the necessary china, glass and silver and, if you can get them, have ferns or flowers in the centre of each table. Since food is so high in price, it is no longer placed on the table at such affairs, but is served from the kitchen, second helpings being granted if desired. This method does away with much waste.

If rolls are served, a roll and a pat of butter are placed on a small plate and served to each person. Apple sauce and cranberry jelly is served in small individual dishes. Pickles are placed on the plate with the rest of the food. A small piece of cheese is placed on the plate with a serving of apple pie. Many dishes can be prepared at home and either kept hot in a fireless cooker or reheated just before serving.

A nice chicken supper consists of brown fricassee of chicken, peas (fresh or canned), mashed potatoes, celery, sweet pickles, rolls or waffles and maple syrup, lemon sponge pie, tea and coffee. If you use a breadmixer for mashing large quantities of potatoes you will find that the potatoes will be much lighter.

Another supper includes chicken noodle-soup, stewed chicken, boiled rice or mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, molded vegetable salad, canned fruit, oatmeal drop cookies, chocolate or coffee. Stew the chicken and use part of the broth for the soup. Remove meat from bones, separate the meat into small pieces, make a nice gravy with the remainder of the broth and add to the chicken. Split baking-powder biscuits, place on plates for serving, and cover with the chicken and gravy. Pass additional biscuits with this course.

For an oyster supper, serve oyster stew with crackers, then friend or scalloped oysters, creamed potatoes, cole-slaw, rolls, lemon sponge pie, coffee and tea.

WEAVING RUGS AND CARPETS.

As a means of making money in spare time, nothing ever paid me better than weaving rugs and carpets. It has been nearly ten years since I did any weaving, but I see no reason why this work shouldn't pay well for farm women to-day.

My loom was an old home-made one, and had done service for several generations of people when it came to me. It was harder to operate than the lighter commercial looms on the market now, but it did splendid work.

The charge for weaving was 15 cents a yard for carpet a yard wide. This charge would be higher now. The rags and warp were furnished by the one having the work done, of course.

The work was slack during the summer months, mainly because I would not take much work; I had to take care of my garden and chickens then. I always had more than I could do in the winter and early spring.

The nice thing about the work is that you can use a few minutes now and then; that is, use spare time whenever you have it. If dinner is ready, and the men are late coming from the field—and you know there isn't much you can do then—just put in those few minutes at the loom. I used to turn out about 30 yards a week; some weeks I would weave more and some a little bit less.

I am still using in my bedrooms some of the rugs I wove ten years ago, and they are in good shape yet. These were made of the best of rags, and I did the best job on them that I knew how to do.

The only times I didn't like weaving were when I would get a poor lot of warp, or a poor lot of rags. Once in a while a customer would bring rags that were so rotten they wouldn't hold together. I was not very particular about keeping such a customer; luckily such customers were few.

I think if I were in the same position again—a family of children to bring up, and not much income—I should go to weaving again.—Mrs. C. L.

OLD-FASHIONED SODA COOKIES

Two cups sugar, 1 cup lard, 1 tps. salt, 1 tsp. soda, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1 cup clabber or buttermilk, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla, ½ tsp. nutmeg, flour for stiff dough.

Cream the sugar and lard. Add the egg, then the milk, flavoring, nutmeg and salt. Put the soda and baking powder in a little flour and stir that in. Add more flour until a stiff dough is made.

Turn out on a well-floured board and knead well, adding more flour if needed. When enough flour is added the dough will not stick to a dry board. Roll rather thick, cut out and press a few raisins in the top.

Do not bake too quickly or too brown.

I have made these cookies and kept them two weeks and the last one was as soft as the first. They should be kept in a stone jar.



A GOOD MODEL FOR A SCHOOL DRESS.

4937. This will be very pleasing in the new striped flannels, and also in serge, jersey and wool repp. The sleeve may be short or, in wrist length in bishop style. The collar has tie ends, to be slipped through slashes in the front of the dress.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For vestees, collar and cuffs of contrasting material, as shown in the large view, ⅜ yard 40 inches wide, or ¼ yard 54 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

IMPOSSIBLE.

She answered by return of post
The invitation of her host.
She caught the train she said she would
And changed at stations as she should.
She brought a small and lightish box
And keys belonging to the locks.
Food rich and rare she did not beg,
But ate the boiled or scrambled egg.
When offered lukewarm tea, she drank it,
And did not crave an extra blanket,
Nor pillow for her head.
She seemed to like the spare room bed.
She brought her own self-filling pen
And always went to bed at ten.
She left no little things behind
But stories new and gossip kind.

When Are We Cleverest?

Interesting facts about the age at which a man't faculties reach their highest pitch of efficiency have been compiled recently.

It was found, for example, that the average age at which twenty of the greatest inventions were produced was thirty-two. The inventors of the steam engine and the steam turbine were each twenty-nine when their labors resulted in these epoch-making devices. The self-binding reaper, wireless telegraphy, and the vacuum air-brake were invented by men in their twenty-second year.

The inventor of the sewing machine was twenty-six, while the discoverer of the process of producing aluminum cheaply was only twenty-three. Edison was thirty when he made the first incandescent lamp. Wilbur Wright, the pioneer aviator, was thirty-eight when he conquered the air.

The result of these investigations points to the fact that artists and musicians as a rule develop their talents very early in life. Authors seem to attain the peak of their creative powers at or about the age of forty-two. Financiers and business men generally reach their zenith at fifty-three.

Statesmen and generals are highest in the list of ages. Many of the greatest acts of diplomacy have been initiated by men in the seventies and eighties. Military history shows that some of the most crucial battles have been directed by men who were old enough to be grandfathers.

But the would-be inventor, artist, musician, or poet who is rapidly outgrowing his youth need not be discouraged by these facts. There are many exceptions to prove the rule. William de Morgan, to name but one example, was sixty-seven before he made his bow as a successful novelist.

Mirror Magic.

The primitive man looking at his own reflection in a still pool beheld a phenomenon he could not explain. He saw something which was not himself, but which must be so closely related to himself that there was no joke in it.

What is known as sympathetic magic always regarded a close connection as existing between a person and his "counterfeit presentment." We know better now, but who is there who can see a looking glass accidentally broken without experiencing a secret feeling of uneasiness?

The smashing of the mirror destroys the reflected image—his counterfeit self or a surface which has borne it, as it has also borne the images of other members of his family. Therefore he himself, or some member of his family, whispers the lingering voice of despised, forgotten, but inherited belief in sympathetic magic, is in danger. All of which accounts for the superstition that if you break a looking-glass there will be a death in the family within the year.

None Will Satisfy

like pure, delicious

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GREEN TEA H473

The finest green tea produced in the world. — Ask for a trial package.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

Ashes on the Slide.

When Jim and Bill and I were boys,
a many years ago,
How gayly did we use to hail, the
the coming of the snow;
Our sleds fresh painted red, and with
their runners round and bright,
Seemed to respond right briskly to
our clamor of delight,
As we dragged them up the slippery
road that climbed the rugged
hill,
Where perched the old frame meeting
house, so solemn-like and still.

Ah, coasting in those days—those good
old days—was fun indeed;
Sleds at that time, I'd have you know
were paragons of speed,
And if the hill got bare in spots,
as hills will do, why then
We'd haul on ice and snow to patch
those bald spots up again.
But, oh, with what sad certainty our
spirits would subside,
When Deacon Frisbee sprinkled ashes
where we used to slide.

Now, he who ever in his life has
been a little boy,
Will not reprove me when he hears
the language I employ
To stigmatise is wickedness the deacon's zealous spite,
In interfering with the play wherein
we found delight.
And so I say, with confidence, not
unalloyed of pride,
"Go! durn the man who sprinkles
ashes where the youngsters
slide!"

—Eugene Field.

Fifteen Little Sparks from the Anvil of Progress.

An employer advertised for a typist. Six applicants were interviewed. Two asked, "What are the hours?" Two asked, "What make of typewriter do you use?" One asked, "How long a holiday do I get?" and the other wanted a job. She got it.

The successful man lengthens his stride when he discovers that the signpost has deceived him; the failure looks for a place to sit down.

To yield is easy, to resist is hard. Grapple the first difficulty that comes up. Wrestle till you down it, if it takes till break of day.

Concentrate all your thoughts upon the work in hand. The sun's rays do not burn until brought to a focus.

The soundest salesmen make the least sound.

Poor work will make you poor.

If you feel yourself the victim of hard luck there is a cure for you. Try hard work.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the thoroughfare, flinging out melody and harmony through the air to everyone far and near who listens.

Many a man has made a needless failure because for purposes of immediate gain he has let himself lose the reputation of dealing fairly and generously with others.

Beware of the man who is always confessing his faults but never trying to correct them.

Don't get so interested in what you're going to do to-morrow that you don't do anything to-day.

Do you love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next, skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it.

Men are neither born nor borne to success. Each must earn it.

Give a promise with caution and keep it with care.

He Forgot His Own Wedding.

The wedding, says a contributor to the Youth's Companion, was to be at a farmhouse, the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was to take place at six o'clock in the evening, and an old-fashioned wedding feast was to follow it.

Six o'clock came; the guests had assembled, and the super was ready to be served, but the bridegroom was not present. The bride could not hide her dismay and chagrin. No one seemed to be able to account for the young man's absence. Half past six came but no bridegroom. Speculation and conjecture ran the rounds among the guests. The bride was almost beside herself with grief and mortification.

The hands of the clock pointed to half past seven when down the lane leading to the home came three horsemen riding at breakneck speed. They were the tardy bridegroom and two of his companions. The bride, whose eyes were red with weeping, was uncertain how to receive the young man, but friends gathered round, and explanations were made.

The two companions had arrived early at the farm where the young man was keeping house alone and, having time on their hands, began enjoying themselves as young men often do. The wedding was quite forgotten until one of the young men said to the host, "I thought you were to be married at six o'clock. It's that time now."

A bath, a shave, the wedding suit to be donned and adjusted and then a ride of two miles before the ceremony could be performed! Fortunately the three had fast horses, but, alas, the young man never heard the end of his forgetting his own wedding!

On an average each person in Britain, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland uses fourteen matches a day.

Kissing is Not a Universal Salutation.

There are some girls who are never kissed. The Japanese lover, for instance, does not salute his bethrother in our fashion. He regards kissing as a queer foreign custom; it has no meaning for him. In China the kiss is considered disgraceful.

But although the kiss is unknown, or at any rate neglected, in many parts of the world, nearly every nation has some form of salutation which corresponds with the European kiss. The Malays and the Eskimos greet each other by rubbing noses. Among the Burmese, the form of greeting which denotes affection is to apply the cheek and draw a long breath.

It is true that the kiss is also used as a means of salutation where there is no affection, or even respect. Children, for instance, are taught that they must kiss people for whom they may have a strong antipathy, simply because it is the proper thing to do, and two women who hate each other will kiss for the same reason. These uses are a degradation of one of the most beautiful modes of expression in the world.

In Iceland they do not understand the kiss as a mode of salutation, but it is regarded as somthing blonging to the supernatural. If a child is oll you will sometimes see its mother solemnly kiss the little one on the breast—an invocation to the Supreme Being that her child may be cured.

We are not altogether without superstition regarding the kiss. At one time many a gambler might have been seen kissing the cards to bring him luck, and the warrior, before starting out to battle, would kiss the favor given him by his lady to insure victory and to enhance his safety. Until lately all Anglo-Saxons kissed the Book when we took the oath "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

And who has not seen a mother take her child in her arms and kiss the bruise to "make it well?"

English As She is Spoke in Para.

English for the Mass is the title of a booklet published in the city of Para, Brazil. It is designed to facilitate oral intercourse between Brazilians and English-speaking sojourners or visitors. Says a writer in a New York newspaper:

Apparently the "mass," whoever he may be, need not be fastidious in the matter of spelling, for the first ten or twelve pages, which are devoted entirely to columns of words, would not receive a high percentage in a primry school examination. With constructed sentences, however, the author displays a poetic fancy not to be restricted by mere rules. "Conversacions for the Daily" is the heading of the first round of this battle with English syntax. Then follows a sample of a "conversacion" that should take place between two Americans who meet each other when out walking:

"Good morning, sir; is it not the day fine?"

"Very pleasantly, thank you, and how are you?"

"Very goodly, with your permission, sir. Are you walking?"

"Yes, sir, for the health. Will you break some fast with me?"

"Gracious, yes. Shall we go to the coffee?"

"With pleasantness, sir. Let us eat meat and bread."

"The American Sellsman," writes the author, "is typically of an energy which is to admire in the warmth of the tropics. Of a youthfullness generally he breathes lively and wolks springly, searching his customer loyally for the firm his. To all he greets smiles, and one is to admire his frank. He is fresh of the cold northerly. Yet under the breast of the American sellsman, beats the heart warmness, therefore let us give greeting smiles with two hands open to him, crying 'welcome to Brazil, Mister.'"

Song That Won a Wife.

Quite trivial things have inspired musicians. Chopin caught the idea of a waltz from watching a puppy that was trying to catch its own tail. One of Bach's cantatas was written solely as an argument. His wife thought that he drank too much coffee, so the composer wrote the contata in praise of his favorite drink.

Rossini was so fond of eating and so reluctant to work that an impresario, who had commissioned an opera from him, had to lock him in his room and make him write so many pages of music for each course of dinner served to him.

Romance is often the keynote of musical masterpieces. Schubert was in love with a beautiful girl, but was too shy to make any advances. He translated his feelings into music and wrote his famous song, "Blossom Time."

Too shy to sing it to the maiden himself, he got a friend to sing it for him. Instead of furthering Schubert's interests, however, the singer himself won the girl's love and married her. The composer had unconsciously helped his own rival.

"Draughts are not the actual cause of colds," says a well-known physician. "If a person is not perspiring, a draught will cause no harm whatever."

THE QUEEN OF ALL CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

BY CULLEN CAIN.

It seemed to me that I had never seen so many people on a city street before. I tried in vain for a long time to get from my office to the street car stop, but the close-packed throngs held me to a snail's shuffle all the way. And, mind you, it was after 7 o'clock in the evening, and it was a cold and miserable winter night.

Most of the men and women who jammed this street were workers who had to shop after their regular hours. They were tired and supperless, but they were also good-natured and patient with each other as they struggled for progress. Finally I escaped from the press and forced my way into the crowded street car.

And in the seat across the aisle from me I saw the Queen of all Christmas Shoppers. I wish I could tell you.

She was a woman of middle age and her cloak and hat were of a fashion years gone by. Her face was kindly still, in spite of the lines traced there by an unkind world. Somehow, it seemed to me that she must have been a beautiful young woman only a few years ago. She was so tired she drooped forward in her seat.

* * * *

She had with her a little cheap, frail, brightly painted toy wagon; just a two-wheeled wagon, and she held the little old swiggering wheels close between her feet, and her bare hand held the crooked and pathetically small tongue of this vehicle close to her knees.

This wagon was her sole purchase of the day. She bore no other bundle, carried no other merchandise, had no other package, purchase or present.

All the way westward to my destination I sat there and looked at that shopper with fascinated and thoughtful interest. And I wove a little story about her. I was sure she was a widow and that she worked for a living, and that she had one small son. She had stopped downtown after her work was done and had sought through the department stores for something she could afford to buy to make a Christmas for that boy. She was just as poor as poor could be. That was easy to see from her frayed and sadly worn apparel, and that her work was very hard could not be doubted by any who saw the weary droop of her body and the exhaustion that showed so plainly in her face and eyes.

* * * *

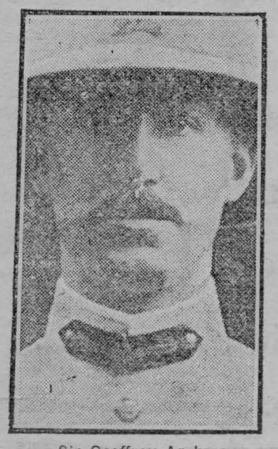
But try as I would I could not make a sad and pathetic picture of this woman, and about her I cannot weave a sad tale.

For I was sure that, in spite of her poverty and misfortune and weariness she was happy. I cannot tell you why I knew, but I did. She had a grand and gorgeous present for that little boy at home. He would have a fine Christmas with that little red wagon, with its slewed wheels and tongue already askew.

Say, it seemed to me that that boy was the luckiest kid in town. Honest! Did he not have a mother who had spent more for that little wagon than any magnate or matron in Ontario would ever spend for the finest, fastest automobile in the world? It would ruin a capitalist to spend as much of his visible working capital as she had spent for a Christmas present.

She was a queen in her own right, this tired, middle-aged woman with only traces of youth and beauty, for she was taking a splendid gift home to her boy who had waited all day alone for her coming. He will have a great Christmas, that boy. Who knows but he may hitch that toy wagon to a star and ascend to great heights? I say, who knows! The children of such a woman as this reach every state that mortals desire. Yea, but it is so. This lad's heritage of that mother and that little red wagon is a thing not to be lightly considered.

Maybe I was dreaming all the way home that night, but I still affirm and declare unto you that I had the honor and the privilege to see at close hand and to ride with the Queen of All Christmas Shoppers.



Sir Geoffrey Archer

who has been appointed as governor-general of the Sudan. Previously he was governor and commander-in-chief of Uganda.

Friendship.

The season whose apex is reached with Christmas and the New Year is valued especially for the emphasis it puts on friendship. In the year that elapsed since the last festival perhaps some among us had forgotten the influx of intense and genial feeling which the Yuletide brings with it, even as we forget the spring, so that each new May is a green miracle and a fresh wonderment.

There are many things for which to give thanks at the threshold of 1925, and for nothing should we be more grateful than for friends. We are not poor till we have lost them. The loss of his throne to a king, or the loss of his fortune to a millionaire, or the loss of health to one who rejoiced in his physical well-being, is not so great an affliction as the loss of a friend to one who greatly cares for those who share the human scene with him.

Friendship is imperishable even on earth, for its quality and its influence inevitably pass into our character. If we choose to be friends with the mean and malignant (not to raise them but to adopt their ways), we shall become mean and malignant too. If we by preference consort with greatness of soul and essential nobility, we must, though imperceptibly to ourselves, absorb something of these qualities into our own beings. As we touch pitch and are defiled, so we communicate with beauty and partake of it. Habitually to dwell with truth and decency and dignity must almost certainly mean a lasting bias in favor of these lovely things. The child who is brought up among ruffians will be fortunate to avoid having his character permanently seared and blasted.

We choose our friends, our friends choose us, because we mutually find congenial impulses and aspirations. The same end must be proposed and the same means approved if friendship is to be fond and lasting. In that greatest friendship of all which subsists between husband and wife there cannot be permanence unless both partners have the same ideals in the planning of a home (which is a personal rather than an architectural affair) and the training of a child.

Life is said to be, t best, a very lonesome business. We are reminded constantly of upreared walls through which there is no feeling and over which we cannot look, between one human being and another. But a true, deep friendship discovers to each of us surprisingly how near we may approach through all the barriers of sense and custom and our separate physical frames that are the temples of the indwelling spirit. It is not so much the separate embodiments of our beings as it is the spiritual differences that estrange and prevent our being friends.

Pictures of robins, holly, and so on came into use on Christmas cards in 1862.

"Grown Up and Gone Away"

I went into the nursery to-day,
The children have grown up and gone away—
Flung wide the blinds to let the sunlight in,
What merriment within that room has been!
What rollicking and quarreling and bliss!
What woes, so quickly solaced with a kiss.
What blessed noise . . . what silence, now to-day.
The children have grown up and gone away.
I stood beside each little quiet bed
Where, years agone, had lain a restless head—
And where they knelt at night and morn to pray . . .
The children have grown up—and gone away.
'Tis Christmas eve—and hearts should be all gay.
The children have grown up, and gone away—
But I shall hang the stockings in a row,
Just as we did those happy years ago!
And set a little candle lighted tree
For Father Christmas, when he comes, to see,
A fire upon the hearth—a holly spray . . .
The children have grown up—and gone—away.
And oh, I'll bring the half forgotten toys—
They mind me so of all the childish joys . . .
The laughter, and the pranks they used to play . . .
The children have grown up, and gone away.
I'll fill the little stockings! P'raps 'twill seem
As if this dreadful silence—is a dream . . .
This one—was Jeanie's . . . This belonged to Ray . . .
The children—have grown up—and gone—away.
And this was Baby Larry's . . .
Oh—my heart—
So long, the years . . . so far—so far apart!
Beside their empty beds I kneel . . .
God . . . send my children home . . . on Christmas Day!

—Barbara Young.

The Hem.

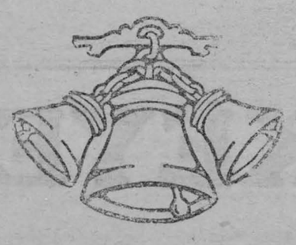
The earth had sinned, and she had slain
Her flower children fair,
And levied tribute on the trees
And stripped the gardens bare.
Deserted by the fickle sun
And shivering dismayed
Beneath the norther's stinging lash,
Disconsolate, she prayed.

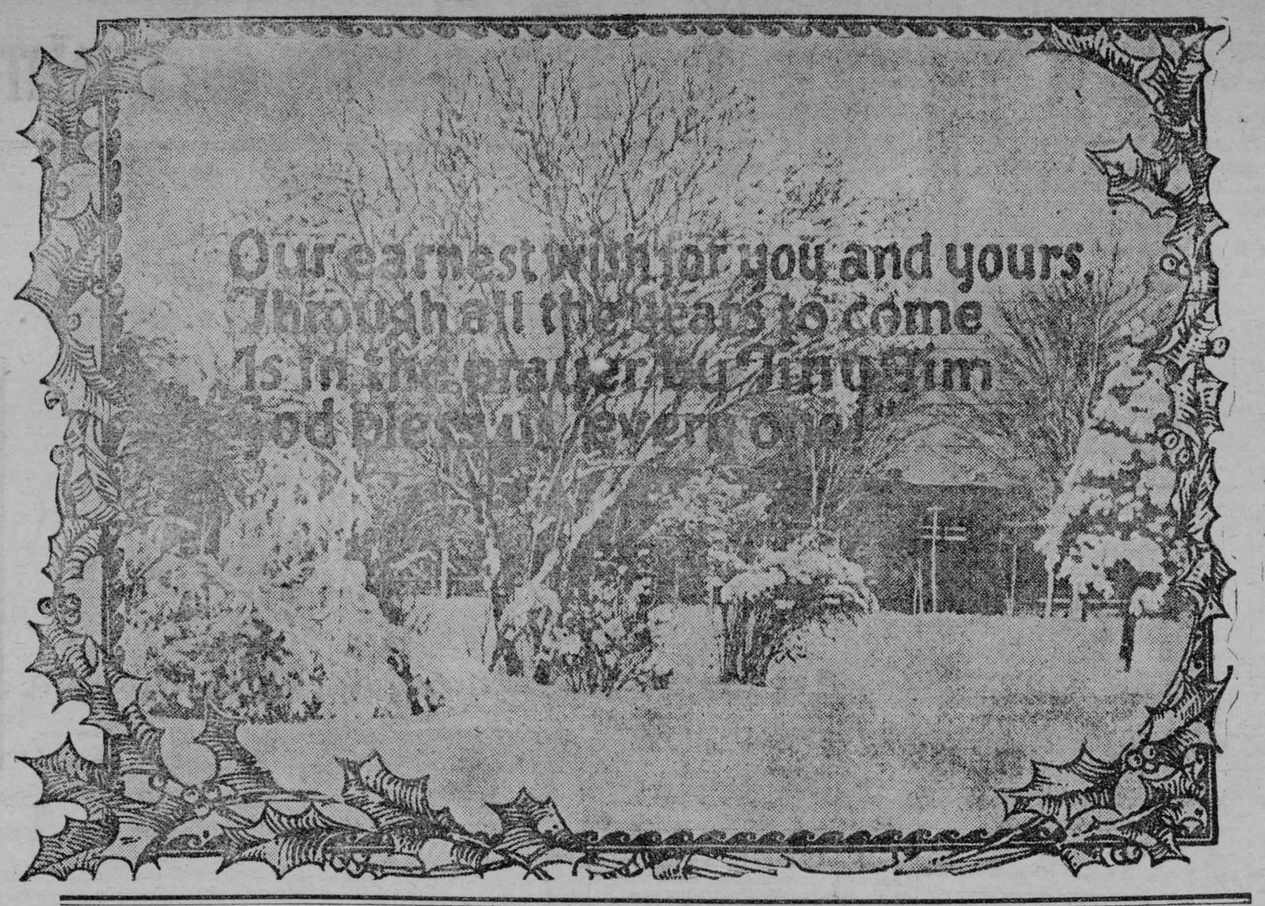
"Lord of the seasons, unto deeds
Of evil I confess—
But I am poor, take pity now
Upon my nakedness.
Hide with thy mantle's spotless hem
My withered breast," and lo!
The earth was covered with the white
Compassion of the snow.

—Mina Irving.

Christmas Greetings.

A pretty and convenient way to display Christmas greeting cards is to fasten each one with small paper clips onto a cord or narrow ribbon stretched across a corner of the room. They look much prettier that way than on a tree.





THE FIRST GIFT TREE

"How cold it is!" said little Marie, as she drew her thin shawl round her shoulders. The snow was very deep in the woods, and Marie had been gathering sticks for a fire.

Somehow the snow gave the little girl no joy this year, for her parents were very poor indeed, and Santa Claus would never visit so poor a cottage as theirs.

Suddenly Marie caught sight of an old man hobbling towards her in the distance, bent beneath the weight of a large bundle of faggots. He looked so tired and old that Marie ran forward to him.

"May I help you?" she said kindly. "That bundle must be very heavy!"

The old man smiled and allowed her to relieve him of his burden.

"You are very kind, little maiden!" was all he said.

They plodded along through the snow for a long while in complete silence. Every moment the bundle that Marie carried seemed to grow heavier, but she never once complained. At last they reached the outskirts of the forest.

ONLY A SNOWBALL.

Here the old man stopped suddenly, and gathered up a handful of snow. He rolled it neatly into a small snowball, and handed it to little Marie, at the same time taking his bundle of sticks from her.

"Thank you, child!" he said. "Accept this gift from me in return for your kindness!"

Then he turned, and in a few moments was lost to sight, leaving Marie staring in astonishment at the snowball in her hand.

"What a strange gift!" she thought. "Why, I could make a hundred such myself!"

Nevertheless, she took it home with her, feeling that there must be some meaning in it.

When she had told her parents of her adventure, they laughed very scornfully.

"The old man was mad!" said her father. "Throw away the snowball, child!"

But Marie would not do so, and, crossing over to the fireside, melted the snowball on the hob.

Suddenly she gave a cry, and picked up from amid the melting snow a tiny seed.

"See! The old man's gift was not worthless!" she cried.

"A seed!" laughed her mother. "And what use is that to you?"

"I will plant it!" cried little Marie, not heeding their laughter, and she planted the little seed just outside the cottage.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Then very sadly she went to bed, for it was Christmas Eve; but it was no use hanging up her stocking. Santa Claus never came to their cottage.

But the next morning, when Marie went to her window and looked out, she gave a cry, and, running downstairs, called her parents outside the cottage.

There, on the very spot where she had planted the seed the evening before, had grown a tall, beautiful tree, hung with all sorts of toys, gifts, and lovely things to eat and wear!

"This is magic!" cried her father, as they gazed at the wonderful tree. They had never seen a Christmas tree before.

"Isn't it beautiful?" cried Marie joyously. "You see, the old man was not mad after all. This is his gift to me. Why, perhaps he was even Santa Claus himself in disguise!"

And I shouldn't wonder if he was!

A Christmas Song.

There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire, while the
Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles
a King.
In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world,
Every heart is aflame and the
Beautiful sing,
In the home of the nations that
Jesus is King!

—J. G. Holland.

Merry Christmas to All.

To our readers—a Merry, Merry Christmas is our holiday message to you. It is a message of love and faith and charity, as befits the Yuletide season. Love unbounded, in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem; faith, unscathed by the hands of time, and charity, inspired by a true spirit of unselfishness.

May you have a stockingful of blessings to help brighten each cloudy day.

Moravian Carol.

Hail, thou wondrous infant stranger,
Born lost Eden to regain;
Welcome in thy humble manger,
Welcome to thy creature man.
Hail, Immanuel,
Thou who wast ere time began.

Big Inside.

During the Christmas holidays the chief guest in the Jones household was a little nephew. The aunt was frankly amazed at the astonishing exhibition of his appetite.

"Heaven!" she exclaimed one day. "I hope you don't mind my saying so, Louis, but, for a little chap, you certainly eat a whole lot!"

Louis, however, was not in the least taken aback.

"Remember this, Auntie," he said solemnly, "I ain't so little as I look from the outside."

Christmas Candies
for good little boys and girls

The genial smile of old St. Nick apparently has a psychological connection with our sweet tooth. No sooner do we see his genial smile, or hear his jolly laugh, than we think of candy canes, lollipops, sugared animals, and many other sweets that are found in the Christmas stocking.

During the holiday season nothing is more pleasing to the children, and I will include the grown-ups, too, than to have a handful of candy to munch while enjoying their Christmas stories.

These recipes for home-made candy you will find to be accepted in high favor.

FONDANT.

1¼ lbs. sugar, ¾ cup water, ⅛ tsp. cream tartar, flavoring.

Cook sugar and water slowly and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When boiling, add cream of tartar and cease stirring. When syrup forms soft ball in cold water, pour onto a moistened platter. When cool, stir with a knife until creamy. Form into a large ball and place in earthen jar and cover with damp cloth. This will keep a long time. When ready to use, work in the desired flavoring, coloring and nut meats, or candied fruit, and mold into small pieces.

COCOA CARAMELS.

Two cups sugar, 1 cup molasses, 2 tb. butter, ½ cup cocoa, 1 tsp. vanilla.

Cook all together except flavoring, until the hard ball stage is reached. Do not stir after sugar is dissolved. Add flavoring and pour into buttered pans. When cold, cut in cubes and wrap in waxed paper.

LOLLIPOPS.

One cup sugar, ¾ cup light corn syrup, ¼ cup water, 8 drops oil of cinnamon, coloring.

Cook sugar, syrup and water, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then continue cooking until very brittle when dropped in cold water. Add flavoring and coloring, stirring as little as possible. Pour into greased molds and when the lollipops begin to harden, insert the sticks.

CHOCOLATE DIVINITY.

2 1-3 cups sugar, 2-3 cup light corn syrup, ½ cup water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 egg whites, 1-3 cup cocoa, 1 cup nut meats, ½ tsp. vanilla.

Cook the sugar, syrup, salt and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Then cook to the soft ball stage. Gradually pour the syrup over the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff, stirring constantly. Add cocoa and beat until candy will hold its shape. Add vanilla and nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper.

Two Thousand Years of Yuletide Hymns

Although the Christmas carol can look back on nearly two thousand years of history, its story in England only seems to open in the days of the Plantagenet Kings.

At the British Museum you may see a time-stained parchment on which is written by a monkish hand the first carol of which we have certain knowledge. It was penned in Norman-French in the thirteenth century, and is better fitted for a convivial gathering than for a religious service.

SONGS OF GAIETY.

This was the type of many of our earliest known carols—songs of gaiety and good cheer such as might form a spirited accompaniment to the steaming wassail-bowl and the flames of goodly logs roaring up spacious baronial chimneys. Such was the character of that "sett of Carols" which Wynkyn de Worde gave to a jollity-loving world in 1521, from his rude press at the "Sign of the Sun" in Fleet Street, London.

As we look through these carols of the days of chivalry we see in imagination the yule-log drawn in triumph from its forest-home, to be greeted at the door of hall or castle by minstrels singing:—

Welcome be thou, heavenly King,
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome for whom we shall sing,
Welcome Yule!

or, in later years, to be welcomed by Herrick's more appropriate lines:—

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids we all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

BETHLEHEM AS A SEAPORT.

Such songs would have been little to the taste of the Franciscan friars, who are said to have originated carols in England about the time of Henry III., mating old ballad-melodies to holy themes—grave and solemn Christmas chants such as "The Sons of Levi":—

For we are the true-born sons of Levi,
By the bright and the glorious star.

But with the Reformation came a chastening of high spirits and a return to the carol of more pious days. No more should the holy season be profaned by such a Bacchanalian ditty as:—

Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking,
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,
English ales that drive out thinking,
Prince of liquors old and new.

In England carollers were to choose among "Certayne goodly Carowles to be songe to the glory of God," published by John Tysedale in 1562; and in Scotland, from a similar selection of "Gude and Godly Ballades," all infused by the same dismal piety.

We doubt whether the Puritan's approval would have been extended to the carol which describes the vagaries of the three ships which "come sailing in on Christmas day":—

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,

a carol with a goodly swing, in spite of its crude conceptions of geography; or that ancient but evergreen carol, "God rest you, merry gentlemen!"

A POET'S PRESENT.

Happily the best of the old carols have come down to us, such as "The First Nowell," "The Holly and the Ivy," and "What Child is This?"—haunting melodies with an irresistible swing, allied to quaint words which add the charm of story to the spirit of praise.

And to such survivors from ancient days, composers and poets of more recent years have made many welcome additions. Such are "Christians, Awake!" written by John Byrom as a Christmas gift for his little daughter, and first sung at the doorway of Byrom's House, Kersal Cell, near Manchester, on Christmas Eve, 1750; and Gounod's "Cradled All Lowly," the air of which is so simple that a baby might lisp it; and yet it was presented to a London audience with all the pomp and dignity that a great orchestra and choir could give it.

The House of Christmas.

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam!
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done,
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honor and high surprise;
But our homes are under miraculous skies,
Where the yule tale was begun.

A child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago—
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the firedrake swings,
And our peace is but in impossible things,
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome;
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

—G. K. Chesterton.

CHRISTMAS.

How shall we come to the Christmas of 1924? Shall it be with despair in our hearts of the final triumph of good over evil, or dare we, despite the voices of the present and the dark fears for the future, declare our faith in the words of Browning's innocent child, and say,

"God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world"?

The answer is simple. Leave Him out of His heaven and out of His world, and Christmas, with its "glorious song of old," is little less than a mockery. But hold to the faith that has stayed and steadied unnumbered multitude's of earth's finest spirits in days when those about them were saying, "Where is now thy God?" and you will greet the dawn of the new Christmas with a deep and satisfying peace. Here is an optimism that will hail the coming Christmas not because it ignores the facts, but in spite of the facts; an optimism that knows that, though mighty empires have come and gone, and darkness settled over many a nation like an impenetrable gloom, the world has steadily, if slowly, rolled out of darkness into light. This is not the only era in human history when civilization has seemed to be drifting toward the rocks, with no watcher at the bow and no hand on the helm.

Would any of us like to go back to the days when man was emerging from his arboreal life? Do we pine for the civilization of Babylon or Egypt, or Rome, with the world mostly slaves? Have we made no progress even through nights of French Revolutions and Russian horrors? Look back over human history and trace the upward climb, and mark the larger world into which humanity has come since that first Christmas day, and despair will give place to hope, and the song of Browning's little maid will not seem so mad a dream.

When to Plant Pines.

Pine trees grow bette[r] the fall.

The great[er] mon was total of

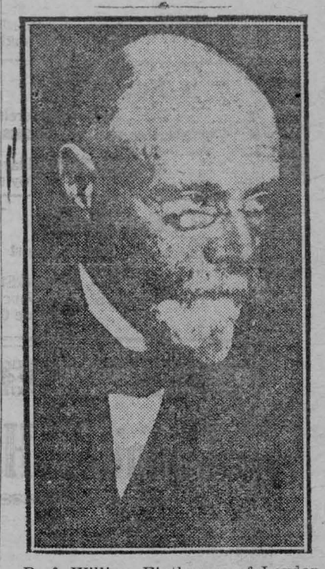
To Grandpa's For Christmas.

Grandpa's house is a favorite rendezvous at Christmas time. We used to go there in the sleighs, whole sleigh-loads of us, snuggled down on the deep, clean straw in the wagon box. Great times were those. Nowadays we go in the automobile. The piked-up roads and the automobile have well-nigh put the old bob sleds and the merry sleigh bells out of commission. But we have jolly times at Grandpa's house just the same, and that is where most of us will be this Christmas time if we are fortunate enough to have a Grandpa still on earth to visit.

There will be uncles and aunts, and maybe great uncles and great aunts, and cousins and friends galore. And there will be a great table fairly groaning under the spread of good things that Grandma knows so well how to make. There will be the turkey—drumsticks up—on the big platter and done to a turn; there will be brilliant crimson cranberries and mashed potatoes and mince pies and big red apples, and nuts and candy. Over in the chimney corner will be the Christmas tree, festooned with all sorts of pretty things for the kiddies, and gifts for everyone.

The children will revel in all sorts of jolly romps and new games and Christmas stories; there will be music and friendly frolic, and perhaps a rabbit hunt for the young folks; and the height of good fellowship will prevail among the elders. Perchance they, too, will join with the children or the young folks in their joy-making, and help to make this Christmas at Grandpa's house one long to be remembered. For, after all, is not that what Christmas is for? The one day of all the year best suited to the renewal of friendships; to the showing of our affection for our own folks; and to the general expression of good-will that is down deep in the hearts of all of us for our fellowman.

Sure enough, these good traits, that may always be found, even in the worst of us, get covered up pretty deep sometimes by business cares and worries, by petty jealousies and grievances, and by troubles of various kinds, but Christmas is a time to put aside such trivial things and let our minds and our hearts dwell upon the good things of life. Grandpa's house and all that attaches thereto, are among the greatest of these good things. Let us make the most of them this Christmas time and store up memories to hand down to our children's children.



Prof. William Einthoven, of Leyden University, has been awarded the 1924 Nobel prize for medicine for the invention of a mechanism whereby it is possible to make motion picture X-ray records of the movements of the heart.

Eye of Murdered Man Holds Slayer's Image.

The theory that a murder victim's eye may sometimes hold the image of his slayer received scientific confirmation from Prof. Doehne of Cologne University, Berlin. The professor photographed the retina of two of the victims of Fritz Angerstein, wealthy Hagen merchant, who killed eight persons. The retina of one yielded a picture of Angerstein's face. The other showed the same face, contorted with rage, and the blade of the axe with which the murders were committed.

British Will Build the First Steel Airship.

First details of the world's greatest airship, to be built by the British Air Ministry at Cardington, Bedfordshire, are now disclosed. The new airship will be known as the R-101, and will probably be completed by the end of 1926. It will be the first steel airship, the main part of the structure being of stainless steel, with steel propellers. Cubical capacity will be about 5,000,000 cubic feet, twice that of any airship yet constructed. It will be able to accommodate 100 passengers

Silk Alpaca Not Silk.

Silk alpaca is not silk at all but is made from the hair of the Peruvian sheep.

"Best Thing in the World For Delicate Girls"

Mrs. John Bennett, Boggy Creek, Man., writes:

"My little girl had organic nervous trouble, could not sleep, had severe headaches and fainting spells. This went on for three years, and three doctors helped her very little. After reading of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food had done for others, I got some for her. She is now so well that she is like a different child. She is fourteen years old and looks the picture of health.



"We have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for different members of the family, when recovering from "flu" and scarlet fever, and it has always helped them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

60 cts. a box of 60 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Credo

Not what, but Whom I do believe,
That in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
No mortal man may give:—
Not what, but Whom!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And his full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
Not what I do believe, but Whom:
Who walks beside me in the gloom
Who shares the burden wearisome?
Who all the dim way doth illume?
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?
Not what I do believe, but Whom!
Not what, but Whom!

—John Oxenham.

Public Notice

A meeting of the Electors of the Village of Winchester, will be held in the Town Hall, in the said Village, on

Monday, Dec. 29th, 1924

At 7 o'clock

For the purpose of nominating Candidates for the offices of Reeve, Councillors and Public School Trustees, and remain open for one hour.

Should a poll be demanded, notice is hereby given that a poll will be held in the same village on

Monday, Jan. 5th, 1925

From the time of 9 o'clock in the morning till the hour of 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Council Chambers, to receive the votes of the electors.

All persons interested will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

J. C. EMPEY,
Village Clerk and Returning Officer.
Winchester, Dec. 29th, 1924.

For Sale

500 bus. mixed grain, 200 bus clear oats Terms if desired to responsible parts.

W. J. Docksteader
32 4c Ormond, Ont

For Sale

A few Pure Bred Anoona cockerels, this year stock. These are very choice fowl. Communicate with

Zerney Harper.
33-5c Toy's Hill.

For Sale

One half-speeder cutter almost new. Apply to

Clifford Stewart
Main St. east Winchester
33-4p Phone 602r23

NOTICE!

We have the agency for the 'Triplex' Portable heater and cooker, Electric, combined in a single unit. Just a real nice Christmas Gift.

No extra Wiring necessary. Call at our store and see us demonstrate this master combination.

Price $18.00.

A. E. Goodfellow.

Do as Mr. Gard

Mr. Anson A. Gard, the well known Littérateur of Ottawa, called the Wandering Yankee, says in an unsolicited testimonial for ZUTOO Tablets:

"Zutoo Tablets stop my headaches so completely that I do not mind having them any more."

No need for any one to suffer from headache if they do as Mr. Gard does

and take Zutoo

CANADIAN PACIFIC
TIME TABLE

Westbound—To Smiths Falls and West.

No. 23—12.39 a.m. daily except Sunday, flag for passengers to and beyond Sharbot Lake—Stop for passengers from Montreal.
No. 35—9 52 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 29—7.35 p.m. daily except Sunday.

Eastbound—To Montreal

No. 24—5.05 a.m. daily except Sunday, flag for passengers to Montreal, stop for passengers from Sharbot Lake and points beyond.
No. 30—8.40 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 36—5.27 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For particulars and Tickets apply to

T. W. BOYES, Agent.

Wood For Sale

Good quality stove wood in the Angus Houlahan bush near Toys Hill. Will only be operating a very short time. First come first served.

The M. F. Beach Co., Ltd.,
33-36 c. Winchester, Ont.

Lannin's Hall, January 3



"The COVERED WAGON"

A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION PRESENTED BY JESSE L. LASKY

Love, adventure, thrills—these are the component elements of this superb production.

This is a picture you can't afford to miss.

Admission 48c plus tax. Children 23c plus tax.

High School Report

(December)

Form IV—Jean Wallace 92 (2 exams), Muriel Marquette 90 (2 exams), Harold Whitley 85, Douglas McGee 70, Helen Stevenson 70, Rae Derby 69, Ethel Dixon 68 (1 exam), Gordon MacDonald 67 (2 exams), Rupert Helmer 65, Dorothy Wallace 65, Ruth Claxton 62, Ruby Davidson 57, Elizabeth Link 56, Cecil Dukelow 44 (1 exam), Kenneth Brunton 42 (2 exams)

Form III B—V. Haggerty 100 (1 exam) B. Stewart 87, F. Jackson 78, G. Helmer 78, L. McIntosh 73, F. Stewart 73, H. Barclay 72, L. Summers 71, H. Bellinger 71, L. Porteous 71 (1 exam), A. Summers 69, E. Davidson 68, C. Dukelow 68 (1 exam), A. Carkner 67, W. Servage 62, W. Johnston 60 (1 exam), D. Morrow 60 (1 exam), V. MacCourtie 59, T. Dixon 59, M. Flora 58 (1 exam), M. Suffel 57, L. Casselman 53, G. Johnston 53, H. Justus 51, H. Elliott 45, L. Durant 44, K. Carkner 41, F. Johnston 37, H. Black 32.

Form III A—Olive Johnston 69, Mary Carkner 68, Mabel Jackson 68, Minnie Earle 66, Minnie Robinson 65, Eddie Thomas 65, Evelyn Cheney 64, Alex Davidson 64, Maude Gordon 64, Marjorie Wallace 61, William McConkey 58, Lula Rennie 58, Visa Baker 56, Beatrice Dixon 56, Ina Barrigar 55, Beatrice McConkey 55, Melvin Scott 52, Andrew Derby 49, Billy Agnew 43.

Form II—Ruth Durant 92, Bessie Cohlthart 75, Preston Rae 72, Eva Docksteader 71, Luella Edgerton 69, Olga Scott 65, Dorothy Forrester, 64, Mildred Derby 60, Jay Casselman 57, Nina Henderson 52, Willie Smith 51 (2 exams), Arthur Anderson 49, Pliney Bowman 49, Vera Allen 46, Dugald MacLean 45, Hugh Wilson 44, Carrie Servage 41, Allen MacLean 39, Stuart Corry 38, Laura Dukelow 38, Isabelle Gemeroy 38, Donald Edgerton 34 Jack Boyes 29 (2 exams), Lillian Higginson 27, Harold Greer 18.

Form I—Hazel Jackson 92 (1 exam), Mabel Waddell 83, Evelyn Armstrong 80, Walter Sinclair 79, Margaret Barclay 77, Hilda Cinnamon 74, Dora Holmes 74, Cyril Weary 72, Jennie Empey 70, Willis Robinson 69, Robert Holmes 68, Harold Lannin 68, Linda Steele 68, Annie Strader 66, E. Hitsman 65, Harriet Imrie 65, K. Barigar 64, Robert Robinson 64, Dorothy Summers 64, Gordon Gibson 63, Willie Jennings 63, Ruby Stewart 63, Hilda Ennis 62, Lula Holmes 62, Murray Rae 62, Muriel Robinson 62, Winnie Rennie 61, Viola Burgess 61, Charles Weary 60, Kenneth Annable 59, Dorothy Farmiloe 59, Stanley Gibson 59, Oliver Derby 58, Annie Holmes 57, Johnson Stewart 57, Helen Lewis 55, Herman Strader 55, Paul Gordon 54, Murray Porteous 54, Karl Bell 53, Reta Campbell 53, Eleanor Edgerton 53, Walter Coons 49, Arthur Hitsman 49, Ronald Steinburgh 49, Beverly Jackson 43, Alton Bolton 37, Willie Owens 29.

You can get all the good the old mustard plaster used to do without the burns and the blisters. Williams' Camphorated Mustard Cream simply soothes away the soreness and stiffness that the colder weather brings on, and banishes rheumatism quicker than anything else. It is good for colds in the chest. Rub it in and rub it on. 35c a jar at the druggists.

About V. K. Greer.

(From the London Advertiser)

Say, Mr. Greer, you have a job I do not wish to take at all, nor be the man on whom most times the irate parents come to call.

What do you say unto the folks what rap upon your polished door, and threaten to upset the place and bang your cane upon the floor? You're not a man six feet in height, who'd fling the inkstand and the chairs, and take the warrin' parents out and cast 'em headlong down the stairs.

When folks go off to see trustees, I know it may seem kind of queer, but they look wise and tell their guests to go and talk to V. K. Greer. They figure that it's handy like to pass the buck along the line, so voters won't have cause to kick when rolls around election time.

How do you do it, Mr. Greer, you always seem as smooth as silk, like cows upon the dairy ads what always lay contented milk?

How do you keep the teachers sweet, and don't they ever raise a row, how do you settle all their griefs and iron the furrows from their brow?

When parents come and say to you that Johnnie is a smart young lad, but that the teachin' done on him is stupid like and powerful bad—ah, tell us what your answer is, do you agree the teachin's punk and that the methods what they use is nothin' short of ancient junk?

Or do you, in a case like that, get riled upl ike a thunder sky, and shake the parents by the neck and poke your finger in their eye?

And when examinations come, and little folks set forth their views, a-scatchin' at their little heads and waverin' in their little shoes. And when they fail to get across, now must you sit in there all day, and hear the parents tell you then the teachin's thin as last weeks whey.

Ah, tell us, Mister V. K. Greer, how do you keep your temper sweet, how do you smile at all the folks what lay for you upon the street?

Perhaps you'll write a book some day of all the things that you have done, and how you got off with your life and never swung a gun. We'll watch out for that pamphlet, sir, we'll scan its pages quaint and queer, a-noting that the cover says, "The Life and Ways of V. K. Greer."

Mr. Greer, as many will remember, is a Winchester boy, now School Inspector at London, Ont.

Butcher Thieves Active

A peculiar theft has stirred the farmers in the neighborhood of Picton. Joseph Hudgins, a prominent farmer, failed to locate a valuable Holstein cow, and thought it had strayed away. While going over his premises he discovered the head, hide and inner works of his favorite cow, which had been led to a secluded place, knocked on the head, killed and taken away as dressed beef, some of which he may probably have purchased in Picton. There is said to be no clue to the butcher thieves.

As a result of discipline established through fire drills, 345 children were marched out of a burning school building to safety at Gulfport, Miss., a few days ago. Order was maintained during the exit, although some of the children had to lean through windows to get fresh air on the way out. Teachers and others whose forethought made this happy result possible are entitled to the highest praise. Every school should have frequent fire drills.

Returns after a Survey of Schools in Denmark

Dr. F. W. Merchant, supervisor in the Ontario Department of Education, returned to the Parliament Buildings recently after having visited Denmark to study the rural school system there. He conferred for some time with Premier Ferguson, communicating several of the features of the Danish school system, which he believed should be useful to Ontario. It was stated that the ideas which would be adopted here would tend principally to developing a respect for agriculture among rural children.

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THE STORE OF "QUALITY" BUT NOT OF HIGH PRICES

With Dickens we would like to "honor Christmas in our hearts and try to keep it all the year"

If, on account of the routine of business, we sometimes forget to keep the spirit alive during the year, the season reminds us that it is our privilege to "honor Christmas in our hearts."

As an expression of this, we want to extend to you our heartiest wishes for your prosperity during the coming year.

Sincerely yours,

T. O. KEYES

Phone 16 Winchester **T. O. KEYES** Meat Market Phone 85