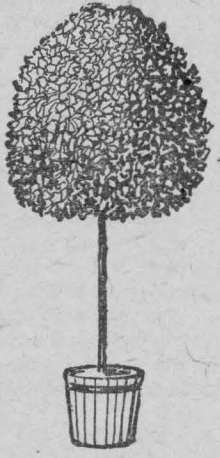


## Get the Christmas Spirit

Beautiful, Living, Growing  
Plants and Flowers  
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS



We have a fine lot of lovely Cyclamen, Primula, Azalea, Begonia, Heather and Xmas Cherries plants, all out in bud and bloom for Christmas and New Years. These range in price from \$1.00 up to \$5.00

"Say it with flowers"

By sending Floral Gifts to your friends and those in your own home this glad holiday time.

Thrifty, growing Table Ferns, Palms, Boston Ferns ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

Fresh Cut Flowers.

Roses, Violets, Carnations, Narcissus, etc., all can be safely sent to any Express Office.

The Hay Floral & Seed Co.

FLORISTS

Brockville - - Ontario

## "The New Store"

The place to buy your Christmas Fruits—Grapes, Drained Cherries, Oranges, Lemons and Grape Fruit.

Table Raisins, 1 lb. pkgs., Bleached Sultana Raisins, Currants, Mixed Peels, Walnuts and Almonds.

Chocolates, Creams, Candy Toys, Candied Figs, Mixed Candies, Mixed Nuts.

Oysters, Cooked Meat and Fish.

J. E. UTMAN

Main Street - - Winchester.

Call and hear our Star Records, 65c each.

## "Casselman's Xmas Sale"

### Do Your Xmas Shopping At Casselman's

If you don't feel that you've got the greatest dollars worth in years, get a refund of your money.

#### For the Kiddies

Dolls, Teddy Bears, Purses, Hosiery, Slippers, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Toys, Etc.

#### Millinery Department

Give Her a Hat for an Xmas Present.  
25% Off All Hats.

#### Women's Overgaiters

12 Button Length Grey, Taupe and Brown \$2.25 per pair.

She will greatly appreciate a pair of Wash Cape Gauntlets, Heather or Silk Hose, Boudoir Cap, Camasoles, Silk Waist, Hand Bags, Handkerchief Beads, etc.

DOLLS DOLLS DOLLS  
From  
5c to \$5.00

Shoes Shoes Shoes  
Selling at Cost and Less  
Buy now and Save Money

He will appreciate Ties, Mitts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Fine Hose, Silk Wool or Cotton.

Big Stock Xmas Fancy Goods, Stamped Linens in Servettes, Trays, Centers, Doyleys Laundry Bag, Towels, Etc.

Children's Kimonas  
Pull-Over Sweaters

Xmas Decorations. Shop Early.

C. Lee Casselman,  
Phone 96, Winchester, P. O. Box 378

It Pays To Shop At Casselman's.

## Social & Personal

Miss Bessie Scott of Ottawa is home the Xmas holidays.

Miss Gladys Conley of Ottawa Normal is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Helen Baker of Ottawa is spending the Xmas holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Baker.

Mr. Walter Flora arrived home this week from Toronto and will spend the Christmas holidays at his home here.

Miss Kathleen Hughes of Moosejaw Sask. is the guest of Mrs. Daniel Mailatt 15 St. Annis Place, St. Thomas, Ont. for the holidays.

Mr. J. F. Cass came home from the hospital, Ottawa, last week after a most successful operation when he had one eye removed. Mr. Cass is making a rapid recovery and is again able to move about.

Dr. D. M. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, of Toronto, Miss Ida Campbell of Saskatoon, Sask., and Miss Ruth Campbell B. A. of Vankleek Hill, Ont., are spending their holidays with their mother Mrs. T. R. Campbell of Vernon.

Mr. Campbell-Johnston left this morning for St. John's N. B. where he will take steamer Scandinavian for France, to resume his duties as Vice Counsel. Mrs. Campbell-Johnston accompanied him as far as Montreal.

Mrs. James Stewart, Church Street, was taken to the Hospital, Cornwall, last week where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. The Press is pleased to announce that Mrs. Stewart is making favourable recovery.

The following students have returned home from University for the Xmas holidays, Geo. Edwards and Earl Johnston, from McMaster, Kenneth Christie, Misses Muriel and Jean Fetterly and Helen Ellis, Varsity, Walter Flora, Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, J. C. Gomeroy and W. B. Faith, McGill, Montreal, and John Claxton, Queen's, Kingston.

Its due here next Tuesday "The Old Oaken Bucket" and when it comes you will thank your lucky stars that you have a memory.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Miss Pauline Hutt, Main St. last Thursday evening, when about 40 of the girl friends of Miss Kathleen Wells met to bid farewell to her, prior to her departure to Oshawa, where she has secured a position. An address was read by Miss Erma Beach, and Miss Pauline Hutt presented her with a leather purse and a sum of money. Miss Wells thanked her kind friends and neighbours for remembering her in this way. The remainder of the evening was spent in games, etc., after which lunch was served.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" The picture of the Century will be shown first in Canada in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening next. Admission 45 cts. Children 25 cts. Reserve your seats at J. A. McDougall's. Don't miss this wonderful picture.

## Notes and Comments.

"Peace on Earth, Good will toward men," so says all of us.

If you don't care for the things you can't obtain you will be fairly happy.

We all may have our ups and downs, but not so our tax bills, they are all up.

How much easier it is to buy things on the installment plan than it is to pay for them that way.

How very wise fathers and mothers would be if they only knew as much as their children think they do.

And now its up to the Women's Institute to see that a couple of their number are nominated for the School Board.

After a good Christmas dinner it will be somewhat hard to listen to the speeches in the Town Hall, next Monday after nomination.

The late Sir Sam Hughes left a fortune of nearly a million dollars. It is needless to add that Sir Sam made his fortune after he gave up publishing a weekly newspaper.

In your Christmas giving don't forget the domestic animals about your place. Your horse, your cow, your dog, your hens will all enjoy something special. The house cat is always in luck.

On the market at Uxbridge, the potato centre of the Midland district, the price of potatoes has dropped to 80 cents a bag. The farmers who sold earlier this fall do not appear to have made a mistake.

A Chicago doctor has discovered how to remove enlarged tonsils without the surgeon's knife. Now if he could only remove the appendix without an operation he would be doing something worth while.

Of a "victory" the Farmers, Sun is in doubt. It says: The Liberal leader will be dominated by Quebec with its Vested Interests leader, Sir Lomer Gouin. It remains to be seen whether the people won a victory or not! Orillia Packet.

Is the "hobo" coming back? Last week seven men, victims of hard times, wandering from town to town in search of jobs, were given shelter at the police station Brockville. Two of them walked from Gananogue to Brockville during the night, and after discarding their boots and socks slept for several hours on the floor in the station, snoring as loudly as if they were reposing on feather mattresses.

D.M. Ross, the Government Candidate in North Oxford was elected on Monday by a large majority. It would appear that Hydro Radial was the chief issue, and from the vote polled it would indicate that the people are behind Premier Drury in his opposition to Hydro Radials. The riding was previously Liberal, and the victory is a big triumph for the Drury Government.

Christmas brings a message of good cheer. If we miss that, we miss all. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy" is the keynote of the Christmas message. Happiness must be in the air, or Christmas is not what it ought to be. We must smile, inside and outside, and our smile must be the sort that does not wear off. Everybody who catches the spirit of this beautiful message must radiate happiness to every one else, and thus the world will be made a happier place for all. Selected.

The abolition of all military training in the Public Schools was urged into a resolution adopted by the U. F. O. convention at Toronto last week. The resolution was moved by Jasper Forman, himself a returned soldier who took the ground that in the trenches it was not the trained soldier, but the man right from the shops or the farms who was the best man. "They didn't believe in militarism, but they did believe in victory," he said of the latter.

The Pembroke Observer, Liberal, says: "General regret is felt throughout Canada over the personal defeat of Premier Meighen in his own constituency. He made a good fight for his party, but under similar circumstances no leader could have saved it from defeat. It is all likelihood a seat will be found for him, and he will probably return in due course to resume the Conservative leadership in the house. The party needs him badly, and should he decide to retire, the Commons would lose one of its keenest and ablest debaters." Oh, yes, we're all good fellows when we are dead.

The accident on the road to the station last week might have been far more serious than it was, for it was only by good luck that Mr. Arthur Christie did not share the same fate as the horse he was driving. The Press knows no more about the particulars of the accident referred to other than told us by parties who saw it, but it requires no special gift of calculation or sight to know that the law against automobile speeding is openly disregarded. Perhaps when a life has been sacrificed, the authorities will awake to a realization of their responsibilities, and the auto speeder to the fact that he must face a charge of man slaughter.

If hens would only lay eggs like flies the cost of living would not be so high. When six female flies were imprisoned on May 1 of this year by Professor E. Roubaud, a French scientist, the first thing they began to do was to lay eggs, they were provided with condensed milk for food. Their prison was roomy and airy and kept at a nice, comfortable temperature. At the end of the first week each of the six flies had averaged 105 eggs and by the end of the month the total production was 2,692. By that time, too, several hundred of their direct descendants were busy at the egg-laying game and the professor was even busier trying to find out how many flies he would have by the end of the season if production kept up at its normal rate. He figured in the end that each of his six prisoners would have by September 30, produced 3,955,669,387,755,100 descendants.

## Local News.

The school closes to-day for two weeks.

Have you bought your Christmas turkey yet?

The thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero last night, the coldest night of the season.

Mr. John Pyper for 50 years a respected resident of Morrisburg died last week aged 78 years.

There will be special messages from the Pastors and special music from the choirs in the Winchester Churches on Sunday.

There passed away at 2nd concession Williamsburg, on Thursday December 15 Janet C. Barkley, widow of the late Matthew M. Barkley, in her 63rd year.

A months short course in agriculture is being held this winter at Inkerman Village. There are several special speakers and Mr. E. P. Bradt, formerly Agricultural Representative for this County, will lecture at the course. For further information write W. C. Caldwell, Morrisburg.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" After you see it you will realize that within your real self there is a heart that beats and a soul that breathes. See it in the Town Hall on Tuesday next.

Early on Monday morning, Dec. 12th there passed away at the home of Mr. Lewis MacIntosh a highly respected resident of Williamsburg, Miss Matilda Merkle, second youngest daughter of the late John F. and Elizabeth Merkle, and a grand-daughter of the late Captain Henry Merkle, pioneer families of Williamsburg.

There passed peacefully away at Kamloops, B. C., on November 22, 1921, wife of Harry E. Wells who was killed in the great war three years ago. She was 26 years old and her maiden name was Miss Beatrice Gartough, daughter of Thomas Gartough of East Williamsburg.

On Dec. 8th Sarah Almeida, widow of the late Eli Merkle of Williamsburg died she was the last surviving member of the family of the late John Cook who for eighteen years represented Dundas in the Provincial Parliament at a time when a section of Canada was fighting for responsible government.

A former Morrisburg man, Willard Mack, is meeting with success in Western Canada as an author, playwright and actor. Several of his best known plays, including "Tiger Rose," "Kick In" and others are laid in Canada, while Mr. Mack is at present at his father's ranch at Rosebud, Alberta, at work upon another Canadian play, "The Maple Leaf Man," in collaboration with Ralph Kendall, author of "Benton of the Royal Mounted," etc.

The heavy wind that visited this section on Sunday morning was but the tail end of a hurricane that did considerable damage in the Western States and Western Ontario. Buffalo, Niagara, and Toronto districts suffered considerable damage. In one small town along the Niagara River a sky light was blown from the top of a building and it fell on a man driving an automobile in the street below and killed him instantly.

Winchester Springs Methodist Sunday School will hold an entertainment on Wednesday December 28th 1921 in the Methodist Church there. A good programme of choruses, recitations, dialogues, monologues, and drills will be given Admission Children 15 and Adults 25 cents everybody welcome.

#### Store Closed Monday

Monday has been proclaimed a public holiday to celebrate the Christmas season, and as a consequence all the places of business in Winchester will be closed on that day.

#### Santa Claus Supplies

See that the Stockings this Christmas are filled with Wholesome Sweets. This store can sell you Candy, Wholesome, Pe Candy as low as 25 cts. a pound. But—if you would like to pay more than this, we can give you excellent value as high as you care to go.

We leave the cheap stuff severely alone. Walk in and look around.

L. Flora

#### Consolidated Agreement Confirmed

It appears that there has sprung up some opposition to the School Consolidation of North Mountain, and last week a deputation went to Toronto to interview the Minister of Education with references to having the agreement set aside and another vote taken. The day following another deputation went to Toronto requesting the Minister to confirm the agreement. From what the Press can learn it appears that if no objection is taken to the Consolidation scheme within twenty days after the vote is taken, the scheme is approved by the Minister of Education and there is no further appeal. This was done in the case of North Mountain and the minister so informed the first deputation. He gave the second deputation assurance that the consolidation scheme would be carried out. The site chosen is directly opposite the church at Hyndman's.

#### Hockey League

According to the schedule issued, hockey will be played on the Winchester rink as follows: Dec. 28 Chesterville vs. Winchester Jan. 5 Finch vs. " Jan. 9 Morewood vs. " Jan. 16 Berwick vs. " Jan. 24 Chesterville vs. " Feb. 1 Finch vs. " Feb. 3 Morewood vs. " Feb. 9 Berwick vs. " Winchester goes to Morewood Dec. 27 to Berwick Jan. 2, Chesterville Jan. 11, Finch Jan. 19, Morewood Jan. 23, Berwick Feb. 27, Chesterville Feb. 6, Finch Feb. 14,

## The Same to You

Tho' the world be at sixes and sevens,  
And battered and twisted and torn,  
And old faiths seem shattered and shaken,  
Or wiggly and wobbly and worn.  
We'll be cheery, by heck—for its Christmas,  
And we'll laugh as we always can do,  
When you pass us the old-fashioned greeting,  
And we say the same back to you.

The Winchester Press.

## Local News

If it were not for the Christmas season many of us would forget that we had so many relatives and friends.

There seems to be an epidemic of sore throat and a mild form of La Grippe in this section at the present time.

Turkeys brought as high as 50 cts. at the Perth fair last week. There is big money in raising turkeys any year.

Joseph Seguin of L'Orignal died last week at the age of 103 years, probably the oldest man in Eastern Ontario.

Ice Cream Bricks on Saturday. Get one for Your Xmas Dinner. J. E. Utman. Phone your order—Will deliver Monday morning if required.

Folks who love the best. Chocolates are Now Buying Ganong's. Come and see our striking display of beautiful Boxes. L. Flora

The town financial statements will be distributed on Saturday and a perusal of them will convince any citizen that our village has not been extravagantly run.

"The Great Redeemer" attracted a fair sized house last evening notwithstanding the very severe weather. The picture was one of the best that Mr. Lanin has brought to Winchester, and many will be pleased to know that he is to repeat the picture sometime in March. One pleasing feature of the entertainment was the three piece orchestra who rendered splendid music during the evening.

The third of the series of Chataqua entertainments held in the Town Hall last Friday night was not as largely attended as the merits of the entertainment deserved, but the Women's Institute have the satisfaction of knowing that the entertainments being supplied are of a very high class, and are being much appreciated by those who enjoy them. The Harp Singers certainly proved themselves artists of a very high order, and their rendering of the various selections was highly delightful. The next entertainment is in February, and we have no doubt. "The Victorian Artists," will be greeted with a bumper house.

It now looks as though there was to be a real lively contest for the position of reeve for Winchester. Mr. J. K. Weir, an old veteran in municipal work, has announced that he is in the field against all comers. Mr. J. F. Ault, present reeve, is being urged by many friends to again stand, and so far has not said that he would not. The name of Mr. John McCourtie has also been mentioned, and as Mr. McCourtie has resigned his position on the school board, there is a possibility of his seeking municipal honours in another direction. This will leave three vacancies on the school board, and Mr. J. W. Ault, the chairman, informed the Press that he would not again be a candidate for school trustee.

#### Killed By Falling Tree

A fatal accident occurred near Finch Village yesterday afternoon when John J. Cameron and Elburn Shaver were engaged in the woods cutting wood. A tree fell and hit Mr. Cameron on the head, fracturing his skull, and he only lived about two hours after being taken home. Deceased is survived by two brothers and three sisters.

#### Methodist S. S. Entertainment

The programme of the "Winchester Sunday School" being put on by Miss Pelton, Elcutionist of Montreal, and members of the School, promises to be a real treat. The Committee have been most fortunate in securing Miss Pelton who is already well known to a Winchester audience. The admission is adults 35, children not members of the school 20 cts.

#### Select Oyster's

You will be surprised when you see Select Oysters—more surprised—and delighted—when you taste them. We sell them—and you can be sure of their Purity. L. Flora

Winchester Lodge 336, I. O. O. F. have elected the following officers for the year 1922. J. F. Gibson, Past Noble Grand Isaac Cinnamon, Noble Grand Herbert Helmer, Vice-Grand Creighton Robinson, Rec-Secty Silas Utman, Fin-Secty Chester Timmins, Treasurer

#### Fell Twenty Feet

Mr. Geo. Barkley had a very narrow escape from instant death on Tuesday morning while engaged in chopping down a big tree in front of the marble works of Stubbs and Gibson on Main Street. He was chopping off a large branch about 20 feet from the ground, when he lost his hold and fell. Fortunately his fall was somewhat broken as he half way down, but the fall was one that few men would survive. It was at first thought that Mr. Barkley's hip and arm were both broken, but fortunately no bones were broken, but he received a shock and bruises that was very severe. Mr. Barkley was at once conveyed to his home Finch Jan. 19, Morewood Jan. 23, Berwick Feb. 27, Chesterville Feb. 6, Finch Feb. 14,

You never tire of G. B. Chocolates. They taste just as delicious to-day as yesterday and you can eat all you like of them, because of their purity. Try a Box L. Flora

The Old Oaken Bucket is a beautiful story that grips you, takes you back to childhood day "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view." The Old Oaken Bucket hits there and stays there. It twines around your heart and memory. It charms you by its sweet simplicity, the story fills the heart with delightful memories. See it in the town hall next Tuesday night. Reserve your seat at McDougalls, Tickets 45 and 25 cents.

#### Hockey at Springs

The first hockey match of the season at Winchester Springs will be played to-night, when the Springs' team will cross sticks with the hockey team from Inkerman.

#### IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear mother Mrs. John Timmins who departed this life Dec. 21st 1920. May the heavenly winds blow softly On that sweet and hallowed spot: Though heaven divides her soul from ours She will never be forgot.

Sorrowing family

#### FOR SALE

A number of high grade or registered Arshire cows, also a bunch of good young bulls. Apply to Geo. T. Dixon Box 239 32-34 pd.

## Attention!

Skate Grinding & Scissors Sharpened Promptly. Boots & Shoes repaired as good as new. Perfect Satisfaction. Prices Right.

Wm. Workman  
Main St. East, Winchester

#### Organ For Sale

A second hand Bell organ, six octave, piano case, in first class condition. A big bargain for quick sale Apply Mrs. Robt. Rennick Phone 17, Winchester.

#### FOR SALE

Two Quebec heaters, No 4, in good repair. Apply to J. C. MacGregor. 613 r 23 Winchester.

#### FOR SALE

A Tortoise Cook Stove with oven, four holes, in splendid condition. Apply Verna Kittle Winchester, Phone 606r14

#### Hay for Sale

About thirty tons good hay for sale. Apply A. S. Brown and son, Winchester.

#### Dressed Poultry for Sale

The undersigned will furnish young or old poultry, undressed or dressed ready for cooking as desired. Apply to A. F. Reiver, Ottawa st. Winchester

## Public Meeting!

A MEETING OF THE

Electors of the Village of Winchester

Will take place for the Nomination of Candidates for the Office of Reeve and Councillors for 1922 at the

#### TOWN HALL

In the Village on Monday, Dec. 26th 1921 at 12.30 in the afternoon.

The nominations for the office of Public School Trustees will be held at the same time and place, and should a poll be demanded notice is hereby given that a poll will be held in the said village on

Monday, January 2nd, 1922

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. 16, 1921.



# Christmas For Rent

By Mary Carolyn Davies



A studio is half-way between a room and an apartment. To live in a studio one need not necessarily be an artist; one need only have an income half-way between the income of room dwellers and apartment dwellers, as Theodora had at times.

At other times she had nothing at all. Her chosen profession involved cheques, also long intervals of chequelessness. She had just lived through an interval. And to-day had come a cheque.

It was a stupendous cheque; stupendous, that is, to Theodora, for it was the largest she had ever had. As she was looking with round eyes at her cheque, somebody knocked.

She sprang to turn the key in the lock, but she was too late. The intruder had already entered. He shook the snow off his hat into her fireplace.

"I saw the sign on your door 'Busy. Keep out,' so I came in," he explained easily.

"Because you knew that you'd be bothering me," she cried wrathfully. "Because I knew no one else would be here," he corrected. "There are nine men and tea here every time I get away from work and come to call. One never sees you alone!"

"Douglas, I'm busy."

"Being an advertising man, I'm used to dealing with busy people who don't want to see me. Have a chair, Theodora."

Douglas adjusted a weird Russian purple and blue sofa cushion behind his own curly head. "Your house is ever so much more hospitable than you," he grinned as he settled himself comfortably. "But what's that in your hand?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten! Look! A cheque!"

He looked. "Thank the fates! You've been getting thinner all fall until now you're cadaverous. It's time you were getting something substantial to eat. I hope, Theodora," he added sternly as if warned by some memory, "that you won't spend this one foolishly."

"But it's never any fun to spend money the other way!" she declared. "Fun!"

"Besides," she stood up defiantly. "I know exactly what I intend to spend part of this cheque on, and nothing is going to stop me!"

"Nevertheless—"

"You may as well stop there, Douglas. It won't do you any good. I never did like any sentence that began with 'nevertheless.' And besides, I've decided what I'm going to have! And I'll never tell!"

"Why not?"

"You'd say it was extravagant!"

"Is it?"

"I want it!"

"Look here, Theodora—" he swung an arm argumentatively.

Theodora explained a little further. "I'm going to spend it selfishly. Do you realize that two weeks from tomorrow's Christmas? And, Douglas—" she hesitated, looked fearfully around, and then confessed in a gush of confidence, "I'm afraid of Christmas!"

"Afraid of Christmas!"

"Yes, just plain afraid," she said. "Any other day of the year I can work and laugh and talk. Any other evening of the year I can go to The Little Dutch Inn, or to the Diet Kitchen, or to the Brown Betty, or to half a dozen other restaurants on Yonge or Bloor streets—and be happy. But on Christmas I can't be happy anywhere! On Christmas I'm homesick!"

Douglas couldn't speak. "Poor little kid," he thought. "It's tough to be an orphan, to have always been an orphan, and to have no relatives nearer than third cousins and the Pacific coast."

"Isn't this your home?" he asked.

"This? This is a battle-ground where I daily fight off the invading host of callers, so that I can get a bit of work done! Whoever heard of a home in the city at Christmas? Christmas doesn't happen in cities anyway; only in the country!"

"But—"

"I've always been afraid of Christmas in Toronto. Christmas hurt me last year and the year before. It isn't thoughts or consciences alone that can torture. Days can. That day did. So this year I'm afraid of Christmas, and for a shield I'm going to get myself a Christmas present!"

He leaned forward, all attention.

"I'm perfectly grown up enough to waste my own money!"

"Well, get yourself whatever you want for Christmas, child. If this weather holds out the ice will be great by Christmas Day."

Theodora drew her typewriter on its footstool toward her. "Give this door a little slam as you go out," she said. "There's something wrong with the lock."

## Christmas-Time.

Jingle of the sleigh-bells,  
Little feet astray,  
Scarlet of the holly,  
Green of pine and fir,  
Gleam of gift and silver  
Where the candles glow,  
Little trees a-glitter,  
Branches bending low!

Jingle of the sleigh-bells,  
Starlight on the snow,  
Stockings by the fireside,  
Swinging to and fro,  
Reeking heads a-dreaming,  
Loving faces near,  
Now, as all the children know,  
Christmas-time is here!

really wanted, anyway. Douglas was the only person who knew what it was, and, as it wasn't flowers or books or candy, of course it didn't do him the least bit of good to know. What Theodora wanted was a wrist watch an infinitesimally small, queer-shaped, gold one. She had seen just the very one in a jeweler's window on Yonge street when she had been window-shopping with Douglas, and had pointed it out to him.

As Christmas came excitingly near, whatever Theodora might be doing with her hands and eyes, her brain was busy every moment thinking of the Christmas day to be. At first, in her anticipations, it seemed perfect; but soon, to her dismay, she found that there was something lacking. It wasn't quite a complete Christmas after all, this one that she had conjured up. What could it be that it needed? Snow, a farmhouse, a mother, what else should Christmas have? Why, the most necessary thing of all of course—children! Why hadn't she thought of that before? She seized a hat and wraps and went tearing down the stairs.

She left Yonge street and walked up to the "Ward." Now she was on familiar ground. She had once done social service work in this neighborhood. She expected to find dozens of children she knew.

The trouble was, she did! Almost as soon as she appeared, little brown-eyed, black-haired ragamuffins darted out from nowhere and flung their arms about her. "Teacher! Teacher!" the adoring cry went up. These children every woman from "the outside" was a teacher.

"Children! I'm not a teacher! I've never been a teacher! Didn't I use to tell you that three times a day? Hello, Mary! Hello, Tony! And here's Angela! My, how the baby has grown!"

Theodora soon resembled the middle bee in a swarm, or the undermost man in a football scrimmage. Children were clinging to each arm, to her skirts.

By a judicious questioning she found out which ones were to go to a Sunday school or settlement Christmas tree, which ones might have some other bit of Christmas, and from the remainder she chose, as she had intended, the ten that seemed doomed to be the most Christmasless.

She accompanied each of the ecstatic ten home to get the parental consent to her borrowing. She knew the mothers of this district as well as she did the children; and all the mothers proved willing, even anxious, to lend their children to Theodora. Everything was arranged. They were to be ready promptly, and she was to call for them Christmas morning. She wrote Mrs. Ferguson to explain about the children and to say that the cheque would be enlarged commensurately.

Christmas morning! And such a morning! Sun and snow all a-sparkle! If it was so lovely in town, what would it be in the country? Theodora marshaled her children and led them to the station. It wasn't so hard to get them into the train as she had feared, for the older children instinctively took possession of the younger and dragged, pushed, pulled and carried them into their seats. As the train started, Theodora looked at her charges.

"Have you ever been in a train before?" None of them had.

"Like it?" asked Theodora.

Did they?

"Wait till we get into the country! You'll like that even better."

Her prophecy was correct. There was a farmer neighbor at the station with a sleigh to drive them to the farm. How the children reveled in the sleigh-bells and marveled at the smooth fields of snow, and at the horses, and at everything they saw!

As they neared their destination, Theodora realized that she was frightened. What if Mrs. Ferguson shouldn't like her?

"Here's the place," the farmer pointed his mittened hand and almost at the same instant they stopped. All the children were out at once. Theodora marshaled them into line and advanced upon Mrs. Ferguson.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" the children shrieked. They had been Merry Christmas-ing the conductor, the other passengers and every one they had seen all morning.

"Merry Christmas, grandma!" cried out the most remembering one. And the others took it up.

"Yes, I told them you were to be their grandma to-day and they could all call you 'grandma!' announced the personal conductor of the group. "I hope you don't mind?"

For a moment Mrs. Ferguson gazed in stern consternation at her swarthy-cheeked progeny; then she melted. Suddenly all the stiffness went out of her and she beamed upon the invaders.

"Mind? I'll love it!" she said. Some-thing of the kind had happened to her when she was a child.

"You don't look like my aunt," said one. "It isn't so fat with you." Public school had helped the races to mingle their idioms bewilderingly.

But the children accepted the idea avidly. Most of them kissed her, and they all tried the new term on their tongues, and found it sweet.

## Christmas Carol

It is easy, O my masters, to find the best of ways  
To please the Lord in using the holiest of days.

"No!" says the rich man, "I am filled with care,  
Sables for my wife—diamonds fine and rare?  
Pearls for my daughters, swift cars for my sons?  
I shall be mad from worrying before the great Eve runs!"

"Ah," says his brother, "I know the Gift He gave;  
I know that He redeemed me—I was once a slave.  
I wish I had a chalice set with rubies red  
As the blood of pigeons, or sapphires for His Head."

But—oh—seek out the sad man to whom all inns are closed,  
Who knocked in vain at every door where honest folk reposed.  
Oh, cheer the widowed woman and dry the children's tears,  
And drive away for one whole year the wolf the orphan fears!

It is easy, O my masters, to find the best of ways  
To please the Lord in using the holiest of days!

—Maurice Francis Egan.



# Little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!

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

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

Phillips Brooks

CHRISTMAS is the great occasion when we are all supposed to renew our allegiance to the Christ, to put the Christ teaching of the brotherhood of man in practice. Christmas ought to be a great heart-mellowing, affection-quicken, friendship-renewing occasion. It is the time of all others when we should realize that we are all brothers; that we are all members of the same great human family, children of the same great Father-Mother-God. It is the time, if ever, when we should recognize that though oceans and continents divide us, though we speak different tongues, may differ in race, color and creed, yet we are so closely related in thought and motive that our deepest, most vital interests are identical.

thing of Theodora's happy-go-lucky fellowship with the comers seemed to have enveloped her already.

"How are you, daughter?" Mrs. Ferguson kissed Theodora as naturally as if she had seen her before. "Did you have a good trip?"

"A splendid trip. And how well you're looking, mother! You've gained since I was home last, haven't you?" She lowered her voice. "How am I doing it? All right?" They laughed as gleefully as two schoolgirl conspirators.

"Would you children like to have a snowman? Would you like to build forts and have a snowball fight here in the yard? They may, mayn't they? It's not noon yet." Theodora turned to her mother.

"Just the thing! It will take them off our hands and they'll have a fine time. I'll get an old coat and a stove-pipe hat for the snowman!"

"It's good of you to take so much trouble."

"Trouble! For my grandchildren! There was no doubt about it, Mrs. Ferguson had a sense of humor."

"How glorious Christmas is," sighed Theodora. "Since I've been in the city, I've wished it came once in ten years. Now I wish it came every month!"

She wished it more than ever, as the two women in the kitchen did the immortal last things to the Christmas dinner, with all the tastings and adventures of holiday cooking. Theodora was wearing a big blue apron of Mrs. Ferguson's and felt like a real woman, she explained, instead of only a city one.

"I told some of the neighbors about the children coming," Mrs. Ferguson confessed, "and they all were very much interested. Several of them begged to come to the tree this afternoon, but I wouldn't let any of them; except that I did think that we should have a Santa Claus, so I promised one of the neighbors that he might be that."

"Splendid! I'd forgotten about a Santa Claus!" This last had been under their breaths, as the last child filed into the dining-room.

"Such a dinner! And such a din!" as Theodora said.

Turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie and pumpkin pie and apple pie, and "everything" as the black-eyed grandchild put it.

The borrowed children were having a wonderful time, and after dinner the wonderfulness increased.

"What would you like to do now?" asked Theodora.

"Fairy stories!"

"Tell us fairy stories!"

"Tell us a story, teacher!"

Theodora pounced upon the luckless tenth that had said "teacher." "I'm not a teacher, honey!" she protested. "But I'll tell you, since we're pretending to-day, let's pretend—how would you like to play that you're all my nieces and nephews and that I'm your aunt? You see you can call me 'Aunt Theodora.'"

"You don't look like my aunt," said one. "It isn't so fat with you." Public school had helped the races to mingle their idioms bewilderingly.

But the children accepted the idea avidly. Most of them kissed her, and they all tried the new term on their tongues, and found it sweet.

Theodora loved the feeling of being surrounded by relatives. She was surprised at herself for loving it. She had thought she was happy, being independent, being alone. But this day was doing something for her. It was making her over, or at least trying to. She was in a fright lest it succeed.

After the twelfth fairy story, the rented mother answered Theodora's glance. "I think we might have it now," she said. So they all trooped into the parlor, where a beaming Christmas tree caught their breath with its glitter and color and the mysteriousness of its pendant packages.

"Oh, Aunt Theodora!"

"Look, grandmother! A Christmas tree!"

"A Christmas tree!"

"A Christmas tree!"

"Oh, and a doll!"

At this moment there was the sound of sleigh-bells. They came nearer, they seemed to be on the side veranda. There was a loud whoa! and a snowy person in red leaped through the window grandmother had opened in order to look out a bit worriedly.

"I was afraid he wasn't coming," she confessed to Theodora. "He is a little late. It's the neighbor I told you about."

"Santa Claus! Santa Claus!"

"Look! He's got a pack!"

"Oh, oh!"

Then the real climax of the day was upon them, and the ten were delirious with joy. Santa showered candy and apples and oranges on them, he cut the strings of the packages on the tree, and handed about the packages at the foot of it, and each child found himself a bewildered little Aladdin in a cave of treasures.

Theodora was so busy winding up toys that would wind, and admiring dolls to order, that she had no time for anything else. For the moment she almost forgot to give Mrs. Ferguson the polar bear bathrobe she had bought for her. When she had presented it and been duly kissed she untied the package which Mrs. Ferguson pressed into her hand. When she saw what it contained, she almost cried out. It was a wrist watch of precisely

the queer shape that she had yearned for! But she had no time to puzzle over this, for the children claimed her again.

By the time the hubbub was over, they all suddenly discovered that it was alarmingly late and the winter dusk was upon them, so it was decided to give the children a light supper of bread and butter at once before they set out for their train.

Theodora herself wasn't hungry. "You sit here and rest, then," commanded Mrs. Ferguson, "while I give them their supper."

Theodora rather gladly sank down into one of the plush chairs in the now almost dust-captured parlor.

"Merry Christmas!" said a voice from the dim corner of the room, from behind the Christmas tree, it seemed.

"What—who is there?" Theodora half rose in startled amazement.

Out of the dusk stepped Santa Claus.

"Oh!" she was relieved. Only the neighbor—but what was the matter with her? Was she imagining things? His voice had sounded so like some one else's.

"Merry Christmas!" repeated Santa Claus, coming a step nearer.

"Merry Christmas!" answered Theodora, "and thank you." Then, "Douglas!" she shrieked, as the neighbor took off his mask; for under the mask she saw the familiar, teasing face.

"You're welcome—Theodora."

"How did you get here?"

"Same train you did. Smoking car. Watched you."

"But how did you know? I didn't tell you where Mrs. Ferguson lived. I didn't tell you anything. How—"

"Are you angry?"

"Yes, I am!"

"It's just as Mrs. Ferguson says. I'm her neighbor, or used to be about twenty years ago. You never happened to ask for the latitude and longitude of the farm I used to tell you about, where I lived when I was a youngster. Come to the window and I can point it out to you. Mrs. Ferguson was our nearest neighbor and I knew she still lived here. I wrote her and sent her your ad. I dictated her letter to you."

"Oh!" There was no other word big enough to hold her wrath.

"Why? Wasn't it a good letter? Wasn't it effective?"

"It was the best of them all," she groaned.

"It was meant to be. I saw my chance and I took it. What's the use of spending years learning to write an ad if you can't write a winning one at a pinch? You had no right to refuse to entertain a lonesome person on Christmas. So I decided to make you do it anyway, and I did."

"I hope you're satisfied," snapped Theodora.

"Not quite," snapped Douglas.

It had never been like this before. In town Theodora had always felt so capable of living alone for the rest of her life. She liked to be free; she liked to be sufficient unto Theodora.

cap in hand, ran back to the sitting-room. "Mother," he said, "let's play Santa Claus! Let's go to the big toy shop and buy a present for Tom and one for Louise. I have some money of my own to spend!" Mother was surprised at his plan, but she was glad to join in the fun, so, together they were soon hurrying down the street to the big toy shop.

There Billy bought a beautiful doll for Louise and a toy automobile for Tom. On one package he wrote, "To Louise from Santa Claus," and on the other, "To Tom from Santa Claus."

How happy Billy and Mother felt as they went along the street to Louise's home. There was a light in the kitchen and they could see Louise's mother working there, so while Mother waited outside, Billy slipped quietly in by the front door. From the sitting-room mantle hung Louise's empty stocking! Billy put the new doll in the top of it and in his hurry to get out before he was discovered, he tipped over a chair! "Is that you, Louise?" called her mother. But Billy was soon safely outside of the house and heard no more.

Then Billy rejoined Mother and they went around the corner to Tom's home—the tiniest cottage in the neighborhood. As he did not care to risk being discovered at Tom's he did not attempt to enter, but slipped quietly around the cottage to Tom's bed-room window. It was open! Billy was just about to climb in when Tom's dog barked and somebody stirred in bed, so Billy put the toy on a chair near the window and ran back to Mother who was waiting on the corner.

When they reached their own home they found that Father had finished trimming the beautiful Christmas tree. They all admired it, each one

Give me the heartstone  
with the glow that warms  
the soul within:  
I choose the gift of kindly  
smiles, that wealth can  
never win;  
The laugh that ripples to  
the lips from hearts  
where peace sublime  
Reigns in the fullness of  
content to bless the  
Christmas-time.

and to need no one, not even Douglas. But here, in this snow-nestled farmhouse, where she had felt the pull of home and dependence, and had known the sweetness of some things she had forgotten for the last few busy years—here, it was different.

"Theodora?"

"O, Douglas!"

His arms were about her, and she put her head down on his shoulder with as much the manner of the traditional clinging vine as if she had never owned a studio or seen a city street. It was a complete surrender, and Douglas knew that his siege of many months was over at last.

The snowy silence without was broken by the quick passing of some festive team. At the sound of the bells, Theodora, startled, remembered the day.

She raised her head from his shoulder. "It's over, Christmas! And it didn't hurt me at all! I'll never, never be afraid of Christmas again!"

And together they went happily out into the dining-room where the rented mother and the borrowed ten were still reveling in the high tide of Christmas.

## A Polish Folk Song.

Lullaby, my little pearl,  
Jesu, my darling!  
Lullaby, my little pearl,  
Dear Baby sleeping!  
Lullaby, little one,  
Jesu, my darling!  
Mary is holding you,  
Guarding and keeping.

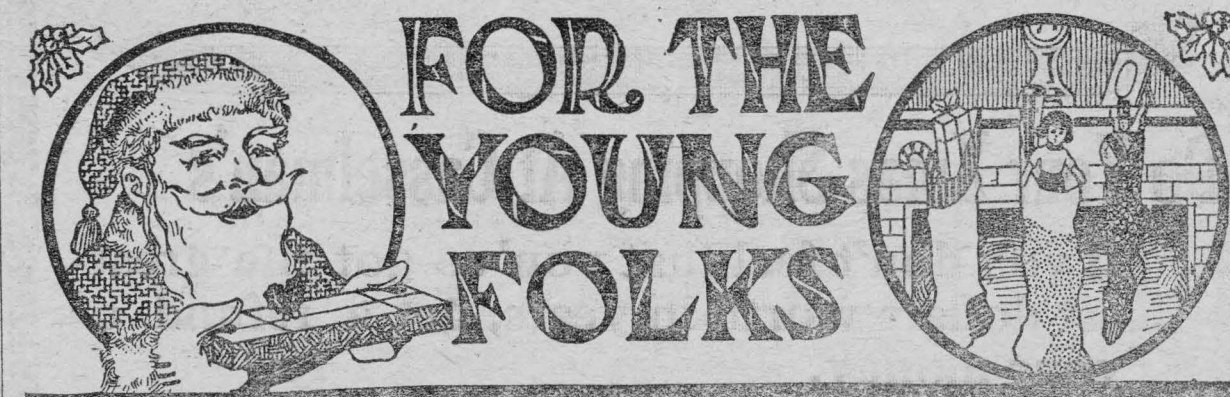
Close your eyes, my little man,  
Your tears to cover;  
Close your eyes, my little man,  
Heavy with crying;  
Calm your lips, little one,  
Where joy should hover;  
Resting in Mary's arms,  
Hush all your sighing.

Bring for the dear little man  
Good things and pleasant;  
Bring for the dear little man  
Every sweet berry;  
Into the garden go  
Where all is pleasant;  
Mary will quiet Him,  
Keeping Him merry.

Lullaby, my little love,  
Star kindly twinkling!  
Lullaby, my little love,  
Sun shining brightly!  
Lullaby, little one,  
Star kindly twinkling!  
Mary is watching you,  
O, Sweet and Sprightly!

A good magazine or a good book is a fine Christmas present for the young folks, as well as the grown-ups.

In making your Christmas caramels, it is well to remember that a pinch of yeast powder put into caramels after they have begun to boil will make them smoother and more creamy.



# FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

It was Christmas eve and past Billy's regular bed time, but he lingered before the sitting-room fire, talking with Mother about Santa Claus and the many visits that he would have to make. Mother said that Billy had been a good boy so Santa Claus would surely bring him his new train.

"I hope he got my letter," said Billy as he thought of the happiness that Christmas would bring him. Then he began to think about his little friends Tom and Louise, and he felt troubled about them, for they both had said that Santa Claus could not come to them this year. They were his little neighbors and playmates; he liked them and he knew that they, too, had been good.

Billy sat thinking for a few minutes, then he jumped up and ran to his room and took his little bank from the top bureau drawer and shook out his savings. He had \$2.50 and he slipped it into his pocket, hurriedly put on his overcoat and mittens, and,

cap in hand, ran back to the sitting-room. "Mother," he said, "let's play Santa Claus! Let's go to the big toy shop and buy a present for Tom and one for Louise. I have some money of my own to spend!" Mother was surprised at his plan, but she was glad to join in the fun, so, together they were soon hurrying down the street to the big toy shop.

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When they reached their own home they found that Father had finished trimming the beautiful Christmas tree. They all admired it, each one

put on a few finishing touches and then Billy hung up his stocking and went upstairs to bed. Mother came and tucked him in snugly for the night and, fancying that he could hear the jingle of bells and the beat of tiny reindeer hoofs, he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he found Mother bending over him. "Billy," she said, "I have thought of a Christmas plan almost as nice as yours. How would you like to have our Christmas tree this afternoon and invite Tom and Louise?"

Billy clapped his hands and shouted, "I would love to invite them, Mother, and may I be Santa Claus?"

In the afternoon Billy's friends arrived to enjoy his Christmas tree. What happy faces they had! What merry laughter was heard! And no one was happier than Billy, who, dressed like Santa Claus, handed out the gifts.

To give gifts which are so elaborate that one must economize for a whole year afterward in order to get square with the world, is to lose sight of the true spirit of Christmas. Gifts should be appraised on the basis of their spiritual, not their material, valuation. Not even the high cost of living can rob Christmas of its true spirit if one's heart is right. The best part of Christmas is not in the gifts which are given, but the love which prompts giving.





## Not Every Woman Knows Enough About Her Nose



Only a very small portion of powder should be necessary if the toilet of the nose is regularly taken care of.

THE most prominent and distinguishing feature of the face is undoubtedly the nose, and yet it is one that is apt to be most neglected. There is really no good reason why the skin of the nose should not be kept as fine and clear as the rest of the face, but in many cases an otherwise pretty and attractive face is utterly spoiled by unsightly nostrils, enlarged pores, superfluous hair or a nose that is excessively red, shiny, oily or otherwise disfigured. In most cases it can be overcome by a little daily care.

In infancy a poorly shaped nose can be moulded into perfect proportions while the bony part is still soft, and even in maturity a great improvement can be made by a practical regular massage, provided there is no deformity, in which case a reputable surgeon should be consulted.

Among the most common afflictions is that of an unsightly red nose. In many cases this can be traced to a faulty digestion, either over or under eating. When the stomach is empty the nose is apt to become very red; therefore it is well to immediately take some nourishment when this condition is noticed. A glass of hot water or hot milk will be found most beneficial. Also strict attention should be given to the diet. Plenty of beef, mutton and fresh vegetables should be eaten, but only a small supply of sugar is advised.

Upon the condition of the nasal passage depends to a great degree the quality of the speaking voice, the nose being a very important factor in tone production. If the nasal passage is not kept free and open the result is an unpleasant tone known as "nasal."

An excellent daily nasal douche is half

Upper—Frequently press the nostrils together with the finger tips if they have a tendency to become broadened. Lower—Use a good astringent before applying the vanishing cream, which will refine the pores.

a teaspoonful of table salt added to a tumbler of warm water. The thorough cleansing of the nose, particularly in the morning, is really more important than the face. The neglect is often the cause of catarrhal troubles, while the daily washing with salt and water strengthens the mucous lining and clears the head. If one is afflicted with catarrh, water should never be sniffed up the nostrils, the gentle use of an atomizer being better. Exercises for nose breathing are of great value. The following is very simple and should be practised at least four times a day, in the open air if possible. Put one finger over one nostril and inhale slowly through the other; then place the finger over the other nostril, exhaling through the nostril that was first closed. Broadened nostrils are also most unsightly and with daily care may easily

be remedied. Close the nostrils at the base with the finger tips and breathe gently through the upper part, exhaling in the same manner. When there is a tendency for the corners of the mouth to settle at the base in the little creases the face should be gently and regularly massaged at the base of the nose to eliminate the hard lines that are apt to form from the nose to the corners of the mouth. If the nostrils are thick or too open gently but firmly press them together with the finger tips. Enlarged pores may be overcome first by using a good cold cream at night and washing the surface with warm water in the morning. Before applying any powder use first an astringent, followed by a small quantity of vanishing cream. This will make a base so that only a small quantity of powder is required and at the same time the skin is being nourished and refined.

## 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.

These remarks are pointedly directed to you—the person who reads these lines at the present moment. I want to talk to you, and you only, and I want you to feel that what I am writing will apply to you as an individual. Let us get to the point then: What are you doing to help Public Health work?

Perhaps I should ask you first of all if you believe in Public Health work, and if not why not. Do you not think Public Health activity is useful, and if not why is it not useful? Will

you ask yourself that question before we go any further? The reason I want you to ask yourself that question and get it settled once for all, is because I believe every man, woman and child in the province should be a Public Health worker, and I further believe, indeed I am confident that every man, woman and child in the province would be a Public Health worker if he or she only knew what is being done along health lines and what still remains to be done. One thing is certain—you cannot throw

out your chest and feel confident if there is disease in your house or neighborhood, especially communicable disease. If there are such diseases about, you may be the next victim—you are probably just as liable to "catch" something as your neighbor. It is therefore in your interest to see that your neighbor and family, as well as yourself and family, are not exposed to any form of outbreak if possible, and that everybody is in good health to resist or throw off such an outbreak once it does occur. Listen to this: Do you know that 60,000 babies died in Ontario last year before reaching one year of age, and that a large number of these deaths could have been prevented if these infants and their mothers had been given proper care and attention? Do you know that thousands of lives are lost yearly in this province because communicable diseases are not reported to the Medical Officers of Health in time to have quarantine and preventive measures taken to stamp out the outbreaks.

Do you know that although breast feeding is by far the best method of bringing up a baby, less than fifty per cent. of babies throughout the province are fed for the first nine months at their mothers' breast.

Do you know that there are thousands of young children growing up with physical defects of various kinds not being corrected—in fact without any medicine or nursing supervision whatever?

Do you know that thousands of people are suffering from venereal diseases with the hospital for incurables or the insane asylum their only goal if effective treatment is not started in time?

Do you know that large numbers of men and women engaged in industry are being ruined in health and receive bodily injuries through lack of fresh air, sanitation and protection from accidents. What I want you to do is to say that whatever anybody else around you is doing or not doing in regard to Public Health, as for you and your house, you will follow out the principles of hygiene, sanitation and right living, and moreover, will try to interest others around you so that they will do the same.

You must realize that in doing so you are only acting the part of a good citizen, and to do less would be to neglect your duties to your family and friends, to yourself and to the community in which you live.

I want to help you by suggesting some of the general things you can do to promote Public Health:

Protect all food stuffs from flies. Report immediately to the Medical Officer of Health any suspicious case

of scarlatina, measles, typhoid or other communicable disease that you may know of.

Live as much as possible out of doors.

Sleep in well-ventilated bedrooms. Drink plenty of fresh water daily. Eat plain, substantial foods and avoid excesses of all kinds.

Keep your bowels regular. Take daily exercise.

Have your teeth examined by a dentist at least twice a year.

To expectant mothers:—Keep yourself under the constant supervision of a physician before your baby is born. Breast feed the baby up till nine months.

Have it examined for physical and mental defects, by a physician or at the baby clinic.

Remember that you cannot expect a child to grow up without supervision by a qualified examiner any more than you could expect a piece of machinery to run along indefinitely without being examined for necessary repairs.

Can you arrange to have these Public Health teachings put into effect in your own home? If not, why not. Please ask yourself this question.

If there is any further information I can give you on these subjects, kindly send me a line. I shall be glad to help you.

## HEALTHY CHILDREN ARE HAPPY CHILDREN

The well child is always a happy child—it is a baby's nature to be happy and contented. Mothers, if your little ones are cross and peevish and cry a great deal they are not well—they are in need of medicine—something that will set their bowels and stomach in order, for nine-tenths of all childhood ailments arise from a disordered state of the bowels and stomach. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, and thus drive out constipation, colic, indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make the baby healthy and happy. Concerning them, Mrs. Albert Hamel, Pierreville, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for little ones. They relieved my little girl from constipation when nothing else would and I can strongly recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



It is the intention of the local council of Windsor, Ont., to start an officer's training course this month. This will comprise a series of lectures and demonstrations. Mr. Frank C. Irwin, Assistant Provincial Commissioner, will give a lecture at the opening of the course and several other members of the executive will attend the classes from week to week. Each lesson will take two hours, and it is expected that several interesting features will be introduced.

Thirteen tenderfoot Scouts were initiated into the 1st Ancaster Troop recently, before a large attendance of boys and their parents. Assistant Commissioner Chas. W. Hemling and Frank C. Anders, of Hamilton, were present, the former being the chief speaker of the evening, the latter acting as initiating officer. Mr. Hemling, in his remarks, dwelt on the importance of the boys living up to their Scout promise and laws, and emphasized the fact that boys who fulfilled their Scout obligations would be the men that Canada of tomorrow would be proud of. The patrol leaders of the 1st Hamilton Troop staged a very interesting and instructive display, the chief feature of which was an excellent exhibition of club swinging. The officers from Hamilton were all impressed by the calibre of the boys present and by the enthusiasm displayed.

Field Secretary Earle Davison was a visitor at the Hamilton headquarters recently and gave to the secretary glowing accounts of the spread of Scouting in the outlying places in Ontario. At the same time he congratulated the local association on the excellent recruiting work they had done during the past year.

Full information regarding Scouting and the formation of local Scout Troops may be had upon application to the Field Department, Boy Scouts Association, Bloor and Sherbourne Streets, Toronto, Ont.

## Mother! Clean Child's Bowels With California Fig Syrup

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Stockings can be darned with a new sewing machine attachment.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

Minard's Liniment for Garget in Cows.

## WHEN NERVES ARE NEAR EXHAUSTION

A Tonic Should be Taken to Enrich the Blood.

When you become so exhausted after a day's work that you cannot sleep, or sleep fails to refresh you, it is time to look after your health. Failure to act at once means a steady drain on your health reserve, which can result in but one thing—a nervous breakdown.

Do not wait for a breakdown. The treatment is simple enough if you do not let your condition become too far advanced. The treatment is one of nutrition of the nerve cells, requiring an effective tonic. As the nerves have to be nourished by the blood, the vital fluid must be built up. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, and with proper regulation of the diet have proved of the greatest benefit in nervous troubles.

Mrs. Mary McAdam, Sydney Mines, N.S., is one of the many who have proved this tonic treatment. She says: "Last winter my health completely gave out. I was all run down and my nervous system in a condition that greatly alarmed me. I often had nervous headaches, and at times severe pains in the region of my heart. I felt as though I would never be well again. My husband got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before the second box was finished I began to improve and under a further use of the pills I felt as well as ever. I would advise all weak and nervous women to give this medicine a trial."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Sarcasm.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly towards me," said Mr. Stalate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me last week he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

## "Cascarets" To-night For Liver, Bowels

You're bilious! You are headachy, constipated, your eyes burn, skin is yellow; your stomach is sour, gassy, upset. No wonder you feel miserable. You need a thorough physic with "Cascarets" to-night to cleanse the stomach of sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated poison in the bowels. Get a 10-cent box now and let "Cascarets" straighten you out by morning.

### Not His Fault.

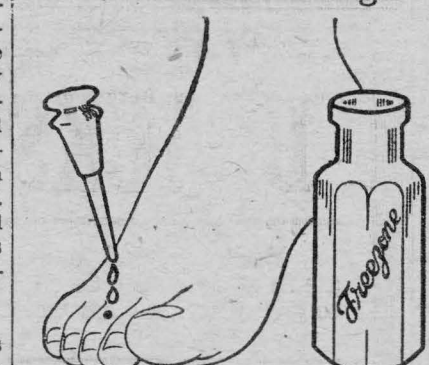
The Sunday-school superintendent was reviewing the lesson. "Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" he asked. There was no answer.

Pointing to a little boy at the end of the seat, he demanded, a little crossly, "Little boy, who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

The little boy was ready to cry as he piped out with a quivering voice, "Please, sir, it wasn't me. We just moved here last week. We're from Manitoba."

## CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callosities, without soreness or irritation.

Dolls were made in Nuremberg as long ago as 1400.

Minard's Liniment for Distemper.

The weight of an ordinary human heart is 9 1-3 ozs. The record weight is 40 ozs. 12 drs.

### MONEY ORDERS.

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

The River Orinoco has more tributaries than any other river. The total number is put at 2,500, including 493 large streams.

## PNEUMONIA and other Lung Diseases

Claim many victims in Canada and should be guarded against.

## MINARD'S LINIMENT

Is a great preventative, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has relieved thousands of cases of Croup, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma and kindred diseases. It is an enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day. For sale by all druggists and general dealers.

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd. Yarmouth, N.S.

ISSUE No. 51-21.

### The Point of it.

Little Tessie was busy with pencil and paper. Much against her will she had at last been prevailed upon by her mother to write and thank her Aunt Amelia for the nice box of pocket handkerchiefs the aunt had sent her for a birthday present.

She had hoped for a toy, or a box of chocolates, at least, but that is by the way, and at any rate she hated writing letters.

But mother insisted on a letter of thanks.

As she sat there trying to write with a dull lead pencil her mother had given her, she met with little success, and at last in despair exclaimed:

"Oh, mummy the wood has slipped down over the lead and the marks won't come out!"

## THIN, FLAT HAIR GROWS LONG, THICK AND ABUNDANT

"Danderine" costs only 35 cents a bottle. One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and, in a few moments, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous, and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes, but really new hair growing all over the scalp. "Danderine" is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.

A few minutes each day is sufficient to keep an accurate record of farm business.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

## COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS C. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed Mailed Free to any Address by the Author. M. Clay Glover Co., Inc. 118 West 51st Street New York, U.S.A.

Can be cured. Don't lose your valuable birds. Act quickly with sick birds and prevent spread of disease by this proven remedy. PRATTS ROUP REMEDY ADVICE FREE. Our poultry experts will help you. Write Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Ltd. Toronto

## Vaseline Trade Mark WHITE

PETROLEUM JELLY

An application of "Vaseline" White Jelly brings grateful relief when applied to cuts, burns, chafed skin, etc.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY 1890 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

In tubes and jars at all drug-gists.



MRS. MARY WILHELM  
Pittsburg, Pa.

"No matter what I should say about Tanlac, it wouldn't be half good enough," said Mrs. Mary Wilhelm, 716 Mint Way, South Side, Pittsburg, Pa.

"I never dreamed it possible for a medicine to restore me to the splendid health I now enjoy. In fact, I had almost resigned myself to being an invalid, as I could see I was losing weight and strength every day, and no relief was in sight. For three years stomach trouble, headaches and nervousness made my life miserable."

"The first bottle of Tanlac acted almost like magic and it wasn't long until I was so well and strong that I could hardly realize I had ever known a sick day. I am like a different person in every way now, eating, sleeping, feeling and looking better than in years."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Adv.

### Classified Advertisements.

#### PLAYER PIANO FOR SALE.

BELL PLAYER PIANO IN GOOD condition, with a large number of music rolls, for sale at a bargain. L. Costello, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

#### BELTING FOR SALE

ALL KINDS OF NEW AND USED belting, pulleys, saws, cable, hose, packing, etc., shipped subject to approval at lowest prices in Canada. YORK BELTING CO. 115 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

## ACHES AND PAINS--SLOAN'S GETS 'EM!

AVOID the misery of racking pain. Have a bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy and apply when you first feel the ache or pain.

It quickly eases the pain and sends a feeling of warmth through the aching part. Sloan's Liniment penetrates without rubbing.

Fine, too, for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sprains and strains, stiff joints, lame back and sore muscles.

For forty years pain's enemy. Ask your neighbor.

At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Made in Canada.

Sloan's Liniment (Pain's Enemy)



## Cuticura Will Help You Look Your Best

Make the Cuticura Trio your everyday toilet preparations and watch your skin, hair and hands improve. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, and the Talcum to powder and perfume.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lynam, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism  
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis  
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

## What Kind of a Day Do You Wish Yourself?

Suppose you could make a wish at the breakfast table and finally have the wish come true. Would you say,

"I want this to be a good day," or—"I am willing for this day to drag along?"

If you keep on wishing your days with the food you eat, finally the wish is likely to come true.

Grape-Nuts helps your wish for a good day. Nothing miraculous; just the natural result from right food with the right taste.

There is a charm of flavor and crispness in Grape-Nuts that is like the smile of a good friend at the breakfast table—

And Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk (fresh or tinned), is fully nourishing—feeding the tissues and glands, the bone and blood, with just those elements which Nature requires—building strength without any "heaviness."

Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley, scientifically developed—ready to eat from the package. A Grape-Nuts breakfast or lunch is a practical wish for good luck.

## "There's a Reason"

Sold by all grocers



# The Winchester Press.

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## Classified Advertising Rates

LOST, FOUND, TO LET, WANTED, ARTICLES FOR SALE, Etc.—Five lines and under, first insertion 50c, each subsequent insertion 25c. BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS AND READERS—10c per line. Minimum charge 50c. 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. ANNOUNCEMENTS OF CHURCH SERVICES or any special feature connected with the regular services of a church, 10c a line. Minimum 50c. CARD OF THANKS AND IN MEMORIAM NOTICES—10c per line, 6 words to a line, heading counting one line. Minimum charge, 50c. GOVERNMENT, LEGAL AND MUNICIPAL NOTICES, BY LAWS Etc.—12c per line for the first insertion, 5c per line for each subsequent insertion, 12 lines to the inch. Advertisements ordered for insertion "until forbidden," and those sent without written instructions, will appear until written orders are received for discontinuance.

## Subscription Rates

\$1.50 per year strictly in advance to any address in Canada. \$2.00 per year when not paid within 3 months. Foreign subscriptions \$2.00 per year in advance.

J. H. ROSS, Editor and Publisher.

Thursday December, 22 1921.

In Quebec, Sunday is observed by a big majority of the people more or less as a sports day. The moving picture shows are all open on Sunday, and the sports grounds are filled with young people who love out-door sport. Five-o'clock teas, society entertainments, card parties and private theatricals are the fashion in the towns and cities. A recent effort on the part of some to close "movies" on Sunday was unsuccessful. During the recent election campaign it was the custom to hold political meetings on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and some of the gatherings were somewhat exciting too.

One of the first acts of the new Government ought to be the lowering of the sessional indemnity from \$4000 to about half that amount. The sessional indemnity should never have been increased. It was a grab pure and simple and one party is as much to blame as the other, for there was practically no opposition to the increase. A good deal was made by the Prog. resse candidates during the election campaign about the increase in the sessional indemnity. The Progressives have now the power to show their sincerity and desire for economy, as they have a sufficient representation in parliament to force the Government to take action. One thousand dollars a month is too much for any member of parliament, and it is very seldom that the session lasts four months.

Rev. W. W. Weeks, in his weekly sermon to the Brockville Recorder Times says "If the Church is failing to-day, it is not due to lack of effort." No, but it is due to lack of properly directed effort. The modern Church, in many places, has become more of a place of entertainment than a place of worship. True, they all go through the form. The prayer is formal the sermon sensational rather than searching, and the prayers and the sermons must not be too long. The singing must be lively with "specials" by choir or soloist. Then, during the week there must be specials in the way of social gatherings, etc. etc. to keep the young people interested and entertained. Religion has become very much modernized, and while much effort is put forth to entertain, the old time revivals and conversions are becoming less and less heard of.

One does not wonder that there was a strong feeling at the U. F. O. Convention at Toronto last week against further expenditure of Provincial funds for unemployment. Last summer when labor was scarce and hard to get in country districts, there were thousands of men walking the streets of the cities who refused to go and do work on the farms. Many of those who did consent to go to the country asked such ridiculously high wages that the farmers could not afford to employ them. There are, no doubt, very many very deserving cases in the cities, and there are hundreds of idle men at the present time who are perfectly unfit for work on the farm or in the bush. Such men should be taken care of by the cities. At the same time there are many strong healthy men who could be well employed on the farm or in the bush, and no man should receive assistance who refuse any kind of work he is able to do.

If, as the Montreal Gazette pointed out in a recent issue, the success of the Liberal party in the general elections indicates a return to party Government, the result will have served a good purpose. Some of the wiser heads of the U. F. O. party in Ontario are beginning to realize that the participation of their society in politics is not the advantage it was at first thought it would be. An analysis of the vote polled in Ontario clearly indicates that the class movement has created a cleavage between rural and urban population, and it requires no prophet to tell us what an unhappy and unwholesome condition this class movement will lead to if persisted in. As the Press has frequently pointed out, there are very few constituencies in Ontario where a farmer could not be made the choice, and become the candidate of either the Liberal or Conservative party if the farmers so desired. All candidates are chosen in convention, and most conventions can be controlled by the rural vote of either party.

The statement was made by Mr. J. J. Morrison Secy. of the U. F. O. at the closing session of convention in Toronto that "the whole road system at present is one of insidious graft," and he urged that money should be spent on the side lines, claiming that at present these were largely neglected, while speedways were being built for the idle rich. Whether Secy. Morrison meant his remarks as a rebuke to the Drury Government or not we do not know, but if he did they are deserved. Hon. Mr. Biggs has expended very large amounts of money on road building in Ontario, but the farmers as a whole have been very little benefitted by the expenditure. He has expended in his own constituency, on roads passing his own farm, enough to put most of the side roads in Dundas County in good shape.

## Municipal Elections

Following is a guide as to qualifications of candidates: procedure at nomination, election etc. of those seeking or being promoted to municipal honors, either for reeve, councillor or school trustee. The municipal nominations will take place on Monday, December 26, and the elections on Monday January 2. The law respecting the qualifications of candidates has been changed somewhat. The property qualification of candidates is uniform in all municipalities being as follows:

1. Every person shall be qualified to be elected a member of the council of a local municipality who:

(a) Is a householder, residing in the municipality, or is rated on the last revised assessment roll of the municipality for land held in his own right for an amount sufficient to entitle him to be entered on the voters' list and resides in or within two miles of the municipality.

(b) Is entered on the last revised voters' list as qualified to vote at municipal election.

(c) Is a British subject.

(d) Is of the full age of twenty-one years; and

(e) Is not disqualified under this or any other Act.

2. The rating for land shall be in respect of freehold or leasehold, legal or equitable, or partly of each.

(3). Householder shall mean the person who occupies and is assessed as owner or tenant of a dwelling or apartment house or part of a dwelling or apartment-house separately occupied as a dwelling.

full age of twenty-one years a British subject, and a householder resident in the municipality.

Candidates for election in all municipalities must now file declaration of qualification before election. This also applies to candidates for trustees in police villages and to school trustees in urban municipalities, where the election is by ballot.

The declaration of qualification are to be filed nomination day, or before nine o'clock in the evening of the following day, in the office of the municipality. Failure to file a declaration will act as a resignation, except where the election is by acclamation.

All nominations are required to be in writing signed by the proposer and seconder, both of whom should be present, and should state the name, residence and occupation of the candidate, and be filed with the returning officer within one hour from the time fixed for holding the meeting.

Any person nominated may verbally resign at the nomination meeting, or if nominated for more than one office, and in default he shall be deemed to be nominated for the office for which he was first nominated. Resignations after the nomination meeting are required to be in writing, attested by a witness.

If no more candidates are nominated for an office than are to be elected, the returning officer after the lapse of one hour from the time fixed for holding the meeting, shall declare such candidate duly elected. If more candidates are nominated than are to be elected, the returning officer is required to adjourn the proceedings to election day, unless there is an election by reason of resignations or failure to file declaration of qualification within the time specified.

5. When a candidate is unable, on account of illness or absence from the municipality, to make the declaration or to file it within the time prescribed by sub-division 4, and he appears by the last revised assessment roll to be qualified to be elected, the declaration of any person who has, and states in the declaration that he has knowledge of the facts, that the inability exists, and the nature of it, and that he has reason to believe and does believe that the candidate possesses the qualification prescribed for the office for which he has been nominated, and that if elected he will accept the office, may be filed in lieu of the declaration of the candidate.

7. If by reason of resignation the number of candidates remaining for any office does not exceed the number to be elected, the returning officer, whether the event happens on or after nomination day, shall declare the remaining candidate or candidates duly elected.

1. Where the candidates, or any of them, retire, and by reason of such retirement or where from any other cause the requisite number of persons is not elected, the members elected, if they equal or exceed one-half of the council

when complete, or a majority of such members, shall order a new election to be held to fill the vacancies.

2. Where less than half the members of the council are elected, the clerk shall cause a new election to be held, and until such election is held, and the council of the preceding year shall continue in office.

3. The new election shall be held as soon as practicable. The members of a council shall hold office until their successors are elected and the new council is organized.

The qualification of public school trustees in urban communities is as follows:

2. Any ratepayer in an urban municipality who is a British subject, and who resides in the municipality, or in the case of a city or town, within one mile from the boundaries of the municipality, and who is of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified, may be elected a public school trustee, and every trustee, except as otherwise herein provided, shall continue in office until his successor has been elected and a new board organized, but no person who is not a British subject shall be elected or competent to act as trustee.

The declaration of qualification required to be filed by candidates for municipal office more than covers the trustee qualification and may easily be adapted to answer for both, although separate forms are available.

In this connection, the Public School Act, section 64 (5), provides that the nominations shall be conducted in the same manner as the municipal nominations, and that "The provisions of the Municipal Act respecting the time and manner of holding the election, including the mode of receiving nominations for office and the resignation of persons nominated vacancies and declarations of qualification and office shall, mutatis mutandis, apply to the election."

## ANY PAIN OF THE BODY

Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Backache Sciatic and Ovarian Pains. One or two DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS—and the pain is gone. Guaranteed Safe and Sure. Price 30c.

For Sale by B. F. Smith.

## 20 MINUTES

That's all. Twenty minutes after taking a ZUTOO tablet your headache will be gone. One of these little tablets—safe, reliable and harmless as soda—will stop any headache in 20 minutes. Or, better still, taken when you feel the headache coming on, a ZUTOO tablet will ward it off—nip it in the bud.

## No Headache

## FIRE INSURANCE

I can place your risks in good, reliable Companies, either on the premium note or cash system. Special low rates on farm and residential property.

A. SWEET.

**NR TO-NIGHT-**  
Tomorrow Alright  
Get a 25¢ Box

For Sale by B. F. Smith, Druggist, Winchester.

## BLACKSMITHING

We are pleased to announce to the Public that we are in a position to do all Horse-Shoeing promptly, and to give you first-class work.

## REPAIRING

In all lines of Cutters, Sleighs, Carriages and Wagons, done at our shops, you get good stock. Prompt Service and Fair Prices.

## PAINTING

What about that cutter you want painted? We are doing them now. You better bring it in at once, we will get it out quick for you.

## "The Old Reliable Stand."

## M. BAILEY

Winchester - Ontario.

## Apples! Apples!

We expect a car of Apples this week. Call and see them and get our prices.

## Beach & Reveler.

P. S.—This well established business is for sale.

## SAID HE COULD NEVER BE WELL

### "Fruit-a-lives" Restored Him to Health

159 AVENUE PINE IX, MONTREAL.  
"For three years, I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and my general health was very bad. I consulted a physician and took his medicine but I did not improve; and finally he told me that I could not be cured."

At this time, a friend advised me to try "Fruit-a-lives". After taking two boxes, I was greatly relieved; and this fruit medicine made me completely well. My digestion and general health are now splendid."

GASPARD DUBARD.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



What Can We Give the Kiddies?

Give them a Bank Account—the gift that grows, and teaches the first lesson of success in life—regular saving.

Call at one of our branches, or mail us \$1.00 or more, and we will see that this useful gift—a Union Bank Savings Account—arrives in time for Christmas.

**UNION BANK OF CANADA**

## JAKE ROSS Successor to M. Sweet

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

## SHOE REPAIRING.

I am prepared to repair boots and shoes and give complete satisfaction at lowest prices. Bring your boots and shoes and I will mend them. John H. Day, Caleb Street. Just east of Beach & Reveler's Feed Store.

## THOS. IRVING

Licensed Auctioneer  
For the Province of Ontario  
33 Clarendon Avenue OTTAWA

## Best Beef

Front quarters 6 to 8 cents per lb. hind quarters 8 to 10 cents per lb. French sleighs and cutters and heavy sleighs for sale. C. Hutchinson, Winchester, phone 86

## Fall Term From Sept. 1st.

### GOWLING BUSINESS COLLEGE Ottawa, Ont.

The school where you can get thorough courses under experienced instructors in Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Civil Service. Graduates assisted to positions.

Write for free catalogue.

H. W. BRAITHWAITE, Prin.  
W. E. GOWLING, President.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC TIME TABLE

WESTBOUND  
No. 23—12.30 a.m. flag for passengers to and from and beyond Charbon Lake  
No. 35—10.07 a.m. stop.  
No. 29—7.40 p.m. stop.

EASTBOUND  
No. 24—5.00 a.m. flag.  
No. 30—8.05 a.m. stop.  
No. 36—5.27 p.m. stop.

I. W. BOYES, Agent.

## CLINTON CASSELMAN

Licensed Auctioneer  
All sales conducted promptly and without fail.  
Agent for Mutual Life Insurance Co'y.  
Phone Winchester at my Expense.

## HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ont.  
Our STANDARD of instruction being 10 per cent. higher than any other, our graduates are preferred and given BETTER PAY.  
Our teachers know what to teach, and how to teach it, all having been practical stenographers.  
It pays to attend the LARGEST and BEST.

D. E. Henry, President  
Cor. Bank and Sparks Sts.

# The Big Store



A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all.

## Rubber Footwear.

Next time you need a pair of Rubbers for man, woman, boy or girl, try the Lifebuoy brand—you will find them the best.

## Kitchen Ware

Another lot received this week consisting of  
Roasting Pans,  
Frying Pans,  
Preserving Kettles,  
Good Dish Pans,  
Water Pails,  
Potatoe Pots,  
Tea Kettles.

## China Room

One of the busiest places in the store these days is the China Room. We are showing New Pyrex Ware, New China Cups and Saucers, New Flint Glass Tumblers, New Jardinieres and a great variety of small articles in Table Ware.

## Curtain & Drapery Dept.

New Art Sateens and New Fancy Scrims from 20c up. New Marquisette Curtains \$4.50 and \$5.00

## Wall Papers

Now is a good time to have your walls gone over. Men are not so busy as they will be later on. The new 1922 papers are now in stock and you can get first choice of patterns. We are showing the 21 inch papers so that you will not need so many rolls as you did of the old 18 inch kind. Rolls left over may be returned.



## Dress Goods and Silks.

Do not forget that we are headquarters for Dress Goods and Silks—Up-to-date Materials and the Latest Patterns to guide you in making them up.

## Prices to Suit Every Purse.

# A. Sweet & Co. Winchester, Ont.



## Medical School Inspection

The work inaugurated in this county about a year ago by Dr. J. W. Robertson, the Executive head of the Red Cross Society, in connection with the medical examination and supervision of rural and small urban centres, has been proceeding for some time under the supervision of Dr. Edna Robertson and Dr. Ann Curtin and was practically completed in October. The numbers of Public School children examined in the County was 2,309, and H. S. Pupils 166. The number with defects other than the teeth were P. S. 1204 H. S. 87. Numbers with defective teeth only P. S. 521, H. S. 18. The totals of children found with defects in P. S. 1509 and H. S. 115. The County was divided into units of about 35 class rooms, and a nurse demonstrator was appointed for each unit. These nurses have since October visited 92 schools, inspected 2471 children, found 520 with no defects. The work of these nurses will be concluded in February, and it is expected some permanent plan for school nursing will be established. The plan is briefly as follows. At a representative meeting of trustees in each unit, a School Medical Inspection Committee of 5 or 7 members is elected, who, if sufficient of the school sections in the district outlined are willing to undertake the work, collect from each section the amount apportioned to them, and employ a school nurse for the unit. It is hoped to explain more fully the method of organization at a series of meetings to be held throughout the county, during the month of January, 1922.

## INKERMAN NEWS

Mr. John Corrie was in Cornwall last week on jury.

Miss Leda Timmins returned home last Wednesday after visiting relatives at the Springs.

Mr. C. Fetterly visited his parents here last Thursday.

Mr. W. Timmins spent last Wednesday at Winchester Springs.

Mrs. D. Irvine returned home last week after visiting relatives away.

Mr. R. Crowder has bought the village property of Mr. C. Seymour.

A very serious accident, which might have proved death to Mr. J. Froats last Friday if it had not been for a fallen log which held the tree off his head when it spun and knocked him unconscious for some time where he lay under the tree, as he was alone. After recovering consciousness he got to a farm house, and was then taken to the doctor who sewed his head. We are glad to say he is progressing well.

Mr. A. Pelton of Montreal was a business caller of Mr. J. Redmond Monday.

## MELVIN NEWS

Mr. Aziah Froats and Mr. Arnot Johnston of Nation Valley had dinner on Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. R. Pruner.

Mrs. M. R. Black spent Wednesday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Dockstead.

Mr. W. J. Fdgerton of the ninth spent one day last week with his cousin Leonard Grur.

Mr. John Black and Bert Black took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Black on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Elliott of Morewood took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. S. Greer on Thursday.

We are sorry to report Mrs. U. I. Steimburg and Clara and Laura Pruner on the sick list.

Mr. A. Christie attended the Dairy Meeting in Winchester on Saturday last.

The Misses Winnie and Bessie Greer spent the week-end at their home here.

Mrs. Alex Warren and daughter Jean is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Doran of South Mountain who is ill.

Mr. A. Christie was in Chesterville on Thursday and purchased a horse from Mr. Wm. Ross to replace the one killed in the automobile accident on Wednesday.

A terrific windstorm visited this section on Sunday.

## Officers L. O. L. 862 for 1922

W. Bro. E. M. Shaver, I. P. M.  
Bro. Wm. Quart, W. M.  
Bro. T. A. Bailey, D. M.  
Bro. Rev. J. K. Curtis, Chap.  
Bro. John MacCounie, Rec. Secty  
Bro. Benson Smith, Fin. Secty  
W. Bro. H. B. Fetterly, Treasurer  
W. Bro. A. E. Goodfellow, D. of C.  
Bro. R. Kinsella, 1st Lect.  
Bro. R. Pruner, 2nd Lect.  
Bro. W. Patterson, 1st Com.  
Bro. R. Workman, 2nd Com.  
Bro. S. Greer, 3rd Com.  
Bro. A. Baxter, 4 Com.  
W. Bro. J. R. Wier, 5 Com.  
Bro. F. Hunter, I. Tyler  
Bro. W. Salter, O. Tyler

## The Empty, Raggedy Stockings

What of the empty, raggedy stockings That will hang by the chimney on Christmas eve, With their mute appeals from the poor little owners To the dear old Santa in whom they believe? For their share of his presents they ask such a little, "Just a dolly to hold in my arms while I sleep, A little tin auto that runs when you wind it, A sounding red drum or a woolly white sheep."

The only light in their dim, dark existence Is that wonderful day when old Santa will come With his treasure filled pack that he brings on his back From his fairyland, snowland, toyland home.

What beautiful dreams will come to them sleeping Under the coverlet shabby and worn; But what of the empty, raggedy stockings That will hang by the chimney on Christmas morn? MRS. H. C. SEARCY, in the Chicago Tribune

## CHRISTMAS DOES NOT STAND ALONE

IF CHRISTMAS stood alone it would be an idle mockery. But it does not stand alone. It is part of a year. Yet it is a peculiar part. It is that brief period in which the child rules the world.

It marks nowadays the culmination of a civilization which has had a leading principle. The selfish, the hard, the grasping and the unsparing are out and apart that one week from the great flowing tide of the development of the world's progress. The man or woman who does not know this or see it or feel it is alien to the Christian spirit and to all the products wrought by the Christ spirit in the twenty centuries last past.

Christmas day, then, brings a message. But it also sings a song of hope and calls aloud a prophecy. The message is that gentleness is stronger far than force and that the greatest power on earth is the compelling power of tenderness.

Every Christmas tree is lit with that light. The great flood of presents bears this as its message. The cheer and charity of the whole season are fed by this love.

If the result of this process is only a century flower, however, or one that blooms even only once a year, then of what use is this more than that, this grotesque fact than that stranger plant? It is a curious phenomenon only, a hothouse spectacle and not an abiding food product.—Rev. Dr. David M. Steele, Philadelphia.

## CELERY AND CHEESE SALAD.

Chop nicely bleached, tender celery fine and bind it together with mayonnaise. Line an ice cream dipper with cottage cheese, then fill up with the celery mixture, packing it in well. Screw out the cones on crisped lettuce leaves arranged for individual serving.

## CHRISTMAS FOR THE BABIES.

Never deny the babies their Christmas! It is the shining seal set upon a year of happiness. Let them believe in Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or Kriss Kringle, or whatever name the jolly Dutch saint bears in your region.

## Greeting

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all.

D. H. Jackson  
Phone 84 - Chesterville.



## Wish them Merry Christmas by Long Distance

"So you're not going home for Christmas?"

"Afraid I can't afford it this year. It's going to be very lonely here too! I'll get letters, of course, but how I do want to talk to them, be one of 'em!'"

"Why that's simple. I can't go home either, but I'm going to call my Christmas greeting to every one of my folks personally—talk to them by Long Distance. I'll wager I'll almost be able to smell the good old turkey cooking."

"What a splendid idea! I'm so glad you made me think of it. Christmas won't be such a lonely day after all, Long Distance will give mother the feeling that I'm not so far away!"

That's just what Long Distance is going to do for distant relatives, sons, daughters, sweethearts, this Christmas day. It's going to make the "Merry Christmas" real—bring the missing one so close that the loneliness and pain of separation will be forgotten in the joy of hearing the dear voice again.

Station-to-Station service with low Evening and Night Rates has brought Long Distance within the reach of everyone.



# Season's Greetings

May Christmas bring You and Yours  
The Joy of Tasks faced with Courage  
and performed with Honest Purpose,  
Is the Sincere Wish of

Phone 3 **THE M. F. BEACH CO., LIMITED** Winchester  
20% Off All Toys Until Christmas.

## Men's and Boy's Clothing.

Friday and Saturday, special to make room for 'New Empress' Shoes that have just arrived.

Men's uncalled for hand tailored Suits and Overcoats worth \$65. Special Price \$17.50

\$20.00 Boy's Suits, Reefers and Overcoats \$6.79, all sizes up to 35 10 to 50 per cent, off all wearables.

Get your Xmas Gifts now at Bargain Prices.

Geo. Boyd, Foot Expert,

All Ready for You  
Xmas Shoppers

Here is a hint of the good things—  
Finest Layer Raisins  
Figs, in boxes or layers  
Grapes, Fancy Emperor  
Grape-Fruit, Florida  
Oranges, California Sunkist  
Choice Apples, all varieties,  
Dates, Dried, Dried  
Cranberries, Finest Cape Cod  
Mixed Nuts, all new  
Candies, all varieties  
Merchants Mixed, Creams, Caramels,  
Chocolate Drops, Marshmallows, Humbugs, Peanut Crisp, Mixed Chocolate  
Maple Buds, Cocoa Bon Bons, etc.  
All New at New Prices. You will be glad if you look them over.

L. FLORA, Winchester.  
Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery.

## "Christmas Gifts" That Are Worth While.

French Ivory, (See window display)  
Fountain Pens,  
Kodaks & Cameras,  
Stationery.  
Chocolates, "Willards & Neilsons"  
Safety Razors,  
Toilet Sets,  
Thermos Bottles.  
Before Deciding, See Our Stock.

## 'Smiths Drug Store'

Telephone No. 34  
Victor \$1 Records Now 85c.

# The Store of Quality

A Message to the People of Winchester.  
A Message of Thrift. A Message of Common Sense.

In order to stimulate early holiday shopping, we are offering special inducements.

Our Stock Is Complete.

Use a little thought—prepare your list now and avoid the dreaded last minute rush.

Read these Prices, they say, "Come and Buy."

Raisins, "Easter Brand," Seeded, 15 oz pkgs. We have a lot of them, regular 30c for Xmas Shoppers at 20c.  
Prunes, small size but cooking California Prunes, per pound 10c.  
Mince Meat, try enough for 1 pie, per lb. 20c.  
Peels, cut, mixed ready for use, 1-2 pounds net 25c.  
Syrup 10 lb. pails \$1.00  
Maple Syrup, Imperial Gal. \$2.00  
Soap, all Laundry Soaps, 3 bars for 25c.  
Comfort Soap, special for Xmas Shoppers 100 cakes for \$7.00  
Castile Soap, 6 bars for 25c.  
Salt Herrings, per lb. 10c.  
British Columbia Salmon, per lb. 25c.  
Corn, Peas and Tomatoes, per tin 17c.  
Rolled Oats 20 pound sack \$1.00  
Catsup, quart bottle Regular 40c, for Xmas shoppers at 30c.  
Mixed Pickles, Imported 40 oz. bottles 50c.  
Chocolate, Boxes 25c to \$5.00  
3 cans Cooking Salmon 50c.  
Cooking Figs, per lb. 15c.  
We have on hand some choice Durham Heifers ready to kill as soon as the weather is right, the price as well as the beef will suit you.  
Pork & Beans in Tomato Sauce, per tin 20c.  
Ash Sifters, Coal Skuttles, Gal. Tubs, Mop Sticks, Whicks and Brooms.  
Glass Jars of Marmalade 40c.  
4 lb. pail of Jam 75c.

Corn Flakes 2 for 25c.  
Green Tea, per lb. 60c.  
Black Tea, per lb. 60c.  
Coffee, per lb. 60c.  
Apples, per barrel \$6.50  
Potatoes, per 90 lbs. \$1.65  
Mitts, horsehide pullovers, \$1.50  
Mitts, horsehide fronts, woolen lining \$1.25  
Mitts, driving, wool-lined \$2.25  
Mitts, for boys 50c.  
Hockey Sticks 25c, 40c, \$1.00 and \$1.50  
Skates, we have your size and priced to suit you.  
Mixed Candy, the best mixed on the market, special price for Xmas shoppers, per lb. 20c.  
10 lb. pail of honey \$2.00  
3 lb. box of Sodas 55c.  
Working gloves, muleskin lined \$1.00  
Oranges, nice large juicy ones, per doz. 50c.  
Nuts, mixed, 5 kinds, per lb. 30c.  
Lard, 20 lb. wooden pail \$4.00  
Chocolates, regular 60c lines for Xmas Shoppers, per lb. 40c.  
Ensilage forks \$3.00  
Stable Brooms \$1.00  
Onions, red, per lb. 8c.  
Onions, white, per lb. 10c.  
Cranberries, per lb. 30c.  
We have a good line of Pipes, Perfumes, Jack Knives, Auto Straps, Safety Razors, etc.

No trouble to show goods. A Share of your Valued Patronage Solicited.

**T. O. KEYES, - Winchester, Ont.**

## Christmas Lighting

Now is the time to order your electric bulbs, to get your empty sockets repaired and have lamps placed in them for the Holiday season.

In order to facilitate this work we are authorizing our meter reader to take orders for lamps at the same time as he reads your meter. Lamps so ordered will be delivered and placed in the sockets free of any charge except the cost of the lamps which are as follows,—

25 watt Tungsten Lamps Laboratory tested 45 cents each.  
40 watt Tungsten Lamps Laboratory tested 45 cents each.  
60 watt Tungsten Lamps Laboratory tested 55 cents each.  
75 watt Nitrogen Lamps Laboratory tested 90 cents each.  
100 watt Nitrogen Lamps Laboratory tested 1.35 each.

Absolutely Free, with each order for a dozen or more lamps we will give you absolutely free, 1 Benjamin 2 way plug Cluster, otherwise known as a double socket. This offer is only good until December 24th.

## The Hydro Shop, Winchester. Fisher's Meat Market.

Mince Meat by the pound or pail. Prices Right.

Choice Western and Home Beef by the quarter all stall fed.

Get a pail of Swift's Pure Lard or Domestic Shortening for baking your Xmas Pies or puddings.

We still have Choice Lambs by the quarter or lb.

Shop Phone 12. House Phone 55.

W. J. FISHER

Winchester - - - - - Ontario.

**\$1.00 Save Dollars \$1.00**

## THE LEADING HOUSE

Of Winchester for Flour, Feed and Cereals.

## Greetings

We wish all our friends and Customers A Merry Christmas and A Bright Prosperous New Year.

Johnston & McCourtie

Phone 84 - Winchester.

**\$1.00 Save Dollars \$1.00**

## Custom Tailoring For Men & Women

Our prices are based upon replacement values of to-day and are as low as good cloths can be sold for. See our weather proof coats for men at \$12.00, also ready-to-wear Winter Overcoats at almost pre war prices.

A. E. Goodfellow

Telephone 76 - - - - - Winchester



# The Recovery of Dr. Lecaut

By C. KENNETH BURROW.

## PART I.

Dr. Anatole Lecaut, sitting alone in his consulting room, experienced a sense of futility, almost of boredom, which troubled him. He had anticipated that when the war was over, and he was released from his terrible and exhausting field hospital work, he would return to his civilian practice, take up once more the old interests, and retire, not too late in life, to a little farm, where he proposed to cultivate placidity and certain herbs of healing. But, though no man more than he rejoiced at the coming of peace, there had come with it this sense of futility. A younger man might have struck into new lines of research or discovered the lacking stimulus in doubtful excitement; but Lecaut was on the verge of fifty; he had seen his wild oats, and become an entirely decorous citizen. And there, remained, only this emptiness, a most depressing prospect for a man still capable of endeavor and keen enjoyment.

He switched off the light in his consulting room, put on his hat, and went out, telling his housekeeper that he would not be back to dinner.

"But, monsieur," she protested, "I have prepared for you a beautiful meal; there are eggs with the wine sauce that you love, and a chicken as plump as I care, as the baby of Marie, my laughter." The doctor paused.

"Will there be enough for two?" he asked.

"Of a certainty, yes."

"Then I will dine at home, and bring with me M. Nivette."

The few streets through which the doctor passed on his way to the house of Nivette, the lawyer, has a deserted air partly, no doubt, because the evening was cold and threatened snow, and partly, as Lecaut had reflected, there were fewer people in Dourlax than there used to be. He had a sense of personal loneliness and almost homesickness that had been new to him. Before the war he had been well enough content with his bachelor life, his friends and his profession.

Nivette greeted him with enthusiasm, and in three minutes was ready to return with him.

"You have brought me comfort, friend Anatole," he said. "That I suppose, is part of your business. My wife, as you know, is away, and without her the kitchen goes to the devil. And I am hungry. This cold nips me. I feel myself growing small and old."

Nivette smiled at his usual way, and the doctor listened when he felt inclined and thought of something else when he did not. The lawyer was a man of immense good nature, a quality, he declared, which stood in the way of his professional success. Nevertheless he had done very well, and there were few cases of litigation in Dourlax in which he did not take a part.

The dinner was excellent, and when the lawyer had disposed of the last of certain gaudes for which the doctor's housekeeper was famous, he said:

"Now, Anatole, let us talk."

"I have been listening to you," said the doctor.

"But you, also, are capable of speech."

"At present, my friend, I am not capable of anything. I take no interest in work, and not much, as you may have observed, in my friends."

"You have not yet recovered from your exertions during the war?"

"On the contrary, I have recovered completely," Nivette looked at him.

"Is it possible that at your time of life—"

"Well," said the doctor.

"That you have fallen in love?"

"It is not in the least possible. I am merely suffering from a reaction for which I can discover no correcting stimulus."

"The condition sounds dangerous," said Nivette.

"It is extremely unpleasant," said the doctor.

"If I may express an opinion, this condition results from living alone."

"Nonsense," said Lecaut.

"I assure you that my wife is a constant stimulus to me. Without her I should be cut in two—lost."

"That is true," said the doctor, smiling. "Madame Nivette is a wonderful woman."

"I hear your telephone bell!" cried Nivette.

"What a life, doctor!" Lecaut hurried away to the hall, and presently returned, looking a little perplexed.

"Anything serious?" Nivette asked.

Lecaut sat down, cracked a walnut, and peeled it carefully.

"If illness turned out to be as serious as most people imagine them to be, the world would soon be depopulated."

"Do you know anything of Madame Corton, who lives in the old house in the Rue des Cailloux?"

"Madame Corton; the old house in the Rue des Cailloux?" the lawyer repeated. "Yes, I can give you some information. It is my business, you understand, to know something about everybody. Madame Corton has been living in the Rue des Cailloux for three months. She is an Englishwoman who married one of our nation; she is now a widow. Her only son died for France. He fell within twenty miles of Dourlax. That is why she has chosen our city as a place of residence."

"Is that all you know?"

"I can recall no more," Nivette said, tuckering his brows.

"Then I can give you further information. She has a daughter."

"Amazing! A daughter, and I not to know!"

"Madame Corton telephones to me that her daughter is unwell, and she requires my attendance in the Rue des Cailloux at once."

"Then, my friend, why do you not hurry there?"

"One cannot leave a guest at a moment's notice. Moreover, I am puzzled. Why should Madame Corton send for me when there are no fewer than three doctors in the Rue des Cailloux and one just round the corner in the Rue de la Harpe?"

"She has, of course, heard of your great reputation," Dr. Lecaut shook his head.

"Your explanation," he said, is generous, but foolish. My reputation, I am convinced, has nothing to do with it. If you are in no hurry to return to your wifeless house, wait for me here."

"With all the pleasure in the world," said Nivette. "The room is warm, the wine good. What more can a man want?"

The doctor walked to the Rue des Cailloux. He could not explain to himself why this unexpected call aroused in him an interest which amounted almost to excitement. Possibly the quality of the voice which he had heard over the telephone had appealed to him, possibly the counteraction had set in. At any rate, he found himself on the doorstep of the house in the Rue des Cailloux in an astonishingly short time.

He was admitted by Madame Corton herself. At first sight, in the dim light of the hall, she seemed to the young and girlish-looking to have had a son old enough to die in the great cause. But when, a moment later, Lecaut sat with her in a room where the light was stronger, he perceived her to be a woman whose youth survived, indeed, but it had been subdued by sorrow. Her brown eyes met his with an engaging candor, and her voice—yes, it was her voice that had suddenly roused him. What did it recall?

"I rang you up at this late hour, Dr. Lecaut," she said, "because my daughter would see no one but you."

"I am honored, madame."

"To be quite frank, I have not the least idea why she has need of a doctor."

"It is my business to discover that," Madame Corton held the doctor's eyes in a steady scrutiny that would have embarrassed him if it had been, as it were, less confiding. Her eyes, like his, seemed to call to some elusive memory.

"Pauline is very young," she said.

"At eighteen one may suffer from maladies which even science does not understand. It is possible that I have not her full confidence. Perhaps, Dr. Lecaut, she will be more frank with you."

"Come, you shall see her."

Lecaut followed Madame Corton with the strange feeling that, though this was doubtless a professional visit, its appeal to him was entirely unprofessional. He was not, in fact, interested in Madame Corton's daughter, though he was already profoundly interested in Madame Corton herself.

To have her as a patient (for the slightest indispositions, of course) would have pleased him immensely. He was so intent on this theme of Madame Corton that when she opened a door, entered a room beyond and said, "Pauline, Dr. Lecaut is here," it was with difficulty that he wrenched his mind back to the fact that his daughter's existence. A moment later he found himself alone with his patient.

A girl had risen from a chair by the fire. She advanced a couple of paces with outstretched hand and then paused. Lecaut approached, bowed over her hand and begged Miss Corton to be seated. She obeyed, and, as she sat looking up at him, he examined her face with a curiosity inspired solely by the desire to discover whether she resembled her mother. Pauline was unmistakably pretty and dainty and fresh, but Madame Corton was more than all this.

"Why do you look at me like that?" the girl cried. "Do you suspect—"

"I suspect nothing," said Lecaut.

"And yet you look at me as though you suspect, oh, all sorts of things!" Pauline held her hands over her eyes for a moment and then, pointing to a chair, commanded the doctor, with engaging imperiousness, to take it.

"Dr. Lecaut, I believe you to be a good and a kind man," she said.

"The belief is flattering, but the question is, am I a good doctor?"

"That doesn't matter in the least," she said.

"But I am here merely as a doctor."

"Again you are mistaken \* \* \*

There is nothing whatever the matter with me!" Lecaut showed no sign of surprise; his gaze remained courteously sympathetic. He leaned forward and stretched his hand toward the fire.

"Madame Corton, your mother, was puzzled as to the nature of your illness."

"Then she does suspect!"

"I know nothing of what Madame Corton may think," said Lecaut.

"But, mademoiselle, if there is nothing whatever the matter with you, why am I here at this moment?"

"Can I trust you, Dr. Lecaut?"

"My professional honor has never been called in question."

"But I have told you that I need no professional help. This is a matter of profoundest confidence. Will you be my friend?"

The doctor was silent for a time. Probably the only reason why he was not immediately carried away by the girl's appeal was that he had already been carried away by her mother's.

"You hesitate? Pauline cries in a voice of reproach."

"I will promise to be your friend," he said, "but it is possible that your idea of what a friend may demand from a friend may not agree with mine. You might, for example, demand something of me which would not commend itself to Madame Corton."

"Ah, the little mother! Why do men always fall down and worship her?" Lecaut was a little startled; he leaned back in his chair and pressed his finger-tips together.

"I am not aware," he said, "of having assumed that attitude."

"But you have. I'm sure of it. \* \* \*

Dr. Lecaut, I will trust you. It is my heart, not my body, that is sick. When one loves, what is the remedy?"

"Satisfaction or oblivion," said the doctor.

"And if one does not know whether one's love is returned?"

"In that case it would be necessary to find out."

"But if one does not know where the loved one is, or even whether he is alive?" \* \* \* Dr. Lecaut, I heard him speak your name with affection and admiration."

"The name is not uncommon," he said.

"But I feel sure that it was you."

—and the worst is yet to come



W. E. PENCE.

## The Sergeant's Sermon.

During the Great War some soldiers of an English regiment in France wished to have a religious meeting among themselves. They chose a tumble-down cottage for their place of worship, and, screening the windows and the holes with turf and sacking so that no light should show and attract enemy aeroplanes, selected the hymns and decided who should make the prayer. Then arose the question who should preach the sermon. At last the choice fell on a sergeant known as Tubby. The nickname was a tribute to his jollity. Tubby gave careful thought to his task and after the hymns and the prayer read the story of the storm on the Sea of Galilee. Then he delivered his sermon.

"I don't know," he began, "whether you chaps ever noticed that it says, 'There were also with him other little ships.' It's about those other little ships I want to talk. What were they, don't you know? Their duty, I suppose, same as you and I are trying to do here. But, anyway, when the storm fell on the disciples' ship those other little ships got it too. They were tossed about like corks and had a regular bad time of it. Then when Jesus rebuked the wind and made the sea still, and there was a great calm—well, those other little ships got that too."

"Now, it's just the same in the war. The big ships are in it, but there are other little ships in it. Denmark and Holland and Switzerland and Norway and Sweden—they're getting tossed about and having an anxious time. And when we win the great peace those other little ships'll have it too."

"And isn't it the same with you and me? If we get to playing the fool with drink and gambling and other sins, we'll not be the only ones to feel the storm. There'll be other little ships in it with us—wives, and children, and sweethearts, and friends. They'll get the storm too. But then again, if you let Jesus have his way in your heart—well, then those other little ships'll be as safe and happy as you are. Isn't it worth trying for, boys?"

Need it be said that every heart in that little gathering so far from home and kindred, so close to danger and to death, was deeply touched by the sergeant's sermon? Some time later Tubby was killed in an attack, but his words will live after him and help to make the great sea of life safe for "those other little ships."

Artificial ice was first made in 1783.

Stretching the spine for a few minutes each day is the latest recipe for prolonged youth.

## Sentry Go.

True lad who shared the guard with me.

That night of whirling snow,

What other nights have brought to you I shall not know.

I never even heard your name,

And hardly saw your face;

Yet you poured out your heart to me As we kept pace.

I don't know if you're living still,

Or fallen in the fight;

But in my heart your heart is safe Till the last night.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. Don't throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps into brush, leaves, or pine needles.

## The Prince as a Humorist

"He is a shy and sensitive boy," a well-known personage once said of the Prince of Wales, "but although he says little he thinks a lot, and has a keen brain and keen sense of humor."

It is this latter trait in his character which has won for the Prince a reputation as a story-teller. The Prince, indeed, sees the funny side of everything.

Once, in Australia, while taking an early morning gallop, the Prince had some difficulties with his saddle. An Australian boundary rider arrived and, noticing the English accent, asked, politely, if he were an emigrant?

"I'm the Prince of Wales," H.R.H. said.

"Oh, are you," replied the Aussie. "Well, I'm his father."

Next day at a reception the Prince saw the same man and, pushing his way through the crowd, seized him by the hand and exclaimed, "Halloa, dad!"

The Prince's stories are straightforward in their appeal. Here is a characteristic one, a product of the Highland season:

An old lady from the remote Highlands of Scotland was taken to Edinburgh, where she heard modern singing in a church for the first time. Asked by her lady companion what she thought of it, the old woman replied: "It's vera, vera bonnie, but ch, ma leddy, it's an awfu' way o' spending the Sabbath."

The Prince delights in relating an incident which occurred in London. He had been "hung up" in his car, while dashing from one public meeting to another. A man, not recognizing the occupant of the car, nudged his mate, remarking, "One of the idle rich."

During the Great War some soldiers of an English regiment in France wished to have a religious meeting among themselves. They chose a tumble-down cottage for their place of worship, and, screening the windows and the holes with turf and sacking so that no light should show and attract enemy aeroplanes, selected the hymns and decided who should make the prayer. Then arose the question who should preach the sermon. At last the choice fell on a sergeant known as Tubby. The nickname was a tribute to his jollity. Tubby gave careful thought to his task and after the hymns and the prayer read the story of the storm on the Sea of Galilee. Then he delivered his sermon.

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When in Toronto visit the Royal Ontario Museum  
253 Bloor St. West, Near Avenue Road  
Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Zoology. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m. Bloor, Bell Line, Dupont and Avenue Rd. cars.

## Infinity and Finitude.

Back and forth went the man with the lawn mower, leaving a wider space of velvet grass with every cut. As he stopped at the end of the yard he noticed a slight movement on the bar between the two wheels of the lawn mower. Getting down on his knees, he saw that the moving object was a tiny measuring worm.

He started the mower again and left the little fellow measuring his way here and there over the machine. To the worm the machine was a whole world. When the man reached the other end of the lawn the worm was still busy at its work of measuring. Every few minutes the man looked down to make sure that it had not fallen off.

When he had done his mowing and had turned toward the shed with the mower, the measuring worm had also reached its long journey across the mower. He left it measuring one of the wheels.

Now the man was imaginative. He often thought of the tiny worm and its world. How big and interesting and mysterious it was to the little measurer! And the worm knew no more of the man who had pushed the mower than it knew of the stars shining in the sky at night. The man smiled when he realized that the worm had not known that the lawn mower had moved at all; to the worm it was a great fixed thing on which he lived. To it the yard was as the universe and the lawn mower as the world.

In the eyes of God do we not seem much as the tiny measuring worm seemed to the man? Though our planet is one of the smallest, it is the "whole world" to us. We circle the sun once a year and never realize that we have moved. And as for Him whose hand holds up the world and the sun and the stars and whirls them round in their orbits, we have never seen Him and would not know that He exists if it were not that in His love and mercy He bends down close to us and speaks to us in words that we can understand. How humble and reverent we should be!

## \$30 a Week Mechanic Jumps to \$750 a Month

Out in Chehalis, Washington, U.S.A., lives W. E. Pence, "Electrical Expert." Chehalis isn't very much of a town, somewhere between 3,000 and 5,000 people—and Pence doesn't pretend to be a whirlwind "Master of Finance" by any means. But his income is the "talk of the town." With great pride he exhibits the books of his Electrical Business, which show a net profit of \$750 a month.

Pence himself says that two years ago he never dreamed of earning so much money. At that time he was making \$30 a week and wondering if the time would ever come when he could buy anything he wanted, like he now is able to do.

Owes Success to Electricity.

Pence doesn't talk much about his success. He isn't that kind. But when he does talk about Electricity and the great future which it holds for men and boys—he hits "right from the shoulder." Without any reservation he gives all credit for his amazing success to the thorough Electrical training which he has received in spare time during the past months.

But let Pence tell his own story. Read his letter dated October 9, 1921, to L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works:

"Dear Mr. Cooke:

Less than 2 years ago I was an ordinary mechanic earning \$25 to \$30 a week. To-day, thanks to you, I am an "Electrical Expert," in business for myself, and making over \$750 a month.

My success, Mr. Cooke, is entirely due to the invaluable help you have given me. The thorough, practical training I secured through your Electrician's Spare Time, Home Study Course in Electricity, has made me financially independent, and a highly respected business man in this community.

Sincerely yours,

W. E. Pence."

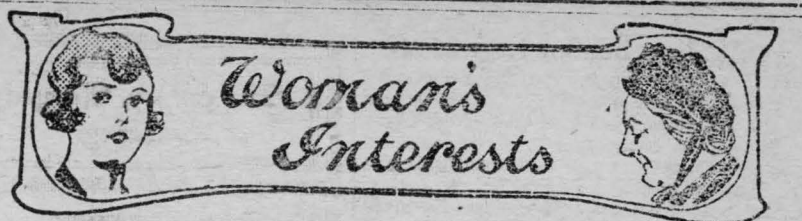
For 15 years Mr. Cooke has been training men at home during their spare time, for Big Electrical Positions, and he has received thousands of letters like the above. His system offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to earn \$2,500 to \$10,000 a year.

Electrically-Trained Men Secure.

Because of its prominent position in the Electrical Field, The Chicago Engineering Works frequently is called upon, by industries in the larger cities in the United States and Canada, to supply trained men for electrical work. To meet these demands Mr. Cooke is now enrolling a Special Class for quick training. He expects to develop from this class "Electrical Experts" who can go out and take over the big Electrical jobs that are now open.

Complete particulars and actual proof of the great demand for "Electrical Experts" is contained in a booklet entitled "How To Become An Electrical Expert," which may be had without cost by writing to Chief Engineer Cooke, Chicago Engineering Works, 2148 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A.

The greatest problem in the fine art of living is to get out of the human machine the maximum of service with the minimum of friction; and this can only be done by so disciplining the mind that we can relax or turn on and off our brain-power at will, and concentrate it with all the energy of our being upon the thing in hand. Concentration is the key to power, the secret of achievement but the man who cannot concentrate on play as well as on work, has not mastered the secret of real living, or, for that matter, the secret of maximum excellence in work.



## Woman's Interests

### The Farm Laundry.

Doing the family washing is one branch of domestic life that is often drudgery, but since it is just as necessary to our living as eating and sleeping it must be removed as far from drudgery as modern conveniences and the housewife's intelligence can get it.

Since machinery is cheaper than labor; a good washing machine is a good investment. Such machines are very helpful for heavy clothes, and for large washings. The wear it saves on the clothes will soon pay for it, to say nothing of the backache it prevents.

The machine must be kept clean, free from dust and rust, and out of the weather. Use a wringer. Twisting clothes is destructive, besides the wringer presses out much dirty water that the hands cannot remove. Keep the wringer oiled and cleaned. The rubber rollers will last much longer if the thumbscrews are loosened when wringer is not being used.

The boiler should be largely of copper, not only because of greater durability and immunity from rust, but also because copper transmits heat more readily than any other metal which is used to make boilers. The clothesstick may be made of an old broomstick.

Most women agree that soaking all the white articles the night before makes it easier to remove the dirt. Rather than spend part of Sunday sorting over clothes, many women have changed washday to Tuesday. Another very good reason for breaking away from the customs of our ancestors in regard to "blue Monday" is that as far as possible it is desirable to mend the clothing before it is washed. A two-inch tear may very easily extend to ten inches in washing, hanging out and ironing.

The garments should be looked over for stains and the stain treated according to the best means of removing each particular stain, for soap sets practically every kind of stain except plain, ordinary dirt. If there is plenty of soft water, a little melted soap may be added to the soaking water, but if one must use hard water, do not use soap, but only a small amount of some mild softener such as washing soda, ammonia or whatever acts best on the water you use. Use only "a small amount," for all those softeners are chemicals, and too liberally used, they injure the fabrics and cause them to wear out rapidly.

In the whole process of laundering there is nothing as important as thorough rinsing. No matter what care has been taken with the work, if the clothes are not thoroughly rinsed they will never have a good color.

Always wash colored fabrics in warm soapsuds—never apply the soap direct. Rinse in two or three waters to remove every particle of soap.

### When You Hang Pictures.

A few go a long way in the general rule—that is, don't hang too many pictures in one room. The living-room should contain pictures which guests would enjoy, while the bedroom may be hung with the family portraits and photographs of a more personal nature. The shape of wall space should be considered and pictures or prints of similar shape or ones which belong to that space should be chosen. Unless a picture is hung with screws directly on the wall, see that the wires up to the molding are parallel with the sides of the picture rather than forming an angle at the molding. Hang them as nearly as possible opposite the level of the eye when you are standing. Whenever possible, hang them so that they are under a side

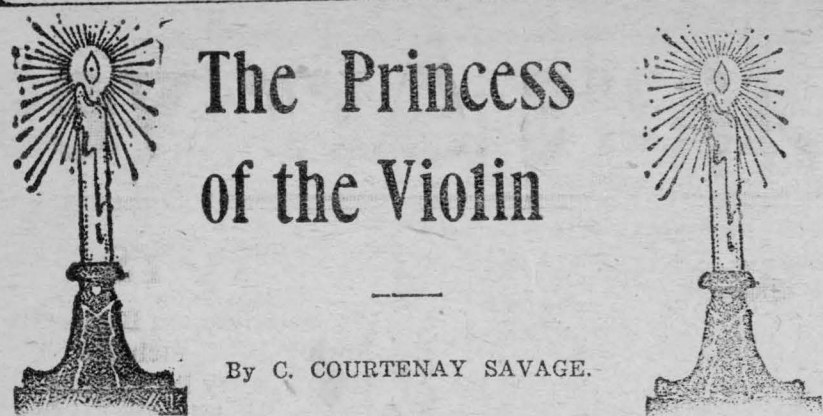
light. A plain side wall is better than a figured for setting off pictures.

### A Hobby Party.

For an entertainment that is unusual, inexpensive and most entertaining, try a hobby party. Ask every guest to wear something that indicates a hobby of his or hers that is not too familiar to the rest of the group. When all are assembled give each person a lead pencil and a white card with a hobbyhobby sketched in one corner. Have everyone write on his card his guesses about the hobbies that are represented; then after an evening of old-fashioned games and stunts, see who has guessed correctly the greatest number of hobbies.

At a hobby party one of the boys carried a yeast cake, a toy flagpole, and a sapling; his hobby proved to be raising poultry. A girl who enjoyed piecing quilts wore small squares of





# The Princess of the Violin

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.

In spite of the light whirl of snow, which everyone said was seasonal, considering that Christmas was only three weeks off, there were a score of people waiting before the ticket window of the Thompsonville motion picture house. John Higgins, the proprietor, saw the crowd and smiled. He knew why they were there, twenty minutes before show time, and, with the air of a man regarding a great possession, glanced proudly at the showy billboard:

MARY JENNINGS  
THE PRINCESS OF THE VIOLIN

He read the sign a second and a third time. Then he went quickly into the box office and opening the window, began to sell tickets.

It was half-past seven when Mary Jennings made her first appearance that night, sandwiched between a comedy picture and the big feature of the evening. She was a small woman, with dark hair and eyes, no longer really young, and in appearance, foreign to the stage. In her simply cut dress, she could hardly be called good-looking but she had a radiant smile that was all-enveloping. When the spotlight caught her as she entered from one side of the stage, there was a heavy roar of applause, which the lifting of her violin checked abruptly. Those out front did not wish to miss a single note.

Mary Jennings had played the violin since childhood and she could make the instrument laugh and sigh, weep and sing and dream. As she swayed the bow over the vibrating strings, so she swayed the hearts of those who listened. She was not a great artist. She played with the divine temperament.

To-night she played three semi-classical melodies and then, with friendly smile and words, asked her audience to tell her what they would like. The first two "request" pieces came quickly and then with a joyous clamor they called for Home, Sweet Home—old-fashioned, forever beloved Home, Sweet Home. Just as a certain great singer has always sung that ballad best, so it was the choicest number in Mary Jennings' repertoire.

After she had bowed acknowledgment to their sincere applause, they settled back for the feature picture and Mary Jennings' work was over until it was time for the second performance.

To-night, as she entered the small, scrupulously clean dressing-room to await the second call, she found John Higgins there, and with him a stranger whom he introduced as Mr. Helm.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Jennings," Helm said cordially. He was a large man and by his general appearance, a man of success.

"Yes, he's been waiting to see you—says that he has something very important to say," Higgins spoke almost eagerly. Then—"I guess you folks can get on without me. You played wonderfully to-night, Miss Mary, better than ever!"

"Thank you," Mary Jennings said, smiling, and the stranger, noting the light in her eyes, concluded that the violinist and the theatre proprietor must be more than mere business friends.

"I understand that there are always great houses when you play," Helm said as the door closed.

"Yes, they seem to like my playing." The woman motioned her visitor to a chair and seated herself on the top of her trunk. She was very curious and slightly awed.

"That's what I came about—your playing. One of my advance men heard you in Pembroke last week. He sent word to me and I followed you here. I heard you play this afternoon."

"Yes—?" she asked uneasily.

"And I'll hand it to you—you can play."

"Thank you," she smiled again. There was a long pause. Each was thinking.

"You don't know who I am, do you?" he asked presently. "You don't place me?"

No, she did not place him.

"I'm Carlos Helm, the concert manager. I'm getting ready a big world tour for one of the bands that I sent out. We're looking for soloists. I think you'd do for one of them—"

"I? For a world tour?"

"Maybe. I'd like to try you out." He was abruptly business-like.

"I don't know—" she said softly.

"No, neither do I. But I could soon find out. Suppose you plan to come into Ottawa next Monday. We're having a big concert there in connection with a drive they are holding. I'm

going to have four or five big musical numbers and they're providing the speakers. There's sure to be a crowd and if you get across with that crowd—well, you'll be able to go with any crowd."

The woman's eyes sparkled but she did not speak.

"Now about money. I'm not going to drag you before the public and then have some rival manager grab you up if you make a big hit. How much do you make playing around at these small town theatres? Not much, I'll wager."

"I average a hundred dollars a week, though, of course, I seldom get an engagement in the summer—that is, July and August."

"A hundred a week. And you're paying your own expenses," the man smiled. He had an easy task before him.

"I'll give you fifty dollars and expenses to play in Ottawa. You'll only have to do four pieces. If you go over right, I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week and travelling expenses to begin with. Afterwards you'll have more."

"I'll have to think about it," she said softly. "It sounds wonderful!"

"Yes, that's right—think about it! Show up at the Auditorium in Ottawa about three o'clock on the twelfth. That will give us time for a rehearsal. I've got to run now for my train. Good-bye!"

He was gone from the room before she could really answer him. She sat there on the trunk, wide-eyed, but blind to the things about her, until the call for her second performance roused her.

The applause was as generous as usual, but it had lost flavor. Ottawa! A world tour! Was she dreaming?

When she went back to her dressing room, John Higgins was waiting.

"What did he want, Mary?" he asked quickly. "He said that he was a concert manager. Does he want you to work for him?"

She nodded.

"Yes, he said that I was a good player. He said that I might have an engagement with one of his bands making a world tour. I'm going to play at a concert for him next Monday the twelfth—try me out."

For a minute the man did not answer. From out of doors came the faint sound of sleighbells as some of the audience drove home.

"It—it's mighty fine for you, Mary," he said slowly, "but you'll never get any better friends—any folks that like you more than we do."

"I know," she answered him quickly. "Still it's my chance, and after all, I'd never get any more money than I'm earning now as long as I play in these small towns."

"Money! It doesn't seem right for you to have to be earning money—why—"

"I know," she interrupted him. "I know that you have this theatre and there's the farm that has been such a paying proposition but, John!"

A sudden tenderness came into her voice.

"I love to play. When I came past the front of the theatre to-night and saw that billing, The Princess of the Violin, it seemed to have made up for all the rough places I have travelled. I've been very happy playing here in the small towns but now I want my chance to be great. We can always be wonderful friends, can't we, John?"

The man nodded but had no word for reply.

It seemed to Mary Jennings as she entered the taxi-cab at the Ottawa Station the following Monday that she had never been more calm. And she should have been excited! At her feet was a bag containing the handsomest dress she had ever owned. On the seat beside her was her violin, a valuable instrument, bought after years of saving and self-denial. With these as her allies she was going to face her first metropolitan audience.

The orchestra had concluded its first number and a member of parliament was speaking when she came from her dressing-room, violin in hand, to stand near the wings. It was almost time for her to play. Helm, seeing her standing there, came forward, smiling.

"Play like a million dollars to-night and that contract will be ready in the morning. And don't be afraid."

She nodded. She was not afraid. If anything, she was too afraid.

She went slowly forward. There was a sprinkling of applause and she lifted her bow to play. She went through the four numbers, two programmed numbers and their encores, playing with all the skill that had made her a favorite in the rural districts that hailed her as a princess. The audience,

## Christmas Carol

Hovering o'er with their snowy wings unfurled,  
When all the earth seemed sleeping,  
Their voices drift to the weary world,  
Where shepherds their watch were keeping,  
And the shepherds heard those bright angels sing,  
The song that proclaimed a Babe a King.

See the great star shining, so wondrous bright,  
So pure in its radiant glory,  
Go follow its journey and mark its flight,  
(So the angels told the story),  
To you glad tidings of peace we bring,  
Go hasten now to your Christ and King.

So they left their flocks and they went their way,  
As told by those angel voices:—  
The manger they reached where the man child lay,  
(Hark! the wise men now rejoice),  
Then their precious gifts at His feet they fling,  
They knew that the Babe was their Christ and King.

It was long, long ago, in Bethlehem,  
In a manger He was lying,  
But He died for us, as He died for them,  
His atonement satisfying,  
And His voice now bids all His angels sing,  
Come, hasten now to your Christ and King.  
—Christina W. Partridge.

used to greater violinists, perhaps, but unable to resist the emotion of her music gave her a more than hearty welcome and a most hearty recall.

She had only been in her dressing-room a minute before Helm knocked.

"I was out front," he said quickly. "You made good."

"Do you really think so?"

"Sure—you'll do. I'm not going to hand you any bunk that you're great but you've got something that gets them and that's what counts."

"Then you really think that I could play for big audiences—in big cities?"

He nodded emphatically.

"I have always wondered," she said quietly, "and now—" her eyes sparkled.

"Well, you've had your answer. You got across. You're staying at the Palace Hotel, aren't you? I'll call you up in the morning and we'll talk contracts."

He turned and started from the room but suddenly stopped.

"Say, by the way, I've a couple of open concert dates that I've got to have someone to fill. There's one in Kingston next week, another in Belleville and—" he stopped, looking at her keenly as if weighing his own wisdom.

"Then there's the big Christmas festival in Montreal on the 24th. Say!" he was suddenly enthusiastic. "You can play the kind of stuff that the mob likes to hear and you play it well. I'll put you on at the Christmas festival. That'll make every paper in the country mention your name."

The little woman clasped her hands before her. To play at the Christmas festival in Montreal was a dream that few ever realized. Her eyes were wide as a child's seeing its first Christmas tree. A tear of happiness glistened on her lashes. Yes! She would play to them the "kind of stuff" that they liked to hear. She would make every newspaper man mention her name. This meant success, the will-of-the-wisp that she had been blindly pursuing for nearly ten years.

"How wonderful!" she breathed.

"I guess you can do it!" Helm said bluntly. "Good-night! I'll call you in the morning."

It was several minutes before she moved. She stood there, thinking, thinking, her brain almost numbed by the glory that had befallen her. This had been her day of days!

When she went back to her hotel she sent half a dozen telegrams, each one cancelling an engagement to play in a small town. Mary Jennings told herself that these telegrams were the knives that cut her free for a wonderful world-wide experience.

It was hours before she slept and from a fitful slumber her telephone rudely aroused her. It was a telegram from John Higgins.

"Cannot release you from engagement Christmas Eve. Have made all arrangements for gala performance. Will release you all the rest of the week."

The message angered her. How dare

he! When Helm later called her on the telephone, she told him of Higgins' message.

"Did you sign any kind of contract with him?"

"Yes, a little slip of paper."

"H-m! That probably constitutes a contract. Perhaps I can buy him off."

Mary Jennings said that she hoped that it would be possible.

"Well, don't worry about it," Helm assured her. "I've got a lot of work for you to do. I've just had word that Albie, who's been playing in a concert town with a pianist and Madame Shavet, the soprano, has been taken sick. I want you to fill in his dates for a few days. Can you start this afternoon?"

Could she start? She could have been ready in twenty minutes!

It was ten days before she returned to Ottawa and Carl Helm's office. She had not heard from him for several days and was anxious as to whether she was to start for Montreal at once, or if by any chance, she would be forced to play the Christmas date at Thompsonville.

Thompsonville! Suddenly she almost hated the name. For ten days she had travelled in luxury and lived at the best hotels. She had been playing before audiences who were evening clothes, who applauded correctly, who understood her music. Of course, the small town folk had been fond of her, and John Higgins loved her. But everything was changed now and surely it was a right change.

She found that Helm had gone West but had left an order for her. As she feared, he had not been able to break the Thompsonville engagement. She was to keep it and then report back to Ottawa. He would be back the day after Christmas and then the contract for the long tour could be signed.

She was disappointed, so much so that she considered playing sick and so cheating Higgins after all. She shivered at her smallness but argued with herself that she was right. For a whole day she moped about her hotel, one minute deciding that she might as well go, the next determining that she would never play in Thompsonville again.

In the end, however, duty won, duty plus a queer little feeling of resentment. She would go down to Thompsonville! She would play as she had never played before! She would wear the gorgeous gown that she had bought with the thought of her Montreal engagement in mind. She would show Thompsonville what it would be missing in the years that were coming!

It was after noon when she arrived, and she went at once to the theatre to find what part she was scheduled to play in Higgins' gala program. She found the lobby trimmed with evergreen and in a frame of holly was her name with the familiar Princess of the Violin heading. The stage, too, was gayly decorated. A piano was on



the stage and the organist of the Methodist Church, the best local musician, engaged especially to play her accompaniments. She found, too, to her surprise, that there was to be no afternoon performance, and only one that evening. Higgins, so the man at the box office told her, had gone to his sister's but would be back at seven. Her accompanist would meet her at four to practice.

There seemed to be nothing else to do but go back to her hotel room and put in the long afternoon. Last year, she, too, had been invited to John Higgins' sister's for over Christmas. But now a change had come. She had begun that change herself.

At four she returned to the theatre to rehearse, then back to the hotel for a lonely meal and the dragging hours until the evening engagement.

She dressed herself more than carefully that night and the mirror reflected her image as a handsome woman in startling raiment. She had not seen Higgins. She wondered if he were avoiding her. She hoped not, for, after all, she liked John. He had been very, very kind to her and, with him, friendship had blossomed into love. She smiled when she realized that if she had wished, she might be Mrs. John Higgins of Thompsonville, instead of Mary Jennings with the sure prospects of a glorious career before her.

As she stepped on to the stage that night, a chorus of "Oh's!" mingled with the thunder of applause. She checked it, almost imperiously, and played. First, there was a lilting waltz which showed all the fire of her art. Then, scarcely waiting for the silence, she played the ever-beloved Christmas lullaby, Silent Night, Holy Night. The hush of a great peace was over the house. A woman muffled a sob. Mary Jennings felt the spirit of her own music as if she were hearing another.

It seemed to exalt her, to carry her above smallness and unrest. At their insistent demand she played the Christmas favorites they called for: Hark, the Herald Angels Sing, It Came Upon the Midnight Clear and Good King Wenceslas. A child in front started to sing familiar words. Mary Jennings nodded joyously to the little girl and called "Sing out, dear! Every-one sing!" And they did. "Come All Ye Faithful!" someone called and the words were repeated from parquetry and box and gallery. They sang the melody, quietly at first but in growing volume as the Christmas spirit that was in their hearts overwhelmed them.

"Come, All Ye Faithful!" A thought filled the brain of the "Princess." How faithful they were, these "common people"—in their daily lives—in their love for her. She turned suddenly weary. After all, she had had but little sleep in the past ten days. It was hard to rest even when one travelled in luxury. She would play no more to-night.

She walked toward the side of the stage and bowed, as if to end her program.

"Oh, you've got to play Home, Sweet Home!" shouted a middle-aged man down in front and the whole house echoed him. "Yes! Home, Sweet Home! You've got to play that!" She smiled at them and touched the bow to the strings.

"Mid pleasures and palaces—" the simple strain of the music flowed from her violin, and then, "Home! Home! Sweet, Sweet Home," and so on to the finish of the melody. Obeying a warm, inward impulse she repeated the refrain, the bow wandering in soft harmonies and variations. A sob rose in her heart. The old song was right! The old song was right! There was "no place on earth" quite like home.

And to her, this little theatre, with the people who knew her best with John Higgins and his sister, was home to her. They loved her! There was not one of them that were perfectly correct evening dress; they might not understand her more difficult musical themes. But they loved her. She was one of them. After the last high, sweet note died, she took no bows, she had to hide the free-running tears. She tumbled to the little dressing-

room and dropped to a chair. They were real people, her own folk. And in the world beyond lay—what? Success? Money? Yes, but here were men and women who had driven miles through frosty air to hear her. After all, hearts were more than money, friendship more than fame.

There was a knock at her door. It was John Higgins. She smiled at him through her tears.

"Crying? What's up? You were more wonderful than ever," he said. "I don't wonder the big world calls you. When you played that Holy Night piece, I almost cried—and—" He stopped abruptly. "What's up—dear?"

"It's nothing," she smiled wanly. "I'm just tired."

"That's all? Sure?"

"They all love me so, John! It's been wonderful playing in the big cities but—there is no place like home," and she sobbed outright.

He dropped to his knees beside her chair. He took her hands in his. "You don't have to be tired any more, Mary. You don't have to fiddle for city folks. You'll never have to work again, but just play when you will for the folks that love you best. Why—" he stopped.

She knew what he meant. That the big farm and the theatre could keep them. That he wanted to marry her. The thought was as the sweetest music that filled her soul. It soothed the ache in her heart.

"Holy Night!" she breathed softly, almost as if in prayer and leaned closer to him.

John Higgins understood. Through the silence of the little, barn-like room came to him the glorious message that Mary's heart had won home—she was giving him the best Christmas gift in his life, a true woman's love.

### The Shepherd's Song.

We be silly shepherds,  
Men of no renown,  
Guarding well our sheepfolds  
Hard by Bethlehem town;  
Baby Jesus, guard us all,  
Cot and sheepfold, bower and stall.

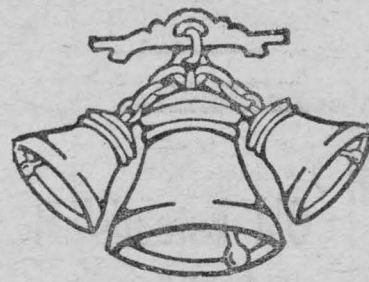
Wild the wind was blowing,  
Sudden all was still,  
Laughter soft of angels  
Rang from hill to hill.  
Baby Jesus, Thou wast born  
Ere that midnight paled to morn.

Seek we now Thy presence  
With our gifts of love;  
Felix brings a lambkin,  
I will give a dove.  
Baby Jesus, small and sweet,  
Lo, we lay them at Thy feet.  
—Norah Holland.

### A Christmas Prayer.

Lord! Grant to us perceiving eyes  
That, through the gross material bar,  
Through earthly mists that ever rise,  
We glimpse to-day in clearer skies  
The Guiding Star!

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



### A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE BIRDS

After you have enjoyed your Christmas tree turn it over to the birds. They are at this time sorely pressed to find food, especially if the winter is a severe one.

Take your Christmas tree out into the back yard and load it down with presents for the birds; that is, prepare a food tree for them. Once you try it, you will be amazed at how the birds will flock around the tree, eating, chirping, and enjoying themselves.

Try to make your tree look as much as possible like an evergreen littered with insect eggs and larvae. Only trees cut for this purpose should be used, for the hot liquid food I am going to tell you about will kill a live tree. Valuable fruit trees in the yard or orchard should not be used.

In preparing the food for the tree, melt beef or mutton suet and stir in other foods such as hemp-seed, white bread, meat, millet, poppy-seed, sunflower-seed, ant eggs or dried berries, and then pour the food while it is at the boiling point on the branches of the tree. You should have about twice as much suet as any other kind of food, and in spreading it over the branches of the tree try to make the tree look as much like a tree covered with insect eggs and larvae as you can.

After the suet has cooled, if you will remain quietly near, you will soon see the birds flit into their Christmas tree and begin pecking off the fine presents you have placed there for them. I am sure that if you will try it you will experience a doubly pleasant Christmas. Should there be bird boxes already distributed about the home, the birds, having grown accustomed to seeing you often, will probably fly to the food tree quicker than if strange birds had to be newly attracted in this way. But don't become discouraged if no birds appear the first hour, for they have not yet learned that you have given them a Christmas tree.

To make a special new Christmas tree for the birds, take an evergreen, if possible, but any kind of tree will do if you tie sheaves of wheat, corn stalks and evergreen branches all over it to make it dense. If it is a large tree it may be hung with wire baskets filled with suet, boxes with fronts removed, containing nut meats, millet, sunflower-seeds, wheat, cracked corn, bread crumbs, rolled oats, etc. Coconut shells cut in half and filled with dainties that the birds love can also be hung from the branches. Have several shelves on which place apples, lettuce, cabbage and vegetables. Of course, the suet preparation can also be used on this tree.

Other foods that they eat at this time of the year, but which are not especially suitable for putting on Christmas trees for them, are raw meat, pork rind, doughnuts, dog biscuits, boiled potatoes, peanuts and other nuts and dried fruits. These can better be placed on feeding tables, and if you prefer, you could give the birds a Christmas dinner instead of a Christmas tree.

At this season, too, birds need grit to enable them to digest their food properly. Sand such as canaries eat will do.

Have at least one or two deep boxes almost filled with cotton, where the half-frozen birds can find shelter and warmth. Many birds suffer from thirst during the winter. Heat a brick or large stone and place a pan of water on it.

### Holiday Goodies.

Here are some timely recipes for Christmas goodies, to be used as gifts or consumed by an appreciative family:

Make walnut wafers if you have walnut trees. To one pound of walnut meats add one pound of brown sugar, two eggs, six even tablespoons of flour, two-thirds teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat eggs very light, gradually add sugar, then salt, flour, and nuts, which have been broken, not chopped; drop in small spoonfuls on a greased pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

Banbury tarts are toothsome. They require two cupfuls of raisins, seeded and chopped, one cupful of sugar, one lemon. Grate the rind of the lemon and add it and the juice to the raisins and sugar. Let the mixture stand over night or for several hours. Cut rounds of rich pastry which has been rolled thin, half fill them with the mixture, and cover like turnovers, pinching the edges together. Bake a delicate brown.

A large pop-corn ball is made thus: Make a syrup of two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water cooked together to the thread stage. Pour slowly over four quarts of popped corn which is still warm. Dip the hands into cold water and rapidly form the corn into one large ball. Roll the ball in freshly-popped corn and set it in the middle of the table in a bed of evergreen branches for a centerpiece. To serve it, break off pieces with a large fork. This is an attraction for a Christmas or New Year's party.

"Though Christ a thousand times  
In Bethlehem be born,  
If He not born in thee,  
Thy soul is all forlorn."

Everyone should regard Christmas as an occasion for clearing his heart of all grudges, for forgiving all offenses and all enemies. It is a good time to forget and to forgive, a good time to forget self and think of others.

### REGULAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes





