

THE WEEK-END

"TRUTH FOR AUTHORITY NOT AUTHORITY FOR TRUTH"

VOL. I.

WEST TORONTO DECEMBER 4th, 1914

No. 1

Men of The Hour



GENERAL JOFFRE

Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies

GENERAL LESSARD

A GREAT HORSEMAN

The civilian who meets Major-General Lessard without his uniform instantly places him as one of the best breed of Irishmen. He has the splendid color, the attentive, friendly eye, and the naturally military bearing of an Irish squire. That's when he is without his uniform. In it, he appears to the civilian exactly what his rank calls him. He seems to have been born into his trim uniform. His eyes are the quiet, appraising eyes of a man-judge; one who is capable of dividing men into the two military classes—the leaders and the led. Those are the qualities which made him just the man to take a prominent part in the mobilization and training of Canada's overseas contingents.

General Lessard's accent is unmistakably that of an English gentleman rather than that of a French-Canadian. This is easily accounted for, for during the greater part of his life he has lived in barracks associating with English speaking and not a few of them English bred officers and men. And for a long time he has lived in Ontario with only a casual association with the people of his native province. His natural tastes, too, are largely those of the English officer, running to horses, the hounds and polo.

Veteran of Boer War

The General was born in the city of Quebec in 1860. His father, the late Louis Lessard, a well known citizen of the ancient capital, was a French-Canadian, his mother, Jane McCutcheon, being of mixed Scottish and French-Canadian descent. He was educated in Quebec and at the college of St. Thomas, Montmagny.



MAJOR-GENERAL LESSARD

[Continued on page 4]

SPHINX-LIKE GENERAL WITH SIR JOHN FRENCH

Sir Nevil Macready Did Much to Keep Order in Ulster But Made No Fuss About It

Many people would describe Lieut.-General Sir C. F. Nevil Macready as being very cold, very passionless, and only caring for work. He is now with Sir John French, who says in his despatches that "Lieut.-General Sir Nevil Macready has continued to perform excellent service as Adjutant-General to the Expeditionary Forces." General Macready was the silent man who preserved peace in Ulster before the Home Rule trouble was eclipsed by the shadow of a great world war. In the midst of the Irish difficulty Macready very quietly and unostentatiously arrived in Belfast. No one knew exactly why he had come or what position he held except that he was a resident magistrate. Some said that he was the military governor of Belfast; some that he had come to bring peace, others a sword. Probably the Government knew least of all why he had been sent. He had been so wonderfully clever and tactful in managing the troops during the Welsh troubles at Tony-pandy and also during the railway strike that they played Macready in Ulster as their very last card. He was shadowed wherever he went; he could not buy an ounce of tobacco without the fact being reported; he could not go a mile by railway without rather ostentatious dogging of his footsteps.

Kept His Own Counsel

There was no secrecy about his movements. He went on his way very quietly, but very busily. He went everywhere and did everything. He moved troops about, but gave no hint as to why they were being moved. Interviewers innumerable tried to draw him, but the only information which they got from him was that he considered that both sides were showing self-restraint. Nevertheless the Ulstermen came to the conclusion that he was not on their side, but what reason they had for saying so goodness only knows. On one occasion he and two of his staff officers visited Sir Edward Carson. They were duly stopped by guards at the entrance and eventually were permitted to en-

ter. What happened at the audience, who knows? Macready certainly never told anybody. Very possibly snipe-shooting was the only kind of shooting that was discussed.

Now this quiet, unostentatious manner one would have thought would have made this well-set-up, soldierly-looking man, with clear but rather cold eyes, liked, but it did not, because during the whole time he was in Ulster no one had the slightest idea as to what he was thinking or what he proposed doing.

Was at Tel-el-Kebir

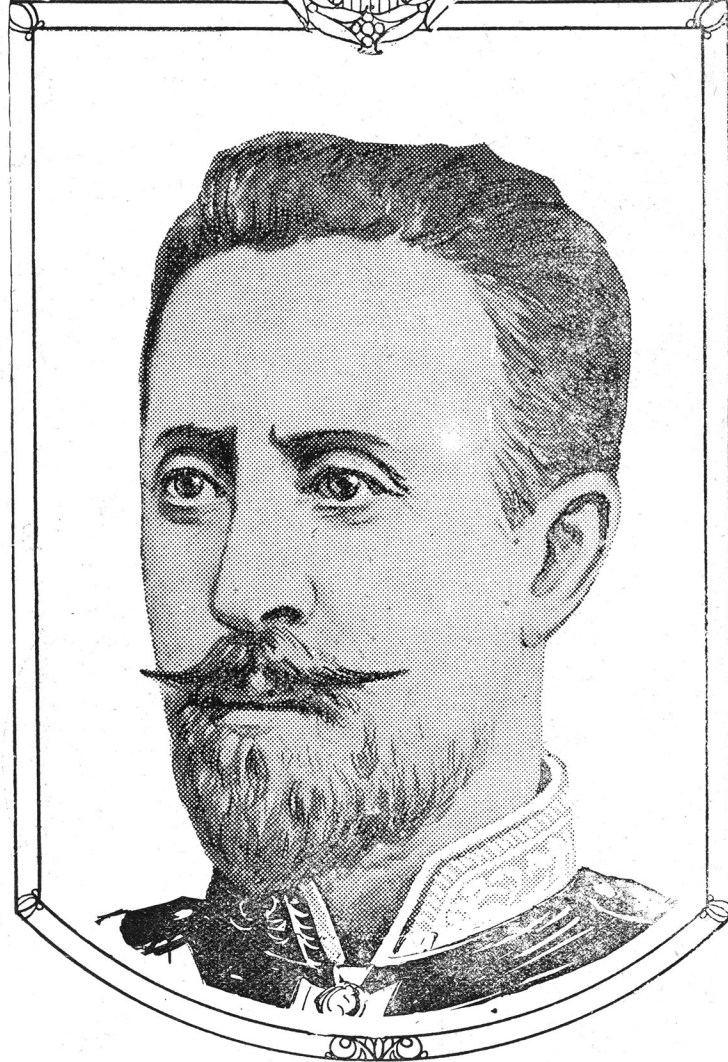
General Macready was born in May, 1862, so it will be seen that for his present position he is a young man. He was educated at Marlborough and Cheltenham, afterwards going to the Royal Military College. In 1881 he became a lieutenant in the Gordon Highlanders. Before he had been a year with the regiment he made the famous night march across the Egyptian rebels' lines at Tel-el-Kebir. After this he did not again see service until the South African War broke out. He was then early in the field, being present at the first battle of the war, namely, Elands Laagte where Britain gained her initial success over the Boers. After this he was shut up with Sir George Buller's forces and fought at Laing's Nek, Belfast, and Lyndenburg, as well as in many another action during the

He was mentioned in despatches both by Sir George White and Sir Redvers Buller, and for his services he received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, the Queen's medal with two clasps, and after the war his services were retained on the staff in South Africa.

In 1910 he became one of the four directors of personal services under the Adjutant-General of the Forces which appointment he held until he went to Belfast.

Mr. Winston Churchill is a very great admirer of Sir Nevil, and this is very odd as their characters and temperaments are so essentially different; but whether one likes Churchill or dislikes him, there is very little doubt but that he has an excellent eye for selecting a good man, and it was Mr. Churchill, when he was in the Home Office, who first recognized what an extremely valuable man Macready was.

Men of The Hour



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIOVITCH

Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies on whom are the eyes of the world at the present moment

An Interesting Old Union Jack

General Sam Hughes presented to a Toronto militia regiment a flag which has rather an interesting history. It was given to him in New York by an old Britisher named Harry Piper, once a resident of Toronto. It is a Union Jack, and was presented to Mr. Piper in 1862 by an old Indian chief in the Northwest, who had in return received it from Lord Strathcona. Mr. Piper desired that it be presented to some Toronto regiment.

THE REFUGEE SHIP

Heartrending Pen Picture of Plight of Poor Belgians

What it means for all the non-combatants of a race to rise and fly to another country for safety; what it means for the sick and the well, the old and the young, the inmates of hospitals and infirmaries and orphanages to make their way to the seaboard and there embark for a place where war has not come was told by Margaret Chute in a recent issue of The Graphic.

Going out on the tender, she described the freight of the incoming refugee ship. They swarm over the decks—"hatted women, old and young, some beautiful, but all with drawn, frozen-looking faces, and eyes filled with speechless horror. There were many babies; asleep sometimes, or whining quietly. To their mothers' skirts children are clinging. There are men, too—a few priests, sad-eyed—and many rough peasants.

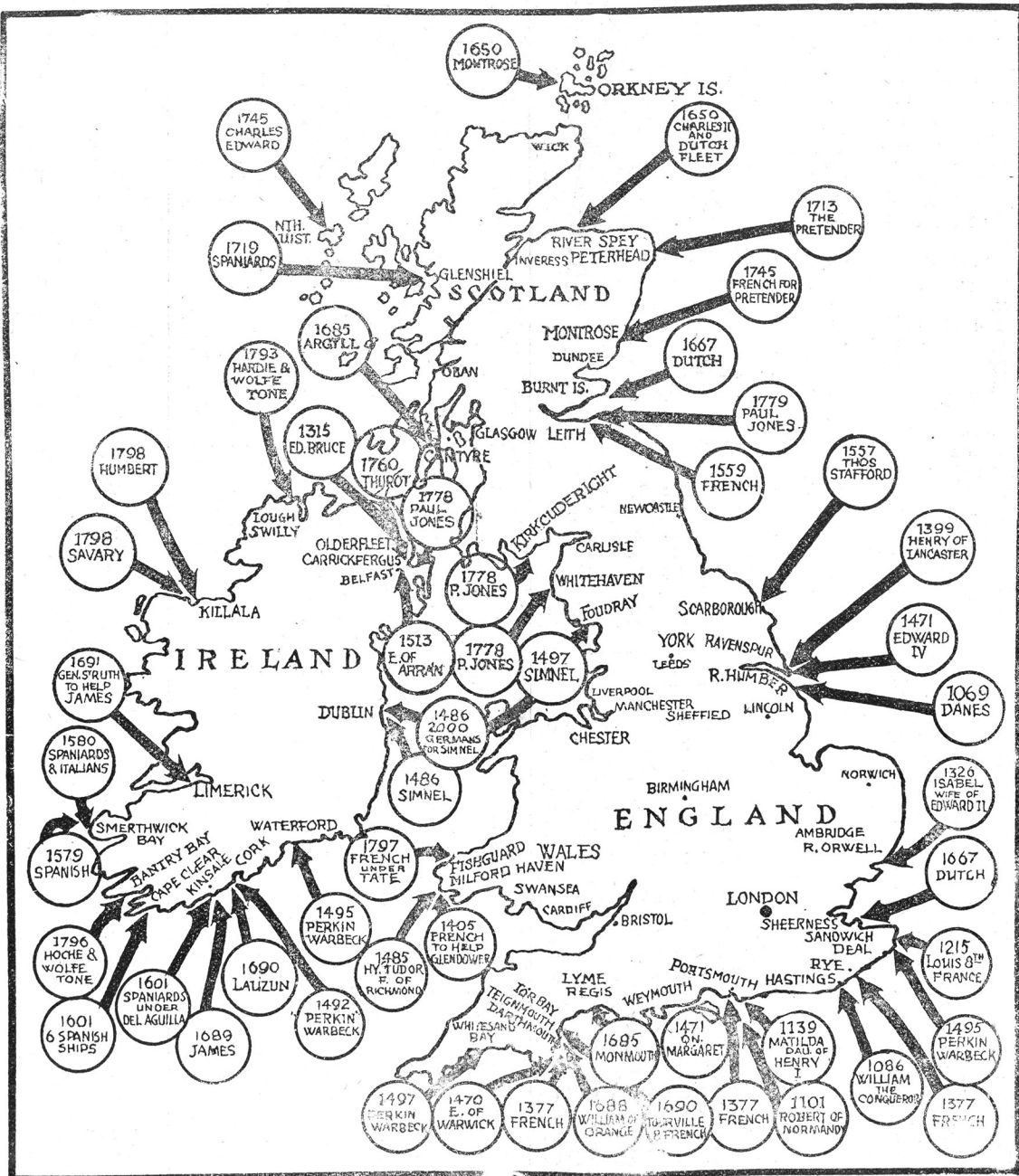
In silence that is almost deathly the stricken refugees stand staring across the water. Occasionally a baby whines; that is all. But as we edge against the vessel's side our hands are raised; and we wave, cheerily, to the homeless wanderers, while our men stand uncovered, in tribute to Belgium's martyrs. Then, with awful suddenness, the silence is broken. From the Dutch boat a hoarse voice starts a faint cheer, which is caught up—only to end in a groan of anguish. A woman falls, fainting, onto the lower deck; while a few yards off a peasant tries to return our salute, smiling bravely. But the smile dies on her lips; the brave arm drops; and, turning aside, she sobs, quietly, dreadfully.

Indian Prince Would Enlist

The War Office received from His Highness the Aga Khan an application to be allowed to serve as a private in the Indian contingent for the front. His Highness is the head of the Khoja Mohammedans, and holds sway over 50 millions of the inhabitants of India. His Highness is about thirty years of age.

Tobacco For the Soldiers

In a box placed outside Egham (Surrey) Post Office by a lady over 200 packets of cigarettes, besides cigars, tobacco, and matches, were deposited by local residents for the East Surrey Regiment.

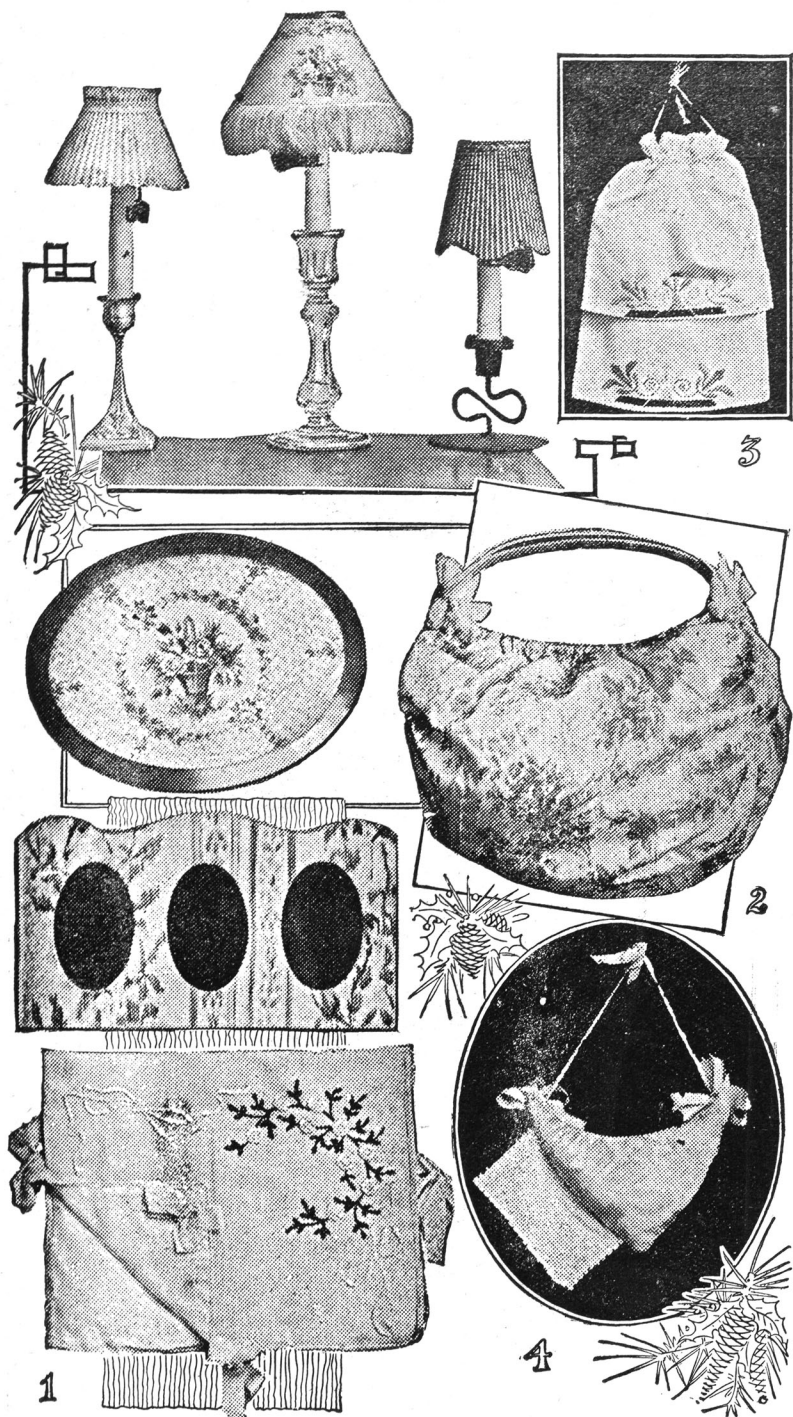


BRITAIN HAS BEEN INVADIED FIFTY-FOUR TIMES

This map shows how the British Isles have witnessed the landing of hostile forces over and over again since William the Conqueror's time. Many of the invasions, it is true, were of a minor character and were merely the landings of rebellious subjects, but it is nevertheless true that England, Scotland and Ireland have often known what it means to see a warlike expedition disembark on their shores.

Gifts of Crash and Cretonne

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



Cretonnes are so attractive that they have inspired much designing of articles for personal use and house decoration. Recently linen crash and flowered cretonnes have become more popular than any other fabrics for tasteful and inexpensive fittings and furnishing. Certain patterns have been featured for living rooms and porches, but it is in bedroom furnishings that they take precedence of everything else. They are bright and dainty and better still, they are washable. Crashes are embroidered in fast color embroidery silks or decorated with cut figures of cretonne applied and button-hole stitched down. There is a long list of attractive things which are made of these durable fabrics. Among them the dressing case sets, which cannot fail to please, are among the least costly and most effective of Christmas gifts. They are acceptable to either men or women friends.

The flowered cretonnes are used for covering boxes made to hold handkerchiefs, gloves, neckwear, cravats and vells, and the large boxes for hats and shirtwaists. They are fine for laundry bags, shoe and slipper bags, pin cushions and pin trays, tea trays and tea cosies. Dresser scarfs are made of a plain fabric bordered with cretonne. Picture frames are covered with it and the cut-out figures are applied to candle shades. Cushions for chairs help carry out the scheme for cretonne decorations.

In the picture are three candle shades, a fine tray and a frame for photographs. They are made of cretonne or of linen. A set made up of the tray and frame and one or two candle shades all matching ought to rejoice the heart of any one who appreciates a pretty dressing case. They are all very easily made.

To make the pin tray a small oval frame with glass and back is needed. Plenty of these are to be found at the ten cent stores framing pictures which it is a decided satisfaction to take out and destroy. After cleaning the glass a stiff cardboard is to be cut out (using the glass as a guide) into a backing for a cretonne covering. Paste the cretonne to this backing smoothly or allow a half inch around the edge and fasten the cretonne with stitches drawn across the back of the cardboard. Slip the covered form into the frame under the glass and replace the back. Paste a piece of plain paper or felt over the bottom of the tray.

The photo frame is made of heavy cardboard 9 1/4 inches long and 5 1/4 inches high. The oval openings are a trifle over 3 inches high and 2 inches broad. The cretonne is cut allowing 1 inch to turn over the edge all around and 1/2 inch about the oval openings. It must be slashed at the openings to make it fit and is pasted or glued down about the ovals first. The cardboard is then mounted to four strips of cardboard (as heavy as corrugated board) which extend all round the edge of the frame at the back. These strips are glued to the frame. The last allowance in the material is brought over the edge of the frame and glued down. A narrow strip of glass is laid against the oval openings at the back and fastened by means of strips of paper pasted over it and to the back of the frame. Finally

A backing of thin cardboard is pasted to the frame across the top and sides, leaving the bottom open for slipping in the pictures. A small wire ring is fastened in for a hanger or an easel support glued to the back by means of a cloth hinge.

The tallest of the three candles has a shade made of a stiff pink linen fabric and decorated with garlands and a figure cut from the cretonne, pasted down. It is finished with a narrow silk fringe. A pair of candles with candle-sticks fitted with shades and holders make a gift that everyone enjoys. Glass or silver candle-sticks are best for bedrooms. Brass and iron ones are appropriate for living rooms. The plain iron candle-stick with rose-colored candle and fluted rose-colored shade is suited to a man's room.

The shade is made of a smooth linen starched and fluted on an iron. It is pasted on a cardboard ring at the top and finished with a piece of fancy rose-colored braid.

The dainty figured shade shown with the silver candle-stick is pure white with a tiny flower wreath. There is a lace edge about the top and bottom. It is made of a linen evidently woven for the purpose, stiffened and fluted. It is mounted to a cardboard ring and finished about the top with a white braid.

One of the easiest ways to shade a candle as well as one of the prettiest, is to cut a disk of cardboard about 5 inches in diameter, with a circle cut out of the center to fit over the candle holder. Cover this with a square of cretonne edged with bead fringe, cut the cretonne seven inches square allowing an extra half inch for a narrow hem. Hem the hem and sew the fringe over it. Cut an opening from the center to fit over the candle-holder and allow a half inch hem also. The pretty handkerchief case of crash shown in Fig. 1 hardly needs description. It is embroidered with small pink roses, green leaves and a ribbon design in light blue. It is lined with pink wash silk, button-hole stitched about the edge and tied with wash ribbons. One corner is turned back. This is a gift which a man will appreciate.

The bag in Fig. 2 may be made either of cretonne or flowered silk. The handles are made of embroidery rings wound with narrow blue ribbon. The upper part of the bag is gathered over one-half of each ring and the fullness at the ends is also gathered into small rings having one and a half inch diameter. Little ribbon bows, matching the handles, provide the finishing touch.

A double bag of linen ornamented with embroidery, serves as a receptacle for soiled handkerchiefs, or other small accessories. It is washable and will last a long time. Men as well as women like these handy bags. This is true of the little cretonne, crash or silk, with pinked flannel leaves for the needles and ribbons for hanging.

Where one does not embroider a very pretty substitute is possible with cut out cretonne flowers applied to linen and stitched down with button-hole or chain stitch. There is no end to the more than good looking presents which are made of cretonne and crash.

WINDOW DRESSING AS WOMEN'S BUSINESS

An Occupation That Calls For the Brightest Ideas and Cleverest Ingenuity

The business of window dressing is advancing to the dignity of a profession. It is an occupation of the greatest interest, for it appeals to the artistic instincts as well as the commercial, and it demands a certain knowledge of psychology as well as taste, a sense of color and proportion, and a realization of timeliness.

Women are doing well in this work and one woman has recently set up a school of window dressing and is making a success of the venture.

"It is more interesting than interior decoration to many girls," she told a friend who was asking questions. "There is the advertising element, you know, which gives the work a human interest. A good window dresser is a big asset to a store. It's putting your best foot foremost and appealing to each passerby in one or more of several ways. Beauty, usefulness, economy, suggestion, all play a part. Nothing should be left out that will assist any one into the store, yet there must be no sense of confusion or overcrowding. There is a big chance for the woman with original ideas."

Window dressers who have climbed to the top, who have the required skill and the important faculty of being striking, get big salaries.

One girl got a position with a big firm by seizing an opportunity that presented itself when the firm was advertising a special article. She went to the head of the proper department with a carefully worked out scheme for the main window of the building. She had planned everything could answer all the questions put to her, and she was given the chance to put her idea into practice. The window was the talk of the town, and the public had to be kept moving by the police as it passed slowly along. That girl is now drawing five times the salary she worked for then.

STRANGE USES OF BREAD

Eastern Peoples Use it For Awnings or Blankets

The inhabitants of Asia Minor, Arabia, Turkestan, and the Tigris Euphrates valley have a unique use for bread. Instead of making it into loaves, they make it into sheets. These sheets are about 40 inches wide and twice as long. The natives make almost as much use of these as our Indians make of birch bark.

If an awning is needed as a protection against either sun or rain, a roll of this bread is unfurled and carried back and forth over a pole several times. If it has a coat of mutton tallow or almond oil, the bread is fairly waterproof.

The Arab uses his sheets of bread, which look much like chamdis leather, for makeshift blankets.



The Cult of the Cape

Capes are the most popular of wraps for all occasions. If you wish to be right in style, you must have two or three of these useful articles of dress ready for wear.

The illustration shows a cape of dark green duvetine made in circular style and trimmed with black sateen braid.

What Women Are Doing

Mrs. Agnes Hovenor Timme, owner of the Milwaukee baseball club, is studying for grand opera.

Lady Wolseley, wife of Viscount Wolseley, has a school for the training of women gardeners.

The largest collection of dolls in the world is owned by the Queen of Roumania.

Dowager Queen Olga of Greece has a confession album. In it almost every crowned head of Europe has written his or her autograph and made a confession of likes or dislikes and ideas.

Soap For Creaking Hinges

The creaking of a door may be instantly stopped by rubbing the hinge with a piece of soap. It does not spoil the look of the paint as when oil is used.

Egg Clarifies

The white of an egg dropped into a pot of soup will gather to it all impurities. When it curdles remove it.

The claim is made that 98 per cent. of the women in Kansas belong to farmers' institutes.

BUTTERLESS, EGGLESS CAKE

Eggs are expensive, butter is more so, and milk is by no means cheap—but even so our "sweet tooth" demands cake once in a while and here's a recipe that beats the "high cost of living" three ways. It requires neither eggs, milk nor butter to make this cake:

One cup brown sugar, one cup seed ed raisins, one cup water, one-third cup lard, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-third teaspoonful cloves. Boil above together three minutes. When cool add one teaspoonful soda dissolved in warm water, two cups flour, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, one cup black walnut kernels. Beat thoroughly. Bake in loaf 40 minutes.



Maude Adams

"No Average Woman" Says Maude Adams

"There is no average woman," says Leonora in Maude Adams' play, "The Legend of Leonora," and to Barrie's sentiment Miss Adams adds. "There is no average woman, because there is no commonplace woman. No two women are alike. Women refuse to be classified. What lifts woman above the commonplace is her power to dream. The woman without dreams is the one hopeless person of us all. No matter what a woman's task may be, it may be sewing in a sweatshop, it may be washing dishes, but her dreams rescue her from the commonplace in life. They keep her from being an average woman."

Hints For Baking Day

To properly bake sponge or pound cake have oven hot enough to turn white paper light yellow in five minutes.

Cup or Small Cakes—Have oven hot enough to turn white paper dark yellow in five minutes.

Bread or Pastry—Heat of oven must turn white paper dark brown in five minutes.

Put saucepan of boiling water in oven when baking rolls. Steam will make crust smooth and tender.

When oven is too hot at first, a crust will form on the cake and prevents its raising. It is best to have the oven a little slow at first, then increase the heat after ten minutes.

Baking powder biscuits should be baked in a very quick oven, as hot as possible without burning the biscuits. One that will brown a piece of white paper in one minute is none too hot.

Balancing to Music

One of the most difficult trials that an equilibrist of any kind can undertake is to give an exhibition without the aid of an orchestra. Good stirring music is of immense assistance to the performer in more ways than one. In the first place, it encourages and gives confidence to an extent which would astound any one who had never before experienced it. By always performing to one tune the artist is able to take his cues from it, and he keeps time much as a step-dancer does. The music enables the performer to confine his attention to what he is doing by drowning any small noises among the audience which might distract him. Most equilibrists during what they consider their crowning feat dispense with the orchestra, and this adds considerably to the danger.

Drops From a Bottle

It is difficult sometimes, when using essences for cakes or sweets, etc., to measure correctly the number of drops required. If a finger is dipped in water and the rim of the bottle wetted in one place, the essence will be found to drop quite easily.

Cleaning a Gold Chain

To clean a watch chain dissolve a little sal ammoniac in wine, and put the sealed gold into it. This thoroughly cleanses the gold and makes it quite bright.

The Single Bed Idea

If each member of the family wants to sleep in a single bed and there is room for but a double one, this is a good way out of the difficulty: Simply supply double beds with single sheet and blankets for each sleeper.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow. Negligence is the rust of the soul that corrodes her best resolutions.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee is a safe remedy for bilious headache.

Seasonable Fashion Hints



Chic Hats in all Sorts of Shapes and Colors Show Old Fashions Made Into New



A Child's Dress

Typically Canadian—that is, simple, but smart in style, and practical in design, is the new fall gown that bears the "made in Canada" stamp.

The model illustrated is made of black and white check; it is the fashionable long-pleated tunic, with close-fitting underskirt; the jacket has pleated peplum, patch pocket and a collar of skunk.

Subscribe for the "Week-End"

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West Toronto's Home Paper

THE HOME CIRCLE

Last Minute Christmas Gifts

LAST minute Christmas gifts are the most trying of all, for one is forced to select them, a difficult task, and then get them away at the last moment; and the gifts must not have the appearance of being of the last-minute variety, either.

A girl will appreciate any one of the following articles:

A fetching boudoir cap can be made from a man's linen handkerchief, three yards of valenciennes lace edging, two inches wide; one yard of narrow insertion and three yards of inch-wide satin ribbon. Make the head band from a twenty-seven-inch strip of lawn about one and one-fourth inches wide. Join the ends and fold together, turning in the raw edges.

Stitch the lace across the handkerchief from adjacent sides, forming a cross; then round off the corners and the crown is ready to gather and slip into the band. Ruffle half of the edging at the top of the band and half on the lower edge. Trim with ribbon in any manner desired. Hat elastic can easily be run in the head band to adjust this dainty cap to any size desired. This boudoir cap is very easy to make, taking only a few minutes. It is an ideal last minute gift.

To make a pretty scarf, hem one and one-half yards of plain silk mull or other dainty material, sew a silk fringe at both ends and apply a pretty stencil design.

A very attractive gift is made of white linen for holding the summer parasol. It is notched around the top and drawn together with ribbons run through eyelets. The small end is stitched to a fancy ribbon button.



Get Them Away At The Last Moment.

Fancy boxes are pretty and inexpensive gifts, and they may be easily made by covering pasteboard boxes of the desired size with wall paper of a tasteful pattern. Use library paste and fit the paper as neatly as possible. A set of boxes of one design would make an acceptable gift for a young girl, to be used in a bureau drawer.

The mother will appreciate a useful apron made of soft white cloth and bound with dark tape. A plain pattern, without any fullness, should be used. Also make long cuffs, and have them button at the wrist. These should be cut to fit snugly at the wrist and large at the top, and bound with tape of the same color as the apron.

When one is forced to remember a whole family, it is a good plan to give towels to each, big bath towels to men; embroidered ones to the girls and young housekeepers, small linen towels for the baby, and tiny ones, with their names upon them, to the little girls, and neat and attractive dish towels to the mother.

A man's laundry bag is a gift that is always appreciated. Run a hoop of good size in the top, finished with a two-inch heading. The charm lies in the fact that a man may stand almost anywhere and toss soiled collars and cuffs, etc., into its capacious depths, the mouth always being open and ready.

To make a pocket for a pocketless coat, get ten inches of fancy ribbon five inches in width. Fold one end together in the middle and make a seam; turn and fold over so that the seam will be in the middle of the ribbon, making the end pointed; brier stitched around the point with silk, hem the other end and brier stitch; fold over to make a pocket and brier stitch the sides together; fold the pointed end down and over the pocket. The completed article will resemble an envelope. Place small safety pins at the top corners to pin to the lining of the coat. A dainty handkerchief placed in the pocket makes the gift more attractive, and also explains its use.

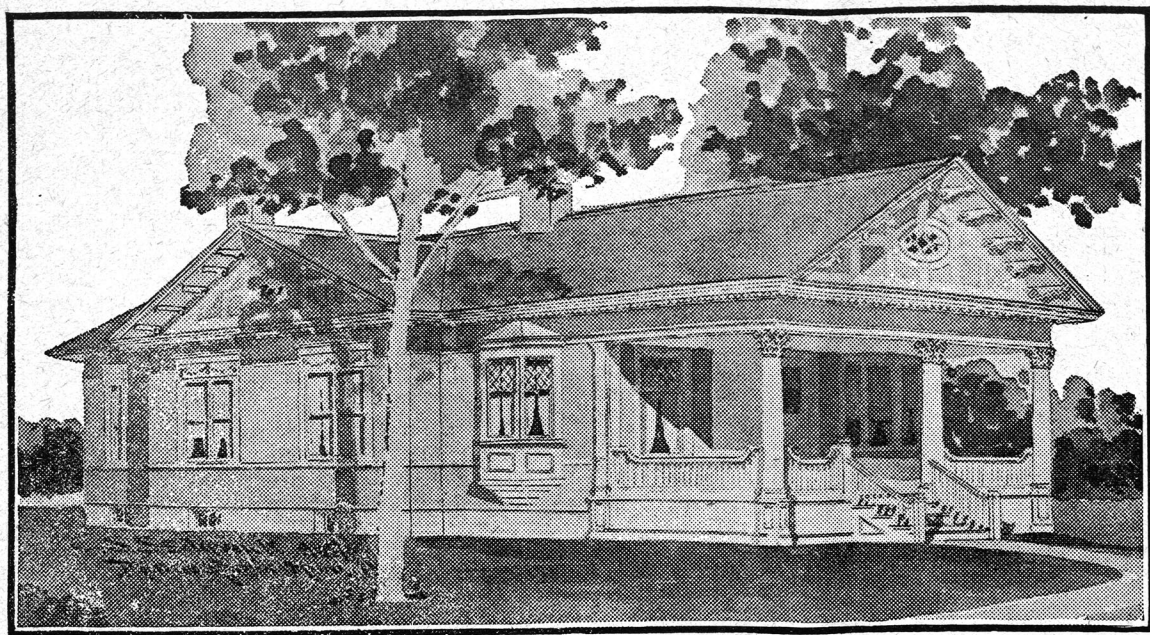
Holly coat-hangers are a novelty. Shurr a yard of green ribbon, two inches and a half wide, on each side of the hanger. Use a yard of red ribbon, one inch and a half wide, and cut it in circles. Stitch these circles together, stiffen with cotton batting and sprinkle with sachet powder. Attach the "holly berries" to the covered hanger with green baby ribbon, which should also be used to cover the hook of the hanger. This sort of a gift takes only a few minutes to make and is really appreciated by the receiver.

IDEAS FOR THE TRUNK.

SMALL bags of lavender in the compartments of trunks that must stand for any length of time sweeten wonderfully the air that is so apt to become musty. If trunk linings are slightly scented in this way, dresses and underwear are more daintily fragrant at the end of the journey than when one folds a sachet among the garments themselves.

An Old Colonial Type, Costing \$4,500

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



ONE story Colonial houses were very common in New England cities and towns fifty years ago and many of these old houses may still be seen on the older crowded streets. They were not called "Bungalows," that name was hardly known in this country before the writings of Rudyard Kipling made it familiar to us. After the great Chicago fire, miles of one story houses were built, but they were mostly very cheap and ordinary looking, without character and no suggestion of the "Colonial."

The design shown in our illustration is a simple, one story house, with Colonial treatment of roof, cornices,

piazza, etc. This is a style that is purely American, using classic details and giving refinement to an otherwise common design. It will always look well and never goes "out of style."

The plan is well adapted to the usual city lot and looks still better in the open country, where the big elm trees, oak and bass woods add picturesqueness. The size is 28 ft. in width and 60 ft. in depth, affording ample floor space for seven good rooms, with ample closets, bath room, etc. There are three good sized bedrooms, a large reception and living room opening together with wide

columned arch and a liberal fireplace in living room. This house was built at an outlay of \$4,500.00, including good plumbing and hot air furnace.

The construction throughout was good, with full basement, main floor 3 ft. above grade line, height of story, 9 ft., outside of frame sheathed, papered and covered with narrow siding and plastered inside, the floor of birch and finish of birch, stained. The small window panes with green window blinds and an old fashioned iron knocker on the front door will complete this quaint and restful house design.

Furnishing To-day's House

BY LOUISE GOODLOE FALCONER.

IAM strongly reminded of the old nursery rhyme, "And visions of sugar plums danced through their heads," when I look at the fascinating cottage, little in name only, which is illustrated today.

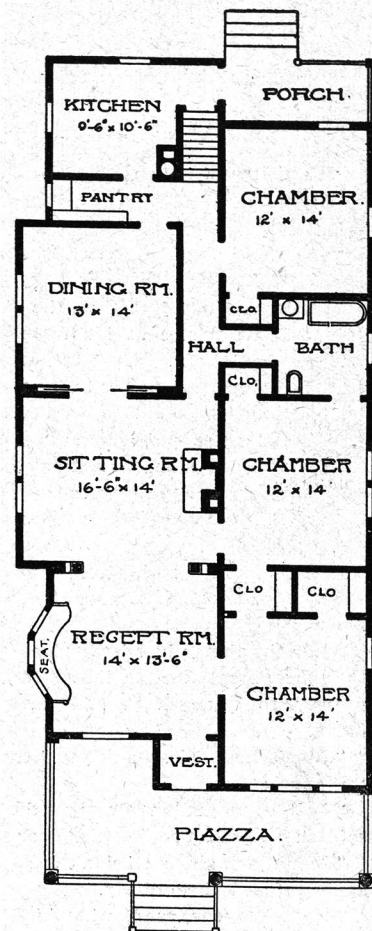
Good old furniture makes a home of any house and like the dear old fashioned people of its day and generation, is never intrusive, but at home

with its log fire to do the honors. The brass andirons positively purr in their contentment at being home again after so many years of banishment in the dark attic. The beautiful claw-footed table in the center of the room holds another treasure in the shape of a brass lamp with its cut-glass prisms. Two quaint mahogany settees stand at right angles to the fire-place; the little spinet in the corner near the window has almost forgotten the music it used to make, with its new interest in the many letters and papers which it has been made to hold, for where were once strings and ivory keys, are now drawers and pigeon holes. In the other corner, a winged chair stands with great dignity, silently chaperoning the entire room. It all looks very peaceful and quiet, the fire throwing its shadows on the blue of the rug and bringing into high relief the beautiful old chintz of great dull blue and pink azalias on their cream colored ground, hanging at the windows, and covering the great winged chair. The settees contented themselves with a plain blue dress, for they are very old people and have lost their love of finery.

In the dining room stands what is perhaps the pride of the house, a claw-footed three part sideboard with its swell front and old brass handles. Over it hangs an oblong mahogany framed mirror reflecting the window boxes filled with dull blue hyacinths against their background of cream net and soft pinkish mulberry silk hangings—for here the walls are almost tan, and the rug a golden brown; the claw-footed center table and the fiddle backed chairs complete the furniture. Owing to the two front bed rooms opening into the hall and sitting room, the same line of color has been wisely followed, using, for the front room a dull blue. The rug is the same in color, but the wall shades more into the cream. "Twin spindle posted beds in mahogany stand against the long wall and are covered with dimity spreads edged with the deep hand tied fringe so dear to our grandmothers' heart. A chest of drawers has another old mahogany mirror over it, while a little sewing table stands near the door. The curtains are cream marquisette edged with a blue fringe and caught back with a cord and tassels. The covers for chest and sewing table are in white linen with a monogram in dull blue.

The room opening into this is done much like it, only here we see an old French bed and dresser, and instead of monograms, we see small French wreaths marking the linen—the predominating color being the old rose of the rug. The last bed room is a bit of a monadome and so while it welcomes the quaint pieces of furniture put into it, insists upon having a papered wall of cream ground with a little vine of flowering tendency running up and down forming the stripe. Here the rug is green and the curtains cream—only the outer heavier ones are striped material matching in design the wall paper. The chairs and couch admiring the result, were dressed the same.

And so as we wander through this little house with all its old-time atmosphere, we feel the years slip away and once more we are beside a great fire and it's almost Christmas, and we are listening with sleepy eyes to something, all of which we remember is, "And visions of sugar plums danced through their heads."



In any place it is put. Dignified always, yet cheerful and courteous, making you realize how much it has seen and heard, but never so far forgetting itself as to talk of family affairs when you are near. Can't you in your heart set this little house back in its own time, furnishing it with all its treasures, only adding the beauties of today which harmonize so well with it all? Here the walls of the reception hall and living room are tinted a soft colonial yellow. On the floor of these two rooms are rugs of a dull, almost faded blue. The window seat in the hall is covered in the same dull blue, just a few shades lighter than the rug; the curtains of deep cream net, are just to the window sill, and are caught back with a little old fashioned cord and tassels. On the other side of the room between the two doors stands the quaint old sugar chest above which hangs the dull gilt mirror you found in some shop and were wise enough to leave as it was. On each side of the window seat stand the Ivory colored Italian plaster flower tubs and in them are planted privet box trees cut in old time pointed pyramids. Drawing aside the heavy hangings of the same dull blue tone, we pass into a room of old fashioned charm. Here the great fire place welcomes us

A Few Helpful Moments With the "Get There" Club

"HER" CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

NEXT Wednesday, Horace, you'll be sending "Her" that Christmas present you've been worrying about ever since the first of the month. Then, when you drop around in the evening to wish her a "Merry Christmas"—and to make sure she got it all right, all right—she'll thank you for it quite prettily and Ma will beam upon you while Pa sort of sits back and looks at you kind of pityingly.

Then, the chances are, she'll lead you up to the table on which her gifts are spread out and you'll find no less than six other little remembrances that make yours look like a bush-leaguer running bases for Ty Cobb.

And then you—well—then you will discover that this business of giving a Christmas present to the lady of your choice is a wondrous and solemn thing and should be entered into in perfect fear and trembling.

To begin with, Bo, consider the matter of what to send a damsel. First off the reel, you've no business at all sending a girl anything but candy, flowers or a book unless you're a relative of hers or—soon to be. Good usage decrees it, and you've got to conform to the conventions, Bo, if you want to know and be a part of people of standing.

If, on the other hand, it's all settled

that presently you are the one who's going "to change her name from Miss to Mrs.," why then go right ahead and send her jewelry or gloves or pretty near any old thing—except wearing apparel. And surely you won't mind that exception for, after the wedding bells have rung, believe us, Horace, you'll be wishing for a closed season on "them things" more than once in your married life!

As to price, Bo, there are several things to be considered. Suppose you're engaged to "Her." You are working away at your job, saving up for the great event with high hopes for that little house or apartment to be thoroughly furnished and made worthy of your bride—free of debt. Every penny counts. Therefore, don't be a boob and cut loose in the Christmas gift line just to make a show for the benefit of her parents and girl friends.

Buy her something nice—but within your means. It's the sensible thing to do and if she doesn't see it in that light then you can be mighty sure the bottom of your purse will have a hole in it perpetually after marriage.

Or, if you're single—saving the best wine until the last—don't be led astray by some other young chap who is buying his girl a bracelet or—horror of horrors!—a silver back brush and comb. Just because he hasn't the backbone to send an inex-

pensive little Christmas remembrance but skimps on his present to his own mother in order to "splurge" on "Hers," is no reason why you should do the same.

Stick to the conventional things, Horace—the candy, flowers or a book—and you'll make no mistake. Those who know what is what will then know that you, too, know what is what. And any who consider you a "cheap skate" for sending such a modest little remembrance are the sort who would accept a receipted grocer's bill from you without a murmur—provided it reached two figures and your grandmother vent to school with theirs.

You kick like a steer, in your own mind, don't you, when the fellows at the office decide to chip in a dollar apiece for the Christmas present for the Boss instead of the fifty-cent limit set last season?

Well, then, why go to the other extreme and cheerfully hand over all of last week's salary for a single present for a girl—no matter how adorable and delectable and worthy of such a gift she may be?

Be sensible about it, Horace. Keep your head—you know what you think of a yap who does that sort of stunt for a sister of yours, don't you, since brothers never can see what other fellows see in their sisters? Well, maybe "She" has a brother who will think similar things about you!

Like Charity, Sane Christmas Giving, Thinks Mr. Justwed Begins -and Ends -At Home

CHERE, Homer-dear, I've checked off the last of them!" "Thank goodness!" There was real gratitude—fervent relief, even—in Mr. Justwed's tone, despite a certain note of sullen, illy-concealed resentment.



"What!" Interrupted Mr. J. "Why She Must Think I'm a Millionaire!"

"And I think I did mighty well with the money, too, even if I do have to say it myself!"

Mr. Justwed regarded Mrs. J. a moment in silence. His after-dinner cigar hung dejectedly between his fingers and the corners of his mouth drooped sympathetically.

"Is there any money left for anything?" he inquired with what he deemed to be rare sarcasm.

Mrs. J. flushed and stared straight ahead. There was a queer look in her eyes and an alarming rigidity of pose to her trim little figure as she sat at the table in the living room with her "Christmas Shopping List" spread out before her, every name and present duly checked off as "bought, paid for and sent."

Presently, even through the blue funk of his grouch, Mr. J. became conscious of it.

"There, there, Blossom," he said, ashamed of himself, "I didn't mean it as bad as it sounded—honestly."

"Homer!" There was real tragedy

in Mrs. J.'s tone. "Homer!"

Mr. Justwed sprang to his feet and seized her by the arm. "What, is it, Blossom? Your heart?"

Still Mrs. J. stared straight ahead. "Homer—oh, Homer!" "What, Blossom, what?" And Mr.

can't take a chance on her beating you to it!"

"No," replied Mrs. J. quite simply, "it's Minnie."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. J. again; but this time there was amusement and a vast relief in his tone. "Oh, shucks, is that all! Don't give me heart failure like that again, Blossom. Why, I saw visions of cut-glass decanters or—oudbouir clocks, at least. But don't worry about Minnie. That's all right—we'll buy her a—er—a half-dozen handkerchiefs or something like that."

But Mrs. J. failed to enthuse. "No, Homer," she objected, "we couldn't do that, really we couldn't. Minnie has been with us a whole year now and she's been looking forward to Christmas like a child. She's one of those country darkies, you know, Homer, and Christmas is the biggest day of the year for her. No, we will have to get her something nice."

"Oh, well," agreed Mr. J., "I guess you're right. Besides, she's been mighty faithful—there's no denying that. Let's buy her those handkerchiefs for about fifty cents and then give her a little change to spend as she likes."

"I certainly hate to do it, Homer," objected Mrs. Justwed again, "but she's been hinting to me for the past month that she's just crazy for a black leather hand-bag and a hatpin with 'jewels' on it, as she calls them, and, oh yes, a pair of black silk stockings. I could buy—"

"What!" interrupted Mr. J. "Wh-a-t! Why, she must think I'm a millionaire! I daresay she has been hinting for those things! Don't you think she might also like a sealskin coat or a Bird of Paradise for her prayer-meeting hat?"

"Fiddlesticks, Homer! How much do you think all those poor little things that Minnie wants would cost? Why, I can buy them all for, say, three dollars—and have enough left over to fill her stockings with nuts and oranges and candy and, yes, get those precious handkerchiefs you're so set on giving her! Really, Homer, I know we're simply swamped with these awful Christmas gifts but we've simply got to remember Minnie!"

Mr. J. did not reply immediately. Indeed, for the moment, he was non-plussed, vainly endeavoring to change his mode of attack.

"That's all right, Blossom," he said

presently, "but I can't see why we should spend three dollars for her present. Why, you sent lots of your best friends ones that cost only a dollar. Minnie's a good girl, and all that, but really I think—"

"But, Homer—"

"But, Blossom—"

And so the discussion continued until—What? How was it settled? Why, could it possibly be settled in but one way? That is, of course, looking at the matter from that unerring point of view that only the married know. Of course, a decision was reached as is generally the case in all such discussions between husband and wife. And it was to—well, if you are a married man, you'll know how it terminated; or, if you are a married woman, you'll also know. And without the shadow of a doubt, either!

But that is for you to decide. The real issue just now, in this gentle little chronicle, is the narration of what transpired the next day when Mr. J. reached the bank.

"Hey, Justwed," called out Bliggins, the Cashier, as Homer-dear was opening his money drawer preparatory to the morning's influx of depositors. "Come on over and put your John

Hancock on this list for the old Man's Christmas present."

"Sure," replied Mr. J. cheerfully, turning the key in the drawer again, "how much are we going down for?"

"Three dollars per, this year," answered the Cashier, proffering a pen. "We want to give him something a little better than we did last Christmas, you see."

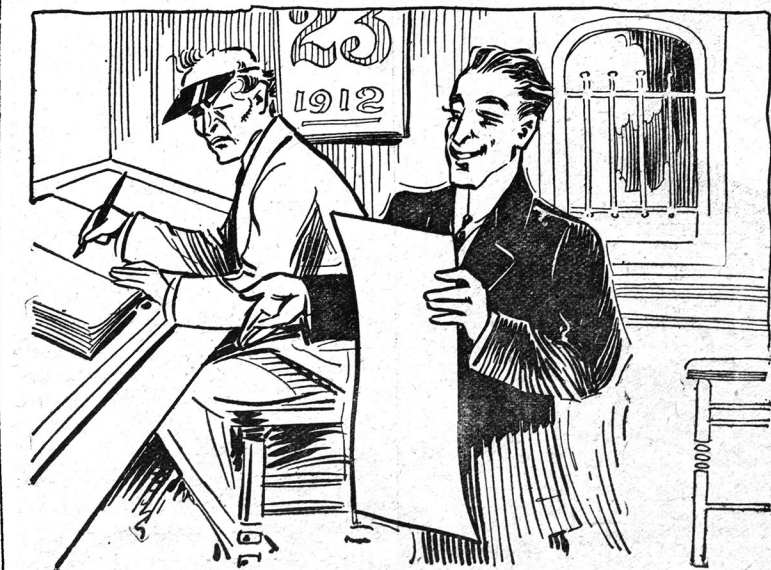
"Hum-m-m-m," exclaimed Mr. J. softly, but without even a trace of irritation, much less righteous indignation. "That's going it pretty steep. Last year we chipped only—let's see—two dollars each, wasn't it? Oh, well, he's the best president this bank ever had, so here goes."

"That's it—it'll be taken out of our pay envelopes tomorrow. Thanks."

"Say," added Mr. J., as he carefully wiped the pen-point, "have you landed old Skinner yet? No? Well, give me the list—I'll make him come across! The old skin-flint! Why, he'd like to have a year without any Christmas in it at all! Watch me land him!"

And Mr. J. strode boldly into the cage where old Skinner sat huddled up over his books, grim and taciturn—and Mr. J. seemed to relish the task!

EDWARD RIDDLE PADGETT.



And Mr. Justwed Seemed To Relish The Task.

A Woman of Rank Leads Relief Work in London



As vice president of the British Red Cross Society, Madeline Cecilia, the Viscountess Midlotan, is devoting her time exclusively to relief work for the British Soldiers.

“SO HE PASSED OVER AND THE TRUMFETS SOUNDED”

Britain was at war and the Indian troops were in northern France. “Bobs Bahudur” must have heard all the bugles of his far-off youth calling him once more to the assembly of the Indian soldiers whom he loved and who loved him in return. The Indian troops were in the field of battle. Their hands may not have played “Auld Lang Syne” when Lord Roberts greeted the native soldiers from the land of his birth. That tune would have scattered its sunshine and tears over the surface of the deep thoughts which surged around the last reunion of Frederick Sleight Roberts with the historic Indian regiments whose ranks were once filled with the companions of his early glory and the sharers of his rising fame. Lord Roberts went quickly and nobly and happily from the reunion which he sought in France to an Eternal Reunion with his comrades in the armies of that Captain whom he loved and served. In the character of his life and in the circumstances of his departure from this life the warrior whose death is mourned was not unworthy to have served as the original of the soldier in John Bunyan’s dream: “After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant for Truth was taken with a summons, by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true: ‘That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.’ When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he: ‘I am going to my fathers, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battle who now will be my rewarder.’ When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which, as he went he said: ‘Death, where is thy sting?’ And as he went down deeper, he said: ‘Grave, where is thy victory?’ So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.”—The Toronto Telegram.



LT.-COL. S. M. MERCER

of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto who the infantry brigade force.

THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERLY

He Was Only a Professor of Philosophy in Peace Time

A splendid story that comes from Winnipeg is told with great avidity in higher-up military circles. A captain, in command of a Western Manitoba infantry regiment, arrived in Winnipeg after a long, wearisome journey by train. He was met at the station by several brother officers and the private who was to be his orderly. Giving the man—Jones, we will call him, his valises and grips the officer ordered the man to take them to a hotel. The officer arrived at the hotel an hour afterward and found the orderly standing at attention in the lobby with the officer's effects lined up beside him. “Why didn't you take these things to my room?” the officer asked the man. “Yes, sir,” came the orderly's response. Meeting friends just then the Captain did not arrive at his room for another half hour. And when he turned the corridor to get to his room he found Jones outside the door, the valise and grips piled up as before. “Great Scott, man, why didn't you take them in and unpack them?” exclaimed the exasperated captain. “You didn't give me instructions to that effect, sir,” respectfully replied the man, hastening to do as he was bid.

After the things had been placed to the officer's satisfaction he asked the orderly to come down and have a drink. “I don't drink, sir, thank you,” came the answer. “Well, come and have a cigar then,” said the officer, opening the door. “Thank you, sir, but I don't smoke,” again refused the orderly. “Great heavens, man, what kind of a man are you, anyway? Who are you? Where do you come from?” the captain shouted. “Well, sir,” replied Jones, “before I enlisted, sir, I taught psychology and philosophy in B— University.”

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Execution of Spy There Recalls Many Famous Episodes of History

The execution of Karl Hans Lody, for espionage, in the Tower of London, calls attention to the fact that it is more than a century and a half since such an occurrence stirred the feelings of the Londoners. The last to meet death in the Tower before Lody paid the penalty were Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino and Lovat, in connection with the Rebellion of 1745. The Tower of London is interesting to the world chiefly because of its manifold associations. It is on the Thames at the southeast angle of the old walled city of London. It is composed of several buildings erected at various times and covers much ground. On its site a stronghold existed before William of Normandy invaded and conquered England in 1066. With him, however, its history really begins. The chief buildings are the work of the Norman kings. It has been used as a royal residence, a mint, a state prison, a place of execution for state prisoners, a national arsenal and museum. Blood has often flowed over its stone floors and dark deeds have been committed within its precincts. There have been thefts from its interior, and as late as a year or so ago the work of a suffragette attracted world-wide attention to it. Thousands of visitors enter its portals every year to see the relics on view. There the Crown jewels are kept for safety and there is a special staff with a constable as governor responsible for their safe keeping. The Yeomen of the Guard, or Beefeaters, are of the Tower of London. On the walls of the dungeons are scribbles made by the hapless prisoners who have gone to the gallows. In the chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul there lie the bones of many of the noted persons who offended the state or the head of it, and who, in consequence, were put out of the way of doing more mischief or causing more annoyance. By the execution of Lody, the spy of the German Government, the use of the Tower as a place of state punishment has been revived.

Whom Had Psalmist in Mind? “He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him; he hath broken his covenant. The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, but they were drawn swords. . . . But thou, O God, shalt bring him down into the pit of destruction, blood-thirsty and deceitful man shall not live out half his days.—Psalm IV 20-23.

Canadian Soldier Wins Promotion



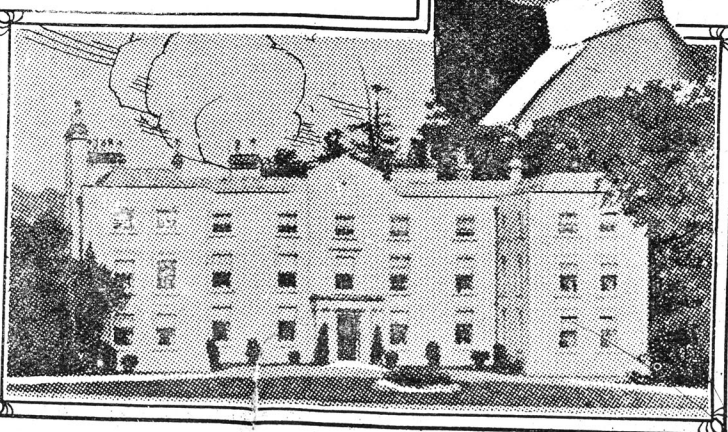
Second Lieutenant Shergold, a Toronto man, who was mentioned in despatches by Sir John French for “coolness and bravery under heavy fire” was raised from the rank of Sergeant-Major and given a commission as second lieutenant in the Imperial army.

Epigrams of Yutze.

“Drink won't drown trouble, it only fattens it.” “Credit is a false friend who only stays with you until you are in trouble.” “A man in debt is like a cat up a tree—goes up easily, then yowls to get down.” “You can't discover prosperity by looking for it through the bottom of a tumbler.” “People who have lots of advice to give, dislike to take any.” “People who wait for something to turn up always die guessing.” “Some people think policy is the best honesty.” (What is there “A faint heart won by fair lady is apt to be led by the nose.” “Not the early riser, but he who gets the best sleep wins the worms.” “In a disagreement between better than honesty without policy.” husband and wife, the interference of relations is not arbitration, it is war.” (And we know what Gen. Sherman said about war.) “He who kills time murders opportunity.” “Money may buy experience, but it cannot buy wisdom.” “Great capacity for joy means great capacity for sorrow.” “Fashion is the adopting of other people's follies as our own.” “Men prefer to be flattered most for qualities they do not possess.” “A demagogue is a hypocrite who poses under the cloak of patriotism to serve his own petty ends.” “Those people are the most comical, who are funny without meaning to be so.” “Some men find it hard to make the distinction between a wife and a slave.” “The best way to deal with misfortune is to bear it.” “Environment has developed in woman the power to overcome the cruelty of man with craft.” “Some men consider home the place to redistribute the hard knocks they get in the world outside.” “There are women who remind one of angels, because they are so different.”

QUEEN'S CANADIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL AT SHORNCIFFE, ENGLAND.

an inset of Miss Amy McMahon, a Toronto girl who is superintendent. The idea of establishing and maintaining, during the war, a Canadian military hospital was suggested by the Canada lodge of Freemasons and was finally made a gift from the Canadian War Contingent Asso. Sir Arthur and Lady Markham placed at their disposal the above beautiful mansion at Beachborough Park.



General Lessard A Great Horseman

(Continued from Page 1)

Que. He entered Quebec Garrison Artillery as second lieutenant. Removing to Montreal to engage in business, he was transferred to the 65th Battalion Royal Rifles, Montreal, and later joined the original troop of the Cavalry School Corps, what is now the Royal Canadian Dragoons, which he accompanied to the North-west Rebellion.

He took part in the South African war, proceeding from Canada with the first contingent. For three months he served on the staff of the officer commanding the cavalry division, Sir John French, and on the arrival of the Royal Canadian Dragoons he joined them at Cape Town and took command. His African service includes the relief of Kimberley. He was twice mentioned in despatches during the war, was promoted to the rank of brevet colonel by the Dominion Government, and was made a companion of the Military Order of the Bath by his Majesty King Edward VII., in recognition of his services in the field.

He has been adjutant-general of the Canadian militia, which important appointment he held until promoted to the Toronto command.

Knows All About Horses

Not only is General Lessard a good judge of horses, but he is an exceptionally accomplished horsemaster. He doctors his own horses, shoes them and has performed surgical operations upon horses, that veterinarians hesitated to undertake. He was a fine polo player in his day, and still loves to let the young fellows try his mettle. He not only breaks and trains his own ponies, but likes to do it for his intimate friends. It will be scarcely believed that when this expert horseman, then a commercial traveler, in Montreal, was first given a commission in the permanent cavalry, there was some sneering at it being given to him on account of his ignorance of horses. The criticism of his lack of experience in horsemanship, instead of offending him, spurred him on to overcome the defect in his training aid he practically spent every moment of his time when off duty in the riding school.

Week - End Ads. bring good results.



“THE DAY”

This cartoon, on postcards, is said to be the most popular one in Britain just now. It shows the Kaiser, in the guise of Napoleon, being led off to St. Helena by the British bulldog.

FUNERALS IN THE FIELD

Graphic Description of Burial of Russian Soldiers

Harold Williams, writing from Warsaw to his paper The London Chronicle says:

Through the room where Russian wounded lay passed a regimental priest in a long blue cassock. “We are going to bury some soldiers who died yesterday,” said one of the surgeons. We went out into the field, and presently bearers came out carrying on stretchers the bodies of three soldiers wrapped in canvas. The soldiers waiting near formed a procession, and we followed the bodies to a place where three graves had been dug. A big black-bearded bearer who had served in the Manchurian War acted as sexton, and under his direction the bearers laid the bodies gently by the graveside.

The soldiers gathered around and gazed on the bodies with tense, awed faces. The priest began to chant the beautiful words of the Slavonic burial service, and a soldier, acting as deacon, chanted the responses.

The Reward of Peace

With the chanting mingled the booming of the cannon, and the smoke of destruction rose from afar. But these nameless peasants who had bravely borne their share in the terrible conflict had attained their reward of peace. The priest sang sweet words of the resurrection of the body and life everlasting, and tears flowed down the face of the big sexton, and many rough soldiers with hands clasped were gently weeping or gazing out with strained, softened eyes to the far-off relief from the fierce turmoil of their warfare.

These were the men of “the Orthodox Russian Host,” for which prayers are offered up every Sunday in all the churches of Russia. In the midst of the service the cry was heard, “Come into line!” and one by one the men, with a last slow look of farewell at their resting comrades, moved off to join in the bustle of preparation for a march out. Before next morning dawned probably some of these, too, would have gone down the stormy way to a soldier's peace.

Spy Caught and Shot

“To the souls of Thy departed servants grant peace, O Lord, in the midst of the saints,” chanted the priest, and the few soldiers and bearers who remained sang the slow, rich dirge, “Eternal Memory.” The priest cast earth upon the bodies, and they were lowered into the grave.

We turned away, no one spoke, and we hardly noticed the thud, thud of the artillery. Outside the gates the wounded were being lifted into the train, and officers and Red Cross officials were chatting, and the new ambulance corps had already arrived and chosen its station. Someone pointed out a tall chimney where a spy had been caught signalling—he had been immediately shot. Troops began marching past to the front, big strong fellows splendidly equipped. There was cheerful and vigorous talk of the fighting, there was the zest of conflict.

When I came back to the city the German aeroplanes were throwing bombs on peaceful citizens. Than this no more cruel and dastardly device of war has ever been invented by man.

CANADIAN INDIANS LOYAL

Redmen Contribute to War Fund and Offer to Fight

The first citizens of Canada, the old allies of the warring French and British, the Redskins, the devoted wards of Victoria the Good and of her grandson King George, are no whit behind the Rajahs of India, the men from South Africa, or the British regulars, in testifying to their loyalty to the Crown or to the unity of the British Empire.

From almost every Indian tribe in Canada there came to the Government offers of money and men as a “tangible expression of their desire that Great Britain may ever remain the guardian of the weak and the arbiter of the world's peace.”

The quoted phrase is from the resolution passed by the Blood Indians at a meeting of the tribe, which unanimously voted \$1,000 from the tribal funds held in trust by the Government, “to be used in whatever way may be deemed of most advantage to British arms in this time of peril.”

The resolution is typical of similar resolutions and donations from seventeen other Indian tribes from the Yukon to Nova Scotia.

All told, they contributed some \$13,000 to the Government, to be used at its discretion for his Majesty's cause. Many of the Indians volunteered and were accepted for active service abroad.

THE NECESSITY OF DRILL

Men who have never been drilled cannot realize the necessity for drill. “If the Germans get into England,” they say, “I shall fight like a madman!” That is precisely the way they would fight. A madman rushes about without any particular purpose in his head, and hits at anything and everything, doing little damage and wasting his strength. We do not want men to fight like madmen. We want them to fight like scientific machines. Better still, we want them to fight like machines with human brains and human passions.

And you can't do that until you have been drilled. An officer cannot handle men in the mass unless the men know, instantly, what he means by a certain word of command. A troop of men in a muddle is a troop of men offered up to the enemy as a sacrifice. Drill is to prevent muddle. Drill is not a matter of Church Parade; it is a matter of making yourself part of a huge, complicated, delicately adjusted machine. If you have not been drilled, you cannot fit into the machine. You are useless to any commander, no matter how brave you may be, how passionately determined to defend your home and your country. That is why every man who hopes to be of use if the Germans get to England must drill now, and drill regularly, and not be ashamed of marking time and turning right and left to order.—London Sketch.



SIR EDWARD GREY

as seen by a German cartoonist. Note the malignant eye and vulgure-like nose with which the artist credits the Foreign Secretary.

WHEN PEACE COMES

Rosy Future Prophesied For Canadian Industries by Financier

“Within five years the number of Canadian industries will be doubled, and the immediate effect of a declaration of peace will be to stimulate Canadian growth in every line.” So declared Sir Henry M. Pellatt, whose opinion as a financial man of foresight bears much weight. “However deeply Canada may deplore the disturbance of European peace,” said Sir Henry, “nothing under the sun can withhold from her the remarkable economic benefits which are certain to accrue out of this international tragedy.”

“The day that peace is declared will see the inauguration of a period of feverish reconstruction all over Europe. The damage caused by marching and fighting millions has been incalculable, and, as in the past, the courage and optimism of the nations affected will be equal to the task of material restoration. Can one suppose that all this reconstruction will not make enormous demands upon Canada or will not contribute to her prosperity? It is unthinkable.

Soon after the coming of peace, we shall see the railways of this country commence rebuilding their present system and, instead of our regarding Canada as overburdened with transportation lines, new railway building will be the order of the day.”

EXPLOIT OF FOUR GHURKAS

Crept Silently to German Trench and Killed Fifteen Men

A company of Gurkhas had been terribly worried one day by fire from a certain German trench 200 yards from their own, at each end of which a mitrailleuse was posted. At nightfall they determined to have done with it. Secretly and silently four men left the trench and crept away into the darkness. An hour passed, two hours and three, and nothing happened. Then just before dawn came the alarm. There was a sudden cry of terror from the German lines then, mingled with shouts and shots. After a minute's struggle in the dark against an invisible foe, who slashed and stabbed without being seen, the Germans seized with panic, bolted, and a rear rifle fire blazed out along the whole front, but four happy Gurkhas slunk back to their comrades unscratched. When dawn broke the German trench lay untenanted, save by two silent mitrailleuses, and the gashed and bleeding bodies of fifteen of its defenders.

LOCAL EDITOR'S COLUMN

The Municipal Improvement Association and The Bureau of Municipal Research are apparently going to take a very active part in the coming municipal election in the City of Toronto. Professor Donald and Dr. Winter addressed the meeting held in the Annette Street School on November 27th, setting forth the aims and objects of the Associations and appealing to the citizens to send men to the City Council with broad outlook, and men who went, not because of the honor that is in it, but because of their desire to help along the city, and who run for principle. Amongst other things Professor Donald said about forty per cent. of the electors go to the polls, consequently, we have only forty per cent. proficiency in municipal government. He suggested that men who run for honor should jump into the lake, rather than incur the position and keep good men with principles out of it. It should not be the duty of the Aldermen to have to deal with the small matters of a great city. Heads of departments, who are being paid large salaries, should be men of such a type that all matters of departmental work should be handled by them. The speaker said that in 1911 out of Toronto's taxes 20 cents and 9 mills went to pay the interest of the bonded debt. In 1914 the proportion was very much larger. Inefficiency was rampant in the City Hall and the sooner citizens awake to this fact, the better it would be to all concerned.

Dr. Winter, in a short, fluent address, spoke along lines to those covered by Professor Donald. The speaker emphasized the fact that to have efficient Government in a city, men of principle and men who have the strength of their convictions, and who will stand up and express these convictions and fight for principle, must be elected as Aldermen, otherwise, the city must necessarily be badly governed.

At this point, Dr. Winter said that two names had been forwarded to them, and he would like the RatePayers' Association to endorse these two names, and that his Association would endeavor to assist in their election. The names mentioned were Mr. Ed. Wakefield and Mr. W. H. Wier. Mr. Wakefield, however, after a neat little speech, declined to enter the field. Mr. Wier would not enter the field unless he had the complete endorsement of the meeting.

Dr. R. R. Hopkins had a kind word to say for the two men who are the present Aldermen, Mr. Ryding and Mr. Whetter. He believed that until it had been shown that these men had not done their work properly they should not be turned out and other men put in without giving them a chance to speak for themselves.

At this point, Alderman Whetter took the floor and set forth some of the reasons why it was impossible for a man in his first year as Alderman to make a big showing. Alderman Whetter's argument was sound, and we believe he had the ear of the meeting.

Mr. Robert Hall, who was introduced by the chairman as an expert on financial matters, dealt with the Banking Act, and his address was indeed very interesting, and was followed closely by the audience.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, who is always interesting to people of Ward Seven, gave a splendid address, speaking to the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting legislation should be pressed by Parliament as soon as possible to relieve the present financial situation by making the credit of the nation available for the relief of business. To that end we earnestly recommend the establishment of a national bank of rediscount and an issue of national currency based upon the collective wealth and credit of the nation, but also secured by prime commercial paper and other collateral, and safeguarded by a gold reserve sufficient for all ordinary purposes of redemption.

We further recommend that the Bank Act be so amended as to prohibit banks lending money on stock margin transactions and other speculative securities.

Mr. Mclean's remarks certainly pleased his audience, especially when he proposed that the Government take up the question of establishing a Government Banking System, whereby the united wealth of the country could be used for needful business of the country. "Banks," declared the

speaker, "at the present time have it all their own way, if you need money, no matter what your security is, you have to crawl on your knees to the bank managers before you can get anything."

Women's Splendid Work

As we sit in our comfortable homes around our cheery firesides each evening, how many of us think of the terrible suffering that our soldiers are undergoing that our citizenship and freedom in this great Empire may be preserved. Are we doing all that we might do to make their lives on the battlefield more comfortable than it is? Are we helping by our means by little acts of kindness, such as sending small articles of wearing apparel to these men? Is each and every one of us doing his or her part? Never in the history of the world has there been such an opportunity for women and men to rise above themselves, to forget selfish interests, and to stand out boldly in an effort to do something to help humanity. Some are worrying because they are not increasing their bank roll; others because they are not having enough pleasure; but after all should we not be happy and satisfied to know that we are living in such a goodly land, and that we have the Mother Country, with all her resources, guarding us and protecting us in this time of national peril.

Helping the Soldiers

We are receiving splendid reports of the work of the various Womens' Organizations throughout this community, who have given up their social afternoons and taken up work such as knitting and sewing for our soldier boys. Too much praise cannot be given to those who are carrying on this work. It is in a crisis of this kind that women show themselves in their true light. The women of the City of Toronto, at the present time, are coming forward in a manner that is highly commendable, and they are doing much that will be of great assistance to the soldier boys at the front. The various branches of the W. C. T. U., the Women's Sewing Circle, the Travel Club, and many others that we might mention, are devoting their time to knitting and sewing, making useful articles that are much needed by the soldiers. In this connection we might say that a rumor was circulated a few weeks ago that more material than was necessary had been made up. We are authorized to say that such a rumor is without foundation, and that more material is required, such as socks, wristlets, cholera bands, scarfs and shirts, all of which go to make the soldier's life easier while he is doing his duty for his country.

The West Toronto Spirit.

Deep down in the heart of the average man or woman who has resided for a long period in what is now Ward Seven of this great city, but was once the ambitious and autonomous town of West Toronto, there is a longing for a return to the old conditions of life which are common to all smallish communities that enjoy the control of their own affairs—conditions seldom found in any part of a great city.

A gentleman who had always lived in one of the older county towns of Ontario up to the time, a few years ago, when he accepted a lucrative and honorable position in a large city, recently told with what reluctance he had made the change. Said he, "I knew every man, woman and child in that town, yes and every dog, and I loved them all and felt that most of them had a kindly interest in me." Because the change promised better opportunities in life for his family he finally took the plunge. The change has been gratifying as regards the man's bank account and also as regards the widening of his sphere of usefulness, but he says that he has personally never succeeded in taking root securely in the big city. He says that he feels a deeper loneliness surrounded by strange people than he would on a prairie farm.

There are hundreds of West Toronto people whose thoughts daily wander during these December days to other Decembers when the great question was as to whether Dr. Clendennan or Mr. Laughton would be the next Mayor, an engrossing topic which sometimes gave way to the interesting question as to whether the old gray

mares in the fire hall would be made to earn their salt in the spring by being exercised in the way of hauling gravel to fill up ruts in the streets under Peter Moon's direction; or perhaps the reminiscence will have reference to that heated debate as to whether it was really smallpox or only chickenpox that caused the quarantine of that popular boarding house known as the "Dog and Pot," because the much esteemed and kindly landlady decorated one window with a China dog and the other with a huge flower-pot. Well remembered are the broadsides hurled by A. B. Rice and A. R. Fawcett, editors of the rival town papers of those days, in all kinds of controversies. They well maintained the traditions of town editors by the force of their attacks and were a profound enigma to the wondering citizens who sometimes found them enjoying smokes together in the seclusion of the fire hall. In those days the citizens mourned together at funerals, had a common delight in each happy wedding and enjoyed a community of interest such as perhaps cannot well exist without the cementing bond of the municipal paraphernalia.

It is true that a community of twenty thousand or more people such as we have to-day in Ward Seven could not be so familiarly blended as were the few thousand of ten years ago even if we still had a little Mayor, a little Council, a little School Board, and once a year, a big "Town Meeting". Much can be done however to give to West Toronto healthy individuality without diminishing the loyalty of her people to the great city of which this Ward is an integral part. Some of the daily papers, whose Department Store advertising makes the object obvious, and whose ignorance of local conditions makes them ridiculous, declare that the word "West" should be dropped and that this place should forget that it is anything but a part of Toronto so inconsequent that it does not deserve a distinctive name. To drop the word would be unwise if it could be done, and all Toronto editors should know that it is quite impracticable. This suburb, probably the most important suburb in all of Canada, has an importance and an individuality that cannot be sunk. Two transcontinental railways have stations here bearing the name West Toronto, with ever increasing passenger traffic, and each handling in their freight houses merchandise to the value of many millions annually. It is the name of an important Customs port of entry and of a branch public library of ever increasing popularity. Business could not be carried on in these institutions without a name and West Toronto is convenient and correct nomenclature.

Let us not only cling to the name, but let us cultivate a West Toronto spirit by patronizing local enterprises, by supporting local churches and other worthy local institutions, and above all, by fraternizing with our neighbors, by becoming whole-hearted sharers in each other's joys and sorrows, and while not depreciating our citizenship in a great city, ever aiming at a higher appreciation of citizenship in West Toronto.

UNION STOCK YARDS.
General Market Quotations.

	Per Cwt.
Dec. 4th, 1914.	
STEERS AND HEIFERS.	
Good to Choice	\$7.25 to \$8.00
Medium to Good	6.25 " 7.00
Common to Fair	5.00 " 6.00
COWS.	
Good to Choice	\$5.75 to \$6.50
Good	5.00 " 5.50
Medium	4.50 " 5.00
Canners	3.75 " 4.25
BULLS.	
Good to Choice	\$6.25 to \$7.50
Medium	5.25 " 6.00
Light Bologna	4.50 " 5.00
SHEEP.	
Light Weight	\$5.75 to \$6.25
Medium Weight	5.00 " 5.50
Heavy	4.00 " 4.50
Culls	2.00 " 4.00
LAMBS.	
Light Weight	\$8.50 to \$8.75
Medium	8.00 " 8.25
Heavy	7.25 " 7.50
CALVES.	
Good Light Weight	\$9.50 to \$10.25
Fair	8.00 " 9.00
SHEEP.	
Common	\$6.00 to \$7.00
Culls	4.25 " 5.00
HOGS.	
Fed and Watered	\$7.40
Off Cars	7.65

(Continued on Page 6.)

Joke Clubs.

What next? Is this something new?

Some people will say nonsense! childish! absurd!

We invite not only the most scholarly and seriously minded men of West Toronto, but the hardest worked business men, managers of big concerns, men with their "noses to the grindstone," men in the treadmills of monotonous routine, who feel they are carrying the burden of the world and business would stop were they to stop, to go and get into a company of twelve or thirteen, meet monthly and narrate an actual humorous incident or dialogue that has come up in the experiences of the past month.

We are in the midst of the humdrum of life as it is sometimes put. Why should it be hum drum? Need it be so hum drum as it is? We're going through the world, our life is spent in the midst of work and all kinds of experience. Why no make the most out of it by extracting some of its spice as we go along. With a sense of humor a man's life may be rendered more serviceable. Salt is a preservation for dead bodies. Humour for some live ones, a good tonic, a saving grace religiously. Did we not say we believed in the religion of good cheer? Not all religion is good cheer, of course, nor all good cheer, religion. Any good movement, any moral reformer is unfortunate, however, without the sense of humor.

Every day has its unique and humorous situations, and what better relaxation and buoyancy to a mind open to observation and a sense of appreciation, than in the grind of things to gather up in passing along the bright humorous incidents during the month, and put one or more in concise form before a small club, each member of which is to do the same thing. These should be filed with the Secretary. That is not all. Here is another feature of it, and others will suggest themselves. If good for a club during the winter months they would be good for the community.

These original, home-made jokes, put in "The Week-End," would do the community good. If you approve the suggestion there is room for several clubs, call them what you may.

West Toronto Women and Business.

Both men and women are naturally loyal. It may be in a broad sense or in a narrower sense, and may spring in the one case from a large generous spirit of world citizenship, or in the other from a developed kind of selfishness or home interest.

The latter is not to be despised. In fact it lies at the very foundation of much of our activity. We do not say it is absolutely an ideal motive, but as society exists, the means of finding subsistence amidst the intricacies of trade and commerce, demand that we look to our own.

This loyalty, like charity, begins at home. Its very next expression should be witnessed in its immediate neighborhood, and in its own business community, the community "in which we live and move and have our being." It is well to realize more fully perhaps that individuals and the community are interdependent.

Many women of Toronto are manifesting as great an interest and as strong an intelligence, as men in many social and economic problems, and a far keener insight and executive power in respect to some others.

There is no reason why she may not turn her attention to some features of the business situation, as a helpmate or silent partner, if such a term may be regarded as appropriate. We do not object if she is anything but silent, so far as West Toronto is concerned.

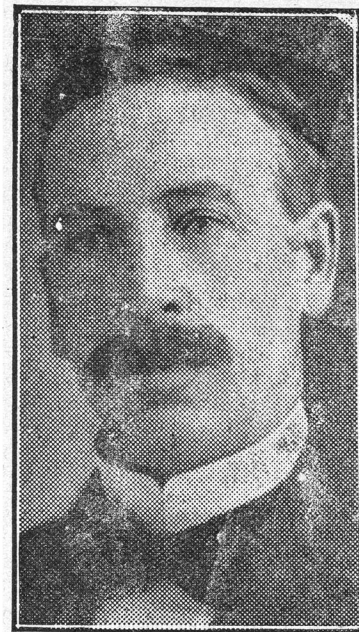
We invite the women of this community in the financial and general interests of West Toronto, and every home and institution therein, to observe and consider, as women know how, the amount of loss to householders as well as storekeepers and business men in Ward 7 through disregard of community interests in respect to purchase and sale of those things readily obtainable in West Toronto, that are purchased on Yonge Street instead.

Are families buying from the stores on Dundas Street as plentifully as they might to their own advantage, and in support at the same time of those who are paying taxes and helping by their enterprise to make a stronger community?

FARMER HOLDS HIGH POST

Ontario's Minister of Public Works a Progressive Agriculturist

It is something of a novelty to find a Minister of Public Works who is a farmer, but such is the case in the Ontario Government where Hon. Finlay G. Macdormid fills that important post. While the soil yields him a living, one would never suspect it from the appearance of the man. Early in life he learned that to be a successful agriculturist one need not carry its brands about with him, and his sixteen years of Parliamentary life polish-



HON. FINLAY G. MACDORMID

ed him into an experienced man of the world.

Mr. Macdormid has won something of a reputation as a public speaker, always presenting his arguments in a brief but logical manner.

Even if it took sixteen years of testing, Mr. Macdormid was still the youngest Minister in the Ontario Cabinet when he entered it, and his forty-five years rest upon him lightly. Still young in appearance, tall, of athletic build, and ruddy countenance, outwardly he is the type of man who is able to weather the stress of office.

His appointment to the chair of Public Works came as a distinct surprise to those who were not on the inside. Doubtless his work has been done in silence. At least he is not the flashy type of man, who constantly proclaims his political patriotism.

PESTS IN FOREST TREES

Elms Threatened With Parasite Similar to That Which Killed Pines

Startling statements were made by Mr. J. M. Swaine, Ottawa, to the Entomological Society of Ontario, regarding the destruction by worms of the pine forests of parts of British Columbia. The lumber industry was in such a bad condition, he said, that nothing could be done at the present time to combat the great havoc to the pine trees. So many trees of these forests were killed by the worms that now the dead timber was a terrible fire menace to the remainder of the trees.

He referred to the killing off of the hemlock and pine trees in the great Stanley Park at Vancouver, and said these parts of the park would be reforested with Douglas fir. Mr. Swaine also uttered a word of warning to farmers to be on the lookout for more serious damage to trees.

He spoke particularly of the elm tree, telling of the deadly enemy to this species which had been found in the United States and was now so near Canada that its appearance might be expected at any time. If it came in, and all it has to do is cross the border, it would mean the destruction of practically all elm trees, said Mr. Swaine. He thought that farmers should be furnished with descriptions of these pests, that they might know them when they first made their appearance.

Spurious Honey in Canada

That ten out of 194 samples of honey examined in Canada by the Inland Revenue Department were not honey was the substance of a bulletin issued at Ottawa.

The regulations in regard to the purity of honey are very strict and preclude the use of the name in connection with an article which contains any adulteration. However, the bulletin stated that "it is certain no illegal manufacture of artificial honey upon any considerable scale exists in Canada."

Proposed Tunnel Through Mountains

The Russian government has been convinced by a number of Swiss engineers that it is perfectly feasible to bore a sixteen-mile tunnel through the Caucasus mountains to join the Black and Caspian seas.

Latest Wrinkle in Wrenches

A wrench that its inventor claims will replace the monkey wrench and that will handle pipe as well as nuts of all shapes has a milled wheel, adjusted by a spring clip, in place of the lower jaw.

A Sightless Eye

French scientists are puzzling themselves over the fact that the black spot at the end of a snail's tentacle seems to be an eye when examined microscopically, yet is used for feeling, never for sight.

Lamps on Headgear

Artificial flowers for millinery are being made to enclose tiny incandescent lamps which can be supplied with current from storage batteries hidden inside their wearers' hats.

Useful Christmas Gifts.

This Christmas time will be an unusual one in many respects; and while we look for Santa Claus to carry out the idea of "Business as Usual" with "Made in Canada" articles of merchandise, yet we know many hearts will bear burdens not called upon heretofore to carry. Not a few will experience the value of money in a way never before realized. Many people are out of employment. There is not less need, therefore, for kindly remembrance. A "cheer up" is more than ever required.

Upon the people at work and the people of real means, a greater than usual responsibility rests toward those less fortunate.

We should remember such friends and relatives and neighbors with gifts of real practical value.

All gifts may be of value, but a box of biscuits, a bushel of potatoes, a pound of butter, a chicken, a garment, etc., will be, in many cases no doubt, greatly appreciated as cheering and comforting. The particular call to the most of us is to select gifts that are useful.

The Innocent Suffer.

This is almost too common to repeat. In Belgium it is appallingly striking. Innocent people all over the world are suffering. Germans are suffering, and they will yet suffer. In this country we have regarded the German born and those of German extraction among our most sensible, most prosperous and most estimable citizens. Some of these will suffer, by being regarded with a certain degree of mistrust. Among them will be men absolutely true and loyal to Canada, no doubt. It is a hard thing, a trying thing for innocent people to come under suspicion, and who is to blame?

As we go to press there are fresh evidences of the greatest intrigue, and the greatest perfidy toward civilization and the world, under the plea of desire to bring light and leading to the world. How can civilization that partakes of honor, justice, rightfulness, be promoted by deceit, and that which is abomination cruelty and injustice?

A large financial German firm, with a magnificent office building in Vancouver, the principal of the firm posing as near to the Kaiser, has succeeded in wrecking financial institutions there.

There is something devilish in some of the Germans in this country—that is one instance—the money stolen will no doubt be used in Seattle in the German cause. If representatives of the highest type of the successful German have been preparing for this reachery, is it any wonder University Professors and others who may be innocent, will come under suspicion and misfortune through the perfidy of the Fatherland's rulers.

Cleansing Decanters

To clean decanters, mix half a gill of vinegar with a handful of salt. Put a little in each decanter and shake well. Rinse in clear water.

Circulation in the Hands

Habitual numbness of the hands may be removed by rubbing them for a short time in cold water, followed with dry friction.

Household Information

Vinegar heated to the boiling point will soften paint brushes that have become dry and hard.

A good plan is to keep buttons in glass bottles. A glance tells you exactly what is inside, thus saving a good deal of time which would be taken up in turning over the buttons if put in a box.

When putting a stopper into a bottle always give it a half-turn round after it is in. This will prevent it from sticking.

It is a good plan to pepper a carpet thickly just where any heavy piece of furniture has to rest on it, as this helps to keep moths, etc., away.

When you undo a parcel fold the paper and tie the string around it. There will always be a string to fit a bundle without looking for one.

Use gasoline for cleaning the kitchen sink, bath tubs, toilets and bowls.

The rust that collects in the hot water boiler is the chief destroyer of water backs. If you will open the faucet at the bottom of the boiler occasionally and draw off a few gallons, the life of the hot water system will be prolonged.

When a Sponge is Slimy

When a sponge is slimy, steep it in vinegar and water for twelve hours.

Refrigerator on Wheels

An electric motor truck that resembles a huge refrigerator has been built for a Porto Rico ice dealer to enable him to deliver his wares with a minimum of loss by melting.

Three out of every four German nonagenarians are women. Sheepskin is used as a substitute for almost every other kind of leather.

Bemrose's Men's Wear

1967 Dundas St., Toronto

Christmas 1914

Our aim will be to please you with reliable, neat, nifty, up-to-date goods, with no extravagance in the price. Will offer some extra special values during the holiday trade.

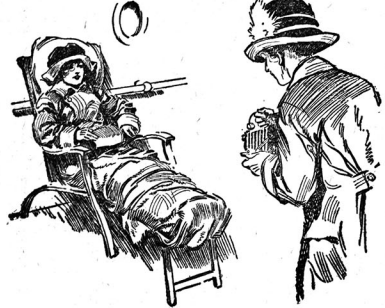
Suggestions for your personal needs and gifts, Men's Gloves, lined and unlined Kid and Suede, Negligee and Dress Shirts, Arrow Collars, Silk Ties, Arm Bands, Garters, Suspenders, each in a Gift Box at from 25c up. Silk and Knitted Neck Scarfs at from 50c to \$2.00, Silk, Linen and Excelsa Handkerchiefs, Cuff Links, Tie Pins, Clips and Collar Buttons, Silk, Cashmere and Lisle Half Hose, Hats and Caps, Sweaters and Sweater Coats, Lounge Robes regular \$7.50 for \$5.00, Lounge Robes regular \$6.00 for \$4.50, Underwear, Night Gowns and Pyjamas at special prices.

BEMROSE'S MEN'S WEAR

1967 DUNDAS ST.

Phone Junct. 5163

KODAK



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KODAK
ANSWER THAT XMAS
- - PROBLEM - -

No. 1 Kodak Jr. A new model that will delight your boy or girl or any grown-up. thin, compact, equipped with all the Kodak refinements—It offers an ideal Christmas suggestion. Takes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Loads in daylight with Eastman N. C. Film.

PRICE \$7.50

Other Kodaks up to \$77.00
Brownies, \$1.00 to \$12.00

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PHARMACY**

1781-83 DUNDAS STREET
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Call on—

BERT MILNE

GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR

913 Keele St., West Toronto

[Opp. Post Office]

We use imported goods and employ union labor only

Repairs promptly attended to

Shearer & Russell

PLUMBERS

STEAMFITTERS

331 High Park Ave. West Toronto

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No job too large or too small

Try a Liner Add. in

"The Week-End"

If you have a House, Store, Carriage or Horse, Auto., Tires, in fact anything to sell, our columns will do the trick.

Try a "Liner" if out of work.

1 ct. a word in Advance

1½ cts. if Charged

Just Hold the Wire



and hear the message we are sending to correct dressers who pride themselves upon the clothes they wear. We are skilled in the art of constructing garments perfectly, so that they fit properly and retain their shape, while giving long wear and satisfactory service. If you have a Suit made here you will realize our superiority in Tailoring.

Note.—I will make a reduction of 5% on all goods sold if the Purchaser will mention the "Week-End."

A. M. Gabel

1741 DUNDAS STREET

Xmas Presents

Beautiful Stock of Watches; Diamond Rings, Silver and Gold Jewellery, Necklets, Bracelets, etc., Cuff-Links and Silverware.

Sheppard the Watchmaker

1706 Dundas Street

Issuer of Marriage Licence

Houses for Rent

Two New, Up-to-Date Houses Just completed, with all Modern Conveniences; on West side of St.; 10 Rooms; Bath and Sun Room; Stationary Tub; Hardwood Floors; Nice Fruit Orchard; Very Moderate at \$25.00 per Month; 5 Minutes Walk to Dundas Cars. Apply at 282 Pacific Avenue [Mrs. William Campbell] One Street East of High Park Avenue.

EMPIRE BICYCLE & REPAIR SHOP

S. H. Woodhouse

1986 DUNDAS STREET

Bicycle Accessories, Knives, Scissors, Lawn Mowers, Choppers, Skates, Saws and Tools of all kinds Ground and Sharpen

BABY CARRIAGE TIRES AND WHEELS PUT ON WHILE YOU WAIT.

E. SINGER

1809 Dundas St. West Toronto
PRESSER and CLEANER
for Ladies and Gents.
Prompt and High Class Work Guaranteed.

OUR BOW

Since the days of the "Tribune," and the "Leader and Recorder," Toronto Junction, or what is now Ward Seven, has not had a local paper or any publication that seems to fit the requirements of this locality.

In publishing this journal the management feels that there is a need for a local paper that will deal with local matters and give to the people in this section of the city a service that they are not now receiving, or can receive, from the daily papers.

During the past ten years the population of Ward Seven has doubled, consequently the news items and matters of interest have proportionately increased; yet we know very little of what is going on around us. Matters are merely mentioned, but not elaborated upon, and we hope through these columns to fill this need.

In making our bow, therefore, to the public, we are doing so believing that good news will be appreciated and that the public in general in this end of the city will give us the support which we think this paper will merit.

The Local Editor is given to understand that this journal will be absolutely non-sectarian, and non-partisan. It will criticize freely and fearlessly, hoping to express public opinion as we see it. Being human, we are bound to make errors, which we will always be very glad to put right, all the time endeavoring to give to the public a journal that will be readable, and which the citizens will look anxiously for each week.

The Ratepayers' Association.

For the past three years we have had in Ward Seven a Ratepayers' Association which has done much towards the advancement and general improvement of this end of the city. This Association has not always received the support from the ratepayers that it deserves. Men have given their time and their energy towards looking after Ward Seven affairs, only to receive criticism from men who do not know the splendid work being done. Most everyone knows that it is impossible for two Aldermen, no matter how good they may be, to look after as large an area as is covered by Ward Seven, without the co-operation of the citizens. This co-operation must act through some body, and that body has been the Ratepayers' Association. Many matters have been dealt with very successfully that would never have been known either to the Aldermen or the citizens, had it not been for the Ratepayers' Association, and yet we often hear the expression, "What are they doing?" We would be safe in saying that during the past year or so the organization has been responsible for more advancements in Ward Seven than would have been dreamed of had matters been left with the Aldermen alone. When we were being stifled with the bad odors emanating from the abattoirs it was the Ratepayers' Association which took the question up, and through the energy of the officers succeeded in bringing the abattoirs to their knees and forcing them to abate the nuisance. If the public would attend these meetings more frequently and lend their support to the men who are now energetically looking after the affairs of Ward Seven, they would find out that without the Ratepayers' Association we would indeed lack many things that we are now enjoying.

The regular meeting of the Ward Seven Ratepayers' Association was held on the 13th ulto. As advertised, the subject under discussion was the "Home Guards."

The President, D'Arcy Hinds, occupied the chair, and after referring to matters of general interest, he introduced Captain W. J. Stewart, a fine, soldierly looking fellow, who went straight to the heart of his subject, and showed that his enthusiasm in the cause of Home Defence was indeed very real. After explaining to his audience how he came to form his Home Guard, he went on to say: "In my opinion the present Company under my command would take their place at any time whenever their country called them to

duty; indeed I feel that they compare favorably with any regiment in the City of Toronto." He would be glad to welcome to the Company any man who wished to enlist, assuring every one, however, that he did not wish to interfere with other regiments or bodies of men who were banding themselves together for foreign service. He hoped that during the next month or so to have uniforms and rifles for the men of the Home Guard; and with the remark that he hoped that every man present would enlist in some service, he closed what every one felt was indeed a very plain matter of fact address on the subject.

He was followed by Major Gillies, who expressed the hope that men would be ready for the call should Canada require them. He impressed on those present the desirability of unity, too many organizations would have a tendency to weakness. "In unity there is strength."

Quartermaster Dr. Shuter took for his subject three points—Drill, Discipline and Health. "Nothing," said the speaker, "can be done without drill, and much less without discipline." As a medical man, he gave as his opinion that men who engaged in drill and come under a system of discipline become stronger, better men and more fit for the duties of every day life.

Dr. Hopkins was called upon by the chairman for a few remarks, and in his usual witty style, assured Captain Stewart and those associated with him, that the Home Guard of Ward Seven meant business, and he believed that there was plenty of room for another company.

On being recalled to answer a question, Captain Stewart informed his audience that he had 1,000 Home Guards who had offered themselves for foreign service, but no man need go unless of his own free will.

At this season of the year we can expect to see the Aldermen and Controllers frequently, in fact the attendance at lodge meetings, and other public meetings, by the aspirants for the Mayor's chair, and Board of Control become so frequent that we really begin to know these men. Controller O'Neil made his bow to the people of Ward Seven at the meeting of the Ratepayers' Association, and in a short address he assured the ratepayers of Ward Seven that he is doing his part in seeing that their wants are attended to. He seemed to get into difficulty when Mr. Wakefield began to ply him with questions regarding the Bloor Street Fill, and he at once disowned any responsibility for that department, and said that Controller Simpson would give the required information. Of course Controller Simpson wasn't at the meeting, and thus the question was shelved for the time being.

Controller Church was also present, and in one of those characteristic speeches of his, dealt with any subject from the building of bridges to the building of dreadnoughts. If Controller Church could do business as fast as he can talk there would be no need for a Council in Toronto. He paid tribute to all of the Ministers of Militia who had ever held the office, but one could easily see that Controller Church leans to one political party. He emphasized very strongly his ideas that if Canada had done her duty during the past few years, Britain would have been stronger on the High Seas than she is to-day. Of course, he did not say who he blamed for this, but his audience did not have to guess very hard to know who he was hitting at.

Controller Church told his audience that he had been acting Mayor for three months on one occasion, and during that time more business had been done than for a long time previous. Matters that had been delayed for years were taken up and successfully carried through. No doubt he wished his audience would take it for granted that a man with such energy as he possessed would make a good Mayor for Toronto. He closed by assuring them he would see them again, when he would appeal for their support to elect him as Mayor.

Our own Alderman Ryding made a good speech, better than usual, in fact we have about come

to the conclusion that Alderman Sam is fast developing into a good debater. He told us of his energy and how he always looked after our wants and that nothing missed his eagle eye. He did not say whether he would be a candidate for Alderman next year or not, but no doubt we will hear from him around the first of January.

Social and Personal.

While playing rugby a few days ago, Master George Howe, of Evelyn Avenue, met with an accident, breaking his collar bone. Dr. G. W. Clendenan reduced the fracture.

Mrs. D. B. Whaley and son, Bruce, of 117 St. John's Road, have returned home after spending a pleasant three weeks in Port McNichol.

Miss Katharine Borland has opened her home at 352 Pacific Avenue to the ladies of West Toronto to assemble for the purpose of sewing and knitting for the poor. The ladies will meet twice a month, the dates to be announced later. The meetings will be under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

We learn that Mr. Garrett, 1774 Dundas St., is going out of business for a time, due to ill-health in the family. Mr. Garrett has been known to the people of West Toronto for five years. It is to be hoped the cause for the change will be soon removed. The business will be continued under a new proprietor.

Mrs. (Dr.) A. J. Hunter received for the first time at her residence, 168 Annette Street, assisted by Mrs. A. W. Campbell and Mrs. D. D. MacDonald. Mrs. Vernon, of St. Clair Avenue, Miss Duncan, of Ridout Street, and Mrs. W. E. Armstrong, of Hamilton, aided by a number of pretty young girls, looked after the tea room, Mrs. Cleffly and Mrs. Cameron pouring tea. Miss L. B. Reid, of the Loretta Abbey, and Miss Minnie L. Strachan, of the Canadian Academy of Music, presided at the piano, rendering some very high class music, and Miss Edna McDonald gave a humorous recitation. Among the many callers were a number of Mrs. Hunter's old friends of Orangeville; Mrs. Gillespie, of Fort William, and Dr. and Mrs. Charles M. Smith, of Sault Ste. Marie. The house was beautifully decorated with yellow 'mums. Mrs. Hunter will in future receive on the 2nd Tuesday of each month.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mrs. M. A. Edgers, 471 Clendenan Avenue, on the occasion of her seventieth anniversary of her birthday. About 25 of her intimate friends, consisting of her daughters, grandchildren and a few of her old associates of Smith's Falls assembled near her home, and going in a body completely took her by surprise. Mrs. Edgers, who had been previously requested to remain home for the evening, was entirely unaware of their coming, and her surprise at seeing the company can be more easily imagined than described.

During the evening Mrs. Edgers was presented with a number of useful gifts, showing the high esteem in which she is held. An abundance of good things was provided, and after a sumptuous repast the company amused themselves by singing "Tipperary" and other favorite songs. Following congratulations to Mrs. Edgers upon her attaining such a ripe age and being so active and well, the guests joined hands in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and dispersed to their homes feeling they had spent an evening long to be remembered by all those present.

The Week-End extends congratulations to Mrs. Edgers, and hopes she may be spared to enjoy many more birthdays.

Extend to this paper your hearty support as subscribers and advertisers, and our service will measure up to the capacity of a Boost Club.

HORNER'S

Estate Agency

221 Mavety St. - Toronto

Bloor Street Fill.

Work has stopped on the Bloor Street Fill for reasons best known to Commissioner Harris. This work is of great importance to the western portion of this city, and if any trifling matter is standing in the way of the work going on, it should be at once removed and the work rushed forward with all speed. During these times when there are so many men out of employment, every effort should be put forth to give employment on just such work as this, and thus help both the city and the men who are depending on public works for the support of their families.

McCormack Preceptory and Stanley Masonic Lodge Held Meetings.

West Toronto, Dec. 2.—McCormack Preceptory, Royal Black Preceptory, held its annual election of officers last night in St. James' Hall. The following officers were elected: D. Kinrade, Preceptor; G. M. Davis, D.P.; G. R. Jackson, Chaplain; J. Walmsley, Recording Secretary; F. W. Bowering, Deputy; E. Duffin, Treasurer; Messrs. R. Kinrade and T. Johnston, Lecturers; Messrs. R. Stead and W. J. Dempster, Censors; Messrs. J. Perry and W. Walmsley, Standard Bearers.

Stanley Lodge A.F. and A.M. held its annual meeting and election of officers last night in the Masonic Temple, Annette Street. The new officers are: W. J. Abernethy, W.M.; J. J. Linton, I.P.M.; G. M. Jones, S.W.; Jas. Lockhart, Chaplain; Dr. G. W. Clendenan, Treasurer; W. Harriss, Secretary; W. G. Fell, J.W.; J. P. Douglas, S.O. The officers will be installed at the next meeting.

Youth's Exchange Column.

We hope to shortly have space definitely set aside for the encouragement and product of boy's and girl's talents. Certain meritorious productions in connection with school work, would naturally find a place in these columns.

Before the Privy Council

A matter of extreme moment to the people of the City of Toronto, and especially this end of the city, is the case that came up this week before the Privy Council, in the matter of appeal by the Toronto Suburban Railway Company from the decision of the Supreme Court, as to whether the Ontario Railway Board had the authority to order the company to pave that portion of the street upon which that company runs its railway. The company contends that they are only compelled to keep in repair that portion used for railway purposes, and not to construct a new roadway or pavement.

The question in dispute involves about \$50,000. The Railway Board ordered the company to dig out and pave that portion used for railway purposes and eighteen inches on each side of the rails with such materials as the Board might direct. The Supreme Court of Canada held that while the Railway Board had jurisdiction to make an order to pave the track allowance, it could not determine the character of the pavement which the company must lay. It was from that judgment that the present appeal arose.

Subscribe for the "Week-End"

\$1.00 the Year. 5cts the Copy

**West Toronto's
Home Paper**

THE WEEK-END.

Office, 1891 Dundas Street
Phone Junct. 518

Local Editor.....A. M. WILSON
Advertising Manager.....D. SAYERS
Published Weekly on Friday by
THE COMMERCIAL ART PRESS, LTD.
156-160 John Street
Phone M. 3207

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\$1.00 Per Annum, in Advance

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"Ad" Manager or either office.

Matter for publication or alterations in
Advertisements to be received not
later than Wednesday night.

Our Foreword.

In introducing to West Toronto "The Week-End," we hope to not fall short of our aims as already referred to in the circular announcement of a week ago.

By some people our venture will be regarded as rather ambitious at this time, and rather exceeding in import, the familiar announcement decorating many Toronto offices, "Business as Usual." We trust out action will become vindicated as a piece of good enterprise.

From our viewpoint, and that of others, not a few, a present need exists for what "The Week-End" is intended to furnish; and that the two could not have come together at a time more opportune.

We also believe the citizens of West Toronto will appreciate the added interest which will come through this periodical.

There is a West Toronto Spirit to be conserved, happily alluded to in a communication delightfully reminiscent, and found on another page.

The publication is intended to give interesting and useful information, brightness and good cheer, to help complete a week of toil or disappointment or achievement, for grown-ups and the young.

Though magazines and papers are numerous, their individuality seems to find an interested constituency for each.

To the average family, a good newspaper takes a leading place with the public library, school, church and college.

A university of thought and knowledge thus becomes available at the small price of an annual subscription of one dollar.

"The Week-End" will make a respectable weekly library of social, business and community matters, markets, short stories, serial stories, domestic economies, scientific information, wit and humor, current events at home and abroad, up-to-date fashions, photographs and pictures of noted people and stirring events.

We have made, we believe, excellent provision for attention to municipal and community interests and invite expression regarding the same.

Liberal space is offered for personal and social items, school, church and society matters, and we look to the people of West Toronto to recognize "The Week-End" as a Home Paper, and to co-operate in making it a strong social and business medium, worthy of a progressive community.

In the larger field we recognize Canada as fairly on the Highway of Nations, and the "Week-End" will be open to the consideration thereof, independently of party affiliations, and will, in its own way, stand for and advocate the cause of our common citizenship and the high place of our nationhood.

We have arranged with a well-known citizen to act as Local Editor, namely, Mr. A. M. Wilson, who is enthusiastic over the purpose of the publishers to make "The Week-End" an interesting, serviceable journal to old and young; fill the need of a clearing house for local opinions and doings, and to represent and promote the interests of West Toronto.

Mr. David Sayers, also a resident of West Toronto, a practical advertising man and printer, is Advertising Manager, and has his office with Mr. Wilson at 1891 Dundas St.

The "Week-End" is published by The Commercial Art Press, Limited, 156-160 John St., the Manager of which is Geo. J. Bell, an experienced journalist.

We hope to merit your approval in this undertaking, and find our hopes realized in mutual respect and advantage.

A sample copy of "The Week-End" will find its way to every resident of West Toronto.

To rightfully fill our place in the undertaking we seek 2,500 subscribers, and invite the citizens to

hand in their names and one dollar subscription to the West Toronto office, 1891 Dundas St., or to the Publisher's office, 156-160 John St. Subscription forms will be found in the display announcement of the "Week-End" in another column, and addressed envelopes are enclosed.

We ask our readers to look over the advertisements as they appear in each issue and patronize the people of enterprise who support this paper in the interests of their own business and in that of the community.

We are looking forward with interest to the publication of promised letters and articles reminiscent of the early days of Toronto Junction from old timers. Short articles on the schools, churches, clubs, societies, giving attention to special features of activity, are being arranged.

Local Editor Wilson would like a representative of each church, school and society to keep in regular touch with him respecting matters of interest for publication, such as services, meetings, lectures, sports.

A calendar of regular meetings and services for these will be inserted without charge.

Personal items and events and general items of news will be very acceptable.

The Gospel of Service preached from the pulpits is the most applicable and practical thing in the world to the field of business, enterprise, and yes! sport.

Those in the spirit of it have the advantage over mere imitators.

"The Week-End" we hope will cordially serve the best interests of West Toronto. We would like to be pure philanthropists, but there are obstacles.

We do not like to apologize so early, but the general work of the publishers has made unexpected demands upon the staff leaving time for some features of "The Week-End" extremely limited. We regret to say that in consequence we have been too hurried in getting out the first issue of "The Week-End." At best, we do not vaunt ourselves upon immunity from error and mistakes, and would ask our readers to extend a pretty large share of forbearance.

We find it impracticable to mail all the sample copies of this first issue, which is a large one. Care will be taken, however, with the delivery, which will be conducted similar to the city dailies. However, all subscribers will have the "Week End" mailed to their address.

Wanted in Canada.

What we need in Canada is of course Canadians, not so much native born as spirit born. The pioneers were of the right breed. They knew how to work and turn their hand to the requirements of their situation. While many of our comforts and conveniences were not theirs, yet what pleasure, what hospitality, what venture, what romance, what achievements were theirs.

The habits of industry and adaptability grew strong through the fact largely of unfavorable conditions and limited means. These habits generally belong to the ambitious country boy, who comes to the city, and we are frequently made to feel, that in some important respects, it is unfortunate that our boys and girls of the city are under the disadvantage of not having been brought up on the farm.

To hold our own with the industrious foreigner, our boys and girls, so advanced in some respects, must be industrious, keen and efficient. Wasteful pleasure, superficial entertainment, late hours and loss of energy, means lack of achievement in the end. Some valuable lessons of thrift, through the present stringency, are being taught.

Of what value is idle ambition? Nothing short of persistency and trained effort or efficiency is any guarantee of success. Recreation is necessary to those who work. Great is wholesome sport. It is a splendid tonic, and necessary to counteract in many the tendency to ennui to which our superior conveniences and comforts lead. Polished, refined, well-groomed, bull-dog grit, and old-fashioned "gumption" or "horse-sense" is still a desideratum in our culture, and necessary to achievement.

What boy or girl has not felt the splendid satisfaction of sticking it out, up to straight, square achievement, getting things done, and done thoroughly and right?

There are great things for the boys and girls when they shall become men and women. There are great things for them now in preparation for that coming time.

An Invitation.

Not only as a means of cultivating expression, but of awakening thought and interest to a valuable end, we invite business men and people of experience to correspond with "The Week-End," giving their opinion as to some of the things "Wanted in Canada," socially, educationally, commercially, etc. If you have a good idea of practical value, or think you have, give the community the benefit of it through the circulating medium of "The Week-End."

North America's Lessons to the World.

Many of us have scarcely thought Canada's life long enough to have contributed much, if anything, to the progress of the world. Our minds have been filled with visions of grain growing, transportation and the natural resources of the country; but as to great national ideals and international influence, we have thought ourselves small, and our glory, borrowed glory.

Have we not been prone to measure altogether unduly our importance by military standards? On that basis we are very small indeed; but in another respect, Canada has achieved in the Confederation of British North American Provinces, a crystallized ideal, the effect of which upon the political history of the world, will never be effaced.

Dr. Macdonald, of The Globe, the other day, gave a splendid bit of historical analysis to students at the Friends College, Swarthmore, near Philadelphia. To sum it up in the briefest form we quote, respecting a great achievement of United States and Canada, separately and jointly:

"The greatest achievement of the United States"—"unique and of world significance" was "the declaration before all the world, that any people who desire self-government and are fit for self-government, must be given the chance and the responsibility of governing themselves; the supreme declaration of democracy that the authority of all human government is based on the consent of the governed."

"The supreme achievement of Canada"—"not by constraint, not by compulsion, but by the free and deliberate choice of Canadians themselves, Canada's imperial relations are what they are, and in the great days to come shall be what Canadians choose to make them"—"and that achievement of National self-government within the world circle of the British Empire, without the arbitrament of war, or the alienation of strife—a new, an original, an epoch-making thing in the history of the world."

Parenthetically, Dr. Macdonald might have added another lesson, namely, a conquered race, in freedom and amity, sharing with the conquering one the government of the Nation and alike loyal—an intensely inspiring and hopeful vision for the world.

"But the greatest thing of all is the joint achievement of these two English-speaking Nations of North America." "An International boundary line between two nations across which in a hundred years neither nation ever once launched a menacing army or fired a hostile gun"—"A thousand miles up the mighty St. Lawrence, a thousand miles over the great lakes, a thousand miles across the open prairie, a thousand miles over a sea of mountains—four thousand miles where nation meets nation and sovereignty meets sovereignty, never a battleship, never a gun, never a sentinel on guard—four thousand miles of civilized and Christianized Internationalism."

"Our achievement in America must be held up as the model for Europe."

This looks encouraging; and it is for us Canadians to realize our responsibility and the unique position we occupy among the nations.

Imitation of European methods should not be our supreme effort. A reformation, a reconstruction period will soon be upon the world, and it is ours to earnestly study the conditions that have given rise to the present havoc and desolation, and contribute something along lines of progressive statesmanship worthy of the individuality of our position.

The Big Man's Store

Cor. Dundas and Midland Sts.

1745-47 Dundas St.

Thomas J. Sheppard

SPECIAL BARGAINS
FOR SATURDAY

Men's Blue Serge Suits, made of 20 oz. Serge Indigo Dye. Regular \$18.00 for \$14.00.

Men's Overcoats extra good quality of Melton, Tailored in the Latest Style, best of linings in Grey, Blue and Black. Regular \$18.00 for \$15.00.

Men's Combination Underwear in all the Best Brands, Sizes from 32 to 48, on Sale Saturday at less than manufacturers' prices.

Men's Hats, best quality of fur felt made by the best Canadian, English and American manufacturers all colors and shapes up to \$3.00. Saturday, \$1.48.

Men's Coat Sweaters, made of fine English all wool yarn, white trimmed blue and blue trimmed white only. Regular \$5.00 Saturday \$2.50

THE BIG MAN'S STORE

1745-47 DUNDAS STREET, West Toronto.

Choose your Christmas Jewelry NOW

and we will reserve it for you on payment of a small deposit

Some Gift Suggestions

Ladies' Watches	...\$7.00 to \$45.00
Wrist Watches	... 4.50 to 45.00
Men's Watches	... 3.00 to 50.00
Cameo Rings	... 2.50 to 10.00
Signet Rings	... 2.00 to 8.00
Bracelets	... 1.00 to 25.00
Gold Pendants	... 4.00 to 25.00
Cameo Necklets	... 2.50 to 12.00
Locketts and Chains	2.00 to 12.00
Tie Pins, Gold	... 2.00 to 30.00
Watch Chains	... 2.00 to 20.00
Silver Manicure	
Pieces	25 to 25.00
Mesh Bags	... 2.50 to 5.00
Fobs	... 1.00 to 5.00

Stanners

1791 Dundas St., Phone J. 328
1200 Queen St. W. Phone P. 195

Why Does Your Physician

Recommend Our Store?

Because he knows that quality is our first consideration.

His prescriptions will be filled with skill and accuracy.

We carry a full line of Drug sundries, hot water bottles, etc., and can fill any of your drug wants with goods of the highest quality.

Our Motto

KEEP UP THE QUALITY
KEEP DOWN THE PRICEGraham H. Robinson's
The Drug Store of Quality

1951 Dundas St.

Next Standard Bank

Phone Jct. 5026

Our Specialties this month are Christmas Trees, Holly and Wreathing.

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ABEL'S

The Leading West End Florists

Cut Flowers-Funeral Designs a Specialty

West Toronto

1835 Dundas St.—Phone Jct. 138

Beaver Theatre

1734 Dundas St.—West Toronto

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3rd Series of The Beloved Adventurer
An affair of honor

WED. & THURS.

Second Series of Judora
The Mystery of the Sleeping House

THURS. FRI. & SAT.

3rd Series of The Master Key

VAUDEVILLE

MON. TUES. & WED. THUR. FRI. & SAT.
Douglas Robertson The Brown Stock Co.
The Drole Scott — in —
Lang & Colter Comedy Drama
in Darktown FrolicsThe Tossing Austins Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30
Comedy Juggling Novelty Evening at 7 o'clock

SAT. PROGRAM, DEC. 5

VAUDEVILLE

Sam Kainora—Hawaiian Musical Novelty

The Grey Duo—Double Voiced Wonders

Two Dots—Singing, Talking & Sharp Shooting

2nd Series of The Master Key

Sat. Mat. 2-30 Eve. at 7 o'clock

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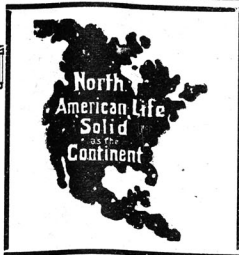
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The Churches

ST. CECILIA'S CHURCH.

RECTOR: Rev. Dr. Treacy.
 Assistant: Rev. Jos. Coleman.
 Services.

Masses, 8 a.m., 9.15 a.m. and 11 a.m.; Vespers at 7.30 p.m.; Baptisms, 2 p.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.

First Friday of Month, Masses 7 and 8 a.m., Communion.

Advent Devotions.

Wednesday and Friday, 7.30 p.m. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

There will be a special reception of the members of the Catholic Mother's Association at St. Cecilia's Church next Sunday evening at 7.20 p.m. The object of this society is to educate, foster and protect the family life, and to train Christian mothers in their grave responsibilities.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WEST TORONTO.

Rector: Rev. T. Beverley Smith, RECTOR:

Rev. T. Beverley Smith, B.A. 289 Annette Street.
 Our own Missionary: Miss Collette Harris, Cairo, Egypt.

Sunday Services.

Morning Prayer, 11.00 a.m.; Evening Prayer, 7.00 p.m.; Sunday School, 3.00 p.m.; Children's Lantern Service, 7.00 p.m.; Holy Communion, First Sunday at 8.00 a.m., Second Sunday at 11.00 a.m., Fourth Sunday at 7.00 p.m.; Baptism, First Sunday at 4.00 p.m.

Meetings.

Young People's Association, Monday, 8.00 p.m.; Woman's Auxiliary, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 2.30 p.m.; Women's Guild, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, 2.30 p.m.; Young Woman's Auxiliary, Tuesday, 8.00 p.m.; Boys' Club, Tuesday, 8.00 p.m.; Mothers' Meeting, Wednesday, 2.30 p.m.; Boy Scouts, Thursday, 7.30 p.m.; Junior Auxiliary, Friday, 4.00 p.m.; Choir Practice, Friday, 8.00 p.m.

You are cordially invited to join any of these Societies and make your "Church Home" with us

Advent, 1914.

Rev. Professor Mowll, B.A., of Wycliffe College, will preach on Sunday Morning at 11.00 during Advent as follows:

Dec. 6—How Christ will Come.
 Dec. 13—When Christ will Come.
 Dec. 20—After Christ has Come.

On Sunday evening at 7.00, during Advent, Rev. T. Beverley Smith will preach on "The Transfiguration of Christ."

Lantern Service for Children in the Parish House every Sunday evening at 7.00.

VICTORIA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Cor. Medland and Annette Street.
 PASTOR: Rev. D. T. L. McKerroll.

19 Laws Street.
 Telephone, Jct. 623.

Church Services.

Public Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School and Bible Classes, Sunday, 2.45 p.m.; Young People's Guild, Monday, 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

A very large congregation attended both services of the Victoria Presbyterian Church on Sunday last, being the Anniversary Services. Rev. Prof. W. R. Taylor preached at the morning service. Prof. Taylor was at one time assistant to Rev. Dr. Pigeon, and was exceedingly popular, especially among the young men, many of whom turned out last Sunday to hear him again. While assistant pastor in Victoria Church, Prof. Taylor had one of the largest Young Men's classes in this city, and when he left to take a professor's chair in Vancouver many were the regrets among the young men and the older men, indeed.

In the evening the Rev. Harper Gray, of St. Andrew's Church, conducted the service. Mr. Gray is an earnest and forcible speaker, and his sermon was much enjoyed by a very large audience.

In the afternoon the Rev. D. T. L. McKerroll, Pastor of the Church spoke to the Sabbath School, giving a very plain and instructive talk, which was much appreciated by the children and teachers.

Rev. Mr. Lee will occupy the pulpit in Victoria Church on Sun-

day, December 6th, in the absence of the Pastor, who will officiate at the opening of Mount Dennis Presbyterian Church. In the evening, Rev. Mr. McKerroll will occupy his own pulpit.

On Wednesday evening, December 9th, the Primary Cantata in connection with the Sabbath School will be held in the Church Parlors. A good entertainment will be provided, and a large turn out of those interested in this work is expected.

An orchestra is being organized in connection with Victoria Presbyterian Church, and a meeting for that purpose was held on Monday evening at the home of Mr. Gillies, Laws Street, when a number of musicians turned out to lend their support and offer their services.

ST. JOHN'S ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. St. John's Rd. and Wellard. Runnymede.

PASTOR: Rev. T. J. Hurd, B.A. 427 Durie St., Phone J. 4715.

Services.

Sunday—11 a.m., Preaching; 2.45 p.m., S. S. and Bible Classes; 7 p.m., Popular Service.

Monday—8 p.m., Young People's Meeting.

Wednesday—8 p.m., Prayer and Praise Meeting.

Friday—8 p.m., Choir Practice, Leader, Mr. J. W. Williamson.

Special Services at St. John's Rd. Baptist Church.

There is being held at St. John's Road Baptist Church, Runnymede, a series of Evangelistic Services, under the direction of Evangelist, Alexander Torrie, B.A. This mission promises to be one of great fruitfulness and blessing to the church and also to Runnymede. The campaign opened on Sunday, Nov. 29. The building was crowded to the doors. Rev. Mr. Torrie made a splendid impression on every one present, as might be expected, since he is the kind of man he is. His splendid oratory, earnest spirit, magnetic personality, keen interest in the people to whom he ministers, warm love for mankind and manliness, combined with common sense beyond the average professional evangelist,

are sure to attract and hold the admiration of the practical common sense folks such as compose the population of West Toronto.

Mr. Torrie is accompanied by his wife, who sings each evening with exquisite sweetness. She is a lady of rare ability, and her solos alone are well worth one's time in going to hear.

On Monday night Mr. Torrie spoke on one of the most charming love stories told in the Bible—the selection of a wife by Abraham for his son through his most trusted servant. The Evangelist said that he was on a similar errand—finding a bride for the Son of God. She must be worthy, holy, beautiful in her wedding garments, healthy, viz., free from the disease of sin, industrious and prayerful.

There will be meetings every night throughout the week except Saturday until December 13. A special meeting for men will be held on Sunday, December 6, at 3 p.m., in the church auditorium.

Let everyone come who can attend these services. A blessing is in store for you if you come.

HIGH PARK AVE. METHODIST CHURCH.

Cor. High Park Ave. & Annette St. PASTOR: Rev. R. J. Treleaven. 246 High Park Ave.

Tel. June. 718.

Church Directory.

Public Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School and Bible Classes, Sunday, 2.45 p.m.; Class Meeting, Mixed, Mr. B. Abbott, Leader, Sunday, 10 a.m., Mr. W. Chatwood, Leader, Sunday, after Morning Service; Ladies', Mrs. Taylor, Leader, Tuesday, 3 p.m., in the Church Parlors; Young Ladies', Miss Stemm, Leader, Monday, 7.30, in the Church Parlors; Epworth League, Monday, 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.; Choir Practice, Friday, 8 p.m.; Secretary, W. J. Armstrong, Jr., 280 Western Ave.; Women's Missionary Society, 1st Thursday, 3 p.m.; Ladies' Aid Society, 4th Wednesday, 3 p.m.; Mission Band, Friday, 4 p.m.; Mission Circle, Alternate

Tuesdays, 8 p.m.; Willmott Auxiliary, 2nd Saturday, 4 p.m.; The A. Y. C. Class (young ladies), in the S.S. room.

You are invited to become a member of one of the organized Bible Classes in the Sunday School. The Mixed Adults' Class meets in the choir loft; the Gleaners (young ladies), the Onward Class (young ladies), the Brotherhood of St. Paul (young men) in the basement; the T. F. C. class (young ladies), and the F. E. V. class (young men) in the S. S. room.

S. S. Superintendent, M. Strachan, 85 Mavety St., phone June. 4721; Recording Steward, I. L. Beattie, 421 Keele St., phone June. 4641; Sec'y Trustee Board, A. Chisholm, 22 Laws St., phone June. 462; Church Treasurer, J. H. Agnew, 290 High Park Ave.; Choir Leader and Organist, Dr. F. H. Torrington, Toronto College of Music, 12 Pembroke St.; Sexton, Samuel Crocker, 231 Annette St.

On Sunday, December 6th, the anniversary in connection with the High Park Methodist Sabbath School will be held; the Rev. Dr. W. F. Wilson will preach at 11 a.m.; the Rev. R. J. Treleaven will address the young people at 2.45 p.m., and at 7 p.m. Mr. G. A. Warburton will speak.

On Monday evening, December 7th, a Cantata will be given by the "Beginners, Primary and Junior" Departments, entitled, "Christmas For All."

On Wednesday evening, December 9th, the "Intermediate and Adult" Classes will give a Cantata entitled, "He Came to Earth, But Not As a King." The admission will be ten cents in aid of the Building Fund.

Brotherhood Rally.

Sunday, November 29th, was the Brotherhood of St. Paul Rally Day at the High Park Avenue Methodist Church. The morning and evening services were taken by Professor A. J. Johnston of Victoria University. The professor spoke very eloquently on the subject of "Brotherhood" at both services. The morning discourse

was on "The Kingdom," and in the evening "Brotherhood in Relation to Church Life." Special music was furnished by the choir at both services.

In the afternoon at 2.45 the Brotherhood of St. Paul was given a special address by Professor Johnston on the subject of "Preparation For the Unselfish Life." The speaker told of some who were too good to be any good to others in the world. He dealt very eloquently with the motto of William Jennings Bryan embodied in the single word "Others." He showed how lives of the greatest usefulness to the rest of the world contained the greatest goodness, and that a proper spirit of unselfishness was the very essence of goodness. He dealt with the purely selfish, distrustful policy of Germany, which has led her to be greedy for territory, and then to be unable to colonize territory she had acquired. The large audience of young men was greatly pleased with the address, and a vote of thanks was tendered the speaker at the instance of Messrs. J. S. Bennett and H. S. Mott.

The Davenport Methodist Epworth League session on Monday evening was enlivened by a debate with the Tri-Mus young men's class as to the necessity of war and its relation to Christianity. The Epworth League represented by Messrs. Baker and Nifton set their faces against war, while the young men of "Mind, Muscle and Morals" upheld the negative side of the proposition under the able management of Messrs. McLean and Talbot. Mr. Booth presided. Messrs. Booth, Lanson and Edmunds were entrusted with the judging, and awarded the verdict to the negative.

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SOME TESTED RECIPES FROM CHEF'S COOK-BOOK

Lima Bean Salad

Two cups of cooked lima beans. Have beans very cold. Pour over them four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon of malt vinegar, one teaspoon of grated onion, half teaspoon of salt and dash of paprika. Toss all together and serve on a nest of shredded lettuce.

Sausage and Sweet Potato

Wash six good-sized sweet potatoes. Put on to boil. When cooked so you can pierce with fork remove, peel and slice into shallow tin in layers. Salt and slightly pepper each layer. Also dot with little bits of butter. Put layer of either link or sausage cakes on top. Put in oven and bake hard for fifteen minutes. Serve in same dish.

New England Hash

One pint of cold cooked corned beef chopped fine, one pint of cold boiled cabbage, one cup of sliced carrots and one-half cup of sliced turnips. Chop all separately and very fine. Cook one tablespoon of butter and one of flour together until smooth. Add one cup of tomato juice. Stir to a smooth sauce. Add ten drops of onion juice, and pepper to taste.

Mix meat and vegetables together. Put into tomato sauce. Stir very little. Turn into well-greased pan. Put layer of bread crumbs on top. Dot with butter. Cover and bake twenty minutes. Remove cover and brown. Serve with horse radish and catsup.

Brown Betty

One cup of bread crumbs, six large apples (peeled and sliced), one cup of molasses, one-half cup of cold water, one-half cup of sugar, butter size of walnut, pinch of salt and grated nutmeg. Put thin layer of sliced apples in bottom of buttered pudding pan. Sprinkle with little sugar, then put layer of crumbs over apples; do crumbs with bits of the butter and dash of nutmeg. Continue in this way until all crumbs and apples are used. Mix the water and molasses. Turn over and around sides of the pan. Set the pudding dish in pan of hot water and bake forty minutes or until apples are tender. Serve hot with foamy sauce.

Apple Sauce Cake

Cream one cup of brown sugar with one-half cup of butter, add one and one-half cups of apple sauce, half teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon, each, of cinnamon, cloves and grated nutmeg and three tablespoons of coffee. Sift two and one-half cups of flour with two teaspoons of soda three times. Clean and dry two cups of raisins. Add these to flour and stir into first mixture. Stir all together; put in well-greased and floured pan. Bake in moderate oven one and one-quarter hours.

Stewed rhubarb may be used in place of apple sauce.

Eggless Cookies

Take one large cup of butter and lard, mixed; one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda and flour for stiff dough. Pour over the soda a little boiling water before using it. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, for if the dough is not properly mixed the cookies lose in flavor, and they will not be shiny and spicy when done. These cookies should be rolled thinner than sugar cookies.

Spaghetti Cooked Italian Style

Use one-half package of spaghetti boiled in two quarts of water until tender. Take one-quarter pound of very thinly sliced bacon cut in squares. Fry them in a skillet with two cloves. After the bacon is crisp skim out pieces and slice in one medium sized onion and two cloves of garlic and each clove cut in half. Fry a delicate brown. Take out the pieces of garlic and pour on one quart of soup stock, one can of tomato paste. When all is well incorporated and hot add bacon and spaghetti. Cook slowly for one-half hour, adding a little more stock if needed.

Serve with parmesan cheese sprinkled thickly over each portion.

Stuffed Onions

Boil large-sized onions until tender, allowing one for each person to be served. When they can be pierced with a fork drain and set aside to cool. Take great care to keep the shape perfect. When cool, with sharp knife remove center. Mix three tablespoons of minced ham, three tablespoons of bread crumbs, one tablespoon of butter, one egg, three tablespoons of milk together. Salt to taste. Fill the space in each onion with the mixture. Put into baking dish. Dot each onion with butter. Add one cup of sweet cream. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in slow oven half an hour.

Invalid's Food

A pound of finest round of raw beef is very strengthening food for the invalid who can take it. Trim off fat, slice two small onions, season with pepper and salt. Chop altogether until reduced to almost a pulp. Spread on thin slices of bread and butter; whole wheat or rye bread is best. Put another thin slice on top to hide the meat—which tastes better than it sounds, or looks.

Sterilizing Water

It's easy enough to have sterilized water in the house all the time. Any clean water that has been boiled for five or ten minutes and then allowed to cool in a covered vessel is sterile. Such water can be safely used for washing wounds.

Saves Hand From Stains

In paring vegetables, especially the odoriferous onion, slip over the forefinger of the right hand a kid finger out from an old glove. It will save the hand from an unsightly stain.

If the edges of a saucepan are well buttered the contents will not boil over.

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BABY

How Long He Should be at Different Ages—When He Should Walk and Talk

A celebrated baby specialist says that a child at birth should be 20 inches; at six months 25 inches; at one year, 28½ inches, or a growth of 8½ inches in the year. At 2 years, 32 inches, a growth of 3½ inches in the year. At 3 years, 35 inches; at 4 years, 38 inches; at 5 years, 41 inches, and at 6 years, 44 inches: in the last four years given the increase should, therefore, be a growth of three inches in the year. From seven years on to the tenth year there is a yearly growth of two inches, namely:—

7 years, 46 inches.
8 years, 48 inches.
9 years, 50 inches.
10 years, 52 inches.

Of muscular development, he says that at three or four months a child can hold his head up, and at six or seven months can sit erect. At nine or ten months a child tries to get on his feet; at twelve or thirteen months he can walk alone, and at fourteen or fifteen months he can run about.

Cut this out and paste it in your nursery scrapbook.

At one year a child can use single words, and at two years a child can use short sentences.

A child has twenty milk teeth, which make their appearance as follows:—

At 5 to 8 months, 2 lower central incisors; at 8 to 12 months, 4 upper incisors; at 12 to 18 months, 2 lower lateral incisors and 4 anterior molars; at 18 to 24 months, 4 canines; at 24 to 30 months, 4 posterior molars. General development, he says, is often delayed by neglect, improper feeding, sickness, and other causes, such as heredity.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Hints For the Sickroom and Kitchen Briefly Tabulated

A good remedy for a cough is to put a lemon into boiling water. Boil it for a quarter of an hour. Then press out the pulp into a jar, removing the pips, and mix it very thoroughly with a quarter of a pound of honey. Take a teaspoonful when required.

If by chance your vegetables or preserves scorch while cooking, remove the vessel instantly from the range and set it in a pan of cold water, letting it remain there for ten or fifteen minutes. At the end of that time you will find that scorched taste has all vanished from the food. Cover the patient over while airing the sickroom. Let down the window at the top, swing door rapidly but quickly for a few minutes backwards and forwards. This will quickly pump the bad air out and draw in the fresh air from the window.

An egg that has been too lightly boiled may be put into the saucepan again, even after the top has been taken off, if an ordinary pin be dropped into it in a conspicuous place, when it will be found that none of the egg has been lost. Care should be taken to remove the pin.

In roasting any bird place the breast down in the pan when first put in the oven. By so doing the juice will run out of the back into the breast, making it more juicy, instead of the juices from the white meat settling in the backbone, as happens when a bird is placed back down in the pan.

To cure squeaking shoes take a large plate and pour just enough oil on it to cover the bottom. Then stand the shoes with their heels propped, so that the soles rest in the oil. Let them stand overnight, and in the morning wipe off any excess of oil there may be.

To keep a coffee pot sweet put a tablespoonful of baking soda into it. Fill it two-thirds full of water and let it boil for an hour. Then rinse very thoroughly. If this is done about once a week the pot will always smell fresh and clean.

Apron Pockets are Time Savers

A kitchen apron with big roomy pockets will save the busy housekeeper a great many unnecessary steps.

If she keeps her "small change" purse in her apron pocket she will save steps running back and forth to pay the laundryman, the grocer or the peddler. She will find it useful as a "catch-all" for the odds and ends picked up as she is doing her housework—misplaced toys, bits of paper and odds and ends of all kinds may be gathered in that capacious pocket without wasting a single step.

If there's a needle and a spool of thread in her pocket the housekeeper will be sure to find it useful as she is going the rounds of the house in the morning.

Women's Capes

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet Sixteen.
Cape Flattery—Twenty.
Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty.
—Ladies' Home Journal

Washing Colored Handkerchiefs

Colored handkerchiefs should be soaked in cold salt water for a short time before they are washed. This will prevent the colors from running or fading.

Stains on the Fingers

Vegetable and fruit stains on the fingers can be removed by dipping the fingers in very strong tea for a few minutes and then washing them in clear, warm water.

Cleaning a Cauliflower

When soaking a cauliflower, prior to cooking it, place it in unsalted water. This draws out the insects. If the water is salted the insects are killed, but remain in the vegetable.

"Make Friends With Happiness."

(Sonnet by Helena Coleman, Toronto.)

Why should we not make Friends with happiness?

Life has its grieving moments, it is true, And daily cares—but O, its rapture too!

Why should we gather thorns when flowers press

About our feet and sweet, wild things confess

Their inner radiance, as if they knew

There shone for us beyond the steadfast blue

A love that asks no guerdon but to bless?

Foundation for our spiritual home we lay

In all we do and are, and we must lose

The power of inner vision if we stay

Among the shadows grieving, nor possess,

Discerning mind and steadfast heart to choose

Those thoughts that make us friends with happiness.

MENNONITES IN WEST THRIFTY SETTLERS

Persevering People Who Overcome all Difficulties—Moved a Whole Town Piecemeal

Though most of the Mennonites in Western Canada came from Russia, where their people had lived for nearly a hundred years, they still speak German. Very few understood or spoke Russian and when they migrated to Canada it was on an understanding with the Government that they should have their own schools and enjoy the use of their own language. Only within the last few years, has the Union Jack floated over their schools. The neglect to raise the flag, however, was due not to any disloyalty; it arose entirely from their anti-militarist principles, says "G. H. B." writing in Church Life.

The Mennonites went to Western Canada in the early '70's and settled on a reserve set apart for them in the valley of the Red River. Some ten years later these colonists were brought to the verge of ruin by a disastrous flood. The waters of the Red River rose to such a height that their farms were inundated, their buildings swept away and their cattle and horses drowned. A Benevolent Trust, however, in existence among their brethren elsewhere, in co-operation with the Government, helped the majority of the stricken settlers to take up farms in a new district to the southwest of the former holdings.

Here by thrift and hard work they prospered exceedingly and their numbers grew. This increase of population, with the arrival of many new Mennonite immigrants, led to the formation of colonies further west. Representatives were sent to choose suitable locations and the care with which this was done is shown by the fact that on one occasion nearly two years was spent on this task. Once established they rarely leave the farms they have chosen.

Some years ago a number of them settled in a district of British Columbia with newcomers of other nationalities. The difficulty of clearing the land and meanwhile supplying the necessities of life was immense. Overcome by hardship and disappointment, almost all the other settlers gave up in despair, while the Mennonites persevered and are to-day enjoying a very considerable prosperity.

Such success, enjoyed by all their colonies, is due largely to their thrift and frugality. In early days their stoves were made of baked clay mixed with straw and their fuel consisted of straw or hay and dried manure. The same qualities were shown in the use made of the buildings from a deserted town in southern Manitoba. This place had enjoyed great prosperity as a gateway of communication with the outer world. With the building of the railway, however, its advantage of location disappeared and it was, to a large extent, forsaken by its population. The Mennonites soon saw their opportunity. They bought the buildings for a fraction of their value and, as they had not the appliances to move the house bodily, they did it piecemeal. With a huge saw they first cut the building into halves from the ridge of the roof to the ground; they then divided them into sections by transverse cuts running all round the buildings. Where it was necessary to tear these sections apart, the protruding nails were carefully drawn and saved. Everything, to the last scrap, was then loaded on wagons and carried away to be re-erected in their villages, where many of the original buildings can be seen with the joints where the sections were put together still visible.

In these villages the farmers have their homes and thus enjoy a social life with their neighbors that is difficult, if not impossible, with the isolated farm houses of other communities. Their original homes were long, low buildings with the entrance at one end and a door at the other leading into the stable. The stable is an important factor in their lives, as the Mennonites are famous for their success in breeding horses and cattle. It is interesting to note that from the first this peculiar people have engaged in the mixed farming that has of recent years been strongly advocated by our leading agriculturists as more advantageous than exclusive growing of wheat.

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LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD

How many persons, if asked how many languages there were in the world, could give anything like an accurate answer?

It may appear an exaggerated statement, but it is nevertheless true that there are over four thousand languages spoken by mankind, while the number of dialects exceeds this. There are more than sixty vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahuatl is broken up into some seven hundred dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo, while in Australia there is no classifying the complexions. Let us assume that fifty dialects on an average, belong to each language, and we have the colossal total of a quarter of a million linguistic abilities.

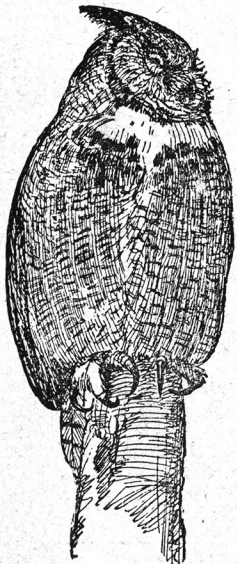
AN UNPOPULAR BIRD

His Dismal Hoot and Sneaky Ways Make Enemies For Him

Nobody loves the great horned owl. Even the good little children who promise to love each living thing for get their good intentions when they hear the hoot of the owl, and they set just like other children and throw sticks and stones at the ugly creature.

Even the squirrels and birds have no love for the owl, and birds have been known to band together and mob the drowsy old chap who keeps them awake nights with his "too-who-to-wit."

The owl can blame no one but himself for his lack of friends. He sleeps



all day and goes roaming about at night singing his dismal song, and he lives in old houses and barns or in the darkest hollows in the woods. He has a sneaky way, too, of moving without making noise with his wings or feet, and he's very apt to frighten birds as well as men when he comes on them unexpectedly in the dark.

Some day, maybe, the foolish bird will see the error of his ways and change them and give everyone a chance to get acquainted with him and perhaps to like him and treat him as all birds should be treated, with gentleness and kindness.

AIR TOWEL DRIES HANDS

Air Forced Through Heating Apparatus Does the Trick

An "air towel" used in the large public lavatory in the District Building at Washington, D.C., resembles a rectangular box eleven inches by three, set in a base having twelve-inch legs, with an opening in the top of the case in which the wet hands are held while being dried. The device consists of a blower that forces air through an electric heating element to ducts and deflectors suitably placed for distributing the warmed air to all parts of the hands at the same time, and is operated by a foot-lever or pedal, which in turn operates a quick acting switch, thereby setting the blower in motion. By removing the foot the device is put out of operation. The hands come in contact with no part of the device, thus assuring a perfectly sanitary operation. It takes just thirty seconds to dry the hands, and, says the "Scientific American," although this seems a long while standing with the hands in the drier and practically unoccupied, tests have shown that the ordinary operation of drying the hands with a towel consumes more time if the hands are to be dried as thoroughly as by the electrical drier.

Sanitation in Stables

A new health regulation in Ontario fixes two loads of manure as the limit that may be allowed to accumulate in any stable in a city and requires a strongly-built fly-proof box for it, these boxes to be cleaned at least once a week during the summer months.

A Use For Seaweed

From ordinary seaweeds a London chemist claims to have extracted a gum that is proof against fire, acids and moisture and that is a better insulator against electricity than vulcanite.

Loads Coal Ready Mixed

Economy of fuel consumption in steamships often requires the mixing of two or more kinds of coal and an Englishman has invented a coaling barge that mixes coal as it delivers it into a bunker.

Handles Steel Rails Rapidly

An eastern railroad has built a machine operated by compressed air that loads two cars at once with steel rails or unloads them and places their rails ready for laying at a rate of four a minute.

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

The surprise which Gloria knew her unexpected arrival would occasion was even greater than she could imagine. Several things had happened in Belmont recently to disturb David Kerr, and he was in no frame of mind for further complications.

The stock-yards company was beginning to hint at certain favors it wished extended, and with an election coming on, Kerr was in no mood for such concessions. Worse still, the Belmont News had just changed ownership, and the new editor was not displaying that subservient fealty which had characterized all Belmont papers in the past. Already the News was snapping at his heels and asking questions which were extremely pointed. To have Gloria descend upon him at such a time was too much for even David Kerr. His mastery of the situation caused him to have no great fear for the stock-yard demands and the newspaper outcry, vexing problems though they were, but Gloria—Gloria in Belmont—was quite another proposition.

"Father, this is Gloria," explained David Kerr's daughter when she had established telephone connection with Locust Lawn.

"Gloria!" he exclaimed. "Where are you?"

"Here, in Belmont, at the station. I just came."

"How did it happen? I wasn't looking for you."

"Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you? Of course I am, but it's a surprise. When did you come? How do you happen to be here? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I wanted to surprise you," she laughed. "Annabel Hitchcock's aunt died, so we couldn't go to California. I had nothing else to do, so I came home. Wasn't that right?"

"Exactly, exactly. But it's a bad time to come to Belmont."

"I don't care, I'm so glad to be home. How do I get out to Locust Lawn?"

"You can't well wait there for me to come in for you. Take a carriage and tell the driver you want to go to the end of the Townsend Park car line. Wait for me in the drug store. I'll get there almost as soon as you do."

"Hurry, father, because I'm so anxious to see you. It's been an age since I saw you, and you know I don't know a thing about Belmont. I'm just dying to meet everybody, and then I'll ask some of the girls out to visit me."

"We'll talk that over after awhile," was his noncommittal response. "Wait for me at the drug store. Good-by."

The carriage drive through Belmont and Townsend Park, a suburb, was of educational value. It gave her an increasing respect for Belmont. Although there was no remarkable residence district, there were occasional homes which denoted refinement as well as comfortable circumstances. This was not in keeping with what David Kerr's daughter had been taught about her father's town. The number of automobiles also surprised her. By the time she reached the place appointed for her meeting with her father there was not so much of condensation in her attitude toward Belmont.

This changing viewpoint did not mean a diminution of enthusiasm. More than anything else it spurred her curiosity. She realized that the real Belmont was an advance over what she had been led to expect, just how much only a dip into the social whirl could reveal. The pleasurable part of it all was that Gloria was still queen by right of inheritance. If the kingdom was more extensive than she had thought, the court life would also be more brilliant.

Gloria had not long to wait for her father. An old-fashioned carriage covered with mud and drawn by fat bay horses drew up before the drug store. Out of the vehicle a somewhat ponderous individual pulled himself—a smooth-shaven man who appeared to be something over fifty, with heavy jaws and piercing eyes which looked clear through you from under beeling eyebrows. With a cry the girl flung herself upon him and smothered him with kisses.

"You old dear!" she exclaimed. "You haven't changed a bit. I'm so glad to be at home with you. Isn't it just dandy to be back in Belmont?"

The man smiled. Even if he had not changed, as she had sworn, he recognized that she had changed. In the two years since he had seen her, out of the chrysalis had come the butterfly; and this radiant girl was his daughter. For one brief instant he unlocked the neglected chamber of his heart which was the prison of the past, and thought of Gloria's mother. Then the present with its obligations, and its stern realities recalled him to the life that was from the days that once had been.

"Welcome home, daughter," he said, making a peck in the general direction of her mouth out duty for an answering kiss. With David Kerr kissing had long ago become an obsolete custom. Then, too, no one had ever accused him of being unduly demonstrative.

Seeing the negro driver bowing and scraping, Gloria left her father to speak to him. She might have forgotten Locust Lawn, but she had not forgotten Locust Lawn's chief factotum. Old Tom, who had been in Kerr's employ for a generation, had been her constant companion when she had outgrown the continuous vigilance of her nurse.

"How d'you do, Tom," she said, extending her hand. "I don't believe you remember me. Now, do you?"

"Bless yo' heart, Miss Gloria," grinned the old negro. "I'd sho'ly know you anywheres. An' it does me a pow'ful sight o' good to see you. Why, chile, when you went away you wuz jes' a little gal. An' now look at you; you's a reg'lar grown-up woman. Ah reckon you'll want to git mahried soon. Hey?"

Gloria laughed; that same fresh, infectious laugh of hers which had warned many a wary suitor that he had not found the combination to her heart and had brought him to that plane of friendship on which he was always welcome. As well try to describe Patti's singing, in the days when her charm was greatest, as try to describe Gloria's laugh. There be those persons so presumptuous that on hearing it would aver she had never loved. Whether David Kerr was one of those his countenance did not betray. As he waited for her answer to the question put her by the old negro, a privileged servant, his face was as impassive as ever it was or the night of an election.

"Why, Tom," she explained when she had ceased to laugh at the foolishness of the question, "I love everybody, of course, but nobody in the wide, wide world like that. I'm never going to marry any one; do you think so?"

"Miss Gloria, you neveh do know what de Lord'll pervide. Look at me. Ah done say dat, too, when I wuz young lak you; but Ah's had fo' wives already, an' mah time ain't come to die yet."

"All right, Tom. I don't know what the Lord will provide, but I'm not going out of my way to help Providence."

The words of this colloquy were neither more nor less than David Kerr had anticipated. It was from the spirit rather than from the wording of her reply that the father sought to ascertain the answer. It had been his one hope that somewhere on her travels she would meet a man worthy the love of a woman such as she, that she would marry him and never return to Belmont. Almost unconsciously, with that end vaguely in view, he had been diminishing his activities. He had money enough for Gloria's future, already she had her own income, and his age made even power irksome. He would move away from Belmont when Gloria married, and when she came to visit him it would be to some charming rural spot in the east she loved so well. Other men of his type had retired, why not he? One had even raised a horse which had won the greatest classic of the English turf. But for him, he had muscled, there would be no such pursuits to bring him into the public eye.



"You Old Dear!"

That he wished to avoid for Gloria's sake. And now all his plans seemed to be coming to naught—Gloria had come home, free of heart and anxious to mingle in Belmont society.

The drive to Locust Lawn was uneventful. Gloria watched for landmarks along the way, and commented on the changes twelve years had made. Locust Lawn seemed closer to town than in the old days. Most of her remarks about places they passed were addressed to Tom, because together, when she was a child, they had been over the road many times. David Kerr, never much of a conversationalist, was content to listen, hoping some chance speech might aid in clearing up the situation. Everything Gloria said, however, seemed only a confirmation of her determination to enter at once into Belmont's gayeties.

"Dar's de first sight o' Locust Lawn, Miss Gloria."

They had just reached the top of a

hill and Tom pointed with his whip to a house on the next eminence. Looking up, Gloria saw, not the estate of her imagination, but a square red brick house looking rather desolate through the bare branches of many trees. Locust Lawn at the end of winter was no enchanted fairy bower; but she was far too clever a girl, and far too good at heart, to betray any disappointment. To her the place was home, and she was anxious to recognize it as such.

The interior of the house was no more inviting. As soon as possible Gloria wandered from room to room, her inspection making her give silent thanks that she had not asked any of her friends to join her in her descent on Belmont. The wall paper with big yellow flowers, the carpets with big red flowers, the rocking chairs with the crocheted tidies, and the marble-topped table in the parlor with the inevitable plush album upon it, were no less distressing than the wax flowers under the glass case, the steel engraving of the Scotch Covenanters worshipping in a mountain glen, and the tin bathtub. She even gave thanks that she had not brought a maid.

"Mistah K." said a negro mammy, putting her head in the door of the living room after Kerr and his daughter had finished going over the house, "Tom wants to know if you is goin' to town dis mawnin'."

"No, Lily, I ain't going to town to-day. Tell Tom to send Yellow Sam with the spring wagon for Gloria's trunks."

"Dey's ben telephonin' you from town. Dey say it's pow'ful impo'tant business. Miss Gloria, she done willin' to stay wif me, jes' lak she use' to. Ain't you, honey?"

To this Gloria gave laughing assent, but her father shook his head.

"I'm not going to town to-day. And tell the telephone operator not to connect any one with Locust Lawn all day. I ain't going to be disturbed. D'you understand?"

Aunt Lily, who probably was given that name by some ante-bellum joker because of her ebony hue, nodded her acknowledgment of the order and withdrew.

The reasons David Kerr had for not wishing to get into communication with any one in Belmont were several, but the most potent was his desire to be uninterrupted while engaged in studying his daughter and evolving some plan whereby she could be taken from Belmont before her slightest suspicion had been aroused.

One episode in their tour of the house had given him much comfort. Gloria had paused in the old-fashioned parlor and gazed long at his life-sized portrait, done in oils, over the marble mantel. Then she had looked about the room, and not finding what she sought, had asked:

"Where is one of my mother's?"

"There is none," he confessed, and added quickly, "but I'm going to have one painted for you. That was given me recently by the First Ward club."

"What's the First Ward club?"

"A political organization."

"Politics! Do you know anything about politics?"

David Kerr almost smiled.

"I don't know whether the president is a Democrat or a Republican," she added.

"Don't bother about it."

"Oh, I'm not going to. I don't want to be a suffragette and march in a parade and be put in jail on bread and water. I don't even read about it."

Her absolute ignorance of politics, nothing remarkable in a girl of her years and training, was no small grain of comfort to her father.

It was not until after luncheon that Gloria disclosed the subject nearest her heart. Her father, like a wise general, permitted her to open the engagement. He had never been a man to exert more strength than was necessary for the discomfiture of the enemy. He wanted all her batteries unmasked, all her forces engaged, before he brought his own side into action.

For some time they sat in silence in the living room, gazing into the open wood fire. More than once Kerr thought his daughter was about to speak, but each time she seemed to think better of it or else lose her courage. He knew that something weighed on her mind, for she was much quieter than was her wont.

"I know I'm going to like Belmont very much," she ventured at last. "And I want Belmont to like me. My coming home is different from that of other girls I know. At Annabel's or Jane Leigh's or any of the girls' homes we haven't been in the house ten minutes before the telephone begins to ring. In half an hour there are enough engagements to last a week. In Belmont I don't know any one yet."

This was not said in any tone of complaint. She could dream of such a thing, because her father's position was such that her lack of friends was only a temporary embarrassment. She knew that well enough. As for David Kerr, he made no comment, desirous of hearing her at greater length.

"If I had known that I was coming home I would have brought some of the girls with me." She did not allow him to know that the house had not come up to her expectations. "I'm glad I didn't because I don't know any one here yet, and although we'd all be received at once I couldn't make it as pleasant for them as I can after I have had an intimate knowledge of things. After you once introduce me I think I can begin to plan for the girls. I'm under obligations to every single girl I know. I don't mean single—unmarried. But I might as well, because married girls don't go visiting around the country."

"I thought you entertained in the best."

"I did, but girls like to get to a new place. They're not looking for any body, but the wider your territory the more certain it is that lightning will strike you."

"You've had a pretty wide territory," was her father's dry rejoinder. "But I always ran for cover when I saw a storm coming."

"I thought you'd come home engaged to a duke or a count at the least. Didn't you see any men you liked?"

"I liked them all, father, but I haven't seen a foreigner I'd marry. They're nice enough to talk to and dance with and to bring an ice at a ball, but no more than that. But nothing worries me; I'm going to stay here and keep house for you."

"It ain't much of a house, Gloria. You see, I ain't ever had any women folk around here, and the place 'bout runs itself, 'cept what the niggers do. You won't like it, I'm afraid."

"I'll like it well enough. You don't know how I've envied other girls their homes."

"I tell you what you do. Go on to California now—I'll go with you, if you say so, and stay till you git settled with some of your friends. Then I'll come back and have the house fixed up so's when you come again it'll be just what you want."

Kerr felt that if he could get her away he could see to it that she did not return, even at the cost of his leaving Belmont a year or two sooner than he had planned. To this suggestion Gloria did not accede. There was her curiosity about Belmont and her desire, something one who felt there was no depth to her nature could not understand, for a home.

"What! go away and miss all the fun of fixing up the house!" she exclaimed. "No, sir, daddy. I'm going to stay right here and make pies in the morning, have teas in the afternoons and go to the theaters at night. And you're going with me." Kerr made a deprecating gesture, but she quickly overruled him. "Don't say a word. You're going, and tonight's the night we start. We're going to the theater tonight."

Then Gloria told of a girl she had seen on the train who had come to Belmont to a theater party. She explained to her father that no occasion would give her a better opportunity to see the Belmont of which she was to be a part than that offered that evening. In all likelihood she would meet a number of persons between the acts. From her point of view she suggested so many good reasons that her father was afraid to interpose any objection at the time.

The arrival of Gloria's trunks put an end to further conversation, as she went to superintend their unpacking. Long after she had gone, David Kerr sat gazing into the fire. Many a time he had sat in that room and planned each move of a political campaign from its inception to final victory and had seen those plans carried out to the letter. But here was a campaign. If he should undertake it, which would be different. He would not be fighting on his own ground where he was sure of himself; and into it would enter those unknown, unstable factors—women.

Kerr was proud of his daughter. He recognized that she deserved to associate with the best families. If she was to remain in Belmont he would see to it that she had a social position which would be above cavil. This much decided, there came the question of how it could be brought to pass. The fire had burned low in the grate before he had considered all sides of the question. When he rose from his chair and went to the telephone he had determined upon the only course which would have as its result the launching of Gloria as a debutante in Belmont's exclusive circles.

Great was the surprise in the box office of the Belmont opera house when there came from David Kerr a request for a box. He telephoned to set it aside for him, that he did not know whether or not he would use it, but that he would send a check for the amount in the morning. The much flustered treasurer stammered that he would be most happy to put the box at Mr. Kerr's disposal and have him as a guest of the theater, but Mr. Kerr inquired the price of the box and closed the conversation by repeating that he would send a check for the amount in the morning.

And great was the surprise of the servants when at dinner the master of Locust Lawn appeared in evening clothes.

CHAPTER II.

The English surpass Americans in at least one respect; they have learned as a nation far better than has this newer country the possibilities of a dinner party. Perhaps it is their higher developed social system, more likely it is the general interest which is taken in governmental questions, which gives the dinner table an important, if unofficial, place in political life. A brilliant hostess, with heart and soul wrapped up in her husband's advancement, can do much to aid him as he toils up the ladder of political preferment by gathering at her board the leaders of her husband's party and also prominent men of the opposition. One need have only a superficial knowledge of American politics and American leaders to understand why this is not generally possible here. But there be some here, taking a leaf from England's book, who make the dinner party serve purposes not apparent to all the guests. Judge Amos Gilbert was one of these.

Fond, ambitious mothers held up to their sons as an example the rise of Amos Gilbert from a humble home in a frontier village to a position as the leading corporation lawyer of Bel-

mont. He represented the electric light company, the street railway company, the water company and the stock-yards company. A person with an analytical turn of mind, after studying a list of his clients, might remark that each and every one, individual, partnership or corporation, could be favored by some political turn or damaged by some political machination. They found it better to employ Judge Gilbert than to trust to luck that all would go well.

All day Judge Gilbert had been trying to get in touch with David Kerr by telephone. Kendall, who represented the Chicago packers, had been called back to that city and was anxious to see Kerr before he left that night. Falling in this, Gilbert could make no definite promise as to Mr. Kerr's attitude on certain propositions set forth by the astute Chicago lawyer. On his own authority he did say, however, that the master of Locust Lawn was interested in watching the Belmont News develop its new policy under the new owner and editor who had managed to secure control of the sheet without Kerr's knowledge.



"We're Going to the Theater Tonight."

edge. That Kendall might see for himself and meet on friendly ground the new and disturbing factor in Belmont politics, Judge Gilbert invited Joe Wright, the new owner of the paper, to dinner. It was just by accident, apparently, that Mr. Kendall had been picked up at almost the last minute.

The only others present were Dr. and Mrs. Hayes. Sam Hayes, a rising young physician and surgeon, was coroner of Belmont county, an office which his society friends joked him about, but one which Hayes recognized and accepted as a political stepping stone. Then, too, it gave him opportunities to repay his political friends. David Kerr liked to have such young men hold office.

Dinner over, Gilbert and Kendall withdrew to the library for a final conference over the stock-yards situation. Again they tried to telephone David Kerr, only to receive the information that he was not at home.

"You really think the Belmont News having been bought by this outsider," queried Kendall, "puts a different aspect on the present situation?"

"Judge for yourself," answered the Belmont attorney. "I had Mr. Wright to dinner tonight so that you could meet him without arousing his suspicions. I wanted to help you that much."

What Kendall really thought he evidenced by his indirect reply.

"I don't blame Dave Kerr for being angry because Wright slipped in and bought the paper."

For a minute or more the two men smoked in silence. Kendall was wondering what he could say to his Chicago principals which would make them understand that Belmont was not now the Belmont of the old days, that although to all appearances it was the same the practiced eye could detect the vague unrest which pervaded it.

Judge Gilbert had been too long in the harness to wince at a corporation request for the vacation of a principal thoroughfare and a public park, but he was tired of the long fight for grasping masters whose one demand was always for more, more, more. And yet he had no sympathy with such men as Joe Wright. He had made up his mind, however, that he would not aid the company in this new franchise grab. He was partly led to this conclusion, all unconsciously, because he knew David Kerr was not betraying any interest in it.

"The river eats up our tracks on the west," protested Kendall. "The stock-yards'll never be safe while we depend on the one line." Then he added with emphasis, "We must come down Maple avenue on the east and use Benton Park for switching yards."

"It can't be done."

"It can be done. Dave Kerr can do anything he pleases. He's the absolute boss of Belmont."

This was said with such a tone of finality that Judge Gilbert saw no need of replying. He knew that Kerr was the absolute boss of Belmont.

There flashed through the minds of both men the thought that the Belmont News might have something to say. It couldn't prevent a franchise being passed, of course, but publicity at times was unpleasant. This was something Kerr did not court, Gilbert knew. He was the easy boss, letting every one have a share of the spoils, and thus all were satisfied. Few indeed had been the times when the town had attempted to revolt.

"You'd have the whole town up in arms," remonstrated Gilbert.

"They've been up in arms before. Once they brought ropes to hang the

council, but Kerr put through the water works deal. You're the attorney for the street railway company; you know what he did there."

"Yes, yes I know," Gilbert admitted hastily. Then with a sigh of relief, "That's all past."

He ran his hand through his hair, gray long before the frost of age could come to silver it, and was thankful that such episodes were things of the past. He was weary of it all. Kendall's next remark, delivered with the chill incisiveness of a lawyer cross-examining a belligerent witness, brought him once more to the defense of the man who had made his success possible.

"Is Dave Kerr keeping out of the deal only through fear of young Wright and the Belmont News?"

"He isn't afraid of anything. Mr. Kerr merely says that it doesn't interest him at the present time. As for me, I'm out of it."

"You're still Kerr's right-hand adviser."

"Pardon me, his legal adviser." Kendall did not pause to acknowledge the distinction, but went on, this time straight to the heart of the matter.

"I made what the stock-yards people consider a good offer. If that isn't enough, what's his price?"

This point-blank question irritated Gilbert. He much preferred to call a spade an agricultural implement even when talking with those who stood close to him in his manipulations for the various corporations he represented. He therefore ignored the question, preferring to tell why the matter could not be taken up at present.

"The election's coming on in a couple of months, and your franchise would be made an issue. We can't afford it with the News in a position to boost the opposition party."

"I've got to get it through as soon as possible. There's nothing raw in this franchise, is there?"

"That's the Chicago point of view," answered Kendall. "Stripped of legal verbiage, what you want is to lay railroad tracks, on which will run cattle trains, down a pretty residence street and use a park for terminals, all without giving property owners or the city adequate compensation for ruining or confiscating their property. I call that pretty raw."

"Well, it's our best and certainly our cheapest way if Kerr will put through a franchise for us," Kendall maintained stubbornly. "I'll come back next week, and take the matter up again. In the meantime you can talk it over thoroughly with Kerr. He may have something to say by that time."

"It hardly seems likely. He seldom changes his mind."

"He may this time. I've got to get away now and go by the hotel before I go to the train. Let's go back to the drawing-room, where I can have a few more words with Wright. We may be able to win him over."

"That's what I'm going to try to do," replied Judge Gilbert, as they rose to rejoin Mrs. Gilbert and her guests.

The attorneys entered the drawing-room to find a discussion regarding newspapers just drawing to a close with victory still uncertain on which standard to perch.

"You just missed hearing Dr. Hayes pay his respects to newspapers, Judge Gilbert," said Joe Wright with a smile. The layman's opinions always interest and usually amuse a journalist.

"What's the matter? Have you told him you won't publish the box scores of the ball games this year?"

"I'll do that for him, and gladly."

"Then there's no occasion to kick. That's the only thing that can trouble a fat man."

"This time I was speaking generally," explained Hayes. "I don't like some of the ways reporters have."

"That's only a small part of the business," laughed Wright. "If you complain only about that I shall have you for a staunch adherent."

Mrs. Hayes saw that Kendall was at a loss to understand the drift of the conversation, and accordingly said, "Dr. Hayes is coroner, Mr. Kendall, and the Banner man calls us up at most unearthy hours."

The Belmont Banner was the morning paper, and its editor, Deacon Jerry Withrow, was always at the beck and call of the boss. Kerr let him think that he had something to do with directing the affairs of the city. This was a harmless delusion, since its pliant attitude always made him consider a suggestion let fall by the boss as a scheme which he himself had hatched.

"I think it is dreadful for nice men to be mixed up in politics," said Mrs. Gilbert.

Perhaps it was no more dreadful than was the lack of knowledge of politics displayed by the nice women of Belmont. This would have been difficult to impress upon Mrs. Gilbert. She knew well enough that her husband was consulted by that odious David Kerr, but that was in a legal way and Kerr paid well for the advice he received. Even the tone in which she spoke showed how thankful she was her husband was not in politics. Mrs. Hayes was quick to say what she thought along the same line by adding:

"And Dr. Hayes doesn't have to at all, you know. He says he does it for the good of the party."

This would have been all very interesting to Kendall if he had had the entire evening to spend in such pleasant company. Time was pressing, however, and in the few minutes still at his disposal he wished to sound Wright at greater length about the Belmont News.

Kendall looked closely at the young man whom he had already set down as an opponent. Physically Wright seemed no shirker of a combat. His shoulders were broad and his body

well developed. Led to believe from his knowledge of the reformer type that he would find Joe Wright a long-haired theorist and Utopian dreamer, the lawyer found instead a self-possessed, well-balanced young man. The newspaper owner's manner, even in repose, was judicial. To Kendall's thinking he had the air of a man who would not be swayed by prejudice or liking. It was his part, however, as a special pleader, to make Wright think himself too much an idealist—if he could—in opposing the just claims of the stock-yard company.

"I suppose you found the News somewhat run down when you took hold of it," Kendall remarked casually. "Yes, the name was about all I bought."

"I thought the paper had a pretty good mechanical plant," interjected Gilbert.

Instinctively Wright felt the concerted action masked under the innocent question and the remark by Gilbert. Just what Kendall had to gain he did not know, but since he recognized him as a representative of large interests he thought best to let him know what stand the News might be expected to take. It was just as well that Gilbert should have it clearly in mind also. If the clients of these men were playing the game fair and square they would welcome his kind of newspaper. If they weren't, and Wright knew there had been lapses from grace on the part of some of them, he hoped they would recognize in the paper the power which would first seek to prevent, and, failing in this, then try to correct. Judge Gilbert's allusion to the good mechanical plant he seized upon for a text.

"That's true, the News has a good mechanical plant." He paused to let that sink in before he continued. "Somehow or other when I think of a newspaper I never think of that side of it. I have in mind only the feeling of confidence with which a newspaper inspires its readers."

"What do you think the ideal newspaper is like?" asked Judge Gilbert.

He wanted to know to what kind of star this young man had hitched his wagon.

"The ideal newspaper is one which has no axe to grind, and no personal animus in the discussion of private affairs or public questions, but only a constant regard for the truth and the lasting welfare of the state."

Kendall went to what he considered the heart of the matter.

"Aren't you leaving out of consideration, Mr. Wright, that everything—this government, even—is but a compromise?"

"No, I recognize that, and I believe in compromise. Without it we would still be cave dwellers. It is exactly because of this everpresent compromise that an honest newspaper is so valuable. It must see to it that this compromise is open and above board. It mustn't be the give-and-take trade of low politicians in the back room of a saloon or the far more dangerous trades of men higher up and powerful interests; not that kind of compromise, which after all is a sale of something one does not legally own to one who cannot or will not secure it honestly. I tell you that the majority must rule fairly and with a proper deference for the rights of the minority, that's where a newspaper can be of service."

Having decided to deliver a broadside, Wright had gone about it with great enthusiasm. The sight of Mrs. Hayes gazing wonderingly at him, for she did not understand what he meant, caused the editor to break off with a laugh. He recognized that Judge Gilbert's drawing-room was not the proper place for a lengthy exposition of his views.

"I'm afraid I'm preaching," he apologized, "and there's nothing I hate more than that."

"Not at all," protested Kendall.

"Your views interest me greatly, Mr."



"He May This Time."

Wright. When I come again I am going to see how far along you are on the road to the ideal."

With this Kendall announced that he must be going, and made his adieux. To have a few last words about Wright, Judge Gilbert accompanied the visiting attorney even to the front gate. His very last assertion was that he himself would have nothing to do with the proposed franchise grab and that he was morally certain David Kerr was of the same frame of mind.

CHAPTER III.

As Judge Gilbert was about to enter his front door, having accompanied Mr. Kendall as far as the gate, he saw a carriage stop in front of the house. The man who got out and

came up the walk he recognized instantly. None the less he did not walk like the David Kerr of yesterday; he seemed in every motion as he came into the light cast by the porch lamp to be the David Kerr of ten years hence. Realizing that only something unusual could bring the master of Locust Lawn out at night, and to his house, too, the lawyer went down the porch steps to meet his visitor.

"Good evening, Mr. Kerr," was Gilbert's greeting. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Evening, Amos. Can I see you alone? I don't want to be interrupted."

"We can go into the library. No one will disturb us there."

To this Kerr made no reply. He toiled heavily up the steps and into the house. Gilbert's surprise increased on finding, when his visitor removed his overcoat, that he had on evening clothes. It was more an intuitive feeling than observation which made Gilbert understand how uncomfortable the boss found his unaccustomed raiment.

As Kerr walked through the hall and into the library, his own thoughts did not weigh so heavily upon him as to prevent him from satisfying his curiosity by gazing about him. It was the first time in his life that he had ever set foot in Gilbert's house. The invitation had been extended many times, but Kerr knew his social limitations and had always refused.

The judge pushed forward a big leather chair and into it Kerr dropped without a word. His hands rested listlessly on the arms of his chair, the bosom of his shirt was rumpled and bulged out of his waistcoat, his breath came heavy and fast, and he gazed dully at the fire in the grate. Gilbert had never seen him in such a condition before. Until now he had always been the man of iron, accepting his many triumphs and his few minor defeats in the same imperturbable manner.

"I tried to get you by telephone several times today," Gilbert began.

"I know it, but I wasn't in the mood for nothin'." The very tone in which he spoke betrayed that fact.

"I promised Kendall I'd call you up in regard to the new franchise he's anxious for you to support."

"That'll keep."

"I told him that personally I could not be interested."

This drew no answer from the boss. Gilbert made no further attempt at making conversation and for a time the two men sat in silence. When Kerr launched his first question it seemed apropos of nothing.

"How long you been in Belmont, Amos?"

Gilbert's brain went through a series of rapid thought transitions in an effort to divine whether the question led. He was accustomed to Kerr's interrogatory methods, but everything was so out of the ordinary this evening that he tried his best to fathom the boss's purpose, before, in his usual indirect fashion, he disclosed the object of his visit. The question was one easily answered, albeit with some surmise.

"Why, a little more than twenty years."

Kerr continued to gaze into the fire, seemingly oblivious to his surroundings. Gilbert could not have sworn that the boss had heard him reply. Then came another question, still seemingly apropos of nothing.

"Remember your first office—after you quit keeping it in the top of your hat?"

"Yes, very well. I paid you two dollars a week for desk room in a corner of your real estate office—in that same old office you still have on Fifth street."

"That's what I charged you—but I don't guess you've got a receipt for every week. Was it you or Bill Stoner in them days used to use my big atlas for a ironin' board?"

"Both of us, I believe."

Kerr moved restlessly in his chair, then went on.

"Many's the time I've opened that book to show a man the plat of an addition and out would drop your other handkerchief. I guess the mirror in your room wasn't big enough to hold a handkerchief on your wash day." He looked about the library, absorbing its quiet elegance. "Things mighty different now, ain't they?"

"Then I was struggling to get a start."

It seemed to be a monologue Kerr was delivering. His questions were answered, but he made no sign that he heard. His remarks were delivered at random, and he never took his gaze from the fire, except the one time he had looked about the room to note the contrast of the present with the time when Gilbert had first come to Belmont.

"Bout that time you wanted to get married to a mighty nice girl."

"Yes, that was about the time I was elected prosecuting attorney."

"Exactly," then after a pause, "and you got married."

Gilbert could not understand the drift of the conversation, but he recognized that Kerr was reviewing the past step by step.

"Then I gave up my desk in your office, and moved to the courthouse."

"But you still came to see me, Amos."

This was said as quietly as had been his previous remarks. Taken by itself it was a harmless utterance, but in connection with what had gone before it was of great significance. Yes, Amos Gilbert, the rising young prosecuting attorney, had gone to see David Kerr after he had moved his office to the courthouse. The boss let that remark sink in well before he asked:

"After that how long was you on the bench?"

"Six years."

"Is that so? I hadn't an idea it was that long. What made you give that up?"

"I had a family on my hands and needed more money. I didn't run again, you remember, because I wanted to be attorney for the new street railway company."

Kerr seemed to be revolving something in his mind, for it was some time before he reminded Gilbert of a step in his rise which he had not mentioned.

"I thought you was lawyer for one of them crowds that was fightin' for a franchise."

"Well, we got the franchise."

That was what Kerr wanted to bring out.

"Exactly. And you're still their lawyer."

"Yes."

"And for the water company," unused Kerr. "And for the electric"



His Remarks Were Delivered at Random.

light company. And you still come to see me, Amos."

"Why, yes, Mr. Kerr, I'm not un-mindful of—"

Kerr seemed to throw off some of the gloom in which he had appeared to be wrapped as he interrupted the attorney.

"This time, Amos, I've come to see you. It's the first time I've ever been in this house."

"Well—Mr. Kerr—I—" stammered Gilbert.

The boss pulled himself together in his chair, sat up straight and looked at Gilbert.

"But you've got a telephone." Then he added in a gentler tone: "That's all right, Amos, I've always understood." It seemed to be with an effort that he continued, "I'm going to tell you some things that you know, and some things that you don't know, and some you've guessed, and some I've thought nobody'd ever have to know. 'Bout the time you come here I was married, and my wife died on giving birth to a girl."

"Gloria."

"Yes, Gloria. I was just gittin' into politics. Things might have been different if my wife had lived. It didn't seem long before there I was with a big girl on my hands—me, David Kerr." The old feeling of power surged through him as he added with spirit, "If it had been a boy!"

This thought held him silent for a minute, and when he took up the thread of his story again it was the old weary tone.

"Well, it wasn't. There I was with a girl on my hands. Her mother didn't have any relatives. Her father was a minister, same's my father was. I didn't have anybody, either, I could send her to. I kept her as long as I could, but by that time my house—even in the country—wasn't a fit place for a child—specially a girl. So I sent her away to school and she ain't been back since. I reckon Belmont's forgot about her. I gave her plenty of money, but she never knew anything of my—transactions. She thinks I made it all in real estate."

"Then she doesn't know—"

"That's the hell of it—she don't."

Kerr could sit still no longer. He pulled himself out of his chair and stood with his back to the fire and directly facing Gilbert. "All these years I've acted a lie. I've made Gloria believe I'm the leading man in Belmont. I am—but not in the way she thinks. It wasn't because I loved her; I can't say I do, 'cause I don't know her well. I ain't been east to see her for a couple of years. It was pride made me tell her that; that's what it was, pride. I wanted my girl to have what I'd missed. I didn't want her to know."

He lapsed into silence, which he finally broke himself with the explanatory remark:

"Gloria thinks I'm the social leader of Belmont; that the whole town hangs breathless on what I say shall be the fashion at pink teas."

"Hasn't she often wanted to come back?"

Kerr was not to be hurried. He began to pace up and down in front of the fireplace. When he paused, the lawyer, to secure a continuation of the story, said:

"Well?"

(To be Continued)

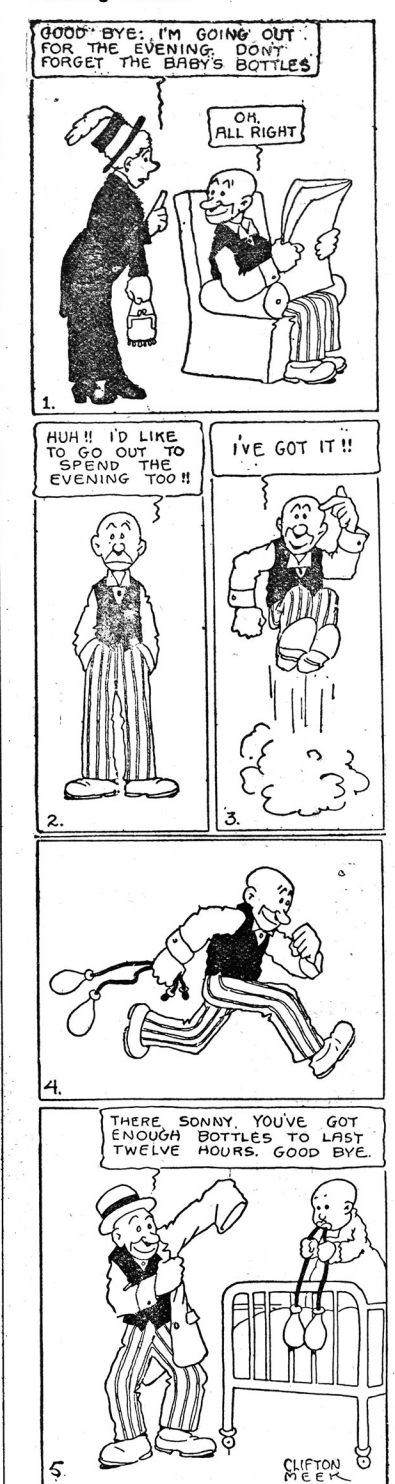
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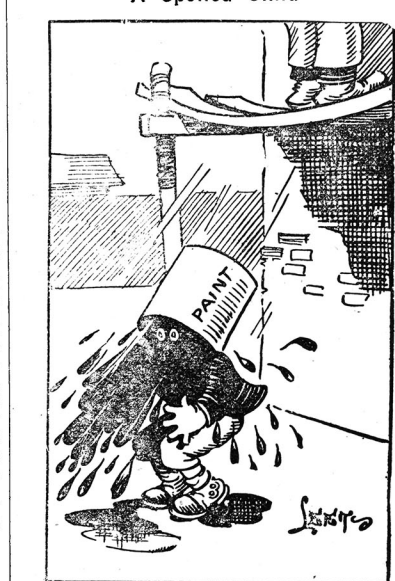
Unaccomplished

Little George was six years old, and the family was much interested in having him start to school, but he insisted that he was not going.

One day his grandmother said to him: "George, you are going to school with sister this winter, aren't you?"

"No, grandma, I'm not going to school at all. I can't read, nor I can't write, nor I can't sing and I'd like to know what good I'd be at school."

A Spoiled Child



Modern Phrase

In the sixth grade of a city school the teacher was questioning a boy about Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia and the subsequent retreat from Moscow.

"What did the French do then?" she asked.

"They ran away," said the boy.

"Yes, that is what they did," said the teacher, "but 'ran away' is hardly the correct phrase to use. What should you have said?"

The boy's face lighted with understanding.

"They beat it," he exclaimed proudly.

"I'm STUCCO Too."

He bought a fine suburban cot, And thought he was in luck, He found the cot was stucco, with The accent on the stuc.

She Was Waiting

"We will suppose, now, that I have just kissed you, Dorothy."

"But, Charlie, that's impossible."

"Then you destroy my line of argument."

"Well, we will suppose that you are about to kiss me. Now go on with your line of argument."

Xmas Customs In Other Lands

CHRISTMAS is observed as the greatest festival of the year among all Christian nations. Every country has its own particular manner, but the customs of the English-speaking people all over the world are quite similar. The Christmastide belongs first to children and then to the "grown-up," for one can never get too old to enjoy it.

In far Russia we find that Christmas is the occasion for a long line of holidays. For two whole weeks, from December 24 to January 8, all work is laid aside and forgotten and everybody takes a vacation. The Christmas tree is a great event with the Russian children, and there is no home so poor but that a tree of some description will be had for the little ones on Christmas eve.

In "the land of wooden shoes and windmills," Holland, our Dutch friends keep the day very holy. Both the young and old attend church. There is no exchanging of presents, although there is a tree in the home. The latter is adorned only with candles and holy picture cards. There is a gift day in Holland, however, although it comes about three weeks before Christmas—on the sixth of December.

The children of Holland believe that the bringer of gifts is a good man by the name of Saint Nicholas, and on the night that he is expected to arrive, they are ready for him. Their clean wooden shoes have been filled with oats and hay and placed in a row near the door to await his coming on a great white horse. The oats and hay are supposed to be for the white horse so heavily laden with



"Tell Them The Story Of The Wise Men."

Christmas gifts. In the morning the little Hollanders always find the hay and oats gone, and their shoes are filled with toys and good things to eat.

In Norway there is a custom that calls for the singing of a hymn on Christmas morning. The earliest riser of the day is supposed to furnish the music. Another pretty custom of Norway is the Christmas feast for the birds. On Christmas eve sheaves of wheat and oats are hung outside the windows on tall poles and it gives the children real pleasure to watch the birds fly to the wheat and oats and help themselves. The Norwegian children also have Christmas trees.

There are very few Christmas trees in Italy, and the children do not hang up their stockings. The family festival on Christmas eve is the chief enjoyment of the holiday. At that time the children recite to their parents hymns or poems which they have learned for the occasion. When that portion of the program is completed, they all go to another room, where, upon a table, is a vase or urn. The latter is filled with presents which are distributed to the members of the family. On Christmas morning all go to church.

In France the children enjoy the Christmastide with many different ways of receiving and giving presents. In some sections the shoes are put in place to await the coming of Pere Noel—Father Christmas—while others enjoy the Christmas tree. "Father Christmas" is supposed to go to all the homes and the children who have been good get everything that pleases them, but those who have been bad during the year will find a switch as their gift. The poor of France are not forgotten at Christmas. The more fortunate spend large sums in supplying gifts for them and there are but few families without a pleasant Christmas. All France goes to church on Christmas morning, and the remainder of the day is given over to gay pleasures of the season.

In Germany there is no holiday so great as Christmas. The German families always have a tree and it is the center and life of all their Christmas celebrations. A large yew is usually procured and is decorated behind closed doors. On Christmas eve the doors are thrown open and the members of the family view with joy and pride their magnificent tree. On entering the room they march around it singing "Heilige Nacht." Each member of the household receives a gift. The tree is usually kept until after New Year's. Many of our own Christmas customs had their origin in Germany.

HERE AND THERE IN THE HOME

A GOOD way to clean mirrors is to wipe them with a pad dipped in whitening and warm water. Then dry with a soft cloth and polish with a piece of camels skin.

Waxed paper is a good thing to wrap about articles of food before placing them in the refrigerator. It should also be wrapped about cheese and like articles that must be kept in a dry place.

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The Daughter of David Kerr

By HARRY KING TOOTLE



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