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NEW TOWN CREATED.

Port McNicholl is an Aladdin Fabric of the C. P. R.

Quietly, and without the knowledge of Canadian people, the Canadian Pacific Railway has been building on the shores of Georgian Bay, at Port McNicholl, what one of their own officials has said will be the largest terminal on their system. For months the work of creating a new shipping port has been going on. Seven million dollars has already been spent, ten millions or more will be spent altogether, and from almost a waste of shoreline is rising up a new community and from the restless waters of Georgian Bay is being made a new harbor.

Gigantic dredges, huge cranes, engineering machinery of mammoth magnitude, and an army of men have worked together in the making of a new harbor, in the construction of big docks and warehouses, in the erection of towering, huge cylindrical elevators, and in the making of a new town. This work has been prosecuted energetically, but without publicity, and even the few who live nearby have hardly, until recently, realized the significance of the railway's opera-

tions at Port McNicholl, or Victoria Harbor as it was once known.

The work going on simply means that the C. P. R. is establishing an important change in its route from the prairies to the ocean ports. A new line of railroad is all but completed from Port McNicholl direct to Peterboro. The boats instead of unloading their east bound freight at Owen Sound will unload at the new port 134 miles nearer the sea board, where it will be sent on to Peterboro and the main line to Montreal and Liverpool. The long haul to Owen Sound with all its attendant difficulties of horseshoe curves and Calladon Mountain and steep gradients is done away with. What it means to Owen Sound is problematical, it would certainly seem that that prosperous town would suffer, while a new unknown town rises up in all the glory of energetic youth.

But freight and grain traffic alone will not be diverted to the new port. Passengers for the big steamers of the Great Lakes will also go on board at Port McNicholl. The new terminal is at one of the most beautifully islanded parts of Georgian Bay.

Near the town is one of the most magnificent islands in the north, an island rich in romance, whose every

tree tells traditions, and island is called the Giant's Tomb. This island is 25 miles distant from Port McNicholl. Port McNicholl will handle all kinds of freight, both east and west bound. During the season of navigation, most of the freight bound for the western provinces will be handled at this new terminal. But it is the grain from the prairies that will be the chief commodity cared for at the port and to look after it, five big elevators, each of two million and a half bushels capacity are planned, or over twelve million bushels capacity all told. One of these big elevators is completed, another is under way, the others follow it in quick succession. As said before, ten millions of money is being spent at this new terminal, or more money than any single railway has spent on any port in Canada. The building of Port McNicholl is a romance of the making of Canada. The forming of a new city while all without are ignorant, reads like a fairy story. The diversion of trade and commerce from a route of twenty-five years' standing emphasizes the power of a great railroad, but the outstanding feature of it all is that the Great Lakes are given a lusty new port, and Ontario a new town—Port McNicholl.

How Toy Fairies Make Christmas Gifts

COME; hurry up, my dears. Our friend St. Nicholas will soon be here to look over our latest Christmas toys. And you know what a busy man he is, never having a moment to spare this time of year.

So spoke the queen of cloud fairies to her many subjects. Now, maybe you children do not know that these cloud fairies live up at the north pole in the clouds that are always full of snow. But always having lived there they never feel the cold and enjoy a frolic each morning on the great icebergs, to which they come down in sleighs drawn by reindeer. The cloud fairies, so it is said, make all the Christmas gifts Santa Claus gives to the little ones each Christmas eve.

The season had been a busy one for the cloud fairies, for they had done their best to make up games and designs that they might have many nice new ones for Santa Claus. He was to visit them any minute, the queen the queen had for begging her subjects to hurry with the work in hand.

"Yes, dear queen," answered a girl fairy, dancing on the silver edge of a cloud; "I have all the dolls on the south end of the rainbow, where his greatness St. Nicholas of All Lands may view them without a moment's delay."

"And I have all the drums, bugles, horns, fifes and other musical toys placed to great advantage on the north end of the rainbow," said a gay fairy, fapping his wings as he sat on the point of a stray starlet that had got tangled in the clouds. Just as the fairies ceased speaking there came through the frosty air the sound of sleighbells and the tooting of a bugle.

"Ah, there he is now!" cried the queen. "Let's all go to greet him."

In rushed four beautiful reindeer drawing a sleigh in which was seated

SANTA BOWING BEFORE THE QUEEN.

Santa Claus. With a bound old Santa was on a cloud, bowing low before the queen and kissing her hand.

Then he gathered a dozen or more fairies in his arm and hugged them as a great bear would hug its cubs. He laughed so loudly and so merrily that the icebergs began to melt.

"Now," he cried joyously, "show me what you have made for my hosts of earth children. You know this time of year brings me millions of letters, and I must hurry to my postoffice and run through my mail."

After looking at the Christmas toys Santa Claus said he was more than pleased. Then, giving his order for 10,000 bags full of the beautiful things, he told the queen that he must go.

"But before I go," he said, "I must beg you to be prompt in filling my order. There can be no delay on Christmas, you know, my dear queen. That would mean to break the heart of some of my little ones, and that would never, never do. So farewell till earth's sundown on Christmas eve. I'll be here myself to get my toys."

After kissing again the queen's hand the jolly old saint sprang into his sleigh, blew his bugle and was away on a breeze.

As two fairies stood watching him one said to the other, "For one reason only would I be an earth child."

"And what is that reason, pray?" asked the fairy. "That I might be in one of those houses on the earth and see old Santa Claus come down one of those chimneys with his pack on his back and then to watch him fill the family stockings with toys and bonbons. I'm sure it would be quite a treat."

"Oh, but it happens only once a year," replied the other fairy. "You'd get good and lonesome during the long waits between two Christmases, I'm thinking. But, come; let's fly over and play in the northern lights. They are very bright tonight."

"Don't be gone long," called the queen after them, "for you know there are 10,000 bags of toys to make for the earth children's Christmas day."

A PLAIN DINNER.

- Oyster Soup.
- Crackers.
- Roast Turkey with Plain Dressing.
- Cranberries.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Pos.
- Lettuce Salad with Mayonnaise.
- Wafers.
- Baked Apples, Whipped Cream.
- Mince Pie.
- Chocolate Layer Cake.
- Nuts with Raisins.
- Candy.
- Coffee.



WHAT TO EAT ON CHRISTMAS

It's easy to make fancy candies if one only learns first the art of making fondant, the foundation of all cream candies. To make fondant put two cupsful of granulated sugar and a pinch of cream of tartar into a kettle which cooks evenly all over the bottom and then pour over this a half cupful of water. This sirup must boil without being stirred until it will form a soft ball when dropped into ice water. When it has reached this point turn it out on to a large platter or, better still, a marble slab which has been lightly greased. Watch carefully and when it is cold enough to bear your fingers stir it rapidly with a wooden spoon until a thick creamy mass is formed; then dust the bread board, lightly with pulverized sugar, turn the fondant on to this and knead the mass as you would bread until it is soft and smooth. It is best to let the fondant stand in a covered glass bowl for three or four hours before beginning to make your fancy candies—your chocolate creams, nut and coconut rolls.



BOXES FOR THE CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

cupful of the fondant slightly over hot water and add to it a teaspoonful of finely cut citron, chopped almonds, candied cherries and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put this into a pan and add a weight to press it into shape. Let it stand twenty-four hours and cut into squares.

Coconut balls are made by rubbing into the fondant as much shredded coconut as it will hold. If desired it may be dipped into melted chocolate. It's best to use the bitter chocolate, and when dipping fondant balls or ovals, as you may have shaped them, use a knitting needle inserted into one end, as they will then be dipped evenly. The best chocolate drops are made by rolling an almond nut in a small ball of the fondant and dipping into the chocolate.

- ### HOLIDAY VIANDS.
- Beef Soup.
 - Roast Turkey.
 - Mashed and Sweet Potatoes.
 - Cold Slaw, Cream Dressing.
 - Boiled Onions.
 - Fruit Salad.
 - Mince Pie.
 - Apples, Nuts and Raisins.
 - Coffee.

YULETIDE PUNCH.

Suggestions For Palatable Holiday Beverages.

Instead of brewing Christmas beer or ale, the majority of us restrict our selves to temperance beverages, some of which may be made according to the following formulas:

Yule punch, for instance, is thus made: To one pint of strawberry-currant sirup add the juice of 4 oranges, five lemons and one cup of pineapple. Sweeten to taste, add cold water to make the mixture of proper consistency and strength. Put into a punch bowl, add a lump of ice and garnish with maraschino cherries. Serve in punch glasses with a sprig of holly tied to the handle of each.

For a special occasion this punch can be served in an ice bowl. To make such a receptacle cut a square of clean ice and smooth the surface with a hot iron; then in one side make a cavity with a hot iron large enough to hold the punch. Cover a round tray with a thick mat of absorbent cotton, place the ice bowl on this and surround with a wreath of holly or other Christmas greens.

For cider cup cut half an orange into thin slices and cut half a lemon in the same way. Put into a jug with a large tablespoonful of sugar, a few slices of cucumber, if they are to be had, and a little grated nutmeg. Add a quart of sparkling cider, cover the jug and surround by ice for half an hour. Strain the cider into the jug in which it is to be served. Pour in a wineglassful of sherry and two bottles of cold ginger ale and the cup will be ready for use.

Grape sorbetto is a novel drink and may be thus made. Take one pint of grape juice with a quart of sweet cider, and if not sour enough add the juice of a lemon. Freeze as for water ice and serve in cups or glasses with a small bunch of grapes which have been dipped in white of egg and then in granulated sugar on the plate beneath the ice.

Santa Claus And the Big Stocking

POLLY had a small bed close to that in which her father and mother slept, and, although she was nearly always asleep in it by 9 o'clock, the light from a street lamp which slyly slipped in at a curtained window could have told you that upon this particular night she was wide awake long after 11 o'clock and that her brown eyes had been open ever since the lights in the room had been put out. She lay very still, however, because she had something to do which, although she was good and truthful, for some reason she did not wish her parents to know.

Just after the little clock on the mantel had struck 12 Polly rose half way in bed and listened. She could hear her father and mother breathing, and a mouse was gnawing somewhere near the dressing case.

She was afraid of the mouse, but she was too much in earnest to let even a mouse stop her. So she thrust her hand softly under the pillow and pulled forth what had been in the room, you would have seen at once was a large black stocking filled with a number of things which bulged it out in the funniest way. With this in her hand she climbed carefully out of bed and glided across the carpeted floor like a wisp of ghost which had forgotten and stayed out too late. The bedroom opened with folding doors into a sitting room, at one end of which was a mantel where on all the Christmas eves that Polly could remember her stocking and her mother's had been hung. Polly had many times asked her father to hang his stocking there, too, but he said that the leg of his stocking was too small to hold the large presents he wanted, and, besides, it was only children like her mamma who hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, not grown people like himself. Polly felt her way to this mantel and leaned the big black stocking against its side. She turned and ran back and climbed into her bed. The mouse was still to tell the truth, it was far more timid than Polly and had heard her first



POLLY'S FATHER FINDS THE STOCKING.

noiseless footfall and was crouched in the bureau drawer, fearing the worst. In a few moments Polly was asleep, and the ray of the street lamp fell across her quiet little hand.

Polly slept on Christmas morning later than any other child in the great city, and when her father, who had risen before she had awakened, passed the Christmas mantel he saw the big black stocking where she had left it. As he had helped to hang up the other stockings the night before this one seemed so strange to him that he look-



Inexpensive Gifts

- This store abounds with suggestions for Christmas gift-giving. A look through will convince you that your purse will be suited here.
- We mention:
- Gift Books
 - Boy's Own Annual
 - Bibles
 - Prayer Books
 - Calendars
 - Christmas Cards
 - Fountain Pens
 - Brass, Craft Outfit
 - Dolls, Toys

G.A. Little Bookstore

Opp. Post office

ed into its contents. The very first thing he found was a letter:

Dear Santa Claus—This is little Polly. Last Christmas and Christmas before you gave me so many things and I have now given you anything. Take these dolls and blocks and plier books for your gift. I like them but you can have them if you want to give you a kiss sum time as are your rain dears good by with my Christmas and happy New Year from our dear little Polly. Yours, exuberant mamma from little Polly to you!

Polly's father took the big black stocking with all the toys which it contained and hid it where Polly would never find it, there to keep until Santa Claus comes to claim it and the missing letter.

When Polly awoke and ran to the Christmas mantel in her night dress he was there to watch, and when he saw that the first glance of her big brown eyes was for a big black stocking which was gone he put his arms around her and hugged her very tight and said "Merry Christmas, little Polly!" so earnestly that she trembled he was sad.

She put her face close to his and stroked his cheek with her hand, and then her mother came, and altogether they had a merry morning with the gifts which Santa Claus had brought. But Polly said never a word about the big black stocking. That was a secret between her and Santa Claus.

Make Your "Grocery Money" Your Most Profitable Expenditure

YOU CAN—for in buying table provisions you're buying health and strength for all who come to your table and that is what makes it so profitable for you to use "knowledge" and "discrimination" in selecting groceries. If this leads you to this store, (as it has many other people) then GOOD FOR THIS STORE, and good for its policy of "nothing but GOOD things to eat."

Jos. Brown

KENT-ST. Opp. Pym's Hotel

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