BOVRIL
Canada Food Board License No. 13-442

The Slip of the Sign

By EARL R. RICE.

The terrific storm that raged over a Western city one night in June a few years ago put scores of telephone, telegraph and electric-light wires out of commission. On the following day many men worked overtime in repairing the damage.

Among them was John Vincent, a young repair man in the service of the Abelson Electric Sign Company. At half past six o'clock, after working all day, he went to the top of one of the tallest buildings in town to repair a sign there. Ordinarily the job would have gone over until another day, but a great convention was being held in the city, and a large retail firm with goods to sell that had their store in the building demanded that their huge sign be put into working order. Boomerfield & Speckitt's peerless products were useful, indispensable and cheap, and the flaring sign that so informed the public from the top of the skyscraper had to give its nightly message.

"Fix it up," was the order that the company sent to the young repair man; and although John had worked long and hard that day, he promised to do his best.

As the elevator rose swiftly to the fourteenth floor, the last below the roof, John said to his assistant, "We'll hurry this piece as fast as we can. If it's too bad, we'll make temporary repairs and come back in the morning. It's the last job for the day, and I'll be glad when we get down."

"So will I," said the assistant. "Half a dozen jobs like this is enough for one day. I've been dizzy ever since we left the last one."

John laughed. "After you have been with us a while you'll get used to the high ones. I felt that way at first."

But as they stepped out of the cage, John looked sharply at his assistant.

"You're all right, Brown?" he asked.

"Yes," Brown replied. "Or I will be when we get to work."

Together they proceeded to the roof, where John looked the situation over. Boomerfield & Speckitt's sign was twenty-five feet high by thirty feet wide. The front leaned slightly forward. The upper framework was of light but strong iron strips, and the lower part was of heavier stuff. The bolts that tied the joints together seemed heavy and strong, and those that fastened the whole structure to the roof were nearly an inch thick. The bottom of the frame rested scarcely a yard from the edge of the roof, and there was barely space enough for a man to walk between it and the battlement in front. The forward tilt of the sign brought the upper part of the frame almost in line with the ledge.

Here and there a stack or chimney pierced the flat, sanded roof, and over near one corner of the sign a flagpole rose skyward. John noticed that the flag at the top of the mast had been supplemented by a convention banner, and that in the fitful breeze both flags now swung out at full length, now hung limp round the pole.

Much to his satisfaction, John found that the big sign had suffered little damage. A few broken bulbs and some loosened connections were apparently all that needed attention. Those that were on the lower part of the frame where he could reach them he soon took care of.

"Now for those near the top," said John. "Hand me the stuff, Brown, and I'll go up."

Working from side to side as occasion demanded, John climbed slowly up the back of the iron frame. Perched twenty feet above the roof, he worked deftly. He took this dizzy task coolly—it was all in his day's work. Looking down, he said to his assistant;

"Where is that coil of wire we brought? I've got to fasten this brace. The bolt is out."

"Just a minute," said Brown. "I think it's over with the tools." He stepped round to the end of the sign. "Here it is. Sall I throw it up or bring it?"

"Throw it," said John.

Catching the wire, he quickly clipped the needed length, twisted it into place with his pliers, and threw the coil over his shoulders.

"I'll have to have another half dozen bulbs," he announced a moment later.

"You've got the last of the box," said Brown.

"Then get the box we left by the elevator. Be as quick as you can, for I'm getting tired."

Brown disappeared down the stairway. John, waiting in the twilight, looked anxiously up at the work above.

"I'll see how many I need," he thought.

Climbing higher, he shifted his position over toward the end of the sign. As he did so, he felt the frame shake slightly, but he did not worry about it. As he turned again toward the middle of the sign, however, he was startled to find that the whole structure had tilted dangerously over toward the front. His weight on the upper bars had thrown the centre of gravity outside the edge of the roof, and slowly but surely the heavy frame was settling over the ledge. He looked down, and for a moment his head swam, for his view was clear—straight to the crowds in the street ten stories below.

The danger of his position flashed upon him and for a moment paralyzed every nerve. Only for a moment, however, did he hesitate. He turned quickly to get down from the upper bars; as he did so the coil of wire round his shoulders caught over a projecting end of iron and the downward pull of his body wedged it fast. He pulled to free himself, but the effort only tightened the coil.

Even fractions of a second were precious. He could feel the steady slipping and buckling of the framework; in fact, the sign had sagged so far that the whole upper half hung over the street. John groaned as he thought of what would happen when those iron bars, massed into a great projectile, went hurtling down into the crowd below. But those bars must not fall! He must save those men and women on the sidewalk, and himself, too!

"O Brown!" he called. But Brown did not answer. Through some misunderstanding, the box he had gone to get had been moved, and he had signaled to the elevator boy; he was waiting there, wholly unaware of his mate's danger.

"It's no use! I've got to do it myself!" John said to himself.

There was need of haste. In its forward thrust the great sign was at an angle of nearly forty degrees from the perpendicular. Soon the uprights along its front would rest on the masonwork battlement and the final strain would come. If they broke, the upper part of the frame would go crashing down. If the uprights held, the weight at the outer end of the lever thus formed would probably tear loose the bolts holding the sign to the roof, and the whole affair would go hurtling into the street. In either case, death threatened John and the people below.

Scarcely daring to move, John twisted his shoulders round till he could draw himself down and out of the coil of wire that held him. As he did so he had to face the street, and in that moment he saw what he should have to do.

An iron brace that had run straight up the front of the frame had sprung loose at its lower end and now swung dangling in the air from its fastening near the top. It occurred to him in a flash that if he could reach that swinging bar and thrust the end of it against a window top below he could stop the tipping sign long enough for help to arrive. But to do it he must be quick.

Cautiously he thrust out his hand to grasp the bar. It was eight inches beyond his reach.

He dared not climb higher, for that would hasten the fatal plunge. Thrusting his hand into his pocket for a tool, he brought out his pliers, and with trembling hand again reached out.

Out, out he stretched his arm and body until it seemed that he must fail. But no! The teeth of the pliers closed over the edge of the brace as a gust of wind swayed it toward him. Drawing it in, he guided the lower end toward the ledge below. He was not a moment too soon, for an instant later the weight of the frame settled with a faint jar upon the brace. Holding his breath, John waited. Would it hold? His chest heaved, his eyes stared, his muscles ached as he shrank back from the threat of that terrible fall.

But it held. A feeling of security came to him, and he backed away toward the roof and safety!

He had hesitated only long enough to clip a strand of wire and pull it after him. As soon as he was safe over the ledge and saw the sanded roof below him, he leaped down from the buckled frame, carried the wire to the chimney forty feet away and made it fast round the bricks.

When Brown came up the stairway a minute later he found John wild-eyed and faint. But the big sign was safely anchored. Together they cut the rope from the flagstaff and added its strength to that of the wire.

"It will miss one night of advertising, but that's better than what might have happened," said John as they finished anchoring the sign.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Woman's Sphere

Consistency.

Consistency is one of the fundamental qualities of discipline, and from my own experience I have found it to be most important. It should always be accompanied by kindness. More mothers have troubles with their children because of their own inconsistency than for any other one reason.

Johnnie comes home from school and asks, "Mother, may I go over to Billy Baker's to play?" and Mother, knowing that Billy's influence is not good, refuses. Johnny displays more or less temper, but Mother is firm, and Johnnie stays at home. A few days later, however, Johnnie makes the same request, and Mother, who is entertaining a caller, lets him go for a little while. This is a case of inconsistency, and, in order to save one scene, Mother is laying a good foundation for many more. The probability is that had she replied, "Mother has told you before," the matter would have ended there, or even if he had cried a little and "made a scene," the son would have had a valuable lesson and learned that Mother meant what she said. His love for the moment might have been shaken, but eventually Johnnie would have been a happier boy and his love and respect for his mother would have been greater.

The value of consistency cannot be overestimated. The tiniest baby should be dealt with kindly but firmly. A mother can develop the teasing habit in her child while he is still in his cradle if she lacks this quality of consistency. At one time when her baby cries she does not pick him up, for she says, "It is not good for him and he is forming bad habits." But the next day, if she is nervous and unwilling to endure his noise, she yields "just for once." The result is that she gives in to her child more or less through his later childhood.

Again, with an older child, the mother will partially concede, a sort of compromise, and the child is keen enough to know that he has gained his point, and each time he will seek to gain a little more, until the mother realizes when it is too late that her problem is great and her word really has very little weight.

My advice is: Be considerate in your requirements of a child, and then be consistent in seeing that these requirements are carried out. Irritable, nagging mothers and unattractive, nervous children would be almost unknown if the former could realize the importance of kindness and consistency. Lack of sympathy and strained relations between parents and their older children often spring from habitual inconsistency.

Perhaps the most important thing of all is this: When you make a legitimate request you must know within yourself that you expect it to be carried out. Then if you are disobeyed you must calmly, but definitely and emphatically, see to it that your request is complied with. This method cannot be practiced to-day and neglected to-morrow, but must be consistently followed.

The future happiness, character and well-being of your little one depend entirely upon firm, wise and consistent guidance. It is these fundamental qualities of mother-discipline that train the strong-willed little sons and daughters into splendid men and women.

Let's Start a Propaganda in Favor of Work.

The crying need of the world to-day is for workers. Certainly there was never a time when so much work was waiting to be done, nor when so few people were willing to do it. The manufacturer in his plant, the farmer in his fields, the merchant in his store and the housekeeper in her kitchen are all uttering the same cry, "Send us help."

At that there seems to be plenty of people who might work. But no one seems to be standing about waiting for the jobs that are open for them. It begins almost to seem as if no one really wanted to work.

It is rather foolish to place the blame for present conditions on any class, though capital is trying to shift it all on labor and labor is blaming capital. Everybody is more or less to blame. Such is the nice adjustment of things in this world that no one can claim to be all right, and everybody else all wrong.

I've been wondering a great deal lately just how far we mothers have been wrong? How much of the responsibility for present conditions must we assume? Just what has been our attitude towards work, real work that is productive, like farming or cooking or sewing or washing or manufacturing? Have we held these jobs up before our children as the most desirable for them? Or have we warned them to steer clear of hard work and look for something easy and pleasant?

We have always worked hard ourselves. Too hard by far, the most of us. And we've hoped with all our hearts that when our children grew up they might have things easy. We've talked it before them, what a dog's life was the farmer's, and how housework was nothing but slavery. Unconsciously our sons and our daughters have absorbed the idea that the necessary work of life was sort of beneath them. They have gotten the impression that life for them should be a sort of holiday, a place where they could do a smattering of work in a haphazard way and demand a big salary for it. They have not come up with the good old-fashioned training we had ourselves.

Don't you remember when you were coming along that mother's favorite maxims were, "All play and no work makes Jack a lazy boy," and, "What soever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might?" When you were being brought up the schools hadn't discovered that children were to be taught without their knowing it, that study was to be made play for them. Your mother never heard that children were to be allowed self-expression; she had an idea that children were to be given certain tasks to perform at stated times, and to be taught to mind, be respectful to their elders and obey the law.

You are the result of your mother's training, a law-abiding, hard-working, sober citizen. The present generation is the result of our training, a world full of idlers, looking for short hours, light work, high pay and considerable license where law touches their personal liberty.

We are reaping what we have sown. It is rather late to correct our faults, but when we're brooding over present conditions and laying the blame on others, let's try to turn the current of our thoughts. Let's try to repair as best we can, and start a current of thought in favor of real, honest work, work of the kind the world needs.

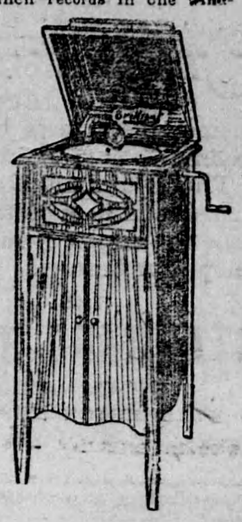
Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The efforts to raise the German vessels scuttled at Scapa Flow have resulted in one battleship, three cruisers and fifteen destroyers being floated.

Place squash on shelves in a dry room near the furnace or in a warm attic room. They must not be in a damp or frosty place. They will stand a great deal of heat and dry air, but little moisture. If you want squash or pumpkins to keep well, handle them carefully so they are not bruised.

$79 for this beautiful CABINET PHONOGRAPH
INTRODUCTORY OFFER

HERE'S the biggest phonograph bargain ever offered—a magnificent cabinet phonograph of choice artistic design, standing 41 inches high, finished in mahogany or fumed oak, equipped with extra heavy double spring motor which plays three 10-inch records in one winding, universal tone arm that PLAYS ALL RECORDS, 12-inch turn-table, permanent jewel needle, all exposed parts heavily nickel-plated—for ONLY $79, delivered C.O.D. to any address in Ontario. This is the "Brilliant" Phonograph—equal in every way to other makes which sell for $120.00.



FREE—25 10-INCH DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS

INTRODUCTORY OFFER—To make this wonderful introductory offer still more attractive, we will give to each purchaser of our "Brilliant" Phonograph, an assortment of 25 10-inch DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. Think of it! A full size Cabinet Phonograph, equipped to play all records, with a genuine permanent sapphire needle and 25 double-sided 10-inch records for only $79. Don't hesitate—don't put it off! This special offering—designed to introduce our "Brilliant" Phonograph and Records to a large circle of music-lovers—is open for a limited time only.

MAIL US THIS COUPON NOW

COUPON
Brilliant Phonograph Corporation,
Dept. W. L., 1631 Dundas St. West, Toronto.
Please send me full particulars of your special offer of 25 Records FREE with the purchase of the $120 phonograph for $79.
Name .....
Street or R.R. .....
P.O. ..... Province .....

We want to more fully describe the "Brilliant" Phonograph and to give you a better idea of the splendid assortment of Records that we give you absolutely FREE. Fill in and mail us the coupon to-night. It costs you nothing—it puts you under no obligation whatever.

SALT
All grades. Write for prices.
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF - - TORONTO

cleans sinks, closets, drains,—kills rats, mice, bugs, destroys dirt
COMFORT LYE
Extra Strong

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
The Syrup for Pancakes

A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes!

In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc.

Sad the day when you are too big to enjoy a slice of bread spread thick with Crown Brand!

Could that day ever come?

Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown".

Sold by Grocers everywhere—in 2, 5, 10, and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited Montreal

196

PARKER'S

The clothes you were so proud of when new—can be made to appear new again. Fabrics that are dirty, shabby or spotted will be restord to their former beauty by sending them to Parker's.

Cleaning and Dyeing is properly done at PARKER'S

Parcels may be sent Post or Express. We pay carriage one way on all orders.

Advice upon cleaning or dyeing any article will be promptly given upon request.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, Limited
Cleaners and Dyers,
791 Yonge St. Toronto

CLARK'S
CANADIAN BOILED DINNER
FINEST BEEF AND VEGETABLES
PERFECTLY COOKED
Just heat and eat.
CANADA EST. 1824 APPROVED
W. CLARK LIMITED MONTREAL