The AUTOMOBILE

THE CUT PRICE FIEND.

I picked up a lot of good bargains
to-day
At prices unheard of before;
A corking tire wrench and a vise for
the bench,
And a box to keep oil off the floor.
A sponge and a chamois that's softer
than silk,
And a hose, quite the best ever
known;
Just the things, I would say, that I'd
use every day
If I had a garage of my own.
I got a reduction on packing for
pumps,
And then they were having a sale
Of bumpers that soften the hardest
of bumps.
All guaranteed never to fail.
I selected a tire for use for a spare
That hadn't been run very far;
And for one forty-five got a book—
"How to Drive";
Now all that I need is a car.

—H. S. Osborne.

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE REPAIRS ON YOUR CAR.

Many thrifty car owners plan to have their motor-driven vehicles overhauled during the winter, when there is the least temptation to drive, and when the car can be spared best. One of the advantages of this is that garage mechanics are not likely to be hurried, and so better attention can be secured at this time.

When an engine has done good service it is good economy to have it gone over thoroughly, every worn part replaced, loose parts tightened up, and entire construction put in "apple order" at least once a year. To an engine as long as it will go without mistake. The valves should be ground, connecting rods tightened up, wheels properly aligned, gears tightened, and worn or broken ball bearings replaced. The most satisfactory way to use a car is to have the mechanical part of it adjusted as a fine watch. Early attention is really a saving of unnecessary repair expense, and prevents over-rapid depreciation. It is decidedly better to have an engine taken down and put in shape good as new than to run the risk of accidents due to be subjected to the continual annoyance of frequent tie-ups and repairs.

Many a perfectly good car from the mechanical standpoint grows shabby in outward appearance when the finish becomes streaked or marred, or top becomes faded and the upholstery worn. Repair work of this kind takes time, and refinish jobs need a period of hardening. The best plan is to have such work done in winter, when there is little dust flying.

There are various types of refinish jobs. It is safe to say that a cheap job seldom gives satisfaction. A man who is equipped to do the work, and who will guarantee results, is the most economical man in the end. Get him to estimate on the work which ought to be done, and what he will charge for doing it thoroughly, for doing it fairly good job, or doing it so that it will just get by.

Oftentimes refinishing the wheels, touching up a few scratches on the body, and refinishing the fenders will work wonders. It is not expensive to have the top dyed or redressed, and to permit windows to remain out is shiftless in the extreme.

New rugs for the car floor or well-made slip covers will all help to put your last year's "flivver" into satisfactory condition for another season.

Usually the most satisfactory way is to have an expert do the necessary work, whatever it may be, but if it is possible to warm the garage a good deal may be done by a handy man on the stormy days when other work does not press. One man used an ordinary, rather small-sized, double-boarded barn for a garage. He watched his opportunity and bought a fairly good second-hand furnace, and set it up with little trouble. In this he has a giant stove that will heat the place up quickly and with little fuel. Here he worked on his car, truck, and tractor, and soon saved much more than the price of the furnace he bought. A couple of heating pipes were extended to the floor above, and here he did lots of repair and repaint jobs on other farm machinery, getting all of it in shape for the coming spring.

Winter repairs on the car should be carefully planned. It is poor policy, for example, to paint and then overhaul the engine or adjust some mechanical part, for the finish is sure to become marred.

STORIES ABOUT WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

[illegible] World Famous Author.

[illegible] one of the mys[illegible] "What becomes [illegible] Mr. Frank Swinnerton [illegible] answers [illegible] at 16, for [illegible] to go into the [illegible] First he [illegible] in Fleet Street with [illegible] but [illegible] superior [illegible] a premium [illegible] and Swinnerton [illegible] the publishing house of J. M. Dent [illegible] years to be, apparently [illegible]

Mrs. Asquith's Bed Quilts.

[illegible] whose son, Master Asquith [illegible] came of age this month, [illegible] last week end at The [illegible] of Gartney, her country [illegible] butler once informed [illegible] looked like an inquisitive [illegible] always original, has [illegible] the way of covering [illegible] in her home. Highly embroidered Spanish scarfs, with long [illegible] are used instead of bed quilts. A small house in the grounds [illegible] is reserved for the [illegible] to stay, and it is [illegible] Anthony Asquith's studios.

Musician Will Plays for Funerals and Weddings.

[illegible] living musician has the [illegible] that is possessed by Sir [illegible] who says that he [illegible] street telling the bell [illegible] Cathedral at the funeral [illegible] of the Duke of Wellington [illegible] Sir Frederick at [illegible] Abbey has played the [illegible] at almost every great [illegible] who died in England during [illegible] fifty years. In addition he has played the music for the gayest weddings. Playing for funerals of the illustrious did little to make the genial English musician sober, since he has the reputation of being the most facetious [illegible] in the profession.

"Down a Peg."

[illegible] taken down a peg," is explained by a tankard which appeared at a recent sale. It was very ancient, was made not of metal but of wood, and its inside were eight protruding pegs or pins.

There are various explanations of the "peg" presence, one being that St. [illegible] introduced them among the [illegible] Saxons, to encourage moderation [illegible] the liquor and simply [illegible] that at a time when [illegible] was considered for the [illegible] it was necessary to have a marked vessel lest a greedy man should take more than his fair share.

Of course, these greedy persons would become marked men, and it would be everyone's duty to see that they were "taken down a peg"—that is to say, that as many as possible got their drink before it came to the greedy one, so that he might have the last peg, which contained all the dregs.

It is possible, too, that the expression, "I don't care a pin," comes from the pin or peg-tankard, as from one pin to the next was but a gill, the fourth part of a pint, and was the most drinkers a negligible quantity.

Buffalos are not the only boarders which receive free meals and lodging from the government at Wainwright Park, Albert. Some of the members of the elk family also live at the same address. They have become so tame that they don't resent advances from total strangers

"My Shadow," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

One of the first to recognize the genius of Sir James Barrie was Robert Louis Stevenson, and Barrie repaid him by using one of Stevenson's quaintest ideas in "Peter Pan." Every child knows that it is for his lost "shadow" that Peter returns to the Darling children's bedroom.

The following poem is from Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," the greatest contribution to child literature since Blake's 'Songs of Innocence:—

I have a little shadow that goes in and
out with me,
And what can be the use of him is
more than I can see;
He is very, very like me, from the
heels upto the head,
And I see him jump before me when
I jump into my bed.

The funiest thing about him is the
way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which
is very, very slow.
For he sometimes shoots up taller like
an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in
every sort of way;
He stays so close beside me; he's a
coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as
that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the
sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on
every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an
arrant sleepy head,
Has stayed at home behind me and
was fast asleep in bed.

Costly Advice.

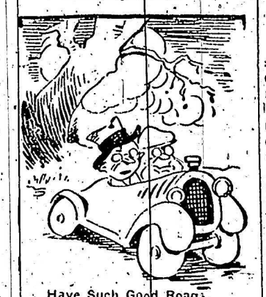
Young Man—"I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make me a suitable wife?"

Lawyer (ironically)—"No, I don't think she would! $10, for my advice, please."

Sleep.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

—Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86).



Have Such Good Roads.

1st Motorist—"My, what good time these airplanes are able to make!"

2nd Ditto (sighing)—"Yes, they have such good roads."

"I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an 'honest man'."—George Washington.

In An Old Street.

The twilight gathers here like brooding thought,
Haunting each shadowed dooryard and its door,
With gone, forgotten beauty that was wrought,
Of hands and hearts that come this way no more.

Here an intenser quiet stills the air
With old remembering of what is not
Of silver slippers gone from every stair,
And silver laughter long and long forgot.

Deeper and deeper where this dusk is drifted,
Gathers a sense of waiting through the night,
About old doors whose latch is never lifted,
And dusty windows vacant of light.

Deeper and deeper, till the grey turns blue,
And one by one the patient stars peer through.

—David Morton.

Flower Gems in Glass.

Marvellous artificial blooms that resemble Nature's finest specimens in every respect, except scent, are being made by expert glass-blowers.

Every part of a flower or plant is faithfully reproduced, from the long, delicate stems and colored petals to the almost invisible pollen.

The first thing which the maker of these wonderful blooms does is to blow the petals from glass as thin and fragile as tissue paper. The glass petals are then shaped and colored exactly like the natural ones.

Some of the rarer plants cannot be easily reproduced, and often several experiments have to be carried out with different colors before a really good imitation is obtained.

These glass flowers are used extensively in museums both to show details of plant or flower formation and as backgrounds for displaying specimens of birds and insects. So far has this branch of scientific glass-blowing been developed that it is practically impossible to distinguish the artificial blossoms from the real.

The Sea Wolf.

The fishermen say, when your catch is done
And you're scuttling in with the tide,
You must take great care that the Sea Wolf's share
Is tossed to him overside.

They say that the Sea Wolf rides, by day,
Unseen on the crested waves,
And the sea mist rise from his cold green eyes
When he comes from his salt sea caves.

The fishermen say, when it storms at night
And the great seas bellow and roar,
That the Sea Wolf rides on the plunging tides,
And you hear his howl at the door.

And you must throw open your door at once
And fling your catch to the waves,
Then he takes his share to his cold sea lair,
Straight down to his salt sea caves.

Then the storm will pass, and the still stars shine,
In peace so the fishermen say—
But the Sea Wolf waits by the cold Sea Gates
For the dawn of another day.

—Violet McDougal.

People Who Live on Stilts.

In his story of "The Martians," Mr. H. G. Wells makes the visitors from another planet machine-like beings which walk on a sort of tripod, taking immense strides with these stick-like legs, against which the fastest runner is unable to compete.

A visitor to the Landes, that strange country which lies between the Garonne River and the Pyrenees, might almost imagine the romance had come true, should he espy a shepherd or two striding across the country mounted on a pair of long stilts, and carrying a walking-stick in the shape of a scaffold pole.

Not many years ago almost the whole of the population of the Landes went on stilts, because the terrific tempests blowing from the Bay of Biscay smothered the land with fine sand, and stilts became an absolute necessity of locomotion.

Today the district is greatly improved, by reason of the planting of broom and pines, which has resulted in the growth of a forest; the cessation of dust-storms, and such an improvement in the soil that the peasants have turned to agriculture, formerly impossible.

Nevertheless, wide areas are still very sandy and the shepherd still goes around on stilts, blowing a sheephorn and when inclined to "sit down," leaning his body on the scaffold-pole, and knitting a stocking or carving a toy with his clasp-knife.

Some Interesting Facts.

On July 4, 1894, there was but one practical automobile in the world. The following year the first automobile race was run near Chicago. In 1896 England limited road motor vehicles to four miles an hour. In 1903 the first motor vehicle crossed the American continent.

Let there be a purpose in all your legislation to recognize the right of man to be well born, well nurtured, well educated, well employed, and well [illegible]. This is no gospel of ease and selfishness, or class distinction, but a gospel of effort and service, of universal application.—Calvin Coolidge.

The Mystery of the Beehive

Nature has many marvellous secrets which mankind has not yet succeeded in solving, and perhaps the most fascinating is that concerning the manner in which bees succeed in building their honeycombs with such remarkable geometrical accuracy as to rival even the greatest of human engineers.

The bees' cells are hexagonal in form. A great naturalist named Reaumur, noticing this, asked an equally famous mathematician to calculate the angles, and so on, which would give the most space with the greatest economy of material in the construction of a cell similar to that of the bees. The mathematician gave the figures, which Reaumur then compared with those for the bee-cells and found that the latter were exact.

The Queen's Circular Cell.

In other words, if man endeavored to construct a cell such as the bees build, and wished to use the smallest amount of material and secure the greatest amount of space possible, he could not do better than the bee.

How have bees succeeded in solving with such marvellous accuracy, this geometrical problem? Many explanations have been put forward; but if we are to believe the latest theories of various naturalists, the bees do not deserve so much credit as she is given. The fact is that the bee aims to make her cells circular in form, but by the laws of Nature the cells become hexagonal.

The bees take the little pieces of wax they have manufactured in their bodies and pack them into circles with little more method than a child exercises when making mud pies. In the course of this work the bee keeps going into the cylinder to press the sides out. If there were only one cell, the pushing out of the sides would make a cylinder; but there are other bees close to this making other cells, and it is this pressure on all sides, with not the slightest intent or skill on the bees' part, which makes the hexagon.

That bees do not make their cells hexagonal is evident from a glance at the queen bee's cell. This is built alone and is always circular.

Though science has thus shown that the bee is not so clever as we imagined, she is yet very ingenious, particularly in the making of wax. To make the wax, a few bees climb to the top of the hive and there hang motionless. Others follow, clinging to the first arrivals, till there is a great festoon of bees hanging from the ceiling. They remain thus for from ten to twenty hours. In that time, the heat of their bodies has set to work, and from the eight segments of the abdomen exudes a whitish substance, which forms in scales. This substance is the result of honey and a little pollen being digested in the stomach under the influence of heat.

When the exudation has reached its limit one of the bees will detach herself from the mass and climb to a spot high on the roof. Suspended by two legs, she uses the others to collect the scales from the segment and convey them to her mouth. There she chews and mixes the wax till it is of the proper consistency, after which she presses the tiny bit of wax, so small as to be almost invisible, to the roof, flattens it out, and moulds it firmly into place.

Each of the other seven segments of her abdomen are thus cleared and she goes back to resume the business of wax-making with the hundreds of her sisters.

Her Gospel of Beauty.

I once knew a fine old Quaker grandma who would ask, "Now, would thee not like a root of this?" if she saw you admiring a flower she had, provided it was one she could divide with you.

She loved to give her flowers to others, and they were bound to take care of the flowers she gave them. They well knew Grandma would be looking after the wanderer to see if it had a good home. How much she did for that community in building up a beauty-loving spirit no one could calculate. We all liked to visit her garden, too, for she had so many flowers, and so fine.—Agnes Hilco.

Milk in Bread Making.

The Chemistry Department of the Ontario Agricultural College studied experimentally the effect of whole milk, skimmed milk, condensed milk and milk powder in making bread. The whole milk naturally had some of the effects of fat, and the sweetened, condensed some of the effects of sugar, but, otherwise, milk will not replace sugar, malt or shortening in making bread. It has an influence all its own which none of these other constituents will produce. In conjunction with these other ingredients it does, however, influence the flavor of the bread, and improve the color of the crust. In fact it makes a richer loaf of bread, with greater moisture retaining and higher food value properties.

Spite Work.

The agent marched up the front steps and rang the bell briskly.

"Good morning, madam," he said, bowing politely to the mistress of the house. "I was requested to call on you and show you this valuable book that I am introducing, The A B C in Voice Culture."

"Who sent you here?" she demanded.

"Your next-door neighbors," came the reply.

Mistook His Occupation.

An elderly Scot was standing in a railway station when a traveler trod heavily on his foot.

"Hoot, man!" groaned the Scot. "Canna ye take care? Ye've nearly killed me. Hoot, man! Hoot, hoot!"

The traveler looked the suffering Scot up and down.

"Hoot yourself," he said. "I'm a drummer, not an auto."

Advertising.

"Waiter," growled a customer, "I would like to know the meaning of this! Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice the size of this."

"Indeed, sir!" replied the waiter. "Where did you sit?"

"By the window," answered the customer.

"Oh, that explains it!" said the waiter. "We always give the people at the windows a large helping. It's a good advertisement."

Swallowed the Object.

It was the "Object" drawing lesson, where the boys were supposed to bring some article a hammer, a tool, a box, or what not—with them to school to serve as model.

One boy presented himself at the master's desk with the tearful announcement, "Please sir, I've swallowed my object."

"Swallowed it!" cried the master, in alarm. "Whatever was it?"

"Please, sir," with a gulp, "a banana."

Its Handicap.

The mistress of the house gazed fixedly at her servant, taking in her appearance from head to toe. "Mandy," she finally remarked, in a tone of kindly criticism, "your dress looks rather shabby. Hadn't you better have it turned?"

"Land's sake, ma'am," the girl exclaimed, "does you-all think dis heah dress has three sides."

An Old Species.

It happened in the Adirondacks. "What," demanded the amateur hunter of his guide, "what is the name of the species I just shot?"

"Well, sir," returned the guide suavely, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

Does a Garden Pay?

I am not sure whether our garden pays its way or not. It takes a lot of hard work to plow it and get out the stuff; and then it's plant and hoe, plant and hoe! Gosh, but my back gets tired at it! Sometimes I think we could get along without a garden by buying a little green stuff on the market occasionally.

I have been keeping tab on this gardening business. Last spring I put in two whole days with the team hauling manure, plowing, harrowing, and listing. That was ten dollars! I put in two more days helping Wife plant things. That was six dollars! Seeds cost eight dollars, and counting the time I helped hoe and work in through the summer would amount to twenty dollars!

Of course, we had all the fresh vegetables we wanted on the table, and sold about forty dollars' worth. We put up 150 quarts of corn, beans, tomatoes, and all kinds of fruit. We made 20 gallons of kraut, had two bounds of pickled beans. Had plenty of kale, cabbage, and turnips to feed our chickens through the winter, that cost pretty heavy. Our garden may pay—I guess, I dunno!—M. R.

He—"Do you object to smoking?"
She—"I should say not. I was wondering why you were so stingy with 'em."

A Prayer.

It is my prayer in life to find
At every turning [illegible]
The strong arm of a [illegible]
To help me onward with my [illegible]
And since I have to go [illegible]
Alone most of the way [illegible]
My only prayer is that I may
God send me worthy of my friend.

—Frank Jacquier Sh[illegible]

Windshield Resistance.

[illegible]

"Well, [illegible] the White House to [illegible]
"Mew!" [illegible]

The Irish [illegible]

An [illegible] her son, [illegible]
"Pa[illegible] to save [illegible] tons of [illegible]
"P.S.—[illegible] pocket."

Bad Luck or Inexperience?

What is termed "bad luck" [illegible] more often to be [illegible] poor [illegible]

Cows in the pasture should be moved for several hours before [illegible] milk will not be tainted.

A good egg, exhibited at a [illegible] Yarmouth, England, weighed fourteen ounces and measured ten inches in circumference. Who can beat it?

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Music, I take it, is one of life's great primaries. We can hardly imagine a people without a love for it. For however rudimentary it may be it is to be found in every clime and nation; and though we know so little of its origin there's hardly tribe or people, primitive or advanced, who do not own a national music.

I think it was Carlyle who said that music was the speech of angels, and that all nations have prized song and music as vehicles for worship and prophecy, and whatsoever was in them was divine.

Very wonderful is music, far more so than speech, for to the heart it speaks direct; it soothes us, stirs us to tears or exalts us with joy; and in so marvellous a manner as nothing else can. Charles Kingsley once said: "Music has been called the speech of angels. I will go further and call it the speech of God himself."

Gradgrinds often say: "What is the use of music?" We might reply, "What is the use of emotion?" What would life be without it? Does it not make more beautiful the grandest thought? Have not multitudes listened enraptured to the glorious music of the "Messiah," or the almost equal "Elijah"? Beautiful are those lines in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream".

"I know a bank whereon the wild
thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet
grow;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

The words themselves are gems, but when wedded to harmony, they are lifted out of blank verse and become a never failing delight that makes the heart throb and brings "a mist before the eyes." I know!

I firmly believe that in no time in our history have the claims of music been more insistent or more recognized than at the present moment. I feel sure that there is scarcely a greater influence on earth better fitted to help us in the wear and tear of life as this wonderfully beneficient thing. It is as effective in the battle of life as it was to our soldiers in the Great War not so many years ago.

I remember reading a passage in some paper, the utterance of Captain R. Hughes of the U.S. Infantry: "There is nothing that helps the troops across the miles like music, nothing that cheers or solaces them more in camp, nothing that more vividly expresses glory and the rapture of sacrifice, and in expressing it, enkindles it." And so it does.

And so in our daily fight for bread a real vital influence for spiritual strength is music; it should be in every home, that place where we gain refreshment and strength for that war day after day, a war in which there is no release. Believe me when I say that the greatest and most beneficent investment, next perhaps to making provision for our loved ones, is the investment in some musical instrument, for it is a "tie that binds."

Outside the home circle, at this period more than at any other time, "all is rush and hurry." We rush to business, we rush home, we rush to our friends, to our amusements. We rush through our meals, through the countryside, never heeding the beauties that surround us. Everything is sacrificed to rush, and one of its greatest, most potent incentives is the automobile. Without wishing to decry its great usefulness, and source of revenue, it is a most expensive adjunct to our everyday life, while its upkeep is a serious drain on one's resources. I am an old-fashioned fellow, so it has "little charm for me."

While there is nothing more enjoyable than home music, there is no better way afforded for getting a mutual musical acquaintance than by the aid of the piano. It is so friendly, so handy, always open and ready to respond to the touch of those who love it, and by its aid sight reading and technique are benefitted, the appreciation of each other's attainments is recognized by those who practice and persist in its study and use.

Of all the many musical instruments (many very beautiful) none seem so fitted in every way for the home circle as the piano, for it is so thoroughly in harmony with every kind of music, it so beautifully accompanies a song, and is such a marvellous exponent of the composer's genius.

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

HURRYING ALONG

The days of my years do not linger, the gait of old Time can't be slowed; he leads me along by the finger so fast that I burn up the road. I cry in the dawn, "It is morning," I turn, and behold it is noon; I sigh, and the shadows give warning that evening is coming oftsoon. I cry in the snow, "It is winter," I thaw, and, ods bones, it is spring; this season departs like a sprinter, and summer is having its fling. And still I find time as I hurry to help out a neighbor or four, encouraging pilgrims who worry, and cheering up hearts that are sore. "I'm never so busy," I mutter, "I can't do a kindness or three"; I carry the sick man some butter, the widow a firkin of tea. "Each minute is priceless," I chatter, "but still I shall pause for a spell, and visit that suffering hatter who fell fifty yards down a well." If a man would be counted a winner he'll look at his watch as he jumps; and still I shall comfort the tinner who's down with the heaves and the mumps. Life ends, with its plans and its worry, the treasures of earth are laid down; and what shall avail all my hurry, if there are no stars in my crown?

RED COFFEE
Pure! No chicory
this

HEALTH
BY DR.
Dr. Middleton will be [illegible] ters through the Crescent, Toronto

Scarlet fever, the [illegible] life, is on the increase. 870 cases reported [illegible] of January, 1924. During the month there were [illegible] ber of cases [illegible] doubled.
Prevention of [illegible] known way [illegible] Keep sick [illegible] from other [illegible] Although [illegible] list of [illegible] increase at [illegible] it can be [illegible] isolation [illegible] offers the [illegible] scarlet fever [illegible] or a sore [illegible] home may [illegible] granted by [illegible]
The [illegible] in the [illegible] fectious [illegible] latin, [illegible] these spe[illegible]

"Come [illegible] chairs [illegible]
I wonder [illegible] busy [illegible] Patrol La[illegible] you have [illegible] sharpening [illegible] seven chi[illegible] patrol [illegible] look up [illegible] trifle [illegible]
When [illegible] Intacta [illegible] the Ba[illegible] Tender [illegible] look [illegible] be [illegible] certain [illegible] says [illegible] thing [illegible] may [illegible] show [illegible] wretch [illegible] those [illegible] Patrol [illegible] Campers [illegible] whether [illegible] are the [illegible] ship [illegible]

EAT
Compl[illegible] Garnish [illegible] Stage [illegible] rasing [illegible] Number [illegible]
The N[illegible]
T. EA[illegible]
TORONTO

"Do [illegible] clean"