# THE LAST CALL

By HELEN TREBELYAN

The last strains of the "Tuneful Trio" died to a great thunder of applause, followed by a scanty rendering of "God Save the King" with all superfluous notes omitted.

When every member of the packed audience had been played out, little Joe Greene beamed through his sweat-dimmed spectacles.

"Great reception to-night, Miss Sparks; great reception to-night, eh?"

Miss Sparks shook her head slightly, which indicated agreement. One had to humour the old man she contemplated, although one knew it was really the unfailing appeal of good triumphing over evil after a series of breath-taking thrills which drew the enthusiastic clapping from an over emotional crowd of filmgoers who were only dimly aware of there being any orchestra at all. Still, one had to humour the old man.

She cast an appealing glance at young Franks, who played the 'celio with mournful vehemence, but, as usual, found no response.

He was young, without ideals, and with no patience for them. His life began and ended, it seemed, within the clutching hand of a little blonde from whose torments he derived a fierce joy. He left hurriedly, as usual.

Little Mr. Greene was unaware of any jar in the atmospherics. Tonight, as usual, he had taken his flight into the realms of faery, and, closing his eyes, had shut out the drab surroundings, and found himself in an enormous hall, gloriously lit, filled with a sparkling crowd, who were held spellbound by his superb playing, who roared their delight and agreed he was only rivalled by Kreisler. Still in the realms of imagination, he prepared to pack his violin and place it with his music on the piano, when Miss Spark's rather grating voice brought him back to earth. Miss Sparks glimpaed a little of these day-dreams, for she herself had had hopes once, and, in losing them, found patience for others, whereas young Franks found only irritation.

Mr. Greene," she tried to modulate the grating voice of which she was so painfully aware, "have you forgotten this is our last night? The Talkies come here next week, you know, Mr. Greene." She ended on a tone of hopeful inquiry.

"Ah, but that's only temporary, Miss Sparks, only temporary," he replied, cheerfully, "while we take a little holiday, eh? That's all. My violin will be safe here until we get back." He caressed it tenderly. "When we come they'll give us when we come back, eh?"

Miss Sparks was momentarily nonplussed. She didn't realize she moistened her lips and swallowed hard.

"Mr. Greene," she tried, bravely, "I think you'd better take it with you. The janitor might knock it" she added, as a brilliant impulse.

He turned it up reflectively and pre[illegible] his lip, and Miss Sparks sank [illegible]. It had been very [illegible], and now he looked so [illegible] in his old green [illegible] the white hair sticking out [illegible] and his round, [illegible] and large spectacles, his [illegible] boy in everything like a [illegible]. She couldn't help choking [illegible] to show these feelings [illegible] immediately he was all sympathy and contrition.

"[illegible] you have a cold, and I've [illegible]." He took her arm, and, [illegible] to her side, she felt a [illegible] sweep through her cold, [illegible] body.

They walked together to the cross-[illegible] he raised his hat, and the [illegible] ridiculous hair and [illegible] on end.

"[illegible] Sparks," he said. [illegible] When [illegible], she knows. They [illegible] "When Dreams [illegible] It won't be long now. [illegible] and in both his [illegible]." The answer [illegible] these spec[illegible] not [illegible] And [illegible] ran [illegible] a moment. She [illegible] he thought, then [illegible] and muffled [illegible] leaves.

[illegible] six weeks later, when [illegible] enjoying the peculiar [illegible] which an eleven [illegible], coffee and a biscuit [illegible] her, though it really com[illegible] chief meal for the day, [illegible] met again. He was fumbling his way through the teashop, and suddenly found himself at her table. [illegible] that moment her mind registered [illegible] things, while he only realized [illegible] was to meet a friend.

"Well, well, Miss Sparks, this is a [illegible] surprise, eh? And how are [illegible]?" He ordered a glass of milk [illegible] very well, Mr. Greene," [illegible] answered. Why was it that [illegible] tied her tongue so com[illegible] she wondered miserably.

"[illegible], I've good news," he [illegible] conscious of her plight; [illegible], eh? You remember [illegible] Corlett, the music pub[illegible]? Well, they've had my song [illegible] Five weeks, Miss [illegible] isn't that splendid? I ex[illegible] any day now. I knew [illegible] would, walk in one day and [illegible] it was good, real music. Miss Sparks, music from the heart, not jazz without a soul. Think of it, Miss Sparks, back in the little Comfy Cinema playing 'When Dreams Come True.'" He paused. A silence fell [illegible] which held no bridge of [illegible] understanding. He hesitated, [illegible], "She isn't interested," while [illegible] and wretched, not daring to speak or move for fear of [illegible] illusion.

[illegible] effort she started the ball [illegible] conversation rolling down another [illegible] "Have you been about those [illegible] Mr. Greene?"

[illegible] himself from rhapsody into reality, seeing, so appreciate the change. "No, Miss Sparks, I'm afraid I haven't, but I will."

There was another pause, while dimly through the heart of each stole a sense of disappointment. This should have been such a happy meeting. Old friends, same profession, same hopes for the uture; but here the mental paths of each ran parallel, and there could be no meeting. Shamefacedly he drew the bill close up to his eyes and glanced shyly at her, but but Miss Sparks pretended not to notice it, nor the muddled counting of his change.

In the street they walked a little way before either spoke. A cloud of oppression seemed to have fallen upon them which was hard to lift. Neither had any purpose or knew what to do with the day. Both longed for companionship, and yet felt the curious diffidence of an ill-sorted couple against forcing a more regular acquaintance. There was a mental deadlock, broken by the man's more elemental need of help.

"Miss Sparks, I'll go now about my spectacles, I'll go now." Then: "Will you come with me?" he added, simply.

A great answering cry leapt to meet that call within Miss Spark's tired heart. But it found no expression. The years had built too successfully their barrier of conventionality against a mocking world for any late-found appeal to penetrate.

"Very sorry," she answered him. "I'm busy. Good-bye."

And little Joe Greene believed her, for he believed in the good of everything and everyone—he was an idealist.

"Never mind," he called after her. "Come and see me to-morrow, eh?"

At No. 5, Porchard Street, next day, a very hesitant woman stood on the top step. "Should she ring?" she pondered. It was ridiculous, this feeling of diffidence. Of course it was right to come, of course he'd be glad to see her. Then why—? She smoothed a piece of black velvet ribbon over a worn patch of sateen and straightened the lace-trimmed hat. Would he think her dressed up? She had a sudden sinking feeling. Had she better go back and put on the old navy-blue costume? But the day was fine.

Last night had not been wasted, she felt, suddenly elated, in sewing and redecorating until after midnight. No one would guess that the dress and hat were nearly ten years old, but, of course, those moth-balls were very good. A wave of joyous anticipation swept through she such as she had not felt since she was a girl about to embark on some thrilling adventure. But really, she mustn't stand there any longer. Two men had looked and smiled in passing. Oh, dreadful! She rang the bell, and felt a quiver in her throat as it clanged through the house.

After a preliminary banging of doors and an overture of footsteps, someone drew a bolt and opened the door. She was quite calm now. Mistress of the situation, she thought, proudly.

"I've come to see Mr. Joe Greene," she said, clearly.

There seemed no recognition of having heard or seen anything in the solid, red face which confronted her. For a moment Miss Spark's eyes flickered to the number plate. Yes, there it was—5. She began again, more loudly:—

"You have a lodger, I think, a Mr. Joseph Greene?"

A kind of upheaval appeared in the face, and, gathering the necessary forces for speech, it answered very slowly:—

"Tad—I aven't now. 'E was run over yesterday just afore lunch. 'E died in Saint Mary's. It was 'is eyesight, they said."

* * *

In the Comfy Cinema everyone thought they could guess why the old maid in the ludicrously old-fashioned dress let the tears pour unchecked down her tired face, while the "canned" orchestra jazzed its way through "When Dreams Come True."

## Of An Older Woman

Her days are rich with mellow harvesting,
With ripened hopes and dreams of vanished spring,
And though the flower be lost, yet from the tree
Full-flavoured fruit is hers abundantly.
Frost may have touched the garden of her life,
But beauty all her pathway interweaves
For memories lie strewn where'er she walks
Like glamorous and golden fallen leaves.

—Adelaide P. Love, in the Chicago Tribune.

"Sare," said the waiter in a Paris restaurant, "you are Irish, it is not?" "Faith, now, and how on earth do you know?" asked the diner. "Why, sare," replied the waiter, "when you speak the French I know you vas Eenglish, and when you speak Eenglish I know you vas Irish!"

## "ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES"—

She Scares Him.

## The Correct Gifts To the Right Person

The "giving season" is near at hand—and if you are a wise person—arm yourself with a well-sharpened pencil and pad of paper—then make a list of your family, friends, acquaintances with the Xmas remembrance opposite each name. In this manner you will save yourself no end of time, fuss and worry and above all, you will have that satisfied feeling of "Forgetting No One!"

Below is a list which will perhaps offer many suggestions and answer that hectic question, "What shall I give to ——?"

### For Children

For the very little baby, dainty baby clothes, woollies of all descriptions, hand-knitted socks and bonnets and mitts and sweaters; homespun crib-covers, carriage blankets; baby hot water bottles; rattles; ivory-teething rings; silver porringers and mugs and spoon; soft brushes with ivory backs; powder-puffs, and if you are a very close friend, the beginning of baby's first bank account.

For the older children, you are usually safe in giving a girl something to wear, a necklace, a set of bangle bracelets, a pretty hair-ribbon, silk socks, the material for a frock, a bright muffler, a doll with a complete wardrobe, doll furniture tea-set, a miniature stove, a paper doll set, the beginning of dainty dresser things.

For the boy, mechanical toys are an equally good choice, boats and engines and building things, motor toys, balls, bats, skis, snowshoes, skates, toboggan, boys' books, tales of adventure, books of birds or of dogs, woollen socks, mufflers or caps.

### From Girls to Girls

Hand-made underwear in crepe de chene, glove-silk, satin or fine voile; dresser things of all sorts; sachets; pretty bandeaux for the hair in gold or silver cloth, leaves, flowers, or in beaded effects; your photograph; a pretty workbag, a silver thimble, a collar and cuff set; a vestee; a hand-made scarf or sweater—in short, anything you would like yourself.

### From Boys to Girls

Books, perfumes, flowers, music, candy to the girl you do not know very well. If you are a boy of older growth and you are engaged, or hope to be engaged to the girl, you may look over this list of from

### Men to Women

A silk unbrella with one of the pretty fancy handles; a bar-pin; beads or a pendant, ear-rings, a hand-bag, a vanity-case, a travelling-clock, a wrist-watch, a boudoir lamp, a pepper-mill of wood or silver (if she is a hostess), candle-sticks with fancy handles; a framed mirror, an elaborate sewing-basket, things for her dresser in silver, enamel or ivory.

### From Women to Men

Silk socks, a tie if you are very sure of his taste, hand-initialed linen handkerchiefs, one of the new silk bandanas, a pipe, cigarete case, or cigarette box for his dresser, a flask, a set of travelling-cups, a set of travelling coat-hangers in a leather case, a framed picture, books, cuff-links, an evening dress stud set, a gold knife, a fountain pen, a gold or silver pencil, a bill-fold, a leather collar-bag, a leather toilet-roll for travelling or useful for a man living in a boarding-house, a bridge set, a set of ash-trays, a reading-lamp, a sofa cushion.

### For the Invalid

A flash-light, a sweater-scarf, a thermo jug, a potted plant, a framed painting or photograph, a box of stationery, a hand-embroidered towel, a reed flower-basket, a hot-water bottle or electric pad, a clock with radium face, a fountain-pen, an individual china set for the tray, a fancy blanket, a note-book with pencil attached, a telephone extension.

And when you have made your purchases do not forget that the "gift may bear on it a message that may mean more to the recipient than the present itself, and that, no matter how tiny your remembrance is, if it shows the evidence of love and thought and care in its selection and if it goes daintily wrapped and tied with ribbon and adorned with Christmas seals and Christmas wishes, it will carry with it a message of gladness and of good-will that will help to make Christmas morning happier to you and to your friends."

"When a man puts out a dance to rest his feet, he's dog-tired."

## Hair Grown on Watch Crystal by Scientists

London—British scientists have succeeded in growing hair on a watch crystal.

This has been accomplished at the Leeds headquarters of the Wool Industries Research Association. A woman scientist takes tiny grafts of a guinea pig's skin, transplants them to the surface of an inverted watch crystal, and feeds them with plasma and a special extract to nourish the roots. The hair keeps on growing, and in many cases has doubled and in some instances trebled its length.

The experiment is one of a long series that the association has been conducting to find out why hair and wool grow, and how they can be made to grow faster and thicker.

Now doctors say a draft can't cause a cold. It can cause cold feet, though, if it's an overdraft.

## French Peasants

These going home at dusk
Along the lane,
After the day's warm work,
Do not complain.

Were you to say to them,
"What does it mean?
What is it all about,
This troubled dream?"

They would not understand.
They'd go their way,
Or, if they spoke at all,
They'd surely say:

"Dawn is the time to rise,
Days are to earn
Bread and the midday rest,
Dusk to return;

"To be content, to pray,
To hear songs sung,
Or to make wayside love,
If one is young.

"All from the good God comes,
All then is good;
Sorrow is known to Him,
And understood."

One who had questioned all,
And was not wise,
Might be ashamed to meet
Their quiet eyes.

All is so clear to them,
All is so plain;
These who go home at dusk,
Along the lane.

## New Trout Tanks

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—A shipment of 2,000 parent speckled trout from the Normandale hatchery arrived in the Sault recently and were placed in large tanks nearing completion just north of the city. The trout are the first to reach this new rearing station, the largest in the Dominion. Another carload is coming in shortly it was stated by the Superintendent of Provincial Hatcheries, A. W. McLeod, who accompanied the shipment. It is announced that George Gerow of Normandale will manage the new hatchery.

## Canada's Leading Manufactures

In total capital invested, the pulp and paper industry of Canada was second only to electric light and power plants in 1929, and in total number of employees second only to sawmills. In the distribution of wages and salaries, however, and in the value of manufactured products, the pulp and paper industry headed the list of all Canadian industries in 1929.

### Subject to Emily Post's O.K.

Q.—Is it ever permissable for a young woman to ask a man she has never met to call at her home?

A.—Yes; if she asks him to call for the laundry.

Q.—What does it indicate when a man talks with a lady with his hat on and a cigar or cigarette between his lips?

A.—That they're married.

Justice is truth in action.—Benjamin Disraeli.

# Toxoid — Man's Powerful Ally Is Combating Age-Old Enemy

## 9,000 New York Infants, Less Than Year Old, Become Immune to Ravages of Dreaded Diphtheria

This is one of a series of weekly health articles prepared by the Canadian Social Hygiene Council.

In a previous article on diphtheria, it was explained how this disease is caused in the human body by the invasion of an army of diphtheria germs, so small that they are invisible to the naked eye. These germs usually attack the throat of their victim, where they feed and breed and emit a poison that spreads through the system, causing sickness and often death.

This invading army is met and fought by an army which the body maintains in its bloodstream. For many centuries, this army had to "carry on" without allies, and so many times did it lose the endless battle against the germs that the death-rate from this disease was appallingly high. Only so recently as 1890, however, did science find mankind an ally in this age-old battle against diphtheria. In that year, three scientists almost simultaneously hit upon a coure for diphtheria that has since then saved tens of thousands of lives.

In brief, this allay is a substance called "anti-toxin" (litrally meaning "against-poison," the poison emitted by the diphtheria germs). This anti-toxin, if administered promptly, is an almost certain cure for the disease. But every moment of delay after the onset of the disease means added danger. When suspicious symptoms manifest themselves, the doctor should be summoned at once.

Still more recently, however, science has discovered an even more wonderful ally for bloodstream armies—a substance called toxoid, which if given to a healthy person, is an almost certain means of preventing diphtheria from ever gaining a foothold in his body.

This toxoid preparation should be given to children over the age of six months. So harmless is it that when some years ago the City of New York caused it to be administered to 10,000 infants of less than a year old, not one suffered ill effects. And so powerful an ally is this against our age-old enemy diphtheria that of those 10,000 children, it is positively certain that more than 9,000 are absolutely protected. They will never get the disease.

So you see, if every Canadian child were to be given this toxoid treatment, in ten years there would be no disease in Canada. The children would remain unprotected would catch the disease because there would be a steadily decreasing number of cases spreading the germs and remember, it is quite impossible to have diphtheria germs unless the germs do attack you.

Every father and mother should protect their children's lives and health, as they would their own pocket books, by having their family physicians give this simple, inexpensive, certain protection to them, long before they reach school age.

## French Convicts Will Have Change of Air?

Paris—M. Archambault, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, has announced his intention to demand the transfer of the penal colony in Guiana to the farthest French outpost in the world—Kerguelen Island, which lies between the South Pole and the tips of Australia and Africa.

Devil's Island would be exchanged for Desolation Island and the port of the Gates of Hell in the Bay of Thunder.

Icebergs bob in the Antarctic seas just south of Kerguelen and the island's heights are covered with glaciers. But the lowlands are fertile, healthy farm country needing little labor for cultivation, according to M. Archambault, who ardently champions a change from fever-ridden Guiana to the healthful South Polar Sea.

## The Changeling

In his silk sleeping bag, on the branch of a tree,
Caterpillar is sleeping as snug as can be;
His cradle cocoon is so well made and strong
That he's sure to be comfy the whole winter long;
No matter how rudely he's shaken about
By rough Mister North Wind, he will not fall out;
He'll not mind the cold or the storms or the snow,
And what happens round him he never will know.
When spring comes he'll wake up and then you will see
Him crawl from his bag to the twig of his tree;
And you'll see he has wings, and will say: "I declare,
Some fairy's wand made him a changeling in there;
For now he's a moth in a new velvet cloak—
Oh, I'm sure that someone has been playing a joke."

—By Maude Wood Henry.

A good face lotion is made by mixing 2 ounces of rosewater with 2 teaspoons of glycerine, adding 15 grains of sulphur and shaking well.

## Some Auto Hints

Car heaters are not dangerous if they are kept in good condition.

Application of a little light oil to hinges, cases [illegible] operation of doors and other openings.

The charging rate of the generator should be adjusted if electrical accessories are added to a car.

A good set of chains on both back wheels will reduce hazards on slippery or ice covered streets.

The expense of operating a car is kept at a minimum if care is given to parts subject to excessive wear.

Replacement of the cable connections between the distributor and the spark plugs may be essential to insure easy starting on some cars.

Vent caps on the battery are made of a composition material and should be handled carefully. They should not be dropped or removed with any kind of tool.

A large proportion of engine is lost in a slipping belt in time a belt will stretch to such extent as to slip, as practically all cars have a fan and its pulley mounted in such a way that they can be set farther from the driving pulley, and in this way tighten the belt.

### Hand Fan

Sam, who had for a time ambition [illegible] just fancy bought a [illegible] went strutting down the [illegible] me a poor friend [illegible] shivering who said:

"Say Sam, it's pretty cold, ain't it?"

"Is it?" said Sam, peering from the depths of his fur collar, "I don't know, I really haven't had the paper to-day."

### Disease and Fire

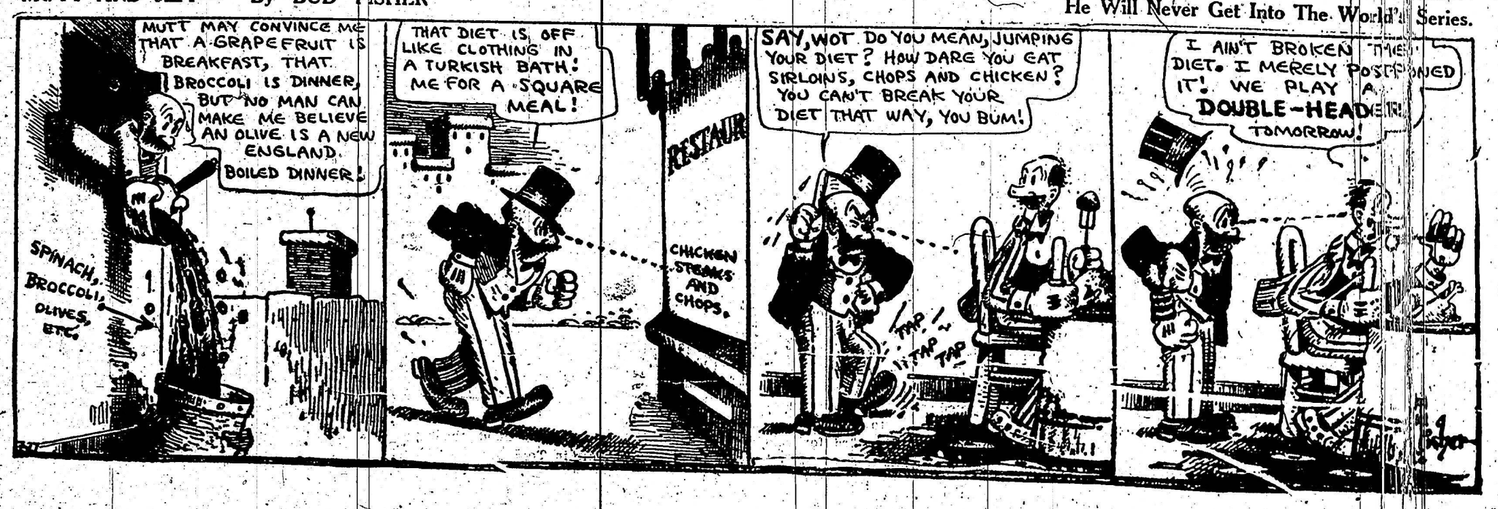
Just as a modern, full-time fire department prevents more fire-loss than the old-fashioned volunteer fire brigade, so does the full-time County Health unit save more rural lives than the average part-time M.O.H., states Deputy Minister of Health for Alberta, Dr. Bow, in a recent address in Red Deer.

## Finds Meal-Worm Beetles Mate By Smell Sense of Antennas

That male insects of the meal-worm beetle find their mates by using hundreds of sensitive noses scattered over the tips of their waving antennas instead of by audible love songs or by sight of their inamorata's countenance, has been proved by experiments of J. Manson Valentine, of the University of North Carolina, reported to the Wistar Institute of Philadelphia. The male insects were excited, Mr. Valentine found, by the presence of a fluid extracted from the bodies of the females. Antennas waved wildly and the males rushed toward the supposed feminine perfume. To test the location of this sense of smell, Mr. Valentine removed from otherwise undamaged male beetles the four outermost joints of their jointed antennas, called "feelers." The antenna-less males then paid no attention at all to the feminine odor. An even more definite test was made by removing the antennas on one side only, leaving the other side intact. When placed near the female odor these insects began to smell only on one side ran around in circles, like a steamboat which has lost one of its twin propellers. The one-sided sensation, and the absence of the smell antennas from the other side, persistently kept attracting the insect always to that side. Under a microscope, the sensitive tips of the antennas are seen to be covered with stout, hairlike projections which Mr. Valentine believes are probably the smell sensitive organs.

## MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

He Will Never Get Into The World's Series.





Will a Grizzly B[illegible] Human [illegible]

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