

Honours To Bill

Everything Depended on the Play Getting Over and It Was Falling Flat!

By Muriel Cotroni.

Jack Dundas hadn't had a meal that satisfied for days. But young actors out of a job get used to that!

"Something's bound to turn up soon," mused Jack, with the bright optimism of youth, to his bull-terrier, "eh, Bill, old fellow?"

Bill cocked a pointed ear and thumped a thoroughbred tail. Intelligence gleamed from his small eyes. Jack smiled fondly. He didn't mind being hungry a bit, himself, now and again, so long as old Bill—

Something did turn up next morning. A letter from Jack's agent offering him a part in a touring company. They play was a new one, to be produced by the author.

"Don't know what kind of a show it'll be," said the agent, when Jack called. "But it's better than nothing, eh, Dundas, old boy?"

"You bet! I'm on top of the world. Juvenile lead, too! Richards, you're a pal! Come on, Bill, you old blighter!"

Rehearsals began, but, as they progressed, Jack's heart sank. There was no "pop" in the play. The dialogue was flat. The situations were improbable. Still, the author-producer was enthusiastic. It was his first play, and if it went well, even moderately well, the first week on the road, a well-to-do uncle had promised to finance it further.

Jack put his best into the part. So did little Myrtle Blythe, who was to play opposite him. She, also, knew the current of "rehearsal."

"It is such a pity," murmured Myrtle one morning. "Beale is such a dear, so enthusiastic. It's heart-rending! This show'll never make a week—if that!"

"I know," replied Jack grimly. "You're right, it is." "Well, I'm doing my best, but my lines are so hackneyed!" Her eyes were troubled.

And the climaxes are so nasal! put in Jack. "Bill, be most hope for the best. The public's funny. Some plays, with absolutely nothing in them, save the Dickens of 'em!"

"There's no hope in the world—the show doesn't work," contributed Blessington, one of the villain. He was young, but he had a threshold of his career. "I'll be right, chap!"

"I love your part," murmured Myrtle, going to pat Bill. She looked up at Jack suddenly with her clear eyes; the exact blue-violet of myacinths. "A dog's a great pal!"

"None better," stammered Jack, momentarily knocked out by the battery of those clear eyes. "By Jove," he thought, "I can't make a love scene get across with a girl like that. I ought to be shot!"

And Myrtle had been thinking about the same way. She looked up at Jack Dundas, tall, lean—almost too lean—with his kind, dark eyes and cheery optimism.

Value and Satisfaction



The young man in the picture has embarked on a new undertaking in a distant city. All day he has been on edge, eager to do his best, to sell himself to his associates. When evening comes just a little homesick. Instinctively he reaches for the telephone as he has done many times at home thinking to talk with someone. Like a flash the thought comes to him, "Why not call home—and tell them all about it?"

He lifts her on to the table, then perches beside her. Suddenly, with a bound, the bull-terrier was between them, with his large head snuggling against Jack's neck.

"Just was three—from Jack—"now and for always!" "Just was three, now and for always!" repeated Myrtle dreamily, and her smile was beautiful.

"Wout-wout!" contributed Bill, thumping a thoroughbred tail. And the curtain dropped to roars of applause.

Three curtains they took—Myrtle, Jack, and Bill—for the audience insisted on Bill, who, bewildered, barked heartily at his admirers.

Then came a call for the villain; and Blessington, clad in a dressing-gown, made his bow, one eye on the audience and one on—Bill.

"Good enough, Ralph, my boy! I'll keep my promise. That last scene was a brain-wave; that dog brought down the house. Without him that last act would have fallen flat. You might cut the first and second acts slightly, and, for goodness' sake, introduce the dog—a little earlier—pleasantly, my boy—pleasantly!"

Back-stage, in a quiet corner, Jack faced Myrtle. "How cleverly you gagged," murmured the girl. "You saved the play! But she did not meet his eyes. "Gagged!" He took her by the shoulders, almost shaking her. "Gagged be hanged! I was not gagging—nor acting, either, my girl, and you know that as well as I do! I was proposing to you!"

"I know," whispered Myrtle, and raised her eyes in which two stars were shining. "You meant what you said, too? His eyes searching hers.

"Of course I did!"—very shakily. And Myrtle raised her soft lips. The following paragraph ended a long criticism in the "Hilton Gazette" the next day.

"But why was the real star of the play—the cleverest dog we have seen either on the boards or the silver screen—never mentioned on the programme? This is an unaccountable oversight. It is this clever canine actor who is going to make the play a big success."

"All very well," murmured Myrtle, as Jack read aloud the above. "But, darling, do you think you can train Bill to carry on?"

"Train Bill?" he gasped, when he could speak. "It's not a matter of training Bill, but of persuading Blessington! Still, he's some lad—and Bill's a great fellow! We'll fix it between us, believe me!"

It is good to be children sometimes and never better than at Christmas, when the Mighty Founder was a Child Himself.

"The method of mental progress is a more careful examination and a whitening down—often a blowing up of beliefs."—Clarence Darrow.

Owl Laffs

May the joys of the Christmas Season be yours in abundance.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas turns our thoughts to values that are expressed by such words as home, children, friendship, love. Its coming makes us realize that the aim of progress is the protection and elevation of these values.

Whatever in civilization contributes to the happiness and well-being of home and children is good; whatever threatens them is bad.

There is no substitute for the joys of the Christmas season. They are the essence of life, and all that gives meaning to life.

And so we give expression to the usual greeting and sincerely wish to every reader may enjoy A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

I am a Christmas tree. I am not the kind that is all aglow one day in the year and then is cast aside and forgotten. I am a sturdy evergreen which took root in this community long ago, grew as it grew slowly, then flourished in its days of prosperity until now I stand as a landmark for the community throughout the year.

But as a Christmas tree I bear upon my branches gifts for all of you. My gifts are these: News—all the news for all the people all the time; clean news, wholesome news, news of hope and not despair, the kind of news that you can read and talk over around the family circle; Ideals and Faith and Courage—ideals toward which to strive to make our community a better place in which to live, faith the essential righteousness and honesty of our people, courage in upholding the cause of justice and condemning the wrong; Leadership and Progressiveness and Service—leadership in those causes which make for the good of our community, progressiveness in seeing beyond the immediate need and the immediate fulfillment of that need; service to the community in protecting its people from danger and fraud and sorrow. These gifts I fear for all of you—for your schools, your churches, your public institutions, your homes, your children and for each and every one of you as individuals. All these gifts that are freely yours to have throughout the year, I offer you again at this glad season of peace and earth, good will and happiness to all. For I am Christmas tree. I am your HOME PAPER.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE. 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring, with the exception of—

Father, who wants to know what happened to the Christmas tree stand when he put it away last year. Mother, who is trying to answer the telephone and father at the same time.

Norman, aged 3, who is calling from the crib and wishing to be informed if the noise he hears is Santa Claus. An expressman, aged 150 by the way he feels, who is delivering a rocking horse at the side door.

Aunt Agnes, who has just dropped the library table drawer, seeking a pencil to sign the receipt. Grandma, who can't remember what she did with the bedtime stories she bought for Norman's stocking and who wanders about like Lady Macbeth. Anna-belle, aged 16, who skips endlessly and wants to know if they can't unpack the new phonograph cabinet tonight.

Instead of tomorrow she can get some of the boys in to footstool while father trims the tree. A delivery man, who sounds like a troop of cavalry in the front vestibule and who is with difficulty convinced that he has the wrong house. Nora, the maid, who has just dropped a plate in the kitchen. Jack, aged 13, who blows out a fuse while monkeying with the lights for the Christmas tree and throws the whole home in darkness.

Radio loudspeaker, which announces "Christmas carol, God rest you Merry Gentlemen. Let Nothing You Dismay," broadcast from station WOOF.

Some Velvet Hints. The pile of velvet that has become flattened by constant wear may be restored in the following manner:—

Fill a basin with boiling water, then hold the material over it, pile downwards, so that the steam gets well into the pile. While steaming, rub gently with the palm of the hand against the pile. Place in the open air to dry, then straighten the pile with a piece of chambray held lightly over the back of a brush.

The greatest care is necessary when washing velvet. First prepare a warm soapy lather with washbolles of some neutral brand and holding water softened with a little borax. Plunge the article or garment into this solution, taking care that it is thoroughly immersed, then allow to soak for about an hour.

Prepare a fresh soapy lather, and wash the material in this by rubbing gently between the hands, particular attention being given to stained parts. Rinse in several lots of tepid water, then hang up without wringing to dry. When quite dry, shake thoroughly, then press the pile down gently with a piece of chambray over the back of a brush.

When sewing velvet, cover the four fingers of the left hand with a piece of the same material. If this method is adopted there will be less danger of finger marks showing on the material.

Classified Advertising

ARLY RELIABLE MATRIMONIAL... Radio loudspeaker, which announces "Christmas carol, God rest you Merry Gentlemen. Let Nothing You Dismay," broadcast from station WOOF.

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Echoes of Iceland. In that strange island, Iceland, burst up the geologists say, from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black mists, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summertime; towering stern and grim, in the North Ocean.

Where of all places we least looked for literature of written monographs, the literature of these things was gotten. On the seaboard of the land is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can graze, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetical in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost, had Iceland not been burst up from the sea, not have discovered by the Northmen. The old Norse poets were many of them natives of the land. —From "Hænes and Hæa-Warshill," by Thomas Carlyle.

Caring Time With Scissors. Every housewife should have a fair-sized pair of scissors in a convenient place in her kitchen. These will be found useful for many purposes.

Use scissors instead of knife for cutting small sandwiches, and also for removing the crusts. Scissors can be used much more effectively than a knife for cutting poultry. Slip off the stems, then work the tarsely and holding it directly over the dish, cut as required.

Meat or fish that is to be used for making soup may be cut with the scissors and pieces of fat may be treated in the same manner. The scissors can be made to take the place of a cutting machine when making marmalade. Cut each orange into four pieces with a sharp knife, remove the peel, and cut into thin slices with the scissors.

Scissors may be used for cutting off pastry when making pies, or for cutting the edge of open tarts. For long hair, Meeker has many "For twenty good years."

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Why experiment with medicinal soaps and lotions. Cardicura. Has brought relief and happiness for fifty years to millions all over the world. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Tablets 25c.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION? Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment, but they are habit-forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cramp and grip and leave a depressed after effect. Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestine and encourage nature's machinery to become lazy.

A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile salts to flow, the bowels move gently, the intestines are thoroughly cleaned and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys a real tonic effect. All druggists 25c and 75c red packages.

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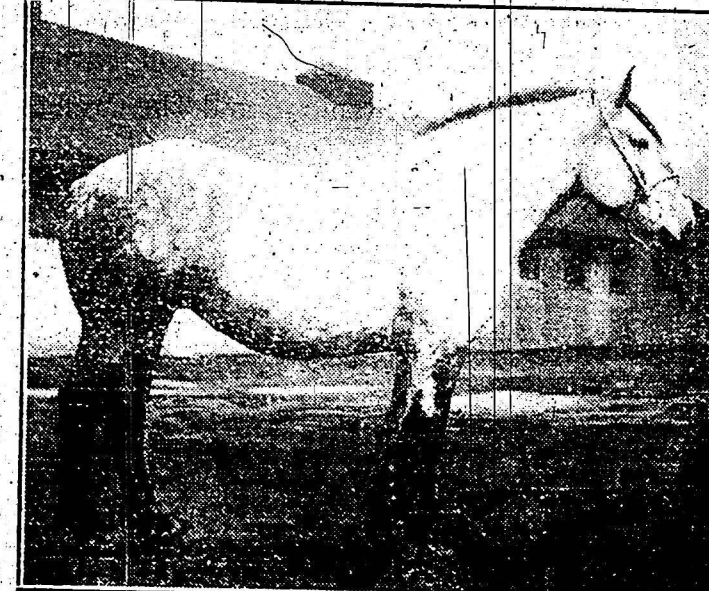
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Prevent Dandruff and promote the growth of your hair by rubbing the scalp with Minard's four times a week.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "My daughter Catherine is fifteen years old. She was very irregular, often sick at her stomach and had to stay in bed two or three days at a time. One of our booklets was sent to us by mail so I got her a bottle of Vegetable Compound. Catherine has been taking it regularly and she is gaining in weight and every way. I told the neighbors and other girls are taking it with good results."—Mrs. Clarence Jenkinson, Box 14, Thomley, Ontario.

Prince's Horses at Fair



"Princeton Carman," perchonon mare raised by the Prince of Wales on his farm at Pelsko, Alta., is making horse history in Canada by the fact that she has been sold to Lord Middleton and has been shipped to England, being the first instance of a blooded Canadian horse being sent to Great Britain, the home of the perchonons. "Princeton Carman" won second prize at the Royal Winter Fair for mares foaled in 1927 in Canada, and is the winner of many ribbons in the perchonon class throughout the west.

Higher and Lower

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a berth. "Upper or lower?" asked the agent. "What's the difference?" asked the man.

A difference of 50 cents in this case. The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower.

But the poor man had fainted.

WASHING LINGERIE. When washing delicate lingerie, add a little borax to the water. This not only makes the water delightfully soft, but also helps to remove dirt. A small piece of orris root added to the solution in which lingerie is to be washed will impart a lasting fragrance to the material. It is a mistake to add soda to the water in which any kind of lingerie is to be washed, as this is harmful to the material. If delicate lingerie is required in a hurry, and no starch is available, dip the article or garment into fresh milk and press in the usual way. This gives the material the desired stiffness.

Who was Shylock, Aunt Ethel? "My dear! And you go to Sunday school and don't know that!" "Life." Cutting down the Overhead. "You don't love me any more. When you see me crying now you don't ask why." "I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but these questions have already cost me such a lot of money."—"Montreal Star."

Minard's Liniment for Frost Bites. ISSUE No. 50-30