

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JANUARY 7th MAT. 2:13-23 Golden Text.—Gen., 28:15. Joseph Is Warned At the birth of Jesus in Bethle

em. Wise men from the east came o worship, the new King. Folloing their departure an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, warning him of Herod's intentions to slay the child, and directing him to take the babe with Mary the mother down to Egypt where they would be safe from the

hands of Herod.

In fleeing to Egypt with the Christ child, Joseph was not only flinding a place of safety, but was fulfilling words of prophecy spoken over seven hundred years previously by the Prophet Hosea, "Out of Egypt have I colled my Son", Before he could be called out it was necessary for Him to go into Egypt.

Lamentation and Weeping

Herod had commanded the Wise men to bring him word once they with the pretence that he, too, would go and worship him. God knew the intents of His heart, and warned the Wise men not to return to Herod but to travel home another way. Upon realizing that the Wise men had bypassed him on their return home, Herod was exceeding wroth. In his he sought to slay the Christ Child and sent forth and slew all the children in Bethlehem and vici nity of two years old and under. It was a dreadful act and little can we imagine the sorrow to the mothers whose children were slaughtered. Jeremiah had told ot his event many years before. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not b

comforted because they are not."

Jesus, The Nazarene
It was not God's will that His son should be raised in Egypt, and fter the death of Herod, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream telling him to take the child with its mother back to the land of Israel. As directed Joseph returned to his native land with Jesus and his mother, Mary. When Joseph heard that Herod's

son Archelaus was reigning he was fearful lest the new king seek the young child's life. It does not mention where Joseph had intended living in Israel, but it may have been near Bethlehem, the former home of Mary. However, because of his fear of - what Archelaus ight do, he turned aside from his original plan and settled in- Nazareth. Here, too, we can see the hand of God, for it had been foretold "He shail be called a Naz-arene". "And behold, I am with thee, and keep thee in all places

Bread Stays Fresh For Two Weeks

One thing to look forward to after the war is bread that won't get stale. It will stay fresh for two weeks - just as fresh as when it came out of the oven. Girls in the British Army are al-

ready making this new kind of processed bread. In fact, it was supplied to invasion troops who landed in Normandy.

Watch out **Head Colds!** for sniffly **Head Colds!**

Head colds can cause much suffering. To promptly relieve the sniffly, sneezy, stuffy distress—puta little Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is to soothe irritation—reduce swelling—make breathing easier. Try it! Also helps prevent many colds from developing is used in time. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL



THEIR GOAL: HOMES IN U. S. A.

ican fighting men who hopefully await the day when they can come to America. Jamming Australia's port cities in hopes of obtaining early passage, many of the wives will have to wait a year before they will be able to see their future homes in U. S. A.

MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

bright brown hair.

Tøgggggggggggggggggg CHAPTER III

They were in the house now, it was soitly lit; there was a buzz of conversation, the alluring sound of distant music, beautifully gowned women, distinguished looking men. Mark suddenly perceived the girl who stood beside the stately, white heard hearter. The search white-haired hostess. There are moments when the rush of an emotion makes a man change coler; Mark Grant-knowing how he came there and why-went white when he first saw Pamela Rod-ney. The next moment Landon was reluctantly presenting him to Mrs. Lynn. Mark noticed that he omitted the words, "my friend," he said only: "Stewart Byram," the name Teddy Banks had given him.

Mark bowed; he was only con scious of the presence next to her, and that he hated the whole busi-

"One of the Utica Byrams, I

think," said the suave voice, and Mark cursed Teddy Banks for playing some trick on them. Then he heard Mrs. Lynn again. "Pam, dear, let me present a friend of Archie's, Stewart Byram. Mr. Byram, my niece, Miss Rodney."
Again Mark bowed.

Pam had just passed Archie Landon on to a young girl in pink. and she turned with a radiant smile for the newcomer. Mark scarcely heard the words of her little conventional greeting; he was listening to her voice; it seemed as lovely as her face. He had been too long in prison to turn his tongue easily to social inani-ties, but he found something to

"I've been out of the gay world so long I feel dumb," he told "but Balaam's Ass spoke when the angel stood in the way."

His bluntness caught her; she laughed delightedly. "I wonder where you've been?"

"I wonder where you've been?"
she said; then she caught the fire
that played in his eyes and flushed
prettily. "You look romantie; as
if you'd journeyed-far—in strange
lands and done—" she laughed
again softly—"strange deeds!".

"You're right," said Mark, "I've
been to Nomansland and lived in
a castle there."

seen in this light—gave her a de-licious thrill of fright. She was a castle there."
Pam laughed back at him, her young, and the touch of mystery about him intrigued her fancy. He was so different! Warning-

could, but her lip trembled; she was caught too in the tide of an emotion that swept them together like two chips in a torrent.
"I've known you all your life,"
Mark answered, with a deep note in his voice.

The aisles of the conservatory

were tropical; tall ferns and palms waved their fronds about them; lights shone like stars in the high arches overhead; a fountain played amid the full blown blossoms of the lotus, its heavy scent filling the air with the opium of madness. Music came to them softly, seduc-tively, and Mark's hands closed on hers and held them.

Her warm, soft hands trembled in his; he knew why her dark lashes swept her flushed young cheeks; the tide had caught them both. Madness leaped up in him; in a moment he would have kissed her; moment he would have kissed her, he would have dared even that, for e knew she was in a dream, car ried away; then, suddenly, his san-ity cried out within him: "Thief; thief! You can't steal

her love—you're a convict, let her go—you fool, you fool!" He heard the voice and he let her heard the vorce and he set her hands drop. But he was sway-ing on his feet, sheer madness had him. After fifteen years of misery he loved—loved at first sight! "I'm mad," he said, "stark mad" —then he bent humbly and crush-

—then he bent humbly and crush-ed her fingers against his lips— "forgive me!"

She was not angry; he felt that as he looked up at her. Her eyes were clear and bright, her face had softened, her lips curved; she looked at him a moment, silent, and then, softly:
"You've been unhappy-

a mystery about your life. I can see it!" Suddenly she laid her soft fingers lightly, a touch like thistledown, on his short crisp hair. "Some time you'll tell me, won't . . .

Mark mastered himself. He dared not take her hand again then.
"Yes," he said bluntly, "I'll tell you some time and then, perhaps you'll hate me for coming here to-She did not in the least under-

stand; he had swept her off her feet; there was something about him that fired her imagination; his him that fired her imagination; his evidently huge strength, his heath-enish disregard of the conventions, the hint of unhappiness and proud endurance in his face: all these things captured her fancy. That half hour in the conservatory, twi-light and fragrant as its aisles, was a kind of dream. She was still in a dream when someone came t dream she saw Mark, standing there in the ballroom door, watch-ing her. His eyes followed her wherever she went, and there was that flame of life in them. The girl, young and romantic, was car-ried away with it; she had never seen quite such a man. Among the ballroom dancers he towered like a giant.

"I wonder who he is?" she thought, and could not keep her years," he said in a low voice, "few do in Nomansland. But will you eyes away from the corner where he stood. She was angry with hersit out one dance with me-just self; she was caught like a girl of sixteen! Caught by the mystery "Not danced in fifteen years?" about him.
"He'd be a wonderful lover!" she she breathed her quick surprise; if

she breathed ner quick surprise; assemed immensely long to her; "Why, I was only six years old." Then she blushed furiously; "you've made me tell my age! Yes I can give you this dance; I kept it for Teddy Banks, and Arthought, dancing with Archie Landon, and she blushed softly.

Archie thought the blush was for him, but an instant later, whirling around in the dance, he saw that they had been passing Mark Grant. Landon set his teeth. chie Landon's just told me he can't come—" She stopped short, glancing aside at her aunt. "I'll get him out soon now!" he Mrs. Lynn, in the midst of new

But he reckoned without his hostess. When another dance claimed Pam, he found himself near Mrs. Lynn.

She was gracious. "I want you arrivals, had turned to a tail, gray-headed man who had just taken. his place beside her. Mark stared at him. He knew that profile, but he scarcely knew the face. Could this old, stooping, broken man be Burleson? Fifteen years had wrought fearful havor; he looked forth years older. Could it he time to stay to dinner, Archie. I've just asked your friend, Mr. Byram. He's so unusual. Mr. Burleson thinks him interesting. You're a good boy for bringing him here." forty years older. Could it be the

man? The man who had testified Landon reddened furiously. "I don't believe he can stay to dinagainst the boy of seventeen? "There's Uncle Herbert," said ner," he said hastily; "I know he's Pam. "It's lucky; if he hadn't come got an engagement—absolutely." Aunt Henrietta would keep me here! You haven't seen the con-

She looked frankly incredulous. "Why, Archie, he's just accepted! I sent him to tell Pam just now, so she wouldn't invite another person. We're twelve as it is." at the banana tree!" "Is Mr. Burleson your uncle ed their way through the gay throng; stopped here and there by "You sent him-" Landon pru-dently choked down the words; he first one guest and then another was raging at the thought of Grant again with Pam. "The fellow's all eager to greet the girl.
"No, his wife—she died three mad: he'il make love to her!" Bu years ago-was my aunt; he's my aloud: "I'll speak to him about it."
"I shan't let him off," Mrs. Lynn plained, "but he's good to mereplied coldly. "there's the tele-phone-he can cancel his engageoh, wonderfully! He's always good, you'll like him."

"Shall I?" Mark pondered, smil-ing down at the dark head below him. Then he caught Landon's eye Landon, caught in the throng about her, could not at first diseasage himself. Then he saw Mark Grant leaning over Pam, his elbow rested on the high mantel, his across the dancers in the ballroo and read wrath in it. In a flash he understood. Landon was jeatfine head was bent. Landon could not see his face, but hers was They were in the conservatory flushed and intent: she was drink now, alone in the sweet scented aisles, and something in his look, in the tense hardness of his faceing in Mark's words, whatever they were, with the wide intent eyes of a child. Landon raged again.
"Curse him!" he said to him-

self: "I'll have to get him out or

(To Be Continued)

"We've only just met, you know!" she said, as lightly as she No Harry Homes To Come Home To

Permission by the ministry of home security for evacuees from Britain's "Shellfire Corner" around
Dover to return home brought no plans for happy hemecomings. There is no place for the 18,000 "There is no place for the 18,000 evacuees to come to," said a Dover official. "The 20,000 who are here now occupy damaged houses which are repaired almost daily as new damage comes to light. Ninety-eight per cent of Dover's homes were struck by shells, bombs or collister."

> The moth of the silkworm has lost the ability to fly and is com

Quality You'll Enjoy

CHRONICLES

Well, it's the day after Christmas "and all through the house, not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse". Partner and John are out And now it is time to say "A

at the barn; the homecomers are sleeping as only city folk know how to sleep; Mitchie is content-edly licking her paws in satisfactory reminiscence of yesterday's Christmas fare — and no doubt christmas fare—and no doubt hoping for more to come. The tree is still pretty with its tinsel and gold but its base is conspicuously bare. An array of cards adorns the that we express so glibly, isn't it? I wonder how often the wish is mantelshelf and here and there a gift card or a piece of ribbon be-

trays an unswept floor.

Outside the sun is shining clear and cold on what has been very much "a white Christmas". We didn't have to dream of one—it was very much with us.

Did you have a good Christmas? I sincerely hope so. But maybe it was like ours — quiet but happy. We missed our soldier son, spending his first Christmas away from Canada. Our thoughts were the with him and we hoped he often with him and we hoped he managed to get leave so that he could at least spend the day with

Meeting this one and that before Christmas I thought so often how different this Christmas and New Year will be for so many. There was the young English wife with her baby — her first Christmas in Canada with her returned airman-husband . . . another, a Canadian bride, the first Christmas in her married life — and her husband already overseas. The family of a young soldier—
so pitifully young—once reported
missing but now known to be a
prisoner of war in Germany. The happy mother with her sailor son home on furlough from the Seven Seas. And alas, the saddened family to whom word has come for the second time — "We regret

to inform you. ." There are, too, families spending their first, second or perhaps third Christmas, with the hope that the age for miracles is not yet past and that from the "underground" will eventually emerge those reported mis-sing. Truly, we should be very



What every wooden wants good, ali-purpose shirtwaist frock. Pattern 4508 has time-saving front buttoning. Note wide size range. Pattern 4508 comes in sizes 12, Pattern 4508 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20: 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 35% yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 7? Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.



ingredient 13 Within. 14 Fertaining

to an era. 16 Touch. 18 Mother.

crystals. 27 Leg joint. 29 Hide.

33 Organs of

41 Musical note. 75 Cooking

34 Makes

52 Harnes

utensil. 76 SwirL

66 Astral body.

19 Color. 21 Insect. 23 College official

thankful if we can say "We spent a quiet, but happy Christmas".

I am sure we all hope that 1945 will see the turning of the tide—
a tide to bring victory and peace o Allied nations and liberation to the oppressed peoples of the world. A happy new year-it is a wish

followed by action. I mean, when we wish someone a happy new year is it just meaningless
phrase prompted by custom, or do
we intend to do our part towards
making this a happy year for the people to whom we speak Per-haps you will say—"That's ridi-culous—we can't take part in the life of every person we meet." That is true to a certain extent, our in-fluence is limited by the closeness of our contact, but if we know a person well enough to pass along new year's greeting then we know them well enough to impart a sincerity in our greeting that they will be quick to recognise of sympathy, encouragement, or just cheery goodwill. I cannot know which applies to each of you who read this column-I can only repeat that I wish the best for you-and only you can know what that "best" should be. And so, until next year good-

bye and good wishes.

Children Of Burma Keep Routes Open

Hundred of Arkanese childre armed with tin cans, kept the supply routes from blowing away as the Allies prepared for the current western Burma offensive

The main supply road on the Mayu Peninsula is deep in dust at this time of the year, and with winds sweeping across the Peninsula there was danger of the road however, sprinkled the route with water laboriously hauled from the They made a game of it but the



from HEADACHE this way ...

WHEN you suffer from an annoying, aggravating headache, get quick, triple-action relief just by taking a fast-acting prescription-type Instantine tablet. This tested and time proved remedy is specially compounded to ease your headache fast: 1. Speedily eases pain.

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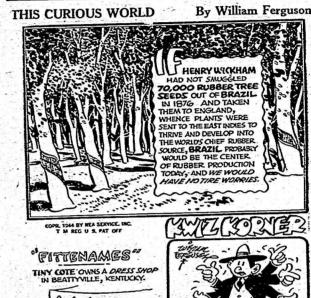
theumalic, neuralgic, neuritic suffer-

ing, or the misery of colds. All drug-



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By Roland Coe CROSSTOWN

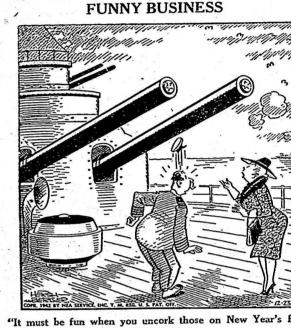


MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

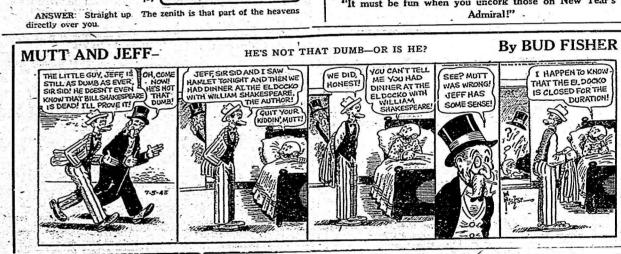
HE'S SORT OF A PRISONER OF WAR

I HAD TO FIGHT OFF TWO WAVE.

TO GET HIM !



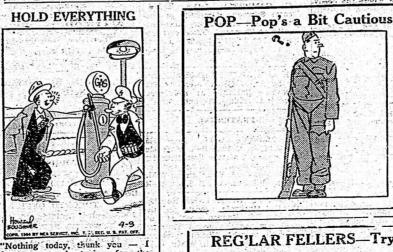
"It must be fun when you uncork those on New Year's Eve



YOU STOOD ON THE EQUA

HOLD EVERYTHING

LIFE'S LIKE THAT



"After twenty months in Iceland, Mom, I couldn't sleep

warm house."

SNOWY SEASON

VERTICAL

8 Bright color. 9 Golf mounds. 11 Part of "be."

12 Feline. (pl.). 15 Narrow path. 66 Fresh. 17 Tardy. 69 Thus. 20 Short letter. 71 Hypotheti

2 Silly.

Suffix.

2 Midday.

ered with open hand. 42 God of war. 45 Jewel. 48 Dines. 51 Journey.

possession.
57 Speed
competition.
59 Inert gaseous

force.

By Fred Neher

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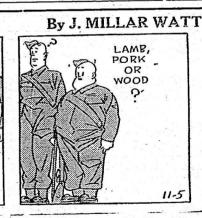
53 Hair a animal's neck

THE SPORTING THING









REG'LAR FELLERS-Try and Hit Him! WHAT TH'-!!
IT'S A
BOMBARDMENT DONT WORRY ABOUT THIS GOAL WHILE I'M HERE, JIMMIE! PLAY HOCKEY!



