

**SHORT STORY**  
**SHOOT**

**The Jester's Last Chance**

By JOHN T. KIERAN

One more chance to play his old role! One more chance to put on the only thing left of the days when he was hailed as the World's Greatest Clown, as Arsel, the Children's delight.

In a flash Arsel thought of what was in his trunk, for from his shabby tenement room he could hear the little fellow downstairs bewailing his fate. The circus parade! And it was passing a block down, just far enough away that he could not see it, but near enough that he could hear the thrilling rattle of wagon wheels and the delighted shouts of the other children. But to share in the feast of joy was denied the little fellow. A few days before an errand truck had crushed his leg, and there he lay, imprisoned in a heavy cast.

To Arsel the rattle of wheels brought back memories. Again the smell of sawdust was in his nostrils. The stirring music of the circus rang in his ears. He saw the big tent, the prancing horses, the thousands of people laughing at his antics, shouting his name—Arsel, the world's greatest fun maker, beloved by millions—now Arsel the forgotten, the unknown, in poverty and ill health. He sat up now in his bed uncertainly, wobbly.

But only for a moment did he hear the shouts and applause of other days, for they were crowded out by the crying of the boy downstairs. He was inconsolable. The circus was passing him by.

Arsel was trying to carry his thought into action. One more chance to be his old self! One more chance to wear the one thing that remained of his days of glory—his clown suit. And for what a cause!

The shabby room became a dressing tent. Out there was the audience he was going to amuse, to make happy—even more this time—to cheer a little boy into a frame of mind that would beckon recovery and lessen the misery of imprisoned limbs.

But could he manage to go through with it? Could he find the strength? The community nurse, having found him when she came to visit the injured boy, had told him that he must not leave his bed.

But another outburst of childish grief decided him. Hesitatingly, tremblingly he left the bed and started for the battered trunk in which lay the old clown suit.

When the circus had come into the town a half dozen of the old-timers were still with it. They had been troopers long ago with Arsel before he faded into oblivion.

They had last heard of him in this town. He probably was still here. They determined to find out, and to give him a rousing salutation, a regular circusman's greeting.

Arsel had the old suit on now. He wondered again what made him feel so strange. But then as he looked at himself in the dingy mirror he forgot everything. He was Arsel, the Children's Delight.

Suddenly he almost collapsed. The flare of strength that had buoyed him up puffed out.



Hollanders Remember the Canadian servicemen who died in their country fighting for Dutch freedom during World War II. Laying flowers on Canadian graves in Groesbeek cemetery, near Nymegen are Klässien and Amy Mulders, Groningen, sisters.

Suddenly a sound re-aroused his flaged mind. Incredulously he listened. Was it just a part of this strangeness that had come over him? Or was it really a circus band? Just outside! They were playing his march. The Circusmen's March!

He relaxed, happily. The boy was getting his circus after all. Shouts of joy were coming from him. For the little fellow was looking out the window, almost crying again he was so excited and thrilled.

"I wanna dance," he exclaimed, looking down at his cast. He saw one of the bandmen come into the house. In a minute or two he came out again and the band stopped playing. He said something to the others and then they started playing again.

The boy looked puzzled. He listened attentively for a moment. Then:

"That first piece was so pretty it made you wanna dance or somethin'. But this one is different. Gee! It sounds like somebody was dead."

**Scholarships Offered To Young Students**

Application forms for the Music and Art Scholarships donated by the Junior Leagues of Hamilton and Toronto have been sent out by the Department of Education to the principals of all Secondary Schools in Ontario. There are four Music Scholarships and four Art Scholarships of \$200 each. Every Secondary School is allowed to submit two pupils for the Art and two for the Music Scholarship. The music is open only to grades nine and ten, and is for instrumentalists only. The Art is, this year, open to all grades in Secondary Schools. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the school principals.

**Good Measure**

"I always believe in weighing my words before speaking," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And you don't give short weight either," replied her husband.

**CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM**

By Gwendoline P. Clark

Now let's think about Christmas, shall we? Christmas, you say? Well, why not? Fall fairs are over, Thanksgiving is past, we have had our Indian summer, we are back on standard time, so why shouldn't we think of, and plan for, the last big event of the year? To tell you the truth I have had it in mind for several weeks and have already purchased a box of Christmas cards and a couple of Christmas gifts. I have a feeling that ordinary, everyday presents are going to be hard to come by at reasonable prices later on. Daughter is also Christmas-minded and her knitting needles are busy all the time. She was here for Thanksgiving as were also other friends from a distance. These from a distance came unexpectedly so that on Sunday our dining-table looked more as if it were set for a threshing gang.

On Monday some of us took a trip up the road to take a look at our new highway that is still under construction—and that is putting it mildly. We never know when we start out from this end

what we shall find at the other—or whether we shall get through at all. This time we found a steam shovel at work chewing its way clear across the road preparatory to laying a culvert. We went as far as we could go, then turned tail, and approached the job by way of a detour to find out what was going on. We found plenty of activity. The machinery was working at a spot where they had struck quicksand. The had been laid along one side of the road and all kinds of fill—dirt and gravel—had been dumped on the road. But still the road-bed was like a sponge to walk on. It really gave one the queerest feeling. I was almost afraid to lift one foot after the other—that is until I remembered that heavy machinery was continually passing over the spot, and since each piece of equipment must weigh a good many tons I thought there was just a chance the road-bed would not give under my weight! Anyway daughter and I took a chance as we wanted to watch the big bulldozer at work—the men were off at another place watching some other machine. The bulldozer was going up and down a huge bank, pushing dirt ahead of it on to the road for more fill. It looked as if it must surely take a nose-dive but of course we knew it wouldn't—the caterpillar treads took care of that.

Haven't we been having the most wonderful weather and isn't the country lovely these days? I think we should all take a little time off some time and take advantage of every chance we get to see a little of our own native scenery. Maybe it isn't necessary to go very far afield—sometimes no further than our own backyard. The main thing is to have "seeing" eyes.

And speaking of scenery—if you get the connection—what do my readers think of the Battle of the Skirts? Of course we will leave the men out of this little discussion—what I want to know is what the ladies think of it. Personally, I am all in favor of the longer hem-line—if it doesn't go to extremes. Dresses the way they were may be all right for five-footers—all they have to do is shorten them to suit themselves, but take women like myself—five feet eight—we never find anything long enough. Now it will at least give us a little leeway whether we finally decide to have them long or short. And after all, ladies, you will admit that the longer hem-line will cover up a few runs and such like in these days of dearer stockings. But, of course, if fashion says—skirts to the ankle—well, that's another story. That is where we can show our independence and do as we like.

The diamond is the hardest most enduring substance in nature.

**CANADIAN STYLE**



Sequin sunburst from the left shoulder to the darted waistline is gay trim on this Peter Pan date dress. The wide short sleeves display the same fullness as the flared dress.

**TABLE TALKS**

**All About Honey**

Honey is known as Nature's sweet. The ancient Greeks who used honey, called it "nectar of the Gods."

The color and flavor of honey vary greatly according to the type of flower from which the nectar has been collected. Tastes vary greatly, some like mild delicate honey while others prefer that with a pronounced flavor.

All honey (except that packed in glass containers) shipped from one province of Canada to another is required to be classified as to color and graded as to quality. The larger portion of honey sold locally is also graded.

The color classes for honey are—white, golden, amber and dark. Color does not affect the grade. Color is, however, an indication of flavor, for, as a general rule the darker the honey the stronger the flavor.

Honey is sold in both granulated and liquid form. "Pasteurized" honey, which is of creamy texture, has been treated by the controlled application of heat to a point where all yeasts responsible for fermentation are destroyed. For this reason, it will keep indefinitely. It is packed in plants registered with, and operating under the supervision of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

When honey is graded, the grade and the color classification must be shown on the container. Pasteurized honey is labelled as such.

No. 1 grade of good flavor, free from foreign material and with good keeping is the best grade for table use.

No. 2 grade honey may have traces of pollen or wax. The keeping quality is not as good as No. 1 but it is of good flavor.

No. 3 grade may not be of such good flavor as higher grades and may have some pollen or wax. It has poor keeping qualities and is not so good for table use but is excellent for baking.

The United Kingdom has been spending dollars at the rate of \$50,000,000 a month to feed Germans in the British zone of Germany.

**Dawn Patrol**  
I do not love the crowing rooster. As much as in my youth I yoster. In fact, it makes me somewhat surly. To have him wake me up that early.

**True Co-operation**  
Employee: "Could I have tomorrow off to help my wife with the house-cleaning?"  
Boss: No. We're much too busy."  
Employee: "Thank you sir, I knew I could count on you."

**GIRLS! WOMEN! TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS, CRANKY, TIRED-OUT**

**On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of The Month!**

Do female functional monthly disturbances make you feel nervous, fidgety, cranky, so tired and "dragged out"—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This fine medicine is very effective for this purpose! For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported benefit. Just see if you, too, don't report excellent results! Worth trying.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND**



**QUICK RELIEF FOR BABY'S TENDER FEVERISH GUMS KOOL-A-GUM**

**TEETHING AID**

THE NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD YOUR DOCTOR WOULD RECOMMEND THE COLD COMPRESSION TO RELIEVE PAIN At Better Stores Everywhere or Send \$1.00 to 2112 EL CAJON BLVD. SAN DIEGO 3, CALIF.

PROGRESSIVE PRODUCTS

**THE EASY WAY TO GET LASTING COLOUR FRESHNESS IN YOUR CLOTHES IS WITH All-fabric Tintex**

CANADA'S ORIGINAL All-fabric DYE PROVEN BY YEARS OF USE

Guaranteed for CELANESSE, NYLON AND ALL OTHER FABRICS

15¢ A PACKAGE Use WHITEK for bluing

*Canada's Finest* **IN THE SERVICE OF THE PUBLIC**



**THE FIRE RANGER**

Defender of the wealth and splendor of our forests... ever aware of the tragedies forest fires inflict... ever alert for the first sign of danger, the first warning wisp of smoke. The Fire Ranger—tireless guardian of the forests.

Men like this, some of Canada's finest, are in the public's service—at your service.

**DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY**

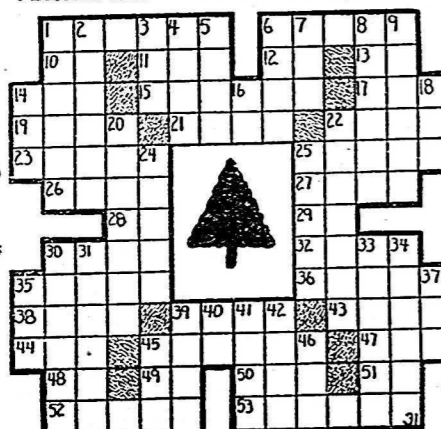
One of a series of advertisements in tribute to those Canadians in the service of the public

**U. S. Army Group**

- HORIZONTAL** 49 Exists  
1,6 Depicted in 50 Meadow  
insigne of the 51 Daybreak  
U. S. Army (comb. form)  
52 Solid  
53 Disfigure
- VERTICAL**  
10 Within  
11 Members of 1 Most exacting  
these army 2 Chant  
units — 3 Article  
brave men 4 Waste  
allowance  
12 Upon 5 12 months  
13 Transpose 6 Nutritive  
(ab.) 7 Hostelry  
14 Perform 8 River  
on stage 9 Baseball term  
15 Motive  
17 Tear  
19 Ceylonese constable  
21 Walked on  
22 Cried  
23 Slaves out  
25 Rings out  
26 Examination  
27 Repeat (Scot.)  
28 Toward  
29 Oleum (ab.)  
30 Assist  
32 Malayan coins  
35 Uncovers  
36 Animal  
38 Limbs  
39 Salamander  
43 Eli  
44 Friend (Fr.)  
45 Bullfighter  
47 Roads (ab.)  
48 Half-em

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

RALSTON CANADA  
ALABAMA ALABAMA  
YESTERDAY TIME  
SOCIETY TREE  
TIDE J.L. SOLES  
ACRES J.L. SOLES  
DEBTS RALSTON PACES  
TIDE J.L. SOLES  
PITHEM MEDICINE  
ASHBRIT NITRATE  
NEEDED DEFENSE

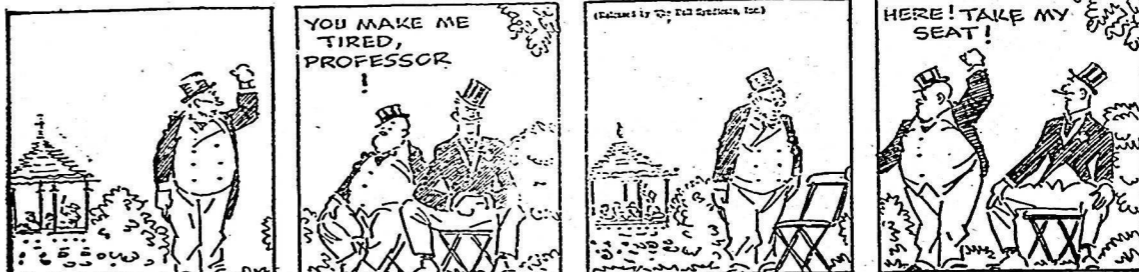


**COLD?**  
Check it with  
**MINARD'S**  
"KING OF PAIN"  
LINIMENT

Just inhale the soothing, healing fumes, for quick relief. It's fast acting! Get a bottle today.

17-46  
LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 65¢  
35¢

**POP—Can't Stand It!**



By J. MILLAR WATT