

MAGIC MEDICINE

There's a heap of consolation
In the handcup of a friend
I can wipe out desolation
An' bring heart achin' to an end
I can soothe a troubled spirit
Like no magic in the land
Heaven? You've got it near—
When a good friend grips your hand!

There's a heap of consolation
In a friendly shoulder pat;
It's a simple little action
But it's mighty in its effect
When firm fingers grip your shoulder
When you're afeared an' doubtful
Makes you surer an' braver bolder
An' more ite to run the race!

When you're full of worry pizen
An' the world is lookin' drear,
There's a heap of consolation
In a little bit of cheer
When some little fella dresses you
They put a smile on your face
Little phrases like "God bless you"
An' that other one "Cheer up!"
—James Edward Hufferdorn.

WHEN IT BEGINS

It is not uncommon these days to see a man walking through the streets of a city, looking at the people around him with a look of intense interest. He is not a detective, nor a reporter, nor a student of human nature. He is simply a man who has just begun to think.

The Ontario Public Health Commission has just issued a report on the state of the city of Toronto. The report is a long and detailed one, and it contains a great deal of interesting information. One of the most interesting parts of the report is the section on the health of the city's children.

The report states that the health of the city's children is generally good, but there are a few things that need to be done to improve it. One of the most important things is to improve the city's water supply. The report states that the water supply is not pure enough, and that this is a danger to the health of the children.

Another thing that needs to be done is to improve the city's sewage disposal system. The report states that the sewage disposal system is not working properly, and that this is a danger to the health of the children. The report also states that the city's streets are not clean enough, and that this is a danger to the health of the children.

CHOOSING YOUR FOOD

What foods are most nutritious? A dietetic expert conducting a series of experiments with different foods and their relation to bodily health, gives some valuable hints.

All food contains two chief principles—carbon to keep them from freezing and nitrogen to keep them from fermenting. Naturally, the portion of these elements varies with the kind of food. Those who lead an active outdoor life require a greater amount of nourishment of nitrogen, for it is the flesh-forming principle. Those who are exposed to a great deal of cold, should eat the carbonaceous heat-supplying foods.

So that one might see at a glance which food is most nutritious, the expert has compiled a list of the maximum amount of nourishment from each food. Naturally, the portion of these elements varies with the kind of food. Those who lead an active outdoor life require a greater amount of nourishment of nitrogen, for it is the flesh-forming principle. Those who are exposed to a great deal of cold, should eat the carbonaceous heat-supplying foods.

TRUTH TELLING

Do not think of truth-telling as a disagreeable business sure to hurt the feelings of others. One of the surest ways of adding to the sum of human happiness is simply to tell the truth. All of us have love and admiration locked up within our nature, which if they were put into words, would make great many people happy. If you should say what you feel for the innumerable public official, it would make it easier for other public officials to measure to the highest standards.

HASNT QUITE GOT THE RANGE

"Doesn't that mule ever kick you?"
"No, he ain't yit, but he frequently kicks the place where his front feet was"—Missouri Wesleyan Offering.

The Beginning on the Evans Farm

BY HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

As the boy approached the house, a big leather grip in his hand, he saw a dog running across the lawn. The dog was a large, black, shaggy animal, and it was running towards the boy. The boy stopped and looked at the dog. The dog stopped and looked at the boy. The boy and the dog stared at each other for a moment. Then the dog turned and ran back towards the house.

The boy's response was another outbreak of barking, the while he tugged at his chain. And suddenly the door of the farmhouse opened and a voice called, "Come along, there's nothing to be afraid of. The dog's chained." The boy laughed softly to himself. "The dog's chained?" he said. "The dog's chained?" he said. "The dog's chained?" he said.

The man walked him in his shirt sleeves, though the night was chilly. He held in his hand an oil lamp. He did not extend his hand as the boy came up the steps, but motioned for him to follow. "You're Mac," he said. "Yes, Uncle John." "Where you not in the kitchen? It's the only place where there is a fire." "A fire most amiable would seem to go to the night," the boy said. He set his bag on the floor and walked over to the range, holding his hands above the surface, and rubbing them with an air of satisfaction. "The horse's named Mac," he said. "The horse's named Mac," he said. "The horse's named Mac," he said.

"I'm not fussy about my vittals, and I don't expect you to be. This fall and winter you can find ways to make yourself useful, and when the spring comes, I'll have you out on the farm. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant." "I don't know if I'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant." "I don't know if I'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant."

Mac did not reply. He took his bag and followed his uncle to a room far removed from the main part of the house. But his good night was so cheerful that John Evans went to his own room without more than a cursory glance at the boy. Mac had had a long day, and he was tired. He went to bed and fell asleep. The next morning, Mac was up early. He had had a long day, and he was tired. He went to bed and fell asleep.

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Many Stray Dogs Given Happy Home at Mount Vernon Farm

The Toronto Star Weekly on Saturday had an interesting article on the work of the Humane Society of Ontario in the effort to care for stray dogs. Last year nearly five thousand dogs were cared for.

The article outlined the work being done by Dr. H. A. Beatty, at his kennels at Vernon Park Farm, on the second line between Acton and Eglinton, and says:

"One of the directors of the Humane Society, who has his kennels at Vernon Park Farm, has ably supplemented the work of that organization in the rehabilitation of stray dogs. Dr. H. A. Beatty, who, on his description, 'near-acton' has provided a home for some forty of the animals, equipped with every modern accessory to ensure their comfort. His kennels, which in their appointment are regarded as among the best in Canada, have been constructed by the Humane Society. Here, in the breeding country, the dogs are kept in the best of health, and they are given the best of care. The dogs are kept in the best of health, and they are given the best of care. The dogs are kept in the best of health, and they are given the best of care."

"You're mistaken. The boy couldn't ride that horse. He was too young. He was too young. He was too young." "I must have been some other horse." "I must have been some other horse." "I must have been some other horse."

"I don't know if I'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant." "I don't know if I'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant." "I don't know if I'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant. You'll like it here, I'll warrant."

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Sometimes the best intentions are but traps; the loftiest endeavor ends in disaster. This may be illustrated by the story of a waiter of some distinction who was visiting his friends.

One evening after a concert, the friend said that he would run over to a club to meet an appointment with a friend. Would his host give him a key, so that he might let himself in? Of course the request was granted.

At two o'clock in the morning, after a long conference, the waiter jumped into a taxi, and was driven home. He opened the door with his key, his host's key, and he found the door open. He went in and found the door open. He went in and found the door open.

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