

HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER

Have faith in one another. When you meet in friendship's name...

Have faith in one another. When ye whisper faith's fond vow...

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes: Household Ideas and Suggestions

LEMONADE ON CHRISTMAS

Many of us do not associate lemonade with Christmas unless it is intended for someone who has been unfortunate...

There is another reason, however, why lemonade or fruit punch is very desirable for a holiday of this kind...

We eat a great deal of acid-reaction foods at the Christmas dinner so that a drink made from lemons or some other alkaline-reaction fruit will tend to balance our food for the day...

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 2 cups sifted flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder...

Cream butter, add sugar and cream again. Add orange juice alternately with 3 cups flour sifted with baking powder...

FROZEN TWO AND ONE

- 2 cups sugar, 2 cups water, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, 2 bananas, 2 egg whites, 1 pineapple

Boil sugar and water five minutes; cool; add pulp and juice of oranges, lemons, and bananas...

CHRISTMAS PROQUETTES

- 1 cup stale cake crumbs, 1/2 cup chopped, blanched almonds or shredded coconut, Grated rind 1/2 lemon, 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice...

Mix first four ingredients in saucepan; add orange juice to mixture and let stand ten minutes. Heat to boiling point; remove from fire; add egg yolk and con. Shape as croquette; dip in egg white, beaten slightly...

LEMON MINGOEMEA'

- 4 lemons, 2 apples, 1 pound currants, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, 1/2 cup melted butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon salt...

Squeeze juice from lemons and hook peel until soft. Put through meat-chopper and then rub through a sieve. Add chopped apples and remaining ingredients, mix well and store in jars. Use as a filling for turnovers and pies.

Help for Asthma. Neglect gives asthma a great advantage. The trouble arises from the bronchial passages becoming inflamed. Dr. J. C. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is especially beneficial in cases of long standing years of suffering...

Another Short Story

LITTLE DAN'S CHRISTMAS

DEWITT T. JONES

LITTLE DAN was the smallest newsboy on the street. Such a little fellow to be peddling papers!

Poor little Dan! My heart goes out to him. His mother was dead and his never-do-well father had forsaken him.

One stormy November day, just after he had sold his last paper and had started for Old Man Rose's shop for a "bit of lunch," something happened.

A nurse, pushing a baby carriage across the street, became confused in the noise and left her charge, a beautiful smiling baby girl, to the mercy of the approaching trolley.

Then, suddenly, following the gladness came a great pain, ending in darkness. When he awoke from that darkness he was in a white bed, and there was a sweet-faced, white-capped nurse near by.

"How'd I get here? An' where am I?" he asked wonderingly. "You're in the hospital. They brought you here in an ambulance. You got hurt saving Mrs. Swift's baby."

"A light came into Dan's eyes. 'Oh,' he cried, 'I'm glad I saved the baby. I was afraid maybe I couldn't. She's got a mother, hasn't she?'"

"Yes," the nurse said, "a lovely one." The light deepened in Dan's eyes. "Then she's glad, too. She'd felt awful if the baby'd been killed. She wasn't even hurt—was she?"

"No, she wasn't hurt the least bit. I'm sorry you were hurt." "Somebody had to be, an' it's lucky 'twas me. I ain't got no mother to feel bad about me, an' if I did know I was hurt he wouldn't care. I don't care—myself—only—only—"

A spasm of pain made him gasp for breath. Then, suddenly, with a great effort, he finished his sentence. "Only it must be nice to have a mother to care." The nurse did not answer, she could not just then.

"What's the matter with my legs?" the boy asked. "I can't move 'em." "They're broken, but they'll be all right after a few weeks. You'll have to just stay here and be as patient as you can until you get well."

The light came into his eyes again. "It's nice here," he said. "I'd like to stay if I can't do much trouble. I've never been in such a white, white place before, an' it's so clean!"

"Don't talk any more just now," the nurse said, gently. When he awoke again a beautiful young woman was sitting beside him. A great bouquet of red carnations on a small stand near his bedside scented the air with their fragrance over him.

"I'm the baby's mother, little Dan," she said, gently stroking the thin hand that rested on the white spread. "Oh," he cried out. "Oh!" his face becoming radiant.

"How glad she must be!" was his thought. "She kissed me, oh, oh, she kissed me." It was the first kiss in his remembrance—the first kiss.

"You dear boy! (It was the baby's mother talking.) 'You little hero! It makes my heart ache to know that you got hurt saving my baby.'"

"It's all right, ma'am, don't you fret. You see I ain't got any folks to feel bad. I'm just Dan."

He was trying his best to comfort her, but her only answer was the tears that rained down her face. Christmas, glad Christmas, had come. Dan had not walked yet, but the doctor at the hospital had assured him that the wound soon be running around as well as his legs on a great cushioned chair.

Mrs. Swift's parlor. The lovely baby that he had saved was toddling about the room, approaching him now and then with a smiling gurgle of delight, holding up her new Christmas dolly for his admiration. Sometimes she would shyly reach up one of her tiny dimpled hands and stroke his thin ones gently. He had never loved anyone else as he loved this beautiful baby, and had saved her. And there never had been any one else as beautiful as she was—he thought—unless it was her mother.

him, on his lap and on the table beside him. Caesar, an old colored servant, suddenly appeared, on the scene. "Do Christmas dinner am served," he said with a broad grin.

Dan took a long breath of delight. "Oh!" he said, "Oh!" The delicious aroma from roast turkey was wafted to him. Caesar was carrying him gently into the dining-room. He folded his hands when the blessing was asked. He said his own silent, his face aglow.

"You are so good, dear God," he said to himself, "and I'm so awful happy."

For Burns and Scudder—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will take the fire out of a burn or scald. It should be at hand in every kitchen so that it may be available at any time. There is no preparation required. Just apply the oil to the burn or scald and the pain will abate and in a short time cease altogether.

THE WATERMELON THIEVES

Perhaps the reader has noticed sometimes, on coming from the "big top," or main tent, of a circus at night, that things seem strange, and that you reach freedom from the dense crowds much sooner than you had believed possible?

That, says Mr. Courtney Hyley Cooper, in "Lions in 'Tiger's' 'Everything,'" is because half the circus has departed while you have been watching the performance; the menageries, midway, horse tents, blacksmith shop, cookhouse and virtually everything except the big top itself has been dismantled and loaded on the cars. Already it is rushing on toward the next stand.

On one night, I remember, while the performers worked away in the big top, the section crew labored furiously in the car-bid- illuminated stretches of the railway yards, getting the first section out as quickly as possible. At last the loading was finished, the conductor gave the signal, the "highball" whistle piped from the engine, and the train began slowly to move.

Only to halt again, however, for the quick-winking lanterns flashed out an emergency, or "wash-out," signal. A "car-knocker" had run yelping from the depths of the shadows, in a panic of excitement.

"Robbers!" he gasped. "Robbers down there in one of those cars! They hit me on the head!" "Hit you?" The conductor stared. "What with?"

"A watermelon! Threw it down at me from on top of the car when I bent over to look at the journals." "But—why a watermelon?"

"Well, I guess it was all they had. Anyway, it was enough! It nearly knocked me out. There are robbers on that car, I'm telling you. Getting out of town with their swag probably."

It was enough to hold the train. A call went out for the town marshal, who responded with six hastily summoned deputies. Accompanied by circus men with ten stakes and "lay-in-out" pins, the marshal started down the dark lane beside the railway cars.

The posse reached the spot of the assault, and the marshal demanded a surrender. There was no reply, save a queer sound as of tremendous things skating about inside one of the cars, and a sound of eager crunching. Again was the command given, but no one surrendered. Then some one pressed the button of a flashlight. This is what the excited posse saw:

"Within the 'bull car' eight elephants were having the time of their lives. They were skating and slipping and sliding about in a mass of crushed watermelons, their mouths dripping with the fruit, their heads and shoulders sticky and wet with the juice. The whole floor of the car was as slippery as a skating pond. A railway representative arrived, became pompous, and announced:

"There'll have to be an arrest made; can't have you circus men stealing watermelons from railway property—" The boss animal man grinned. "All right," he said. "Go right ahead; but it's elephants you'll have to arrest!"

In verification of his words the trunk of the biggest elephant shot forth, between the bars of the "bull car" and hit the recesses of a watermelon car on the next track. It came forth a second later with another tid-bit which was dragged into the elephant car, thrown to the floor, and skated upon in kitchenish fashion by the rest of the herd as the animals rushed greedily forward to devour it.

The elephants had scented the watermelons, reached forth, broken the seal of the car and pushed open, the door. Evidently the arrival of the car-knocker had frightened one of the thieves, and it had dropped the melon it was purloining at that instant squarely on the head of the man.

"Traveling by elephants is indeed a rather common occurrence. The worst of it is that they cannot be punished for it. In spite of all you hear about the enemies that are practiced upon animals, it is next to impossible to punish an elephant; and then only for some major offense, such as deliberate attempt at murder. For minor offenses you can do little more than scold. The elephant takes a scolding a good deal like a small boy; he appears dreadfully downcast, cries and trumpets, goes to his knees as though to promise that it never will happen again, and then, at the first opportunity, proceeds to repeat his offense."

NO DOUBT

A well-known New-Yorker has a curious finger-ring with the Ten Commandments engraved on it in such small letters that they can only be read with the aid of the microscope. People who know him well are of the opinion that he has lost the ring, and now he is looking for it with a microscope.

PAID BY APPRECIATION

Most young men and women asked if they expected to be able to pay back the debt they owe their parents, would frankly say no. They are thinking of giving benefits, services, not appreciation; yet appreciation is to many the best payment of all.

There is a story told of a French painter, now celebrated, who in his early years was met by a friend carrying a picture under his arm. Briefly he explained that there was no money in the house and he was on his way to sell the picture for all it would bring. A little later the friend again encountered him

and now the artist was beaming. "I've been so fortunate," he said. "My picture was taken by some one who really likes it." The friend supposed that of course he had sold it advantageously, but later he learned that the painter had met a poet as impetuous as himself, and the poet had admired the picture so greatly that the owner had at once presented it to him. The admiration of the penniless poet was just as good as money to his fellow artist.

Children often make glowing plans of what they will do for their parents when they "grow up." We are not always able to realize those dreams. What is more, we do not need to wait until we

ONE MORE SCOTCH JOKE

Malcolm MacGregor stood gazing at the Falls in rapture. "I've never been to Niagara before," he remarked to a bystander. "But I'm on my honeymoon the two and of course I came to Niagara."

"But where's the bride?" "Hoot Mon," replied Malcolm. "She's back in Toronto. She's seen the Falls."



"May I make a suggestion?" We all know that the best way to wish a friend a Merry Christmas is to say it yourself—especially in the case of out-of-town friends who appreciate your voice more than any other form of greeting.

BUT—if everybody waits until Christmas Day to make these calls there are bound to be crowded lines and delays.

We telephone operators all wish to avoid that sort of thing. We want to put your Christmas calls through promptly and pleasantly. We therefore suggest that you place your calls as many days before Christmas as you can.

A Christmas greeting is just as timely and appreciated before Christmas as on the day itself; it is spoiled only when it is late. So please be early this year and let us show you how quick and courteous our service can be.



CHRISTMAS DINNERS ON THE HOOF



Part of the 76 head of prize beef cattle, stated to have been the finest ever exhibited at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, recently, and purchased by the Royal York Hotel for the Christmas and New Year's festivities. They include the first prize carload of Hereford steers raised by the McIntyre Ranching Company, Ltd., of Lethbridge; the second prize carload of Aberdeen Angus steers bred at the Canadian Pacific Railway's central farm at Conlidae, Alta.; the fourth prize carload of shorthorn steers from the Olds School of Agriculture, Alberta; and the fifth prize carload of Aberdeen Angus steers, raised by George Tait, of Warren, Manitoba. The Royal York also purchased the Grand Champion Wether, a southdown, exhibited at the Fair by Colonel Robert McEwen, of London, Ont., and a prize carload of ten Tambs.

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