



NEW Y. M. C. A. AT CAPREOL.

This new \$45,000 railway Y.M.C.A., now under construction by Canadian National Railways, will mean much to the inhabitants of the little railway town of Capreol, which has sprung up during the last five years, on the main line of Canadian National Railways between Toronto and Winnipeg, and now boasts of a population of between five and six hundred railway employees who with their families have located there. It will provide a community centre where the people may meet together in a social way, and hold meetings and concerts.

The new "Y" will undoubtedly fill a wide gap in the life of Capreol in providing a community centre or clubhouse, with its library, billiard room, writing room, cafeteria and large main hall or rotunda, which could be used to excellent advantage for a lecture, concert, dance, or any large community gathering.

The building has a concrete foundation, its outer walls are of brick finished with stucco and the sloped roof is covered with cedar shingles. There is a large lower and upper verandah across the front, supported by a portico of four pillars, and from the centre of the lower verandah one enters through a vestibule into the main rotunda, in the centre of which and opposite the door, in a spacious alcove, is a large brick fireplace. Just to the left of the entrance the manager's room and office is situated, while immediately to the left is the library and reading room. Back of the library, separated from the rotunda by pillars, there is a large billiard room and a games room. An open writing room is also provided at the back of the rotunda between the alcove and games room. To the left of the rotunda, between two columns, one enters the dining room or cafeteria, from which, through swing doors, access to the kitchen is obtained. The main stairs are situated at the back of the main hall between the kitchen and an alcove, where there is also a street entrance to the building.

A simple treatment of stucco beams with a plain cornice mould and plaster columns is used throughout the main floor. The floor is finished with oak, while partitions and trim are of Georgia pine stained and varnished.

On the second floor there are 18 bedrooms, a sick bay, large toilet and bathroom and linen closets, and from the corridors there are exits to four balconies, which may be used as sleeping porches, and would prove useful in case of fire. On the third floor there are also 18 single rooms, a double room, large toilet and linen closets and access to balconies from the corridor.

Provision has also been made for two bowling alleys, which will be put in later.

## Gertrude Came to Cherry Valley

BY FRED J. ST. JOHN

### CHAPTER I.

The car flashed down the hill road, over a short-spanded bridge where the way leads by many pleasant windings down Cherry Valley. It was October and the colors in which she delighted were exhibited in all their glory.

John Hadley brought the car to a stop at the top of a gentler rise in the road and he and the girl sat silent, lost in enjoyment of the autumn landscape.

He lifted his cap and let the sunlight fall full on his pleasant, sun-browned face. His features were strong and clean-cut and the light in his brown eyes and his boyish smile made him seem younger than his thirty years. He drew a deep breath and turned to speak to the girl.

The cute little hat with its impertinent red feather seemed a becoming crown for her dark brown hair.

"Don't you just love it?" he asked her.

She started and laughed lightly, "Yes, from the seat of an automobile!"

He pulled his cap on with a jerk, without a word settled himself at the wheel and sent the car flying down the road, his jaws set grimly, his eyes fixed on the track.

Gertrude Allison leaned back and watched him, a tender smile curving her lips, then suddenly laid her hand on his arm and leaned toward him.

"John," she said softly, "I'm sorry I said it just that way. I'm sorry if I said anything to spoil our enjoyment of this splendid day and this view of your beautiful valley. I wish I could be glad to come out to live on your old farm but I just can't, John! I really suppose it must be that I don't love you enough. I've tried to make myself believe I could marry you and be happy as a farmer's wife, but—"

She broke off with a hopeless little gesture. The grim lines of John's face softened a little but he made no response and presently she went on.

"Why can't you give up the farm and come to the city? You have training, character and money—there are many ways in which you could succeed there. We could enjoy so many things there that life in the country could not offer—and we'd be so happy!"

His voice was grave as, still looking straight ahead he presently answered, "Maybe I ought to do that. I suppose you cannot understand when I say it's impossible for me to agree with you. I know you don't realize what it would mean to me to leave the farm. I've tried to imagine myself doing that but, Gertrude, that old farm has been my home all my life, except for the few years when I was at school in the city—where I met you.

"There are a thousand ties to bind me to the farm and to old Cherry Valley. After Father died, you know,

Mother and I kept things going. I've learned to love the farmer's life and the part I've taken in the affairs of our community. But now—Mother's gone and I've the whole thing on my hands—only old Martha to look after me and the house. Maybe I'm foolish to hold on, but I could not be satisfied to be cooped up in the city. I know you would be happy once you were settled into the ways of a farmer's wife. We'd have each other and I'm sure we'd be happy."

She shook her head. "A farmer's wife has to work hard, with little chance to play. We'd be happy for a while, but—look!" she pointed suddenly to a farm house they were passing. A woman had just pumped a bucket of water from the well in the yard. She carried the bucket in one hand and with the other directed the uncertain steps of a two-year-old who insisted on holding his mother's hand.

"That seems a hard way to get water," said Gertrude after a moment. "Couldn't they have it piped right into the house?"

"I suppose they could," John said, "but almost everybody does it this way."

"Do you—" she began, then stopped abruptly.

"Yes," said John grimly, "we have our well right out in the yard. Whenever we need water for the house, Martha carries it in a bucket. Or I get it if I am there."

The girl made no comment. They next came to a substantial brick farmhouse in a yard that sloped up from the road.

"I ought to see Andrews, the man who lives here, for just a minute," said John, as he slowed down. "Do you mind if I drive in and leave you for a little while?"

"Of course not! I shall enjoy the view while I wait."

After John left her, she sat absorbed in thought until a woman came out and began taking clothes from a long line.

She greeted Gertrude pleasantly across the fence.

"Seems to me somebody has been doing a big day's work!" answered Gertrude in friendly fashion. "Are you Mrs. Andrews?"

"Yes. They have to be ironed tomorrow," Mrs. Andrews added looking down the line of swaying garments.

"Do you use a washing machine?" "Yes, but washing's hard anyway you do it. If I had a girl, it wouldn't be so bad but help is not to be had. Soon as the girls in this neighborhood are big enough to work they go to the city. I don't know as I blame them. I get so tired sometimes I think I'd rather do anything than work on the farm. They're lucky to get away before it's too late."

"Oh, well," said Gertrude consolingly, "the worst part of the week is over when the washing and ironing are done. You have the rest of the week to get rested."

"Rested!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews,

"I'm never rested. If it isn't washing and ironing, it's sweeping or churning or baking or getting three meals a day and washing dishes or—" She broke off abruptly and pointed back to the house.

"Do you see these lamps on that shelf? It took me an hour this afternoon to clean and fill them all. Day after tomorrow they'll be as bad as ever. That's the way with our farm work; it's the same thing day after day, with no prospect of a let-up—until you're dead."

John came back at this juncture and, with a word of farewell, they were quickly on their way down the winding road.

"Well," he said, "did you have a pleasant little visit with Mrs. Andrews?"

Gertrude laughed. "You would not have stopped there if you had known what she would say! She told me dreadful things about how hard farmers' wives have to work."

"I'll bet she did," growled John, "and made your determination to refuse to be a farmer's bride stronger than ever. Well," holding out his hand and smiling in the big-boy fashion that Gertrude loved, "let's be friends! We don't have to settle the thing to-day. Let's hope for better luck next time!"

"John, I wish I could!" she cried, "but you don't know how much I think—and worry about—us and how we differ."

"Well," rejoined John quickly, "don't you think I also—"

"Maybe you do." She leaned closer to him. "But, John, it isn't just these things we've mentioned that I cannot accept but a whole array of them or no—" she hesitated. "Not exactly that either. It's the sort of living that these things stand for which I hate. Just imagine what one week of life like Mrs. Andrews' would be for me here in your beautiful Cherry Valley. The homes are comfortable-looking places—delightful homes—but they lack that something which really makes a home—the kind of home I'd want, whether on a farm or in the city. That 'something' seems to be—or am I wrong?—the conviction on the part of the people themselves that they are getting out of life all that they can get."

See what they put into it—labor, pain, suffering and hard, hard work planning for and caring for their families. Look at the washing alone! Help is scarce and most of the women carry the water in and out again. Some have machines—and turn them by hand power. Most of them stand and rub for hours. It is awful. Then through the rest of the week come the ironing, mending, sewing, sweeping, in endless succession, besides the daily grind of cooking, dishwashing, cleaning lamps, feeding chickens, and a million other things."

"Tell me," said John, "where you learned all this. Seems to me," he added grinning, "that you've been doing a little investigating."

"You forget the vacations I have spent in the country with Grandmother. I have helped her do all these things, many a time. And she, poor dear, has been doing them all her life. She is bent and worn out."

"Still," she went on, "it isn't just the hard work! I could do that. It's the narrowness, the littleness of the circle into which one's life would fall—to be content just to go through such a round from week to week—no

sociality, no clubs, no lectures nor theatres, not even the movies to break the monotony."

"Oh," John spoke quickly, "I shouldn't say we're so badly off as that in Cherry Valley. Most of us have automobiles."

"True enough. But after the novelty of the new automobile wears off, you will find that the tired woman of the household doesn't want to go. She is tired out—and a trip does not seem as attractive as a quiet rest at home. "John," she continued, after they had driven for some minutes in silence, "you're rather fond of me, I know—"

"Don't you be taking too much for granted," mocked John, laughing. "I'm not, sir!" she rejoined. "You do like me very much and it's greatly to your credit that you do! I believe too that you regard is inspired to a degree at least by my—what shall I say!—general good looks?" Her eyes danced as she watched his face. "Am I right?"

"Why—I—er—" he floundered ridiculously, not knowing at what she was driving.

(To be continued.)

### Cards Worth Keeping.

Are many people preserving the Christmas greetings which they received from the front in 1914-18? They are certainly worth keeping for historical, no less than personal, reasons.

In 1914 there was a run on cigar-boxes, and many people in this country had delivered to them finely-carved lids of such receptacles. Coins were subsequently used to the same end by some of our soldiers, and many a bit of aluminum was beaten out and made to bear a Christmas greeting to the folk at home.

In some units the men combined and produced an annual, on the front of which was printed the old, old wish. One was the Winnipeg Rifles, which, for at least two years in succession, brought out the "Trench Echo."

Another device was to send home the menu of the Christmas dinner. Usually, though designed on the spot, it was printed in England, and only needed a few words scribbled on it to make an interesting "card." In 1918, at Steenbecque, the 2-15th Transport Section, R.A.S.C., did an eight-page menu which thus served a double purpose.

When, too, the war seemed to have settled down into a permanent thing, whole divisions went in for a development of that great Army institution, the regimental Christmas card. Some of the divisional greetings were real works of art.

Perhaps the most singular Christmas "card" of the war was one printed at Salonica. It was a four-page leaflet setting forth the achievements of the British forces there, with blanks at the end for the name of the sender and that of the addressee.

### Record Dirigible.

An Italian inventor has designed a dirigible 1,140 feet long and driven by six 500 horsepower motors with which he plans a flight from Rome to South America, stopping in Africa en route.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### Welcome, British Emigrants!

Welcome, thrice welcome, Britons, to our shores!

'Tis hard (I, too, have crossed) your all to leave, Your kin, your native land—well might you grieve!

That Isle whom every Britisher adores!

But be consoled, for in this new home A blooming Land of Promise you will find—

The hope of your compatriots left behind—

Whose day of radiant greatness is to come.

Ah, when the day shall dawn, as dawn it will,

That the grown daughter shall the mightier be

Your blest descendants, with bosoms athrill,

Will point with pride to sires who crossed the sea!

So love this land, serve her with mind and hand—

When you serve Canada you serve old England.

—Wilfred Arthur Hunter.

### DYED CHILD'S COAT AND HER OLD SKIRT

"Diamond Dyes" Made Faded, Shabby Apparel so Fresh and New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, — dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings, everything.

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The Jordan Hospital, Plymouth, Mass. Beautifully situated in 12 acres of land overlooking the sea, offers to educated young women a two year and six months' course in nursing, two to four months of which are spent in a large Boston hospital. Jordan Hospital has a capacity of 87 beds. Modern Home for Nurses, separate from the hospital. Classes admitted February and October annually. Prospectus of School sent on application. Laura E. Coleman, Supt.

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