

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Dear Ruth Raeburn:

Could you please give me the words of some of the old songs? I would like, "Twenty Years Ago", "Carry Me Back to Tennessee", "The Ship That Never Returned", "Tardy Scholar Is My Name", "Oh A Farmer's Life is the Life for Me."

—PANSY.

Carry Me Back to Tennessee

Sweet Ella Rhee, so dear to me
Is lost forever more,
Our home was down in Tennessee
Before the cruel war.

Chorus

Then carry me back to Tennessee
Back where I long to be
Among the fields of yellow corn
To my darling Ella Rhee.

Oh, why did I from day to day
Keep wishing to be free,
And from my master run away
And leave my Ella Rhee.

They said that I would soon be free
And happy all the day,
But if they'll take me back again
I'll never run away.

The war is over now at last
The colored race am free,
The good time's coming on so fast
I've waited for to see.

Twenty Years Ago

I've wandered to the village, Tom
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school house playing ground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom
And few were left to know,
That played with us upon the grass
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting there as we did then
With spirits just as gay.
But Master sleeps upon the hill
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place
Just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beach,
Is very low, 'twas once so high
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink
Dear Tom, I started so,
To find that I had changed so much
Since twenty years ago.

Down by the spring upon an elm
You know I cut your name,
Your sweet hearts just beneath it Tom
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name we cut
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom,
But tears came to my eyes.
I thought of those we loved so well
Those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid
Some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, dear Tom
And we are called to go
I hope they'll lay us where we played
Just twenty years ago.

Did She Ever Return

On a summer's day when the waves
Were rippled
By the softest, gentlest breeze;
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden
For a port beyond the seas.
There were sweet farewells, there were
Loving signals
But her fate is yet unlearned
Though for years and years there were
Fond hearts watching
For the ship that never returned.

Chorus.
Did she ever return?
No she never returned
And her fate is yet unlearned.
Though for years and years
There were fond hearts watching
For the ship that never returned.
Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother
I must cross the wide, wide sea,
For they say, perchance in a foreign
Climate

There is health and strength for me.
'Twas a gleam of hope and a maze of
danger
But her heart for her young child
Yearned,
So she sent him forth with a hope and
blessing
On the ship that never returned.
Just one more trip said a gallant sea-
man

As he kissed his weeping wife;
Just one more bag of that golden
treasure
And 'twill last us all through life,
Then we'll spend our days in our cosy
cottages
And enjoy the rest we've earned;
But alas! poor man, for he sailed com-
mander.
On the ship that never returned.

Dear Pansy:
I haven't the words of "Tardy
Scholar" or "The Farmer's Life" but
perhaps some of the readers may have
them and share them with us.
—RUTH RAEUBURN.

Wife: "O dear, O dear. I dreamt
that you had died."
Hubby: "Don't cry, dear. Why let
a bad dream upset you so? I'm still
with you."
Wife: "Yes, I know, darling, but I
was about to cash your insurance check
when the alarm woke me and spoiled
it all."

LOVELY HANDS

Busy hands—at hard tasks
day in and day out. Persian
Balm keeps the skin soft and
pliable. Removes redness
and relieves irritation.

At your Druggist
PERSIAN BALM

The City's Lights

The hues of the lights are like flowers
there
In the city's crowded streets,
Like flowers whose petals flicker and
flare
As the pulse of the city eats.
Of ruby, topaz and emerald bloom
Are the gardens that glow by night,
They spring into life from the dusk and
gloom,
Gay gardens of blossoms bright.
Oh, vivid the blooms which are cluster-
ed there
At the city's throbbing heart,
Exotic garlands like orchids rare,
'That out of the darkness start.
But lovelier still are the scattered
gleams
Where the houses are far and few,
For there each blossom is lit by freem
And the glow of a home shines through.

Changeless

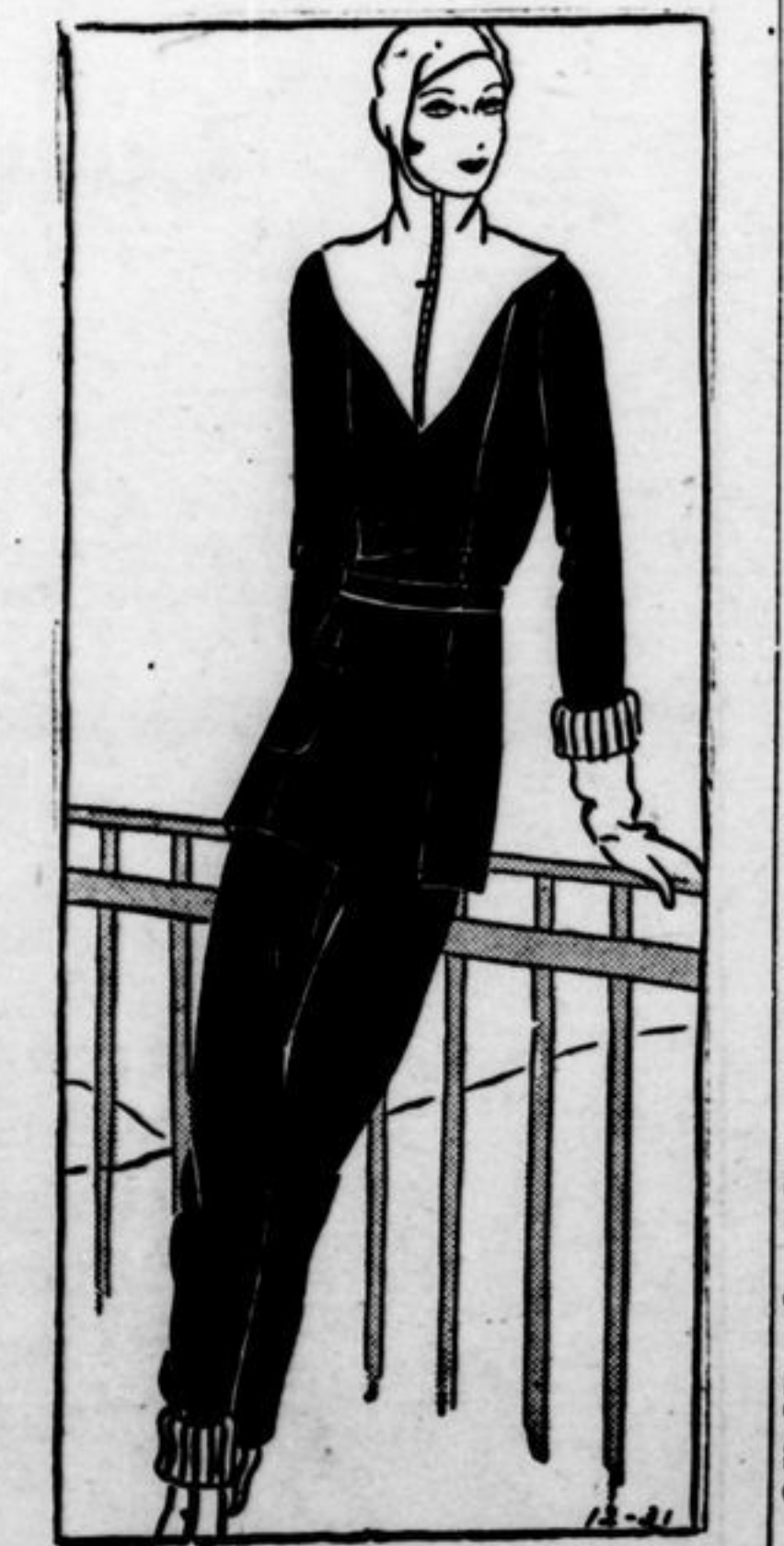
Twilight and firelight and
End of the year,
Long shadows creeping up,
Crescent moon clear,
Glimpse of the barren beach
Through windows wide,
Muted by thick walls reach
Songs of the tide.
Was it but yesterday
Or years long gone,
Sprawled on the sand we lay,
Warm in the sun?
Yesterday, was it, Love,
Or long years gone,
We watched pale stars above
From sands at dawn?
Though as the seasons change
Sky, sand and sea,
All things alike grow strange,
Changeless go we.
What can the fugitive,
Fate hand of Time
Take from two hearts that live
In Love's bright clime?

Fashion Fancies



When Coats Practise Deception

Do you remember hearing in your
youth the old adage of the tangled
web? Of course you do, but who
would think it would prove an inspi-
ration to a smart courtier!
It has and if you don't believe it,
take a look at the illustration. A suit?
No, a coat! And there you have it as
plain as day.
It deceives one by the clever placing
of a band of breitschwanz set below
the hip line on this coat of black
velour. The classic princess silhouette
is preserved in the upper part, but the
bottom flares with the aid of two point-
ed godets set in parallel seams below
the fur border and a tiny muff adds to
the genera chic. One can certainly for-
give deception when it comes in such
guise.



From South to North

As measured in miles, it's a long
way from the Sunny South to the
Frozen North, but in fashion it's but a
step. For in the shops you see fashions
for the South side by side with cos-
tumes especially designed for the
Northern resorts.
A particularly appealing skiing out-
fit is the one shown here. Of dark
blue wool gabardine, the blouse
strikes a Russian note in its makeup.
The monk-like cap with its attached
cape is of white Angora and fastens in
the front with a hookless fastener.
Gloves are of white Angora with red
stripes on the cuffs, matching the socks
which complete the ensemble.
We are a most ingenious people when
it comes to kidding ourselves along—
Stewart Edward White.



DIVING QUEEN ON HER DOG SLED

Aileen Riggan, Olympic diving champion in 1920, and for several years women's national amateur diving champion of the United States, temporarily deserts the liquid depths for the icy surface. She is here seen ready for a skim over the snows of Quebec in a dog sled.

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER

We Have Pleasure in Printing by Request the Following Recitation.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
With solemn mein and air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair,
A man and a woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and
stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hope the city of peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet on her chin,
The man was short and thick and stout
His stomach was built so it rounded
out;
His face was pleasant and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choir in the distance the echoes
awoke,
The man kept still while the woman
spoke:
"Ho! thou who guardest the gate,"
said she,
"We have come hither beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land
And play our harps with the angel
band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt;
Nothing from heaven car bar me out;
I've been to meetings three times a
week
And almost always did rise and speak.
I've told the sinners about the day
That they'd repent of their evil way,
I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em
all
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal
fall;
I've shown them what they'll have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plans for their whole
career.
I've talked and talked to them loud
and long
For my lungs are good, my voice is
strong.
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
That the gate of heaven is open for me.
But my old man, I'm sorry to say,
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way,
Smokes and swears, grave faults he's
got;
I don't know whether he'll pass or not.
He never would pray with an earnest
vim
Or go to revival or join in a hymn;
But preferred to sit in his easy chair;
So I had to leave him in sorrow there.
He ate what the pantry chose to afford
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
But, oh St. Peter, I love him so
To the pleasures of heaven let him go.
I've done enough—a saint I've been—
Won't that atone? Can't you let him
in?
But in my grim gospel I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But, isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?
'Tis narrow, the gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find a way
Of bribing or coaxing or fooling you—
So their relations may scramble through.
But say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by the opening
there
And never sit down in that easy chair,
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed
But I don't—I don't like the way your
whiskers are trimmed.
They're cut too wide, and outward toss;
They'd look far better straight across.
Well, we must be going our crowns to
win
So, open St. Peter, and let us pass in."
St. Peter sat quiet, stroked his staff,
But in spite of his office he had to
laugh;
Then he said, a furious gleam in his
eye,
"Who's tending this gate, you or I?"
And then up he rose, in his stature
tall,
And pressed the button upon the wall
Said he to the imp who answered the
bell
"Escort this lady around to hell."
The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone.
A lifelong settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was
bad;
He thought that if she went below
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went down to the regions
dim
There was not the ghost of a show for
him.
Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was
bare
He call'd the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you two been
wed?"
"Thirty years," with a weary sigh,
Then he thoughtfully added "Why?"
St. Peter was silent with head bent
down
Raised his hand and scratched his
crown,
Then, seeming indifferent thought to
take,
Sowly half to himself he spake—
"Thirty years with that woman there!
No wonder the poor man has no hair:
Swearing is wicked, smoking no good;
He did both—I should think he would!
Thirty years with a tongue so sharp!
Ho! angel Gabriel! give him a harp!
Ho! angel Gabriel! give him a harp!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.
Gabriel, give him a seat alone,
One with a cushion up near the throne."

MOVIES

"SHOW FOLKS" COMING THIS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Robert Armstrong has the role of an actor-manager in "Show Folks", a new Pathe picture. He plays himself, merely, the only requirement being that he grow a luxuriant mustache!
In "Celebrity," just completed by Pathe, Armstrong was required to wear his arm in splints for more than a week, while portraying an injured prizefighter, "The Baby Cyclone" in which he played just prior to "Celebrity," demanded that he sustain a black eye.
Almost every big sequence of "A Girl in Every Port" was punctuated by fist-cuffs between Bob and Victor McLagan, and most of the fights were realistic enough to exact their toll of cuts and bruises. Several months ago, "The Leopard Lady" a Pathe picture in which he played a featured role with Jacqueline Logan, Armstrong fought a regular "knock-down-and-drag-out" with a chimpanzee, and playing straight in "Show Folks" was a welcome change.

Lina Basquette and Eddie Quillan are the other featured players of "Show Folks" which comes to the Star Theatre January 17 and 18. Carol Lombard and Bessie Barriscale also have important roles.
Veterans Support Corinne Griffith
Three members of the old Vitagraph Stock Company in Flatbush, when Corinne Griffith, in her early teens, joined Vitagraph, are now appearing in support of Miss Griffith in "Prisoners", her latest First National-Vitaphone production.
They are Anne Schaeffer, who first taught Miss Griffith how to make up, when the latter shared Anne's dressing room at Vitagraph; Harry Northrup, who usually played deep-dyed villains in those early days of the cinema, and Charles Cleary.
"Prisoners" was adapted for the screen by Forrest Halsey from Ferenc Molnar's celebrated novel. It presents Miss Griffith as a Hungarian girl in the picturesque settings of Vienna and Budapest. It is coming to the Star Theatre next Monday and Tuesday, William A. Selter directed.

A Case for the Judge

The young judge had a bootlegger before him. It was his first case and he was undecided as to what to do with the offender. Excusing himself for a moment, he stepped into the corridor and met an old-time jurist.
"Oh, judge," he whispered, "I've a bootlegger before me and I don't know what to give him."
"Well," replied the old timer, "don't give him more than \$4 a pint—that's all I ever give."

MAY COMPEL USE OF RETURN ADDRESSES

There is a possibility that the Post Office Department will make it compulsory for mailers to place a return address on their mailings. If this order is carried out it will mean a saving in the neighborhood of \$500,000 annually to the government. The record of the department reveals that this amount is lost annually because of carelessness in addressing mail. The expense is incurred by the department, it is said, in giving a special directory service to some millions of pieces of mail which are carelessly addressed. A suggestion which has been forwarded is a campaign among school children as a means of eliminating some of their lost time, effort and expense in handling mail from careless persons. The proper wrapping and addressing of mail more than once has been stressed by postal officials but there are still some patrons of the service who fail to heed the advice of the Post Office Department. It is the Post Office Department, or in the final analysis, the tax payer, who pays the annual toll for the support of this malignant growth, which amounts in the thousands of dollars.

The best way to take leave of the stock market is with a good buy.—Virginian Pilot.

URGES TEN-YEAR TERM BEFORE CITIZENSHIP

William C. Noxon, agent-general for Ontario in England, addressing the Kiwanis club in his home town, Ingersoll, Ontario, expressed the thought that the sentiments and ideals of the Canadian people should not be entrusted to aliens on the mere fact of their five-year residence in the country. He said he had suggested at one time or another that aliens should have five years in the country before being given an opportunity to express their desires as to the franchise, and that they then should be put on a further five-year term of study. At the end of the ten years they should be required to pass a fairly stiff examination as to their understanding and their sentiments regarding Canadian and British institutions as reflected by the ballot.



SUES DEMPSEY'S MANAGER

Mrs. Jack Kearns, wife of Jack Dempsey's former manager, is suing Jack Kearns for \$500 a month alimony, which she says he agreed to pay her in 1924. This legal battle is intensely interesting to friends of both parties. Jack refers to the plaintiff as "Miss Edith Angel", announcing that she never was his wife.

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