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The Gift that is Constantly Used

ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD

Selected Recipes.

Cheese Gingerbread.—One cup molasses, two cups flour, four ounces cheese, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup water. Put molasses and cheese together in double boiler and let cheese melt. Remove from fire, add soda and stir hard. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add them to molasses and cheese mixture alternately with water. Bake in small buttered tins about fifteen minutes.

Coffee Jelly.—To one quart of coffee, prepared as for the table, add one-half box of gelatin. Soak gelatin in two-thirds cup of cold water for one-half hour or longer; then set the cup in hot water until the gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Add one-half cup of sugar to quart of hot coffee and stir in melted gelatin. Add a little vanilla before whole thickens. Set in cool place to mold and serve with cream and sugar.

Quick Brown Bread.—Two cups graham flour, two cups whole wheat flour, one and three-quarters cups milk, one-half cup brown sugar, one level teaspoon salt, one and one-half cups raisins, three level teaspoons baking powder, four level tablespoons melted butter. Mix thoroughly all dry ingredients, add butter and milk and mix quickly, then add raisins floured. Pour into well-greased pan and bake forty-five minutes in moderate oven. Molasses may be substituted for sugar and two cups sour milk and one-half level teaspoon soda in place of sweet milk and baking powder.

Turkey Timbales.—When no more slices can be cut from cooked turkey (or chicken) take bits near bones, chop fine, and to two cups of such meat allow one cup of soft, white breadcrumbs and one-half cup of hot milk. Mix crumbs and hot milk together; add chopped meat and yolks of two eggs. Season with one teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Beat whites slightly—they must not be frothy—and mix them well in. Turn mixture into molds or buttered pan. Set in hot water and bake in moderate oven about one hour. Unmold carefully and serve.

Tripe Pepperpot. — Three pounds tripe, two quarts water, small knuckle veal and water to cover same, two large potatoes, one chopped onion, one-half bunch parsley and thyme, one-half tablespoon sweet marjoram, salt and pepper. Boil tripe slowly for several hours on day before wanted. Save liquor. Boil knuckle of veal in water enough to cover. When meat separates from bones strain and add liquor to tripe liquor. Cut tripe and peeled potatoes into small pieces about one inch square; add to liquor, with seasonings and cook for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Ten minutes before taking from stove add dumpling dough made of flour, salt and baking powder.

Raisin Fritters.—Scald two cups in double boiler with one-inch piece of stick cinnamon. Mix one-half sugar, one-fourth cup cornstarch, three tablespoons flour and one-half teaspoon salt. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, one-fourth cup cold milk, then add mixture gradually to scalded milk and cook ten minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add yolks of three eggs, slightly beaten; one-half teaspoon vanilla and one-third cup raisins, cooked until plump in boiling water to cover, drained, seeded and chopped. Place in pan, spread evenly and cool. Remove, cut in two-inch squares, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Serve hot with lemon or vanilla sauce.

Things Worth Knowing.

House plants must have fresh air.

When inclosing stamps in a letter, put them in loose.

Varnished paper is often a good covering for the kitchen walls.

Milk will keep sweet longer in a shallow pan than in a pitcher.

Meat broths should be made only in porcelain or agateware utensils.

There should be no curtains between window plants and the sunshine.

Ammonia in warm water will remove grease spots on rugs like magic.

Wash all the hosiery the day before washday; it will avoid lint on them.

To beat the white of eggs stiff always have them cold and add a pinch of salt.

A few chickens in a pen will always lay more eggs than when the pen is crowded.

Camphorated oil will clean the marks made by hot dishes on the polished table.

Open canned fruit or vegetables and pour into a dish several hours before they are served.

Don't forget that hanging plants need water oftener than those that are lower down.

Salt sprinkled over carpets before sweeping preserves the colors and keeps away moths.

A good present for the woman with a garden is a pair of hand shears or some other hand tool.

When plants are frost-bitten put them at once in a cool, dark room, then shower them with cold water.

It is a good idea to try out every recipe that comes your way, and if satisfactory, keep it in a book of tested recipes.

In planning the winter breakfasts be sure to have fruits to balance the heavy meats such as sausages and scrapple.

Kneecaps for creeping children can be made from the tops of long kid gloves, which are past their ordinary service.

To boil finnan haddie, soak it for a little while before putting it over the coals, and put plenty of butter on it afterwards.

Before using lemon rind for flavoring always well wash it, as you never know whose hands the lemon may have gone through before buying it.

Every poison bottle in the medicine chest should be protected in some way so that no mistakes shall be made in the dark. Pins stuck in the cork is one way.

When, through putting the hands into soda water, the skin becomes shrunken, rub it with a little ordinary salt, and it will gradually become smooth again.

All lace and embroidery should be well pressed on the wrong side over several thicknesses of flannel. It is very important to dry everything thoroughly with the iron before hanging to air.

Listening to Good Purpose.

There is a species of sentry groups employed near the trenches. They are called "listening patrols," and their duties are to be always on the alert and give timely warning of any attempted attack. One night an officer on his rounds inspected a listening patrol stationed in an empty farm. He asked: "Who are you?"

"The reply was: "Listenin' patrol, sir."

"What are your duties."

"We listen for the hen cacklin', and then we pinches the egg, sir."

The small boy's stomach is usually in apple pie order.

Spread the Bread

with *'Crown Brand'* Corn Syrup and the children's craving for sweets will be completely satisfied. Bread and *'Crown Brand'* form a perfectly balanced food—rich in the elements that go to build up sturdy, healthy children.

Edwardsburg 'Crown Brand' Corn Syrup

is so economical and so good, that it is little wonder that millions of pounds are eaten every year in the homes of Canada.

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THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A special train from Southampton had just steamed into Waterloo with the passengers from the Royal Mail steamer Ophir. Little groups of sunburnt men were greeting old friends upon the platform, surrounded by piles of luggage, canvas trunks and steamer chairs. The demand for hansoms was brisk, cab after cab heavily loaded was rolling out of the yard. There were grizzled men and men of fair complexion, men in white helmets and puggarees, and men in silk hats. All sorts were represented there, from the successful diamond digger who was spasmodically embracing a lady in black jet of distinctly Jewish proclivities, to a sporting lord who had been killing lions. For a few minutes the platforms were given over altogether to a sort of pleasurable confusion, a vivid scene, full of color and human interest. Then the people thinned away, and, very nearly last of all, a wizened-looking grey-headed man, carrying a black bag and a parcel, left the platform with hesitating footsteps and turned towards the bridge. He was followed almost immediately by Hiram Da Souza, who, curiously enough, seemed to have been on the platform when the train came in and to have been much interested in this shabby, lonely old man, who carried himself like a waif stranded in an unknown land. Da Souza was gorgeous in frock coat and silk hat, a carnation in his buttonhole, a diamond in his black satin tie, yet he was not altogether happy. This little man hobbling along in front represented fate to him. On the platform at Waterloo he had heard him timidly ask a bystander the way to the offices of the Bekwando Land and Gold Exploration Company, Limited. If ever he got there, what would be the price of Bekwando shares on the morrow? . . .

On the bridge Da Souza saw him accost a policeman, and, brushing close by, heard him ask the same question. The man shook his head, but pointed eastwards.

"I can't say exactly, sir, but somewhere in the City, sir, for certain," he answered. "I should make for the Bank of England, a penny 'bus along that way will take you—and ask again there."

The old man nodded his thanks and stepped along. Da Souza felt that his time had come. He accosted him with an urbane smile.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I think I heard you ask for the offices of the Bekwando Land Company."

The old man looked up eagerly. "If you can direct me there, sir," he said, "I shall be greatly obliged."

"I can do so," Da Souza said, falling into step, "and will with pleasure. I am going that way myself. I hope," he continued in a tone of kindly concern, "that you are not a shareholder in the company."

The old man dropped his bag with a clatter upon the pavement, and his lips moved for a moment without any speech coming from them. Da Souza picked up the bag and devoutly hoped that none of his City friends were in the way.

"I don't exactly know about being a shareholder," the old man said nervously, "but I've certainly something to do with it. I am, or should have been, joint vendor. The company is wealthy, is it not?"

Da Souza changed the bag into his other hand, and thrust his arm through his companion's.

"You haven't seen the papers lately, have you?"

"No! I've just landed—to-day—from Africa!"

"Then I'm sorry to say there's some bad news for you," Da Souza said. "The Bekwando Land and Gold Company has gone into liquidation — smashed up altogether. They say that all the directors and the vendor will be arrested. It seems to have been a gigantic swindle."

Monty had become a dead weight upon his arm. They were in the Strand now, and he pushed open the swing-door of a public-house, and made his way into the private bar. When Monty opened his eyes he was on a cushioned seat, and before him was a tumbler of brandy half empty. He stared round him wildly. His lips were moist, and the old craving was hot upon him. What did it mean? After all he had broken his vow, then! Had he not sworn to touch nothing until he had found his little girl and his fortune? yet the fire of spirits was in his veins and the craving was tearing him to pieces. Then he remembered! There was no fortune, no little girl! His dreams were all shattered, the last effort of his life had been in vain. He caught hold of the tumbler with fingers that shook as though an ague were upon him, lifted it to his lips and drank. Then there came the old blankness, and he saw nothing but what seemed to him the face of a satyr—dark and evil—mocking him through the shadows which had surely fallen now for ever. Da Souza lifted him up and conveyed him carefully to a four-wheel cab.

An hour afterwards Da Souza, with a grim content upon his unshapely mouth, exchanged his frock coat for a gaudy smoking-jacket, and with a freshly-lit cigar in his mouth, took up the letters which had arrived by the evening post. Seeing amongst them one with an African stamp he tore it open hastily, and read:—

"My Dear Hiram,—You was in luck now or never, if you really want to stop that half-witted creature from doing mischief in London. I sometimes think, my brother, that you would do better to give me even more of your confidence. You are a very clever man, but you do keep yourself so secret. If I too, were not clever, how would I know to send you this news, how would I know that it will make you glad? But there, you will go your way. I know it!

"Now for the news! Monty, as I cabled (I send the bill) has gone secretly to London. Since Scarlett Trent found our Hausa friend and the rum flask there have been no means of getting liquor to him, so I suppose he has very near regained his senses, anyhow he shipped off very cunning, not even Missionary Walsh knowing, but he made a very big mistake, the news of which I send to you knowing it will be good. Hiram, he stole the money to pay for his passage from the missionary's cash-box! All one d[illegible] stood under a tree looking out to sea, and a steamer from Capetown called, and when he heard the whistle and saw the surf boats he seemed to wake up. He walked up and down restlessly for a long time, muttering to himself. Mrs. Walsh came out to him and he was still staring at the steamer. She told him to come in out of the sun, which was very hot, but he shook his head. 'She's calling me,' he kept on saying, 'calling me!' She heard him in the room where the money was, and then saw no more of him. But others saw him running to the shore, and he paid to be taken out to the steamer. They wouldn't take him on at first, because he hadn't secured a passage, but he laid down and wouldn't move. So, as he had the money, they took him, and when I heard I cabled to you. But what harm can he do, for you are his master? He is a thief and you know it. Surely you can do with him what you will.

"Trent was here yesterday, and heard for the first time of his flight. How he took it I cannot tell you, for I was not the one to tell him, but this I know for a fact. He cabled to Capetown offering £100 if the Star Line steamer leaving to-morrow would call for him here. Hiram, he is a great man, this Trent. I hate him, for he has spoilt much trade for me, and he treats me as though I were the dirt under his feet, but never a man before who has set foot upon the Coast could have done what he has done. Without soldiers he has beaten the Bekwando natives, and made them even work for him. He has stirred the whole place here into a state of fever! A thousand men are working upon his road and sinking shafts upon the Bekwando hills. Gold is already coming down, nuggets of it, and he is opening a depot to buy all the mahogany and ivory in the country. He spends money like water, he never rests, what he says must be done is done! The authorities are afraid of him, but day by day they become more civil! The Agent here called him once an adventurer, and threatened him with arrest for his fighting with the Bekwandos. Now they go to him cap in hand, for they know that he will be a great power in this country. And Hiram, my brother, you have not given me your trust, though I speak to you so openly, but here is the advice of a brother, for blood is blood, and I would have you make monies. Don't put yourself up against Trent. Be on his side, for his is the winning side. I don't know what you got in your head about that poor scarecrow Monty, but I tell you, Hiram, Trent is the man to back right through. He has the knack of success, and he is a genius. My! he's a great man, and he's a king out here. You be on his side, Hiram, and you're all right.

"Now, goodbye, but send me the money for the cable when you write, and remember—Monty is a thief and Trent is the man to back, which reminds me that Trent repaid to Missionary Walsh all the money which Monty took, which it seems was left with Walsh by him for Monty's keep. But Monty does not know that, so you have the string to make him dance.

"Which comes from your brother

"Samuel."

"P.S.—Do not forget the small account for disbursements."

Da Souza folded up the letter, and a look of peace shone in his face. Presently he climbed the stairs to a little back-room, and noiselessly unlocked the door. Monty, with pale face and bloodshot eyes, was walking up and down, mumbling to himself. He addressed Da Souza eagerly.

"I think I will go away now," he said. "I am very much obliged to you for looking after me."

Da Souza gazed at him with well-affected gravity.

"One moment first," he said, "didn't I understand you that you had just come from Africa?"

Monty nodded.

"The Gold Coast?"

Monty nodded again, but with less confidence.

"By any chance—were you called Monty there?"

Monty turned ghastly pale. Surely his last sin had not found him out. He was silent, but there was no need for speech. Da Souza motioned him to sit down.

"I am very sorry," he said, "of course it's true. The police have been here."

"The police!" Monty moaned.

Da Souza nodded. Benevolence was so rare a part for him to play, that he rather enjoyed it.

"Don't be scared," he said. "Yes, your description is out, and you are wanted for stealing a few pounds from a man named Walsh. Never mind. I won't give you up. You shall lie snug here for a few days!"

Monty fell on his knees. "You won't let any one know that I am here!" he pleaded.

"Not I," Da Souza answered fervently.

Monty rose to his feet, his face full of dumb misery.

"Now," he muttered, "I shall never see her—never—never—never!"

There was a bottle half full of spirits upon the table, and a tumbler as yet unused. A gleam flashed in his eyes. He filled the tumbler and raised it to his lips. Da Souza watched him curiously with the benevolent smile still upon his face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"You are very smart, Ernestine," he said, looking at her admiringly.

"One must be smart at Ascot," she answered, "or stay away."

"I've just heard some news," he continued.

"Yes?"

"Who do you think is here?"

She glanced at him sideways under her lace parasol.

"Everyone I should think."

"Including," he said, "Mr. Scarlett Trent!"

She grew a shade paler, and leaned for a moment against the rail of the paddock in which they were lounging.

"I thought," she said, "that the Mazetta Castle was not due till to-day."

"She touched at Plymouth in the night, and he had a special train up. He has some horses running, you know."

"I suppose," she remarked, "that he is much more of a celebrity now than ever!"

"Much more," he answered. "If he chooses he will be the lion of the season! By the by, you had nothing of interest from Fred?"

She shook her head impatiently.

"Nothing but praises! According to Fred, he's a hero!"

"I hate him," Davenant said sulkily.

"And so," she answered softly, "do I! Do you see him coming, Cecil?"

"In good company, too," the young man laughed bitterly.

A little group of men, before whom every one fell back respectfully, were strolling through the paddock towards the horses. Amongst them was royalty, and amongst them also was Scarlett Trent. But when he saw the girl in the white foulard smile at him from the paling he forgot etiquette and everything else. He walked straight across to her with that keen, bright light in his eyes which Fred had described so well in his letter.

"I am very fortunate," he said, taking the delicately gloved hand into his fingers, "to find you so soon. I have only been in England a few hours."

She answered him slowly, subjecting him the while to a somewhat close examination. His face was more sunburnt than ever she had seen a man's, but there was a wonderful force and strength in his features, which seemed to have become refined instead of coarsened by the privations through which he had passed. His hand, as she had felt, was hard as iron, and it was not without reluctance that she felt compelled to take note of his correct attire and easy bearing. After all he must be possessed of a wonderful measure of adaptability.

(To be continued.)

Chapped Hands Quickly Healed

Chapped hands and lips always come with cold weather, but

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

CAMPHOR ICE

Made in Canada

brings sure and speedy relief. Children especially need **Vaseline** Camphor Ice for their rough and smarting hands.

Our new illustrated booklet describes all the "Vaseline" preparations. A postcard brings it. AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Insist on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name, CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores.

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1880 CHABOT AVE., MONTREAL

WAR TRANSPORT SERVICE.

"Ignorance" and "Ineptitude" in Admiralty Methods.

"From the point of view of the shipping man the whole history of the war, as far as the transport service is concerned, is a wicked story of ignorance, ineptitude and colossal waste," declares the editor of Syren and Shipping, the leading journal of the British shipping trade. He adds:

"Costly and useful ships were used for months as prison ships. Supership like the Aquitania were employed on scouting missions, their magnificent passenger equipment gutted. Ships were allowed to load cargo or to book a full passenger list and then owners were informed that the Admiralty required these boats."

An instance is given of a 7,000-ton boat which was all ready to sail, with 200 passengers, when it was taken over and sent to the west coast of South America, although it might have been loaded with coal and realized a small fortune. Another case is given of a 6,000-ton boat at Huelva about to load with a cargo of iron ore for England, which was requisitioned suddenly and sent empty to the Pacific, although there should have been plenty of merchant ships available much nearer the desired destination.

"How long," asks the journal, "will these methods be tolerated? In the national interest, a committee of shipping men should have been selected to organize the Admiralty chartering."

ABSENCE OF GOLD.

Stamps Displace Copper Small Change In France.

Notices have been posted in many of the Parisian cafes that patrons who do not have the right change to pay for refreshments will have to accept postage stamps or checks for change for any sum less than 10 sous. This is another indication of the scarcity of coppers, which numerous collections for charitable purposes have withdrawn temporarily from circulation, and the fact that since small money became scarce there has been a tendency on the part of the people to cling to what they have.

Some people are said to be hoarding coppers because they are afraid they will get entirely out of them, and others, it is charged, are collecting them with the less worthy motive of making five francs premium on every hundred francs in copper coins delivered at certain confidential points. It is the old story of the Germans trying to drain France of its copper. The real reason is thought in official circles to be simply that the absence of gold overworks all the minor denominations, copper and nickel, as well as silver.

The mint is handicapped by the mobilizing of some of its machines for other urgent work for the national defense, and the copper coinage fell last month to 100,000 francs.

GERMANS FACE HARD WINTER.

May Suffer Vicissitudes That Befell Napoleon.

Predictions that the approaching winter will be very severe have inspired comparisons between the German campaign in Russia and Napoleon's Russian campaign of 1812.

Abbe Moreaux, of the Bourges (France) Observatory, points out that a curve indicating the European localities where the average temperature in January is zero centigrade, or 32 above zero Fahrenheit would pass along the coast of Norway, protected by the gulf stream from greater cold, ascend abruptly along the west coast of Denmark, and follow a line considerably westward from Berlin, turning eastward in the region of Trieste to the Black and Caspian Seas. Another curve marking a zone where the average temperature is 14 degrees above zero Fahrenheit would comprise Berlin, Vilna, Riga, Dvinsk, Moscow and Petrograd. To make up this average, however, zones of greater cold are comprised, the maximum at Petrograd being 38 below zero, and at Moscow 47 below zero Fahrenheit.

Examining the situation from a meteorological point of view, Abbe Moreaux finds confirmation of the prediction of naturalists in reviewing, in his opinion, a period of cold winters, and he thinks that the German soldiers may experience the same vicissitudes as those that cost Napoleon 450,000 men from the "Grand Army."

Larrey, who wore a thermometer during Napoleon's Russian campaign, has left records showing that as early as November 14 the "Grand Army" had to endure a temperature of 12 below zero Fahrenheit on the line from Vilna to Moscow—the retreat having been begun October 18. From November 17 the thermometer went down rapidly to 22 below zero; December 3 to reach 34 below zero when the retreating army reached Malodecyn. Equally low temperatures, according to Abbe Moreaux, are almost certain to prevail over considerable parts of the German front if it is maintained on the present line and are almost certain to overtake the German forces in retreat unless they abandon their positions immediately.

SAPPERS' EXCAVATIONS.

German Trenches Said to Be Equal to Wall of China.

Some genius for figures in Berlin, with plenty of time at his disposal, has estimated that the German soldiers, who have had to bear the burden of trench digging since the beginning of the war, have excavated a quantity of earth which in cubic feet is equivalent to the Great Wall of China. He arrives at his conclusion in the following way:

The Great Wall is 2,450 kilometers long, 16.5 meters high, 8 meters wide at the bottom and 5 meters wide at the top. The German lines in April extended 650 kilometers in the west and about 1,300 kilometers in the east. Behind these foremost lines, however, extend secondary, and in most cases third and fourth lines, all connected up by miles of "Laufgraben" or communication trenches.

Since April the German positions have repeatedly changed, necessitating the construction of new trenches. Each trench is usually from six or seven to a dozen feet in depth and little narrower. In connection with each one are countless underground shelters. Taken altogether, the estimator believes, the trench-digging record of the German soldiers in 14 months is quite on a par with the decade-long record of the Chinese.

The man who is afraid of work deserves to be scared to death.

Accommodated Him.

A doctor, celebrated as much for his love of good living as for professional skill, called upon an eccentric nobleman who was just beginning a most elaborate dinner. After a while, receiving no invitation to join his lordship, the medical man said:

"Now sir, if I were in your place, I should say, 'Pray, doctor, do as I am doing.'"

"So sorry," said his lordship. "Well, doctor, do as I am doing — go home and eat your dinner!"

His Chance.

"What chance has he to win that suit? The evidence is all against him."

"I know he's on the wrong side of the facts, but he has the best lawyer in town."

Married men are not so very bad off, they always have the last word but one.

Christmas Appeal

FOR

The Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Thanks for your kindness in allowing me the privilege of appealing at this Christmas time on behalf of the Hospital for Silk Children, Toronto.

In the 40 years of the Hospital's existence there have been treated within its walls 26,108 children as in-patients; 231,768 as out-patients; a grand total of 257,876 in and out-patients.

The Hospital for Sick Children gives a province-wide service, for little patients from every section of Ontario have sought its aid. Last year 499 patients were admitted from 232 places outside the city of Toronto. In 1914 there were 394 from 210 places.

Of the 2,838 in-patients last year 1,771 were medical cases and 1,067 surgical. In the orthopedic department of the 2,838 in-patients, 264 were treated for deformities, 21 Pott's disease of the spine, 10 lateral curvature of the spine, 10 bow-legs, 57 club-feet, 17 dislocations of hip, 42 tubercular disease of knee, hip, ankle, wrist and elbow; 76 infantile paralysis, 8 wry neck, and 21 miscellaneous.

Our battle is never-ending—is one that will continue while the world lasts, for it is the fight between the armies of life and death, to save the child life, the sick little ones, sons and daughters not only of our soldier men, but of the fathers and mothers still in this home-land province.

The Hospital is beating back disease and death, the enemies that assail the lives of little children as the British Empire is beating back Germany, Austria and Turkey, the enemies that assail the life of liberty.

So we appeal to the generous people of Ontario not to forget those so near and dear to us, who lie in the beds and cots of this great charity.

Will the people at large, as of old, respond to our call? Will they remember that every year is a war year for the Hospital, every day a day of battle, and that the Hospital needs money, not for its own sake, but for the children's sake?

The Hospital has waged its war for forty years. The people of Toronto and Ontario have been its friend, and this year of all years it requires help. Surely you will give to a charity that cares for every sick child in Ontario, for only as your money reaches the Hospital can the Hospital's mercy reach the children.

Every dollar is a link of kindness in the chain of mercy that joins the money in your pocket to the miseries of some child's life, some mother's heart.

Remember that Christmas calls you to open the purse of your kindness to the Hospital that the Hospital may open the heart of its help to the children.

Will you send a dollar, or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees,
Toronto.

Why those Pains?

Here is a testimonial unsolicited

"If I had my will it would be advertised on every street corner. The man or woman that has rheumatism and fails to keep and use **Sloan's Liniment** is like a drowning man refusing a rope."—*A. J. Van Dyke, Lakewood, N. J.*

Sloan's Liniment

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