

...in the fall is... process, favored by... other than sudden... of growth the... factories for the... the carbon of the... materials brought... the roots to form... substances by... is fed. process is perform... the aid of a sub... phyll, or leaf... is a mixture of... coloring matters... and gives the... color. Another... some substance... its abundance in... the butte particu... This inform... by Charles Fitz... Science Service... her? (Washing...

...her sets in and... ion slows down... and, gradually... the leaf factories... the chlorophyll in... into the body of... for use in the... many chemi... breaking up of... the substances of... The green pigme... ion less before... law becomes one... of autumn fol... prevail in the... from the chloro... appearance indi... in the leaves... of other ma...

...ce... id where trains... cushioned for... in lone grave... are, happy lads... or the moore... or German... shacks and... brush mingles... around the cor... of industry... Progress, too... from scri... freedom her tent... in some corner... Louis Fraser.

...5-Year Plan... plans of the... Russia threat... dumble im... Dr. E. E... science (New... the chief units... Plan) the... campaign, ... mobilized... of laborers... ricks and work... the fields. At a... of Sant... it was admit... had defeated... barrack house... arded in enor... workers' har... minating them... sanitary offi... one result... ther to live in... to work at... ing front" still... ing. Soviet... to devise any... getting rid of...

...to Bed... tiny pebbles... an entrance... take these... and, carry... them one... built a wall... except one... the last ant... head pushes... ole from the... up entirely... ant will be... lock the next... very closely... tiny feelers... links between... pushes its... carry the peb... the first comes... till the whole... out.

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THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Love and a Christmas Tree
By Ursula Bloom

The man was standing on the kerb and looking in on the Christmas tree. He watched it as it stood there in the big uncurtained window, with the shadows of a man and a woman moving about it. A tree which every minute was becoming more lovely. Sparkling strings of tinsel, silver stars, a bugle which glittered bravely in the half light, a doll with a cherubic wax face!

The man on the kerb thrust numb fingers into his coat pocket, for he was cold. A few flakes of snow lay in the London gutter, and the moon was a hard light. It was a long time since the man had known a warm fire, and good food, and a welcome. Once he had had all three! He smiled a little grimly.

He had been a violinist. He had played in a theatre orchestra in a thin pit with twenty others, and above them had been enacted a play they had never seen. He had heard voices, words, songs, the patter of feet in a dance, but never more. Then he had heard her voice.

John had fallen in love with Linda Hurst's voice. Later, when he had got to know her, he had fallen in love with the girl. He had been amazed at the complexity of her nature, for she seemed to believe the worst of people, the worst of the world. She blinded herself to so much beauty, and saw instead mercenary motives where only love and kindness were meant. It had been the cynicism of her which had literally stabbed into John's heart. Often she was right; mercenary motives were there, but he himself had the idealist's love of holding fast to a beautiful faith, proof against the tarnishing of a cruel world.

He had told Linda that he loved her. It had been in the little coffee shop in the alley-way behind the stage door, and she had scorned him.

"Money," she had said. "That is all that counts. It is all I want. I want to be rich!"

"But love?"

"Love won't take you far when you are hungry. No, money counts every time." Gold-digger! Yet with those eyes she was not all gold-digger; somewhere there was her heart, and he could not touch it. He had cut his job at the theatre for the simple reason that he could not bear to hear the rising beauty of that clear voice, could not bear to be imminent to a presence which attracted him so much and yet hid a heart that was so hard. He had said good-bye to her on just such a Christmas Eve, and she had not even recognized it as being good-bye. After the show they had gone to the coffee shop. A poor enough little shop, and the proprietor had been standing on an old soap box, nailing festoons of laurel and gay paper streamers to the ceiling.

Linda had sat down irresolutely. "So sordid," she had said. "I want to rise above all this." John had supposed the simple coffee shop to be symbolic of much. The proprietor nailing up his decorations with such care; the general air of simplicity. There had been a certain happiness over it all, a carefree joy allied with the filling of a baby's sock, the singing of a carol, the true Christmas spirit.

"Are you quite sure you have set your standards right?" he had asked. "Yes."

"Love should matter a lot." She had shaken her head gravely. "Poor fool! One never gets far in life on those principles. One starves."

So they had said good-bye. The years had passed, and in truth he had starved. But he had clung to his principles with a dogged tenacity of purpose. He could still afford to be glad. The talkies had cut him out of a cinema orchestra and had left him stranded. It had been a hand to mouth existence, but in some way to-morrow always provided for itself. There is a joy in idealism that few people understand.

Now, as he watched the two people in the room dressing their Christmas tree, he remembered again Linda in the coffee shop and all that had happened since. Linda had made money. She had become a leading lady. He supposed that perhaps people who were mercenary usually did succeed, yet for all that he still loved her for the dream she represented to him. A man cannot destroy his dreams; they are stronger than he is.

The two people had finished dressing their tree. A silver tree with a fairy doll standing on its apex. A tree garlanded with brave tinsel and glass globules of emerald and blue and ruby red. There was silence now in the deserted little room, a breathless silence full of the coming joy of Christmas.

Still John waited; he did not know why. The tree mesmerized him. In watching it, he seemed to forget that he had been cold and hungry. He stood in the shadows so still that he was almost a shadow himself, and the first light snow powdered his cap and shoulders. Then he saw what was happening and he became tensely still.

Another man, with an ugly, furtive face, was nearing the window. He stepped silently to the ledge and jerked the window upwards with a quick movement. He stepped within.

A repulsive-looking man whose business could only be sinister.

John craned forward. Through the tinsel-clad branches of the tree he watched the man. He had gone to a safe which stood against some books and knelt before it.

The silence was ominous.

John forgot that he was poor and ragged. A gross indignation assailed him that at this time any man should think of robbery, and especially when in the very room stood that splendid representation of the season, the triumphant tree in its brave array and with its trappings of frosted silver. He flung himself across the ledge, his feet sunk into the velvet pile of the carpet, and he stole across the intervening space with the prickly fronds of the tree brushing his face. An ornament jarred from the branches and tumbled to the floor. The other man started and sprang up. John felt the sudden harsh impact of a fist full on the jaw; he slid to the ground. He had underrated his weakness, for great wells of darkness received him.

Then the yellow piercing light penetrated the consciousness and he found himself recovering in a room brightly lit. He was lying on a leather sofa with a woman kneeling by his side.

"Drink this!" Mechanically, he drank. The liquid stung his throat; he found himself choking, and suddenly his vision cleared. It was no longer blurred. The room became vivified, the woman closer. It was Linda.

Now he remembered he had known that she lived somewhere in this street and that almost unconsciously that knowledge had brought him here—just to look. He was ashamed of himself. He hoped in the fraction of a second that she would not recognize him; he had gone back while she had progressed; she looked much the same, save that time had matured her. She was softer, kinder. Behind her glittered the tree, ready for the morrow, ready for Linda's children. He closed his eyes again. Success changes but little, though defeat clutches with marring fingers. His face was hollowed and pitted, his mouth sagged; there were caverns about his eyes.

"John," she said, tenderly. "You?"

"The safe on the right was opened wide, many of its papers were strewn about the floor, but the other man had escaped. John knew Linda of old. She would obviously thing the worst of him, and of course she would be justified. Starving, down and out, she would suppose he had tripped and fallen in his hurry to escape. He could piece it all together as she would do with her material mentality. He sighed.

"John," she said, "I have tried so hard to find you. What became of you, my dear? I had very silly ideas in those days, I wanted to explain—"

He smiled whimsically. "Odd that I should come here to-night, of all the houses in the world."

"You poor darling, I was a little fool. I didn't know what I was saying. Oh, John, have you remembered me a little? Don't say you have forgotten!"

He listened to the new Linda, and deep down in his heart he believed he had suddenly walked into Heaven. It had been Christmas Eve when they had parted; Christmas Eve when they were reunited. And it was the new Linda who had found her true self and had separated true worth from dress. Eyes like gentians and dark, silky hair drawn like a cap about her head.

Then he saw behind her the tall tree with the silver trappings, and he thought of the husband who had helped her to trim it, and the children who would receive it, and he saw it no longer as a thing of beauty but as a menace to his happiness. A tall tree between him and his love—dividing them. He twisted his mouth into a wry smile.

"Men forget more easily than women," he said, huskily.

"You did not come here to steal?" she asked.

"Instantly he grasped at the idea. 'Don't I look as though I needed the money?'"

"Yes, but not that way, John, not that way."

"It's the easiest way," he stammered. She shook her head. "You couldn't. I've learned to understand you better than that. From the day I lost you I made money, but somehow I knew I had lost the only precious thing in my life. You had meant everything to me. What happened to you?"

He smiled grimly. "I starved," he said.

"John, dear, if you are wanting a job we're short now at the theatre. We want someone who has real music in him."

Truly it was a little Heaven that he was treading.

From outside came the echo of children singing in their little shrill voices:—
Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay all about,
Crisp, and fresh, and even.
Brightly . . .

Lady Luck Visits Winnipeg Family



Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ganley of Winnipeg won \$122,400 in the Manchester handicap sweep. Mrs. Ganley's parents had bought a half share in the ticket for 50 cents. Result, \$61,200. But the rest is a family.

ing up at it shyly. "Kismus tree. Oh, Auntie!"

John's eyes turned sharply and met Linda's. She nodded.

"This is my brother's house," she said. "I came to live here last year when his wife was ill—"

John hid his face. He felt the comfort of her hands on his, of her cheek against his own.

"I thought you were married," he whispered. "I didn't understand, that is why."

She received him into her arms. From outside there came the voices singing Good King Wenceslas. The child slipped down; she went across and stood there staring at the silver tree with its ornaments, wondering at the beauty of it.

"Kismus tree," she said solemnly to herself.—"Fit-Bits" (London).

Christmas Customs

Christmas has many customs which we all like to keep. But how few of us know the way in which they first came into being.

Christmas Fare.—On the occasion of a festival, it is always the proper thing to feast on the richest and most delicate viands. This is why we have so many good things to eat at Christmas, including turkey, plum-pudding and mince pies.

Santa Claus.—Father Christmas, Santa Claus of Saint Nicholas, to give him some of his names, who is supposed to come down the chimney and fill the children's stockings, is well known in every country. The name Santa Claus is really a corruption of St. Nicholas, the guardian and patron saint of children, who gave secret presents to needy youngsters.

Carols.—Songs of joy and praise, often accompanied by dances, have been sung by the English for more than a thousand years, being handed on from the Druids to the Christian Church. "On Christmas Day in the Morning" and "The Cherry-tree Carol" are found in many languages, with slightly different words.

Crackers.—It has long been the custom in France to sell packets of sweets in colored wrappers twisted at the end to keep the contents from falling out. The French called them coques. They were introduced into England about 80 years ago, and from them the cracker was developed. Some millions of crackers are made every year and sold all over the world.

Vanity

Vanity finds in self-love so powerful an ally that it storms, as it were, by a coup de main, the citadel of our heads, having blinded the two watchmen, it readily descends into the heart.—Colton.

5 1/2 Foot Letter Designed For Stop Sign in Chicago

Chicago.—The usual stop sign painted on the pavement to halt motorists before a dangerous intersection usually is speedily run over, not because of carelessness but because a warning in ordinary shaped letters cannot be read until it is too late to stop.

However, let the letters be scratched until they are tall and thin, and then the warning can be read easily at three to four times the former distance, the National Safety League Council suggests.

"At a distance of six or eight yards ordinary letters are so foreshortened as to become illegible," it was stated. "But if the letters are five and one-half feet high and seven inches wide, they will appear approximately square at a distance of fifteen yards, and may be read easily at a much greater distance."

Some letters have been designed to give best results for distances from twenty to forty yards. This in general gives time enough to stop.



"I understand Brown is taking lessons from a memory teacher." "He ought to. The last time I played a game with him he forgot about twenty strokes."

"Dime" Derived from Latin To Denote Tenth of Dollar

"Dime" is derived from the Latin "decem," meaning ten or "decimus," decemth. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries "dime" was applied in England to the tith, or tenth, part of one's income paid to the Church. According to the King James version of the Bible, the last part of Genesis, 14:20, reads: "He gave him tithes of all. John Wycliff translated this passage: 'He gave him dymes of all things.'"

The American 10-cent piece was called a dime because it represented the tenth part of a dollar, the national monetary unit.—The Pathfinder.

New "Pocket Edition" Plane



This new pocket plane only requires 15 yards landing place. Furthermore it folds up neatly and can be parked in a garage. Average speed 90 miles an hour.



For the third time since its organization the staff of the Lone Scout Department of the Boy Scouts Association extend to all the Lone Scouts of Ontario their very best wishes for a Happy Christmas, and in this greeting they are joined by "Lone E" and the editor and staff of this paper.

They hope that you have done your very best to help Lone Scout Santa Claus to perform his gigantic annual "Good Turn," and in return you may be assured that "Santa" will not forget you as he goes his rounds.

Isn't it a wonderful feeling to know that you have made someone else happy by just a little effort on your part?

It is quite an interesting comparison to note that at Christmas, 1929, the Lone Scout Department sent out a Christmas Card to all Lone Scouts of Ontario on the back of which was printed the names of all the Lone Patrols in the province, and the total number of Lone Scouts in Ontario. This number was 125, including two Scoutmasters. We note that four of the Lone Patrols mentioned in that list are now Regular Troops at Paris, Sault Ste. Marie, Cobalt and Beamsville.

A recent census of the Lone Scout Department informs us that there are now about 320 Lones on the books, and, in addition, five Leaders. In addition to this, nine regular troops have been organized as a result of Lone Scout progress. Isn't this a splendid record of steady growth?

We are glad to note how enthusiastically the Lone Scouts are working on that Disarmament Petition for the League of Nations Society. One Lone

had his form filled in and returned before all the letters had been mailed, and he has since filled out two more and asked for an additional three.

That fellow is a worker, isn't he. Have you seen the new "Humane Calendar"?

This is a calendar which is published every year by the Toronto Humane Society of 11 St. Alban's Street, Toronto. Each year this calendar contains twelve most beautiful colored pictures of birds, animals, etc., and the 1932 edition contains pictures by Major Alan Brooks of Canadian Antlions, and these include the bear, fox, beaver, lynx, wolf, moose, deer, buffalo, etc. Not only is this a very useful calendar, but each one of the pictures is well worth a frame, and will make delightful decoration for your Patrol Den or for any Lone Scout's bedroom.

The price of this calendar is only 50 cents, and we would recommend every Lone Scout to try to secure a copy.

And, talking of calendars reminds us that there is a New Year coming!

What will your New Year resolution be?

We hope that if you are not a Scout it will be a resolution to join the great worldwide Brotherhood of Scouting.

If you are already a Scout, then let your resolution be to make your Scout program for 1932 a really active and progressive one!

Information about the Lone Scouts of Ontario may be obtained from the Lone Scout Department, Boy Scouts Association, 339 Bay Street, Toronto, 2. Write to-day.

"LONE E"

Subdivision Love

Oh, fly with me to Boomside Heights, my lovely bride-to-be, And we will close an option on a villa by the sea; To a careful restricted shore allotment we will fly, Where a board of commerce sunset tints the subdivided sky.

At Boomside Heights love's dream comes true—the blueprints prove it so. In Section Six, Addition Two, projected roses grow. Here's a broker's affidavit that the moon is oversized; That the ocean and the starlight are the same as advertised.

Oh, fly with me to Boomside Heights, nor tarry in your flight; Dear, hand in hand we'll roam the land that doubles over night. Come, view God's handiwork—the season's niftiest buy— Where a board of commerce sunset tints the subdivided sky.

—Pressly Phillips, in Judge.

Buffalo Increase Rapidly In Dominion Parks

The increase of buffalo in Canada's national parks since the establishment of the main herd in 1908 has been little short of phenomenal. From an original herd of less than 800, the total increase has reached more than 20,000, including animals shipped to Wood Buffalo Park in the Northwest territories and those otherwise disposed of.

There are at present about 6,000 head in Buffalo National Park and 1,000 in Elk Island Park, Alberta. In these large fenced reserves the beasts roam over sections of their natural habitat much as they did in the early days.

Inter-Empire Trade

Birmingham Post (Cons.)—A British tariff must be designed in the first place, as Dominion tariffs are designed, with an eye upon domestic necessities. Yet, even so, a tariff once established can be varied, lightened, adjusted as circumstances—including the objectives of imperial policy—may suggest. And the timid who fear lest by showing favor to the Dominions we should offend the susceptibilities of foreign countries may be reminded that as far as the world in general is concerned the legitimacy of special family arrangements within the Empire is already fully admitted. No new issue will be raised if a system already actively in operation, on the side of the Dominions, is adopted by ourselves.

New Life-Saving Suit

A life-saving suit, resembling a pair of overalls or a one-piece suit of clothes, is being put on the market for those who ride in speedboats or hydroplanes and are subject to their dangers. It is made of waterproof tissue and constructed on a system of watertight compartments.

Crisis Hits Pearl Fishing Industry

Bahra.—A glut of pearls has resulted from the world crisis and many villages of the Persian Gulf, which depended upon the pearl fishing industry, are poverty stricken.

Canada's Pulpwood Resources

The Forest Service, Department of the Interior, states that on about 299,000,000 acres of the productive and accessible forest land of Canada the timber is of merchantable size, at least for pulpwood, and on 355,999,999 acres there is young growth of various species and ages.

Many Visit Victoria Observatory

Over 22,500 persons visited the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory of the Department of the Interior at Victoria, British Columbia, during the year ended March 31, 1931.

Canadians Head Egg Consumers

Total Year's Consumption in Dominion 304,094,509 Dozen

Toronto.—Canadians use more eggs than any other people of the world according to recent statistics.

"The per capita consumption of eggs in Canada is approximately 266.18 a year," declared J. A. Carroll, secretary, Ontario Marketing Board, "a record unequalled by any other country, because of the fact that Canada produces the world's best eggs."

Based upon the most recent figures made available by the federal government, this statement is no idle boast. The officially estimated population of Canada is 9,955,000, and, during the last 12 months, this number of people has consumed 304,094,509 dozen eggs.

In other words, the annual consumption of eggs in Canada by each man, woman and child, averages 266.18, or slightly more than one egg every day of the year.

The official of the marketing board was asked why Canadian eggs are so greatly superior to the eggs of other countries. "Because," he replied, "Canadian eggs are government graded. Guesswork is eliminated. The annoyance, and disappointment, of paying for a high quality product and receiving an inferior one, is a thing of the past in Canada, so far as the egg business is concerned. The old expression, 'let your buyer beware,' is obsolete in this country when eggs are being purchased. The Canadian consumer decides the quality of eggs he or she purchases not the dealer, providing eggs are bought by grade."

"And as for the fact that this huge consumption has or general prosperity," Mr. Carroll continued, "here are a few figures. The farmer received an average price of 23 cents a dozen for his eggs, or a total revenue of \$69,941,737.07. The consumer paid an average price of 28.5 cents a dozen, or a total of no less than \$117,176,385.96. The difference, \$47,234,648.89 is the sum contributed to 'business' in the way of transportation, storage, merchandising, and incidental costs."

The Common Cold

Scientists have succeeded at last in tracing the culprit who is responsible for the common cold. Apparently, this mysterious malady, which has baffled the doctors for so long, is caused by a virus which is so small that it will pass through any filter, and cannot be seen under the microscope.

In spite of this, the cold virus has been isolated and cultivated, and typical colds have been produced by its means both in chimpanzees and in human beings.

This may prove to be the first step towards new methods in curing and preventing colds. Once we know what the enemy is, we can start taking steps to guard against him. Colds certainly mean serious loss, both to individuals and countries at present. About four years ago American investigators estimated that the annual loss in wages as a result of the common cold was about \$1,000,000,000.—Answers.

Thermometer in Orange Grove Warns Grower

Lindsay, Calif.—Nearly all orange growers of this district will have the protection of accurate knowledge of frost temperatures this season.

The growers have brought in literally thousands of thermometers to the government meteorologist for testing. The thermometers are placed at many points in the orange orchards, so that the orchard owners can tell exactly how much heat should be generated by the orchard heaters that are used so widely to ward off frost damage.

Dinosaur Fossils in West

Apparently the Bad Lands of the West was the graveyard of most types of dawg-age creatures. The Scott Fund explorers who returned from excavations in the Bad Lands of Montana and Wyoming report that they unearthed and collected more than 700 vertebrate fossil specimens. Among them were dinosaur eggs shells, the jaw of an ancestral "edentate," and various bones of the three and four-toed dawg-age horses and other early beasts.—The Pathfinder.

Aliens Get Relief in London

London—There were 925 aliens in London receiving relief on July 1, and of this number about one-half were Russians, according to the London County Council.

"I like people, but at home I have a walled garden."—Zona Gale.