



"BETTER HEALTH through BETTER BREAD"

Ask your doctor  
or dentist

Community  
Products

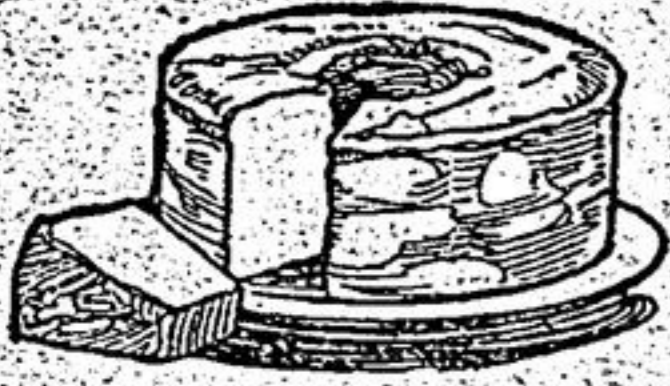
which is best suited to keep you "fit"—a  
genuine whole-wheat loaf or  
ordinary bread

They will tell you

"The whole-wheat loaf,  
of course"



"Community" Fruit Cake



"Community" Sponge Cake

For the  
Public Good



J. L. TURNER  
CONFECTIONER AND GROCER, STOUFFVILLE

THE FIRST GIFT TREE

"How cold it is!" said little Marie, as she drew her thin shawl round her shoulders. The snow was very deep in the woods, and Marie had been gathering sticks for a fire.

Somehow the snow gave the little girl no joy this year, for her parents were very poor indeed, and Santa Claus would never visit so poor a cottage as theirs.

Suddenly Marie caught sight of an old man hobbling towards her in the distance, bent beneath the weight of a large bundle of faggots. He looked so tired and old that Marie ran forward to him.

"May I help you?" she said kindly. "That bundle must be very heavy!"

The old man smiled and allowed her to relieve him of his burden.

"You are very kind, little maiden!" was all he said. They plodded along through the snow for a long while in complete silence. Every moment the bundle that Marie carried seemed to grow heavier, but she never once complained. At last they reached the outskirts of the forest.

ONLY A SNOWBALL

Here the old man stopped suddenly, and gathered up a handful of snow. He rolled it neatly into a small snowball, and handed it to little Marie, at the same time taking his bundle of sticks from her.

"Thank you, child!" he said. "Accept this gift from me in return for your kindness!"

Then he turned, and in a few moments was lost to sight, leaving Marie staring in astonishment at the snowball in her hand.

"What a strange gift!" she thought. "Why, I could make a hundred such myself!"

Nevertheless, she took it home with her, feeling that there must be some meaning in it.

When she had told her parents of her adventure, they laughed very scornfully.

"The old man was mad!" said her father. "Throw away the snowball, child!"

But Marie would not do so, and, crossing over to the fireside, melted the snowball on the hob.

Suddenly she gave a cry, and picked up from amid the melting snow a tiny seed.

"See! The old man's gift was not worthless!" she cried. "A seed!" laughed her mother. "And what use is that to you?"

"I will plant it!" cried little Marie, not heeding their laughter, and she planted the little seed just outside the cottage.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Then very sadly she went to bed, for it was Christmas Eve; but it was no use hanging up her stocking. Santa Claus never came to their cottage.

But the next morning, when Marie went to her window and looked out, she gave a cry, and, running downstairs, called her parents outside the cottage.

There, on the very spot where she had planted the seed the evening before, had grown a tall, beautiful tree, hung with all sorts of toys, gifts, and lovely things to eat and wear!

"This is magic!" cried her father, as they gazed at the wonderful tree. They had never seen a Christmas tree before.

"Isn't it beautiful?" cried Marie joyously. "You see, the old man was not mad after all. This is his gift to me. Why, perhaps he was even Santa Claus himself in disguise!"

And I shouldn't wonder if he was!

Silk Alpaca Not Silk

Silk alpaca is not silk at all but is made from the hair of the Peruvian sheep.

When to Plant Pines

Pine trees grow better if planted in the fall.

Here's Lighter Weight—  
Longer Wear—Better Value

Wearing rubbers all day is tiresome, but since rubbers are necessary, why not wear RHINO Rubber Footwear? Each pair combines the least weight with the longest possible wear?

This longer life is built into each pair with RHINO rubber, pressure cured, and extra strength where the wear comes. See the heavy ribbing under the laces. This is only one of the many special features that make it possible for us to back up the sweeping guarantee on every pair.

This footwear is made from RHINO RUBBER—the toughest and most wear-resisting that Science has yet discovered—which will wear up to twice as long as ordinary rubber. Let us fit you with a pair of RHINO.

"Compare the Wear"

A. G. LEHMAN  
Stouffville, Ontario



Christmas Candies  
for good little boys and girls

The genial smile of old St. Nick apparently has a psychological connection with our sweet tooth. No sooner do we see his genial smile, or hear his jolly laugh, than we think of candy canes, lollipops, sugared almonds, and many other sweets that are found in the Christmas stocking.

During the holiday season nothing is more pleasing to the children, and I will include the grown-ups, too, than to have a handful of candy to munch while enjoying their Christmas stories. These recipes for home-made candy you will find to be accepted in high favor.

FONDANT

1 1/2 lbs. sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 tsp. cream tartar, flavoring.

Cook sugar and water slowly and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When boiling, add cream of tartar and cease stirring. When syrup forms soft ball in cold water, pour onto a moistened platter. When cool, stir with a knife until creamy. Form into a large ball and place in earthen jar and cover with damp cloth. This will keep a long time. When ready to use, work in the desired flavoring, coloring and nut meats, or candied fruit, and mold into small pieces.

COCOA CARAMELS

Two cups sugar, 1 cup molasses, 2

tb. butter, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1 tsp. vanilla.

Cook all together except flavoring, until the hard ball stage is reached. Do not stir after sugar is dissolved. Add flavoring and pour into buttered pans. When cold, cut in cubes and wrap in waxed paper.

LOLLIPOPS

One cup sugar, 1/2 cup light corn syrup, 1/2 cup water, 8 drops oil of cinnamon, coloring.

Cook sugar, syrup and water, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then continue cooking until very brittle when dropped in cold water. Add flavoring and coloring, stirring as little as possible. Pour into greased molds and when the lollipops begin to harden, insert the sticks.

CHOCOLATE DIVINITY

2-3 cups sugar, 2-3 cup light corn syrup, 1/2 cup water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 egg whites, 1-3 cup cocoa, 1 cup nut meats, 1/2 tsp. vanilla.

Cook the sugar, syrup, salt and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Then cook to the soft ball stage. Gradually pour the syrup over the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff, stirring constantly. Add cocoa and beat until candy will hold its shape. Add vanilla and nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper.

In The Breast Pocket.

The home missionary's wife looked out at the swirling snow and sighed. There couldn't be much for Christmas this year. She sighed again. She hadn't had a real Christmas dinner since she had come west, and that was eight years ago.

"Tired, mother?" inquired a sweet little voice, and, turning, the missionary's wife looked into the sober eyes of little Betty.

"No, dear, not tired, just thinking," was the quick reply. "And that reminds me, I must mend father's coat."

He has to attend a meeting in Merrivale to-morrow."

"Will he bring us anything?" asked little Betty wistfully.

"I'm afraid not, dear," the mother replied. "Father has no money for presents now."

She went into the little bare bedroom and from the closet took the only good coat that the missionary owned. He hadn't worn it since he had attended the convention in the fall. She smiled a little. What a rich spiritual feast that convention had been for him! And what a kind hostess he had had!

As the missionary's wife sat down and laid the coat across her lap, she felt a paper crackle. She put her hand into the breast pocket and took out an envelope. "Father's left a letter in his coat," she remarked to Betty.

The envelope bore no address, and wonderingly she opened it and drew out a sheet of paper. Pinned to it were two ten-dollar bills and one five.

She stared. Then she read the few lines on the paper. "My dear friend," the note began, "I am putting into this envelope twenty-five dollars. Your work has touched me profoundly, and I am giving you this small amount with joy and thankfulness that such people as you and your wife live, and I want to have a part in the work that you are doing. I want you to feel that we appreciate your self-denials and sacrifices, and I want you to use the money for your own comfort. Your sincere friend, Mary L. Evans."

The missionary's wife sat there a little dazed. Mary L. Evans! Mrs. Evans had been her husband's hostess at the convention!

At that moment the missionary came into the room. She went to him with shining eyes and thrust the twenty-five dollars into his hand. "Dear heart!" she cried. "See what I've found in the breast pocket of your coat! You wore it at the convention, you remember? Read this."

The missionary took the sheet of paper and read it. Suddenly he put his arms round his wife. "Make out your list for a Christmas dinner, dear!" he said.

The missionary's wife did not answer, but in her heart were the words, "Thank God! Thank God!"

Every new settler, as well as every farmer is a prodigious user of forest materials. In fact, three-fourths of the timber cut in Canada is used upon the farms. There is every reason why farmers in particular should not outlaw the woodlot.

Friendship

The season whose apex is reached with Christmas and the New Year is valued especially for the emphasis it puts on friendship. In the year that elapsed since the last festival perhaps some among us had forgotten the influx of intense and genial feeling which the Yuletide brings with it, even as we forget the spring, so that each new May is a green miracle and a fresh wonderment.

There are many things for which to give thanks at the threshold of 1926, and for nothing should we be more grateful than for friends. We are not poor till we have lost them. The loss of his throne to a king, or the loss of his fortune to a millionaire, or the loss of health to one who rejoiced in his physical well-being, is not so great an affliction as the loss of a friend to one who greatly cares for those who share the human scene with him.

Friendship is imperishable even on earth, for its quality and its influence inevitably pass into our character. If we choose to be friends with the mean and malignant (not to raise them but to adopt their ways), we shall become mean and malignant too. If we by preference consort with greatness of soul and essential nobility, we must, though imperceptibly to ourselves, absorb something of these qualities into our own beings. As we touch pitch and are defiled, so we communicate with beauty and partake of it. Habitually to dwell with truth and decency and dignity must almost certainly mean a lasting bias in favor of these lovely things. The child who is brought up among ruffians will be fortunate to avoid having his character permanently seared and blasted.

We choose our friends, our friends choose us, because we mutually find congenial impulses and aspirations. The same end must be proposed and the same means approved if friendship is to be fond and lasting. In that greatest friendship of all, which subsists between husband and wife there cannot be permanence unless both partners have the same ideals in the planning of a home (which is a personal rather than an architectural affair) and the training of a child. Life is said to be, best, a very unromantic business. We are reminded constantly of upreared walls through which we go, and feeling and over which we cannot look between one human being and another. But a true, deep friendship discovers to each of us surprisingly how near we may approach through all the barriers of sense and custom and our separate physical frames that are the temples of the indwelling spirit. It is not so much the separate embodiments of our beings as it is the spiritual differences that estrange and prevent our being friends.

Pictures of robins, holly, and so on came into use on Christmas cards in 1862.

The greatest pack of Alaska salmon was in 1917 and 1918 when a total of 12,400,000 cases were packed.

A Christmas Song

There's a song in the air,  
There's a star in the sky,  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
And a baby's low cry,  
And the star rains its fire, while the  
Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles  
A King.  
In the light of that star  
Lie the ages imperaled,  
And that song from afar  
Has swept over the world,  
Every heart is aflame and the  
Beautiful sing,  
In the home of the nations that  
Jesus is King!  
—J. G. Holland.

Christmas Greetings

A pretty and convenient way to display Christmas greeting cards is to fasten each one with small paper clips onto a cord or narrow ribbon stretched across a corner of the room. They look much prettier that way than on a tree.

Towels are often responsible for the spreading of a cold in the family. Paper towels are becoming more and more popular for use in the home as well as in public wash rooms.

The Hem

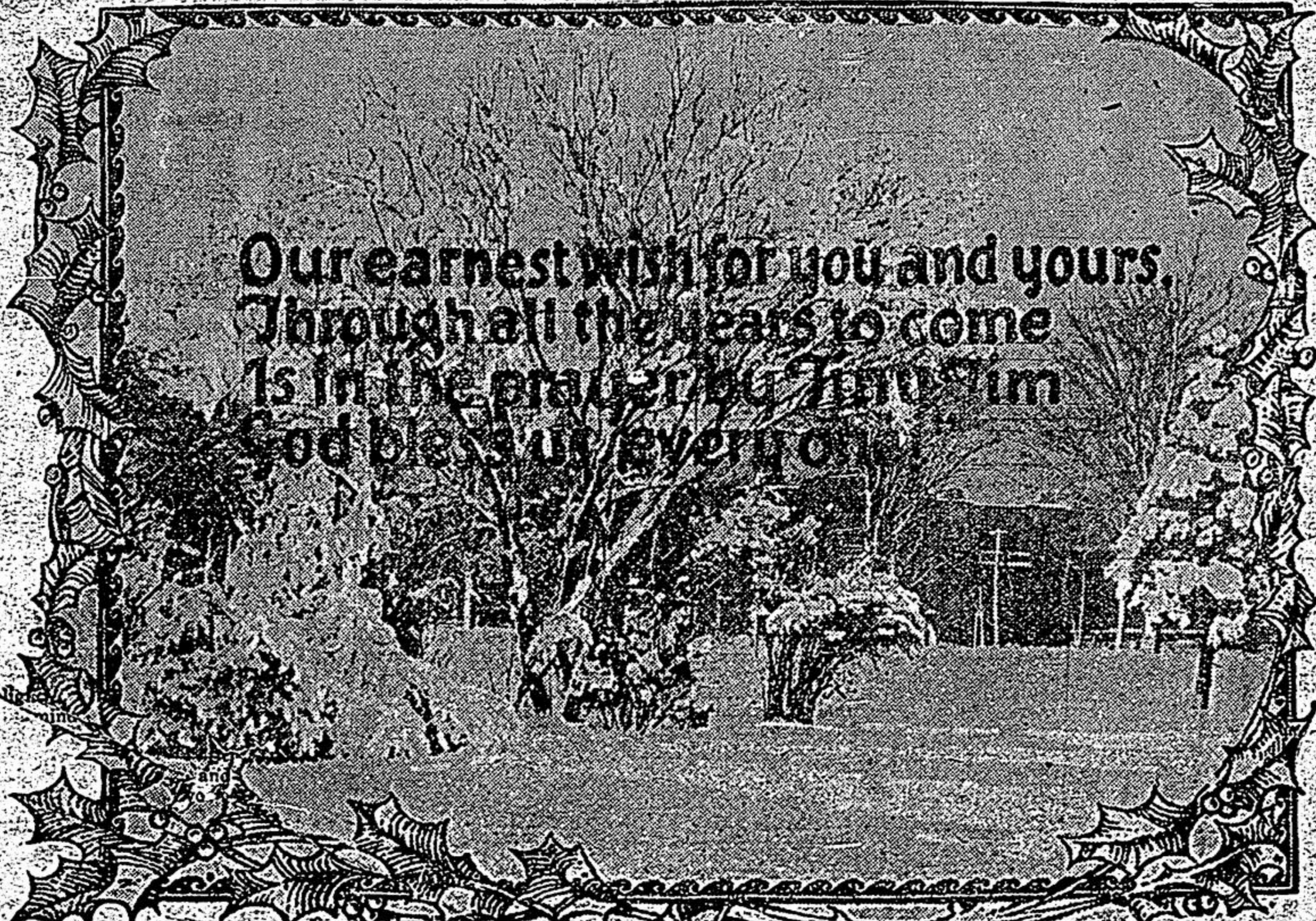
The earth had sinned, and she had  
slain  
Her flower children fair  
And levied tribute on the trees  
And stripped the gardens bare  
Deserted by the fickle sun  
And shivering dismayed  
Beneath the norther's stinging lash,  
Disconsolate, she prayed.

"Lord of the seasons, unto deeds  
Of evil I confess—  
But I am poor, take pity now  
Upon my nakedness.  
Hide with thy mantle's spotless hem  
My withered breast, and lo!  
The earth was covered with the white  
Compassion of the snow."  
—Miss Irving.

Merry Christmas to All

To our readers—a Merry, Merry Christmas is our holiday message to you. It is a message of love and faith and charity, as befits the Yuletide season. Love, unbounded, in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem; faith, unscathed by the hands of time, and charity, inspired by a true spirit of unselfishness.

May you have a stockingful of blessings to help brighten each cloudy day.



Our earnest wish for you and yours,  
Through all the years to come  
Is in the prayer, O Thou, O  
God be with us every day.