

## Paris Jottings

**Peace Talk To Children**  
France's Prime Minister, M. Edouard Herriot, has delivered many fine speeches on the subject of peace before such august assemblies as the League of Nations or the French Parliament. An entirely different sort of audience, however, heard him speak on his favorite topic recently. The occasion was the addition of another playground to the countless "jardins d'enfants" which make Paris such a paradise for children. Gathered in their new terraced garden overlooking the Quai Valmy, a large number of little children listened intently and applauded enthusiastically while M. Herriot told them of France's desire for a just peace. "Peace," he said to them, "is at once a question of love of justice, and of faith. One must believe in it in order to create it." Both of these necessary qualities, he said, abound in children, and statesmen could learn much from them.

**Venture In Buses**  
"Oh, that I could whistle a good-old Paris smell!" sighed Peter Ibbotson in the famous book by Du Maurier. Ever change, yet somehow ever the same, these "good old Paris smells" are as much a part of the French capital as its famous perfumes. Recently, however, these romantic odors disappeared for a while, smothered under the thick pungent smell of burning tar, accompanied by the equally overwhelming sound of compressed air drills, for Paris was repairing its streets. At such a time, an ordinary bus ride becomes much of an adventure, for many of the streets of the city are so narrow that they must be closed while the repairs are in progress, and traffic therefore sometimes has to make very considerable detours. The bus will swing around suddenly and you look up from your book to find it rushing along narrow winding streets lined with quaint, old-fashioned houses and bearing names which remind one of long-forgotten history books. Then, just as suddenly as it began, the adventure ends. The bus is once more rolling along the old familiar noisy route again, and you turn back to your book, wondering a little if you have not been dreaming.

**Toy Hunting With Herriot**  
An acquaintance recently asked M. Herriot how it was that in the midst of such pressing problems as world disarmament, state finance and political turmoil that threatened to bring the Government down about his ears, he always seemed to find time to spend a few hours of even his busiest days with his younger friends. "Oh, but children are different," the Prime Minister replied. "It's my greatest diversion and pleasure to be surrounded by children." When the Sultan of Morocco was in Paris on his annual visit, M. Herriot lost no time in making the acquaintance of his son, Mouley Hassan, aged four. A few minutes after meeting they left the hotel, hand in hand, bound for the toy department of one of Paris's leading stores. They were going to buy a motorcar that Mouley Hassan could drive all by himself. It took quite a long time to find one to fit his tiny legs and when he at last was seated at the wheel, trying the horn and feeling very important, the rather weighty statesman suggested getting on behind. The little boy, however, looked up and said very solemnly, "Oh, no, you mustn't, you might fall off!" Suddenly the future Sultan spied a magnificent cardboard horse, and instantly forgot his motorcar in admiration of it. Whereupon M. Herriot paid the purchase price of a few francs and they both left the shop highly delighted, Mouley Hassan carrying his airy steed clasped tightly under his arm.

**Landmark Disappears**  
Chess is a popular pastime in France, and has long been an integral part of the cafe habit which gives Paris one of its most original aspects. At many of the tables that line the boulevard couples might be seen playing chess, but certain cafes were particularly favored by the devotees of the game and these came to be, in effect, clubs where chess players gathered daily. One of the most famous of these, and one of the oldest, the "Cafe de la Rotonde," in the Gardens of the Palais Royal, has just been pulled down. Situated at one end of the gardens, which even to-day form a haven of quiet beauty in the midst of the heavy traffic which swirls around it from the noisy thoroughfare of the Avenue de l'Opera, the cafe, during most of the last century, was the center of fashionable society. In Paris, which promenade in the gardens and under the arcades of the palace built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629.

**Paris Goes Colonial**  
Paris is now experiencing the results of the wave of colonial interest awakened by the International Colonial Exhibition held here last year. The colonial offices in the Galerie d'Orleans behind the Theatre Francaise, have undergone a radical change of aspect. Whereas last year the show windows of these offices were filled with a dusty collection of colonial goods, assembled with no attempt at display, this year things are quite different. The principal window has been transformed into a modern and beautifully furnished dining room, made of colonial woods. Well presented exhibits and interesting photographs of the various colonies and their industries are on display in the other small windows.—The Christian Science Monitor.

## Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO 2  
(Country Branch, Thistletown)

December, 1922.  
Dear Mr. Editor:  
The prolonged period of hard times has created a most difficult problem for Ontario's world-famous Hospital for Sick Children, which only the benevolent public can solve. Here it is, in a nutshell:  
The Hospital has nursed in its cot this year 7,694 small sufferers, an increase of 687 over the total of the previous year. In addition 84,202 treatments were given in the great Out-Patient Department, an increase of 16,992. On one day 520 treatments were recorded. In the previous year there was a similar growth in the demand for the merciful ministrations of the Hospital. While all this has been going on the amounts of the donations from the kind-hearted have decreased by many thousands of dollars, creating the situation of far more to be done and far less to do it with.  
The statutory grants obtained by the Hospital fall much short of being sufficient to pay for the actual cost of maintenance of the little patients and each additional patient creates an added deficit. The task of bridging the gap between the cost of operation and operating income has usually been accomplished by contributions from the benevolent. While the Hospital has retained the majority of its friends who kindly donate to its work yearly, and is continually adding new ones, donations diminished to a somewhat alarming extent in the response to last year's appeal for funds and there has been little improvement in that respect throughout the year. It is unthinkable that any child needing the humane service provided by the Hospital should be refused. The Trustees are anxious and can only hope that the kind-hearted people of the province will see their way through the difficulty by a most generous response to the present appeal.  
Public benevolence has built the Hospital for Sick Children to the proud eminence of being the finest institution of its kind in the world. Its country branch at Thistletown is a recognized model and persons interested in child welfare come from all parts of the globe to inspect it. Any child in the Province of Ontario, deformed or diseased, is eligible for admittance to this wonderful institution, where the very finest treatment known to medical and surgical science is at once available. There is no class or creed distinction. The very best that any Hospital can give is placed within easy reach of the poorest child.  
Now, more urgently than ever before, is the Hospital in need of contributions and no amount would be considered too small. Please ask the benevolent in your community to help. Tell them that the story of the Hospital, covering 57 years, is not that of merely adding cot to cot and ward to ward. It is the story of a battle constantly waged against disease and deformity, with all the advancing resources of the medical and surgical sciences. It is a story of demands which have ever exceeded the financial resources, but which have always been met by generous response to appeals for aid. But for this generosity the Hospital would many times have been bankrupt. Ask your readers, please, to prevent it from becoming so now.

Faithfully yours,  
DOUGLAS S. ROBERTSON,  
Trustee.

**Ancient Chinese Mirrors**  
Mirrors were important to the Chinese not only as aids to vanity but also because of the belief that they dispelled evil spirits and goblins, according to Dr. Berthold Laufer, curator of anthropology. The common superstition that breaking a mirror brings bad luck prevails in China and goes far back into antiquity.  
"The breaking of a mirror, in China augurs a separation from one's wife by death or otherwise and its second in evil potent only to smashing an oil jar," Dr. Laufer said. "An old legend tells of a husband and wife who were compelled to part shortly after breaking a mirror. Each took half of the broken mirror as a pledge of fidelity. Subsequently the wife violated her promise of faithfulness, and her part of the mirror changed into a maple which flew to her husband to tell him. This legend led to the decoration of many mirrors with carved or other representations of maples."  
Until the introduction of glass mirrors from Europe, in comparatively modern times, all Chinese mirrors were cast of bronze, sometimes alloyed with gold or silver, or of iron, the reflecting surface being highly polished by means of mercury and sometimes by a coating of black lacquer. The backs were usually artistically decorated. Mirrors were used in burials, being placed face downward in the grave with the idea of lighting the grave and keeping evil spirits away. It was the ancient belief that spirits and goblins could render themselves invisible, but that their images would at once become visible when reflected in a mirror, and to avoid this they would retreat from mirrors. For this reason, Dr. Laufer says, mirrors still function as charms and are suspended in front of bed curtains.

**Aiding Others**  
The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other.—Wordsworth.

**Easy Teething**  
"Baby cut all his teeth with no trouble, thanks to BABY'S OWN TABLETS," writes Mrs. Thomas Shaw, Hamilton, Ont. Scores of other Mothers have written in similar vein.  
Give YOUR child BABY'S OWN TABLETS for teething troubles, upset stomach, simple fevers, colic, colds, constipation, sleeplessness, or whenever he is cross, restless and fretful. Easy to take as candy, and absolutely SAFE—see analyst's certificate in each 25-cent package. Over 1,250,000 packages sold in 1921.  
Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

## Note Slim Lines Of This Model

By HELEN WILLIAMS.  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



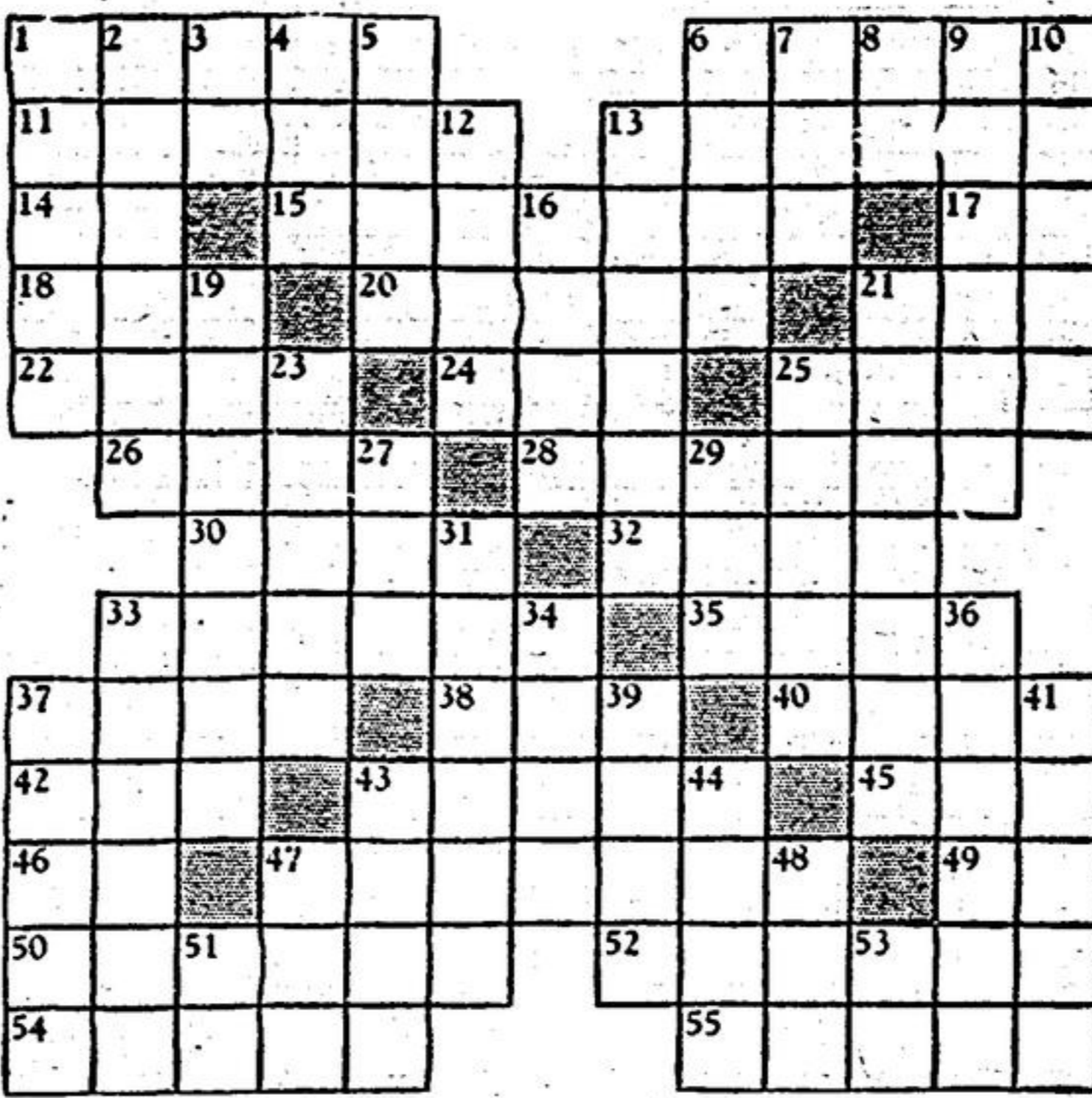
A snappy dress that will add loads of chic to your wardrobe, is this wine red crepe silk. The bone buttons, its sleek, slender lines, makes it suited for the miss or the matron.  
Crepe satin is another nice choice in tobacco brown shade, that is very becoming and practical, and an advanced fall idea.  
Its cost will be very small.  
Style No. 3063 is designed for sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.  
Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.  
**HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.**  
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclos. 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

**Repose**  
How vainly men themselves amaze  
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
And their incessant labours see  
Crown'd from some single herb or tree.  
Whose short and narrow verged shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
While all the flowers and trees do close  
To weave the garlands of Repose.  
—Andrew Marvell.  
"You know, you've been engaged a long time, old man. Why don't you marry her?" "I've been thinking about it, Joe—but where should I spend my evenings if I did?"



That the caribou in the Yukon migrate twice yearly? In the Spring they migrate northward and in the Autumn they migrate southward. They always travel in large herds and not even the swiftest streams can stay their movement from one part of the country to another. The photograph shows only a small portion of a large herd on its way across the famous Whitehorse River in the Yukon.

## OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- |                          |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Horizontal               | 38—To loot               | 10—Leaks              |
| 1—Limited                | 40—Positions             | 12—Cooky              |
| 6—King with golden touch | 42—Auxiliary verb        | 13—Opposed            |
| 11—Race officials        | 43—Lines roof            | 16—Joins              |
| 13—Pledge                | 45—Animal                | 19—Respects           |
| 14—Conjunction           | 46—Part of "to be"       | 21—Zealot             |
| 15—Form of insurance     | 47—To imply              | 23—Coins              |
| 17—Pronoun               | 49—Look                  | 25—Color              |
| 18—To cool               | 50—Elementary substances | 27—Overly             |
| 20—Attends               | 52—Bird                  | 29—Tooth              |
| 21—A dandy               | 54—To scrutinize         | 31—Sea nymphs         |
| 22—Point of moon         | 55—Animals               | 33—Wanderer           |
| 24—Fit irritation        | Vertical                 | 34—Meat               |
| 25—Vessels               | 1—Patient                | 36—Physician          |
| 26—Proofreader's word    | 2—Amphitheatre           | 37—To gnash           |
| 28—To support            | 3—Part of "to be"        | 39—Political group    |
| 30—Man's name            | 4—To clear               | 41—Packs              |
| 32—Girl's name           | 5—To suppose             | 43—Cabbage-like plant |
| 33—To shrink             | 6—Provides crew          | 44—Remainder          |
| 35—Biblical town         | 7—Indignation            | 47—Vehicle            |
| 37—To arrive             | 8—To perform             | 48—Rather             |
|                          | 9—Nut                    | 51—Toward             |
|                          |                          | 53—French article     |

## Owl Laffs

**Christmas**  
Again we approach what ought to be the happiest season of the year—Christmas. How it has always thrilled us since childhood! But how about those who have not been so fortunate this year? Let us spend our Christmas this year in the most unselfish way that we have ever done. If you do not, personally, know some family with whom to share a happy Christmas, make inquiry among your friends and they will give you the name of some worthy one. In spreading joy amongst the unfortunate, you are also spreading joy in your own heart.  
School Teacher (juring English lesson)—"I didn't have no fun at the seaside."  
Jack—"How should I correct that, Jack?"  
Jack—"Get a sweetheart, miss."  
Tailor (measuring a new customer)—"What about a small deposit, sir?"  
Customer—"Just as you like; put one in if it's stylish."  
Reading in buses is very bad for the eyes, writes an optician. Especially when the person whose paper you are reading won't keep still.  
Most successful men are just common people who applied themselves in an uncommon way.  
When someone asked why prayers are ended with "Amen" instead of

"A woman" someone else suggested that it was for the same reason that they sing hymns and not hers.  
Wife—"John, the clock fell off the wall, and if it had been a minute sooner it would have hit poor mother!"  
John—"I always said that clock was slow."  
Wife—"I'm going to town this afternoon."  
Hubby—"Shopping?"  
Wife—"No; I won't have time. I just want to get some things I need."  
A newspaper headline reads: "Burglars Surprised by Bank Officials Working Late."  
Who wouldn't be?  
Dramatist—"Why are you going away already? There are three more acts to come."  
Guest—"Sorry, that's why I'm going away."  
Young Wife—"Pierre is perfectly wonderful to me mother. He gives me everything I ask for."  
Mother—"That merely shows, my dear, that you're not asking for enough."  
Employer (to office boy who wants afternoon off for grand-ol' father's funeral)—"My boy, be economical. Don't waste your grandmothers so early in the season; save them for the cup-ties."  
Mary—"I didn't know Ted had any idea of marrying you." Ann—"He didn't. That was my idea."

So many people are so busy wondering what the other fellow is doing that they themselves accomplish nothing.  
Philip, seven years old, returned from playing with a little neighbor girl. After a thoughtful silence he asked:  
Philip—"Mother, is it wrong for little boys to kiss little girls?"  
Mother—"No, it isn't wrong, but I think you had better keep your kisses for mother and baby-sister for a while yet."  
Philip—"I'm sorry, mother if I ought to have kept 'em, for there's seventeen gone already."  
Friend—"You will soon forget her and be happy again."  
Jilted Lover—"Oh, no, I shan't. I've bought too much for her on the installment plan."

**Slight Drafts**  
The fellow to whom harp music is distasteful is going to have a tough time in heaven. So long as you are happy, what does it matter where you are or what you have? It is all right to "give the devil his due," but it is no sense in adding a bonus. Do you really think you are capable of sitting down to-day and telling some young man what he really should do?

**Gravity**  
Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness, constitute perfect virtue.—Confucius.  
We pity in others only those evils which we have ourselves experienced.—Rousseau.

## FELL DOWN IN THE STREET

He Dreaded Going Out

### A MARTYR TO RHEUMATISM

It must have taken some time for this man's rheumatism to have become so severe. He does not say anything about that. But he does make it clear that it needed only four or five months of Kruschen to make him forget all about the pain he once suffered.  
This is what he writes:—"I have often seen Kruschen announcements in the papers, and I think it is only fair that I also should give a small testimony. I have used Kruschen Salts for over two years. Before I started to use it, I was troubled with rheumatism, very badly, chiefly in my legs. I had it so bad, I used to fall down in the street. But this last 18 or 20 months I have never felt anything at all; in fact, I have forgotten it altogether, whereas before I used to dread going out. Kruschen is more valuable than gold.—I. L.  
Each "little daily dose" of Kruschen contains a scientific combination of mineral salts which tone up all your organs of elimination—liver, kidneys



and stomach—and keep them working smoothly and efficiently as Nature intended. The reward of this internal cleanliness is a freshened and invigorated blood-stream which courses through your veins, driving all impurities before it. Poisonous uric acid with its needle-pointed crystals is expelled through the natural channels, and the pains of rheumatism cease. And as you continue with the "little daily dose" of Kruschen, your whole being—body and brain—responds to the purifying force.  
Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Drug Stores at 45c. and 75c. per bottle.

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

WRONG NUMBER  
Brown had dialled his home telephone number.  
"Hallo," he said, "Is that Mrs. Brown?"  
"Yes."  
"This is Jack speaking. I say, dear, will it be all right if I bring home a couple of friends to dinner?"  
"Certainly, darling."  
"Did you hear what I said?"  
"Yes—you asked if you could bring a couple of friends to dinner. Of course you can, dear."  
"Sorry, madam," he said, preparing to ring off. "I've got the wrong Mrs. Brown."  
Young Wife (returning to village after runaway match)—"I suppose my elopement was a nine-days' wonder?"  
Village Worthy—"It would 'ave been, mum, only Buggins's dog went mad the same evenin'."

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Earn part time, while learning following: pig pay trades; Garage work; welding; barbering; hair dressing; Positions open. Information free. Employment service from "You to You" Const. Apply Dominion Schools, Head Office, 79 Queen W., Toronto.

### IT'S LIVER THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO WRETCHED

Wake up your Liver Bile  
—No Calomel necessary  
For you to feel healthy and happy, your liver must pour two pounds of fluid into your bowels, every day. Without that bile, trouble starts. Poor digestion. Slow elimination. Poisons in the body. General weakness.  
How can you expect to clear up a situation like this completely with mere bowel-movings, salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy, chewing gum, or roughage? They don't wake up your liver.  
You need Carter's Little Liver Pills. "Purely vegetable. Safe. Quick and sure results. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c. at all druggists."

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Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound  
Wives get tired during these hard times. They are the ones who must bear the burdens of the family. When the husband comes home with less money in his pay envelope... it is the wife who must struggle along and make the best of things.  
If you are tired... worn out... nervous, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. What you need is a tonic that will give you the strength to carry on.  
98 out of every 100 women who report to us say that they are benefited by this medicine. Buy a bottle from your druggist today... and watch the results.

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SAFE—SURE—NO MORE SUFFERING OR UNCERTAINTY—NO NAUSIOUS MEDICINES  
Assured Results from  
**MENSTRU-AID**  
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS  
Sufficient for several treatments, in plain wrapper with full Directions. Regular size 12. Special size 15. Postpaid  
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