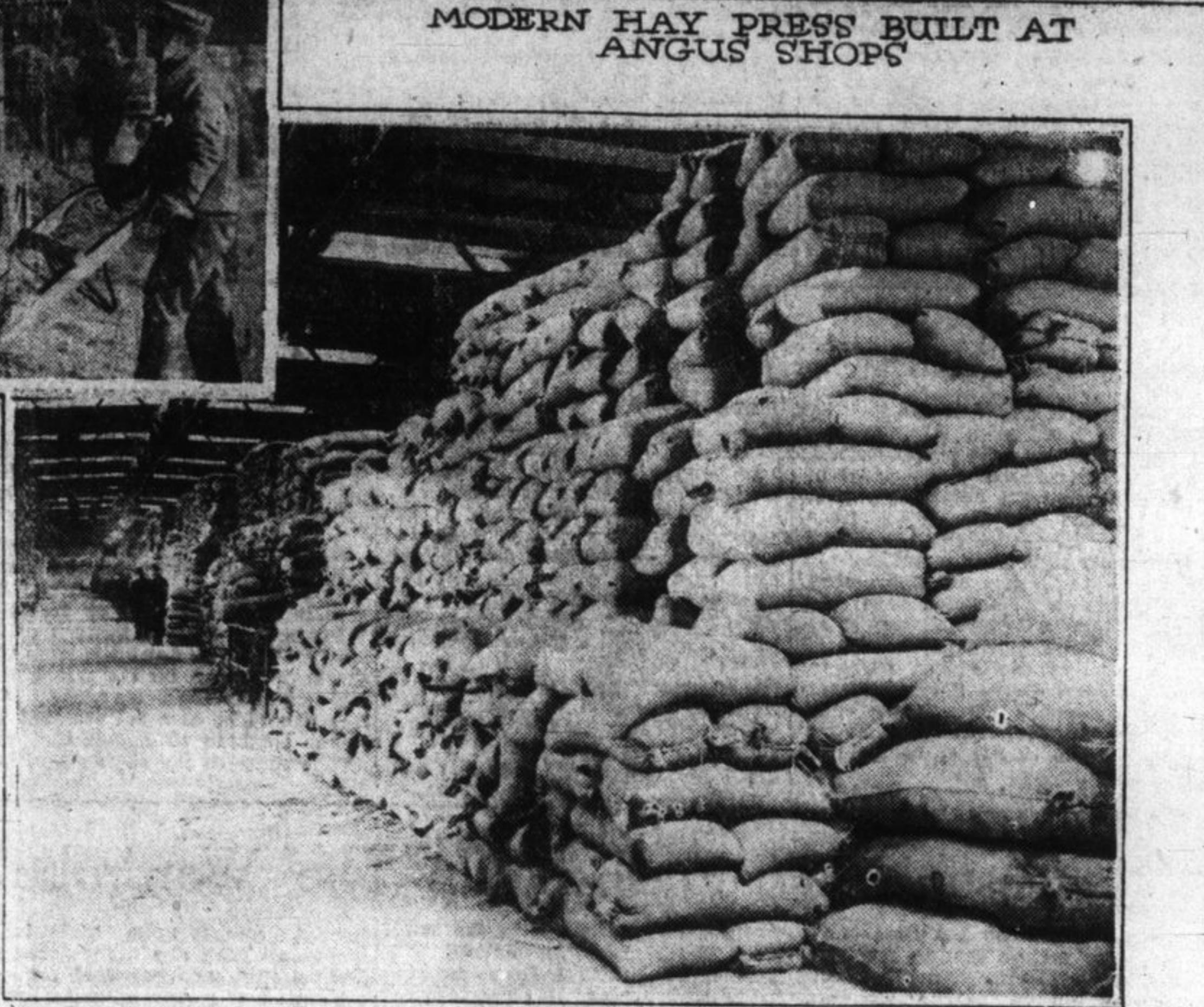


FOOD for the HORSES in the WAR



MODERN HAY PRESS BUILT AT ANGUS SHOPS



6000 TONS OF OATS READY FOR SHIPMENT IN MONTREAL

THE PRESSES ARE KEPT BUSY DAY & NIGHT

WHEN on the declaration of war the Canadian Government was asked by the Imperial Government to supervise the purchase and transport of commissariat supplies which Canada could provide for the Expeditionary Force in France, Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works was the minister selected to take charge of this responsible work. It was obvious to so practical a man as Mr. Rogers that the handling of such large orders as were in sight must be done by experienced transport officials, and, among others, he consulted Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir Thomas considered it a patriotic duty to place at Mr. Rogers' disposal, without cost to the Canadian Government, the services of Mr. A. H. Harris, special traffic representative of the C.P.R. together with such of the company's staff as Mr. Harris might select for purposes of administration. As this staff eventually numbered nearly twenty picked men, the value of the offer was considerable, and its acceptance by the Canadian Government has given the British War Office an efficient service, and saved a large sum of money.

The value of expert handling was demonstrated by the prompt chartering of vessels on a minimum charter rate, enabling the administration to maintain an average freight on oats during the past three months of 25 cents per hundred pounds, and \$7.50 per gross ton on hay. Although owing to the scarcity of tonnage, freight rates have risen rapidly since September, five vessels have cleared from Montreal for a French port during the past ten days, the charter parties averaging 28 cents per 100 pounds on oats and \$8.00 on hay, a saving of close to 50 per cent. on current commercial rates. In addition to this the C.P.R. has made no charge for use of its docks by the chartered vessels and has warehoused everything free—being in this generous treatment by the Allan Line, which also placed portions of its sheds at the disposal of the Government. Over 600,000 sacks have been stored in and passed through C.P.R. sheds, and vast quantities of sacked oats were piled in the upper sections of the C.P.R. dock warehouses and subsequently loaded into chartered vessels consigned to French ports of call. The Ontario, Manitoba and Alberta Governments received the same generous treatment in connection with the forwarding of their gifts.

The shipments handled by this administration from September 1st to date, including flour, war office supplies, and French army blankets, total the enormous figure of 120,000 tons of freight free of storage, dockage, or steamship demurrage charges. The rapidity with which supplies went forward was shown in a recent cable from England to "go slow" as they were arriving too fast to be properly handled. In fact, a record has been established which it will take a long time to beat, and those concerned have come in for well-merited congratulations. The season of St. Lawrence navigation having closed, war office supplies will continue to be forwarded during the winter months via the Maritime Province ports

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED, WINNIPEG TORONTO QNT. MONTREAL

The Right Way To Strike a Match

Once in a while we have complaints about our matches breaking in two. This is no fault of the match, as EDDY'S MATCHES are made from specially selected straight-grained wood only. For the benefit of those who are still in ignorance of the proper way to hold a match (and there are many) we give the following rule—

"The forefinger of the right hand should be placed" "over the tip of the match, and withdrawn quickly" "when the flame comes. This prevents any undue" "leverage on the match, and instinct prevents one" "getting one's finger burned."

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY OF HULL, CANADA.

Labatt's INDIA PALE ALE

Not a Useless Intoxicant, but a WHOLESOME BEVERAGE with dietetical and medicinal uses — MADE AS GOOD AS WE CAN MAKE IT —

If not sold by nearest wine and spirit merchant, write JOHN LABATT, LIMITED LONDON - CANADA

James McParland, Agent, 339-341 King St. East.

OLD SANTA

(Continued from Page 17.)

old. Neither is he universal. Little Mike Bacigaluppo, who lives over back by the hollow, doesn't get his Christmas presents Christmas Day, and it is not Santa Claus who brings them. The morning of All Souls' Day is when little Mike turns the house upside down, searching for the gifts hidden in the most unlikely places by Uncle Joe or Cousin Tony or Aunt Assunta—whoever of near kin to little Mike is dead within his knowledge. For it is the spooks who bring his presents on the Eve of All Souls when spooks do walk most specially. And you'd better believe that little Mike doesn't peek that night the way some children do on Christmas Eve.

In some places, too, it is still Knecht Ruprecht who comes, and the pictures of him show the birchrod he carries to pallywhack naughty boys and girls. And if they're very, very naughty, and give back-talk to their dear parents, and make up wicked snoots at old people, he has a bag upon his back to put them in and carry them off. Yes, sir! In the pictures you can see them with their heads sticking out, hollering "Murder! Watch!"

Santa Claus has always been in

my time, and maybe around New York he's always been ever since the Dutch landed; but out where I come from, when my two grandpas were little boys, he hadn't been heard of even.

The people of one of my grandpas came into the state by the Western Reserve, in a Conestoga wagon. They said "wash-basin" when they meant "wash-pail." So you may understand how it was that this grandpa's pa should have been out hauling fodder when a man going by hailed him with: "Why, Uncle Billy, which workin' to-day for?" Don't you know what day 'tis?"

"Why, no, 'Tain't Sunday, is it?"

"No, 'tain't Sunday, but it might 'bout's well be. It's Christmas."

"Is that so?" exclaimed my grandpa's pa. "Let's see. Comes on the twenty-fifth, does it? Monday was the twenty-first, Tuesday was the twenty-second— Yes, sir, it is! So he unhitched the team and put 'em in the barn, and went to the house and dressed up in his Sunday-goto-meetin's, and read a chapter in the bible, and had a word of prayer. And that was the kind of Christmas this particular grandpa of mine had when he was little. Not a syllable of Santa Claus.

My other grandpa's people came into the state by the way of Cumberland Gap and then across the river. They said "bucket" when they meant "pail." So you can understand that they weren't such Puritans as to hate Christmas or to forget it. A whopping big turkey spun on a string before the fire and smell of the house all up whilst it was roasting; there were mince-pies and all kinds of eating till a body like to bust, and I don't be sure, but I think there was something laded out of a barrel in the corner of the room into a big yellow crock and beaten up with eggs and cream and brown sugar and nutmeg.

And the grandpa's pa took four chairs and set them in the middle of the big kitchen (like a hollow square with the seats inward, and strapped bed-clothes around them and got in himself and squatted down, and told little Dilly— That was what they called my grandpa when he was little like George— told Dilly to watch and see what happened. And pretty soon up popped the funniest little man with a hook-nose and a hump-back that talked in such a squalling voice that little Dilly fopped on the floor, like a fish on the plank. Yes, it was Mr. Punch, Oh, there was a whole long story of it, but after Mr. Punch had led a gay life, the-yah, now — the-yah — well, I s'pose I might as well with it—the Divile came after him. Mr. Punch didn't want to go. Make 'ny difference; he had to go. Mr. Punch started to run and the Divile after him.

Well, anyways, that was the kind of a Christmas this grandpa had when he was a little boy. No Santa Claus. No hanging up stockings.

Christmas gifts, though. Now, s'posin' I was to meet you that day, we'd try to see which— could say: "Christmas gifts! first, and which ever one didn't say it first (like it would be you) would have to give to the one that did say it first (like it would be me) some kind of a treat—a handful of hazelnuts or a stick of candy, or, if we were grown persons, a ladleful of the stuff in the yellow crock I spoke of.

Do you know what I think? I think that Santa Claus didn't get to our part of the country until those people did who, having notions about liberty and all that sort of thing, discovered along about 1848 that they would enjoy better health and live longer if they got right out of Germany.

They came to this country and they brought Santa Claus with them. Do you remember—it's been a long time since I heard the word—that there used to be another name for Santa Claus—Kris Kringle? That was our clumsy Ommerricorner tongue trying to say the unfamiliar words, "Christ kindl" for in the southern parts of Germany Santa Claus, who displayed the cruel Knecht Ruprecht, was himself displaced by the Christ-child, who came this Holy Night bringing good gifts.

And of all the tales they tell this tide that is the newest one. I think: how, out in the country, a mile or so from Bethlehem, there were shepherds, staying up all night to drive the wolves away from the sheep. And as they sat on the ground beside their little fire they talked among themselves about how hard it was for poor folk to get along; how there were wolves that attacked them, too, and how there was no one to drive the wolves away from poor folks, no one to rescue them.

And all of a sudden the red glow of their fire faded into ashes because a bright light—brighter than any electric light; they had to shade their eyes— shone all around them. And there stood an angel! The silver feathers of his wings were trembling yet from his flying down to them. They were scared at first, but the angel said: "Don't be afraid. I've brought you good news. The Rescuer you were wishing for is just now born. Right over there in Bethlehem. And this is how you can tell; The baby is wrapped up in cloths and lying in a manger."

An then he said that, the sky which had only had tiny stars twinkling in it and the pale Milky Way slanted across it, was all full of other angels singing. And the song they sang was all about "Peace on earth, good will among men!"

The shepherds hardly dared to breathe for fear they'd lose one lovely note. It wasn't only that the voices were so sweet and blended so beautifully; it was the words of the song Heaven itself had come right down to them— To them! Poor folks that everybody picked on!—to promise to be kind and gentle to each other, and not collect in mobs and sweep across the country, killing and murdering, and burning down villages, and plundering and destroying. "Peace on earth, good will among men!"

But the sweet song ended, and the angels all went back into heaven, and it was darker than ever, only the tiny stars pricked into the sky and the faint Milky Way overhead; only the dull glow of the dying fire, and over there across the fields, in Bethlehem, a light moving where some one was still up.

They drew a long, quivering breath. Oh, that the song might have lasted a little longer!

But if it was dark around them, a bright hope blazed in their hearts. They ran through the blackness to Bethlehem to see this thing which was come to pass. And when they got to the cave where the cattle were kept they found Joseph, and asked if they might see the baby. And Mary, weak and faint yet from her struggle, turned back the cover from the face of the little one sleeping on the

bay . . . and it was Jesus . . .

As we picture it to ourselves, our hands press themselves together, palm to palm, and we sink upon our knees. . . .

Is this only another pretty story that they tell us when we're little, that we're expected to outgrow? Is there no hope for us? Are we to hear forever the crash of cannon and the snarling scream of shells, and never again the angels singing. "Peace on earth, good will among men?"

Odd Billiard Tables. Popular Mechanics Magazine. Billiard tables supported on solid rock are among the novel features of a thirty-six-room concrete residence located on one of the islands of the San Juan Archipelago in Puget Sound.

Each table rests on a massive concrete base which extends through an opening in the floor and has its footing on bedrock, and is therefore as solid as a tree from vibrations as if it were a part of the island itself.

If a man's conscience never troubles him he has it pretty well trained. An observing woman is a whole public opinion in one package.

Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles.

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal "Wincarnis," the "Wine of Life." "Wincarnis" is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

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Operation Decided On As Only Means of Relief

But the Writer of This Letter Resolved to Try Dr. Chase's Ointment First and Was Cured.

This is not an isolated case, for we frequently hear from people who have been cured of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. Chase's Ointment is becoming known far and wide as the only actual cure for piles or hemorrhoids.

Mr. Charles Beauvais, a respected citizen of St. John's, Que., writes:—"For 14 years I suffered from chronic piles or hemorrhoids and considered my case very serious. I was treated by a well-known physician who could not help me, and my doctor decided on an operation as the only means of relief. However, I resolved to try Dr. Chase's Ointment first. The first box brought me great relief, and by the time I had used three boxes I was completely cured. This is why it gives me such great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to everybody suffering from hemorrhoids as a preparation of the greatest value."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c a box, at dealers or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

doubt as to where credit is due. Friends and neighbors are told of the results and so the good word spreads, and Dr. Chase's Ointment is becoming known far and wide as the only actual cure for piles or hemorrhoids.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c a box, at dealers or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



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