

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review



GETTING READY FOR SANTA CLAUS.



6447

There is no reason why Santa Claus should not be dressed in the latest style. This costume provides for him the last word in yuletide fashions.

In less than two months Santa Claus will begin his round of visits, and as he will appear at numerous concerts and entertainments it will be necessary to provide a change of costume for him. The costume shown here consists of a coat, knickerbockers, hat and leggings and in average size requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 5 1/4 yards for trimming. The coat is not difficult to make. First the under-arm and shoulder seams are ribbed as notched. Next, turn hems at front and lower edges on small "o" perforations. Sew collar of neck edge, notches, center-fronts and ermine.

Pictorial Review Santa's Suit No. 6447. Sizes 38, 40, 44 and 48 inches breast measure. Price, 15 cents.

Above Patterns can be obtained from **NEWMAN & SHAW,** Princess Street.

"KITCHENER"

Is the name of the new Electric Iron made by the Canadian General Electric Co. Under the new power rates, it will cost only 2 1-2 cents per hour to operate this iron. —FOR SALE AT—

Halliday's Electric Shop,

Phone 94 :: 845 King Street

Buttermilk Buttermilk

Having bought the whole outfit of Eastern Dairy School, I am now prepared to deliver Buttermilk in any quantity.

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Just Arrived

Puttees!

Crawford & Walsh

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Sleepytime Tales

GREEDY TIP.

Once upon a time Tip, the country squirrel, had his first Christmas tree in the home of Baby John. On Christmas day he thought he was having the best time he ever had in his whole life for he knew to a squirrel a great time is to have plenty to eat, as they don't need any clothes, or shoes or hats and don't care to travel very far from home.

The Christmas tree had been a lovely sight and Tip enjoyed every minute of it especially the loads and loads of nuts and many little bags of candy which were hung on the tree from Baby John and all the members of the family for little Tip. As the bags were handed to him he tore them open in a frenzy of haste and immediately began to hide the candy and nuts in all parts of the house as well as in the garden and all other places out of doors that he could think of.

Of course he ate all that he could but his poor little stomach would hold only so much and he couldn't stuff any more into it after the first

few nuts and pieces of candy so he hid all of the rest, but did not stop eating as soon as he could find room for more food.

As soon as the Christmas tree was over he began to go from place to place where he had hidden his presents and to eat and eat as though it was very necessary that he should eat it all at least within a day or so. His little stomach swelled out big and fat and pretty soon he began to have awful pains and to be so sick that he could not scamper about, in fact he could not walk, even slowly, to where he had hidden some more nuts and candy.

Finally he crawled close up to Baby John and with a squeak rolled over on the floor. Baby John's father or had to take him up and give him some medicine before he began to feel better. He got some sense in his little head, however, from the experience and did not go near the hidden nuts and candy for almost a week and for a long time his "table manners" were very dainty and his appetite small.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Tuesday.

BREAKFAST
Haddock warmed in Butter
Bread Crumbs Griddles
Coffee

LUNCHEON
German Soup
German Chopped Cabbage
Cherry Pudding

DINNER
Onion Chowder
Scalloped Lamb
Browned Potatoes
Baked Squash
Cocoanut Salad
Cranberries with Dates

BREAKFAST.
Bread Crumbs Griddles—Soak two cups of bread crumbs in a cup of milk. Add a little flour, a well beaten egg and half a teaspoon of baking powder. Fry on a hot griddle.

LUNCHEON.
German Soup—Soak two cups of lentils or black beans one hour. Cover well with water, boil until soft and mash through a sieve. Return to the fire, add a cup of water and more

if too thick, a tablespoon of butter, the same of dissolved flour, a teaspoon of chopped parsley, and six Frankforts that have been boiled until tender and cut in small pieces. Boil altogether one minute.

German Chopped Cabbage—Chop fine and add a tablespoon of sugar, a little mustard, quarter of a cup of vinegar, and half a teaspoon of caraway seeds.

DINNER.
Onion Chowder—Boil one cup of chopped onions, two cups of potatoes cut in dice, and a tablespoon butter in six cups of boiling water for one hour. Add a teaspoon of chopped parsley and serve.

Cocoanut Salad—Mix three fourths of a cup of cocoanut with half a cup of chopped nuts and two cups of pared and chopped apples. Pour over a dressing made by stirring a tablespoon of lemon juice with two tablespoons of olive oil and some salt and pepper.

Cranberries and Dates—To a quart of cranberries add half a pound of seeded dates and half as much sugar. Cook until soft.

"My Little Wet Home In The Trench"

Here's the latest "trench song," as sung by our gallant soldier boys in Flanders. It is to the tune of My Little Grey Home in the West. It runs as follows:

I've a little wet home in the trench
Where the rain storms unceasingly drench;
There's a sky overhead,
Clay and mud for a bed,
And a stone that we use for a bench.
Bully beef and hard biscuits we chew—
It seems years since we tasted a stew,
Shells crackle and scare,
Yet no place can compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

The Huns in that trench o'er the way
Seem to know that we've come here to stay.
They shoot and they shout,
But they can't get us out,
Though there's no dirty trick they don't play.
They rushed us a few nights ago,
But we don't like intruders, and so
Some departed quite sore;
Others stayed evermore
Near my little wet home in the trench.

So Hurrah! for the mud and the clay,
Which leads to "Der Tag"—that's the day
When we enter Berlin,
That City of Sin,
And we'll make the black-hearted ones pay.
Yes, we'll think of the cold, slush and stench,
While from Huns our just payment we wrench
There'll be shed then, I fear,
Redder stuff than a tear
For my little wet home in the trench.

WHAT NEW YORKERS EAT.

Ostrich And Horse Meat Newest Menu Novelties.

New York, Dec. 27.—A consignment of twenty ostriches, dressed for restaurant consumption, has reached this city. This is the first shipment of its kind received here and the bird will appear on many menus as a substitute for turkey. This, with horse meat, gives New York city two entirely new kinds of food.

V.C. Who Caught Live Bombs

London Standard.
How Lance-Corporal Keyser, one of the best bomb-throwers in the Australian and New Zealand Corps, won his V.C. is described by Captain C. E. Beau, official press representative at Gallipoli.

During the fierce attacks at Lone Pine, Keyser was throwing for fifty hours almost continuously. He not only threw bombs, but constantly smothered the enemy's bombs with his coat. Finally, when the enemy cut down the time of the fuses, he caught several bombs in the air like a cricket ball and threw them back before bursting.

The Time She Selected.
"Do you believe in early marriages?"
"No. My wedding ceremonies have always taken place in the afternoon or evening."

TO HELP OUR NEIGHBORS.

America Must Prepare, Joseph H. Choate Warns.

New York, Dec. 27.—"The United States may be in the midst of war any minute and if this country does enter the war we want to do all we can to help our neighbor," said Joseph H. Choate, at a luncheon given by the Pilgrims in honor of Sir Robert L. Borden, premier of Canada.

Mr. Choate warned his hearers that no matter what anyone might think of the situation abroad, one thing was certain—America must be prepared.

No More Husbands For Her.

Eugene Plumon, a distinguished French lawyer, who is now attached to the British expeditionary forces as an interpreter, has been granted a divorce from Maggie Teyte, the prima donna.

Miss Teyte, who is singing with the Boston Opera Company, received the news that M. Plumon had divorced her with great complacency. "I could not remain with M. Plumon in Paris and have my career," she said. "I must travel everywhere. All artists are selfish. It must necessarily be so to be an artist. No more husbands for me. From now on I have but one ambition, and that is limitless. It is to go on and on in my career and never stop."

TALKING AGAINST CANADA.

Man Government is Not Proud of His Last Speech.

Montreal Herald.
At the Monument National last night Mr. Bourassa spoke for two hours and a half against Canada's participation in the wars of the Empire. He was greeted with hisses and cheers. One of his statements was that the French in Ontario had been more crushed by British rule than Alsace-Lorraine ever had been by German rule. When Mr. Bourassa was preaching this doctrine prior to the last Federal General Election, his paper was sent broadcast to the electors, of those counties of this province in which the electorate is practically entirely French-speaking. Mr. Lemieux, in his Toronto speech a week or two ago, declared that these copies had been paid for by Sir Herbert Ames, representing the organization of which Sir Robert Borden is the head, and we have seen no denial of this from Sir Herbert. At that time Mr. Bourassa has actively associated with him the late Hon. Mr. Monk and Mr. Beaubien, who has just been rewarded with a senatorship. Will the Borden Government, so anxious to secure votes, even through such a channel as that, do now as they did then—pay for the broadcast distribution of Mr. Bourassa's utterances in the French-speaking districts? The answer is not difficult.

The Sins of War.

New York Herald.
Away back in the days of Demosthenes—three and a half centuries before Christ—it had already become a maxim that money constitutes "the sins of war."

It is suggestive that, while the exchanges with France and England yesterday were strong and higher, the exchange on Germany declined to a new low level at which four marks would buy less than seventy-seven cents, whereas in normal times they would purchase more than ninety-five cents.

In American phrase "money talks," and this increasing depression in the German exchange as compared with the exchange on the capitals of the Entente Allies stalks eloquently as to where "the sins of war" are strongest.

The Spread of War.

Brantford Expositor.
Armageddon has spread so far that the instruments of death are planted on the reputed site of Calvary, and the Mount of Olives has become a champ de mars. Every sincere Christian, every sincere friend of peace, is to-day having his Gethsemane. It is not easy to see beyond the pall of death which now envelops the earth the cloudless skies of a world at peace, and yet even as the sorrows of the Cross precluded the glories of the Resurrection may we not believe that the Via Dolorosa we are now treading with such fearful hearts is after all the only way to universal peace and the final triumph of the message of good-will to men which was delivered to the waiting shepherds at Bethlehem nearly 2000 years ago.

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