

# Sleepytime Tales

## PUFFY AND THE TEDDY BEAR.

Once upon a time Larry was given a little puppy. It was so small that he could carry it around in his pocket and so fat that when it sat up on its hind legs it looked like a frog. It would when it tried to walk and fall over very often.

In a few days it began to run about and, as it grew older, would try to play with the kitten, but the kitten didn't like the funny looking puppy and when it came anywhere near her she would put out her paw and push the poor puppy down.

Larry had a little brother named Lony and Lony had a cloth Teddy Bear he was very fond of. One day Larry left his puppy asleep while he went skating.

As soon as his master was out of sight the puppy opened his eyes and looked around so much as to say: "Now I guess I will have some fun." The kitten was asleep and even

when the puppy ran up to it and stuck his fat nose in her face, she only put out her paw lazily and wouldn't pay much attention to him.

Finally he found Lony's Teddy Bear lying on the floor and he took hold of it with his sharp teeth and began to shake it back and forth. Pretty soon the stuffing began to run out and in a minute there was nothing but the poor Teddy Bear but a piece of limp cloth.

Lony came in just then and as soon as he saw his Teddy Bear he began to cry and ran to his mother to tell her all about how the puppy had eaten the bear.

When Larry came home Lony showed him what was left of the teddy bear and Larry promised to buy him a new one if he would stop crying. But what do you think Lony said? He didn't want any more teddy bears anymore but wished to have at once a live puppy dog that was alive and could fight.

# "Low Cost of Living" Menu

## Menu for Friday

**BREAKFAST**  
Omelette  
Fried Potatoes  
Toast  
Coffee

**LUNCHEON**  
Sardine Rabbit  
Bread and Butter

**DINNER**  
Fish Chowder  
Scalloped Oysters  
Potatoes  
Baked Tomatoes  
Date Cake

**BREAKFAST**  
Fried Wheatena—Into six cups of hard boiling water stir in slowly one cup of wheatena and boil for five minutes. Turn into a wetted mould to harden. Cut in thick slices and fry brown on both sides. Serve with maple syrup.

**LUNCHEON**  
Sardine Rabbit—Melt one cup of cheese and to it add a little butter, half a cup of milk and one beaten egg. Stir in a small can of sardines free of skin and bones. Boil until thick.

## DINNER

**Fish Chowder**—Cut in dice three slices of fat salt pork and add half an onion and fry brown. Cover a pound of cod with water, add a cup of diced potatoes and the pork and onion. Boil half an hour, add two cups of milk and thicken with a tablespoon of dissolved flour.

**Scalloped Oysters**—Place in a baking dish a layer of cracker, then a layer of oysters, butter, pepper and salt. Continue until the dish is full. Beat one egg very light, add two cups of milk and what oyster liquor there is and pour over the oysters. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

**Baked Tomatoes**—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with a layer of tomatoes and the seasoning. Add small pieces of onion and again tomato until the dish is full. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

**Pineapple Salad**—Shred and serve on lettuce with a dressing made from oil and the pineapple juice blended together.

**Date Cake**—Mix one cup of sugar, the same of sour milk, two cups of flour, butter the size of an egg, and one pound of pitted dates chopped. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

# Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

## Useful Coat in Cotton Corduroy.



of white flannel. The coat is in the smart drop shoulder style.

When a chic coat and a smart skirt are combined, the result is sure to be a natty suit. The coat shown here is fashioned of cotton corduroy in a smart shade of blue, trimmed with the same color satin. The convertible collar is in equally good style closed to the neck or rolled back to form revers. The drop shoulder gives the broad line that youthful women so often affect in medium size the coat requires 3 yards 54-inch material.

The home dressmaker who carefully follows the cutting guide will be immune against mistakes or waste of material. Fold the corduroy in half and along the lengthwise fold place the back. To the right of this, on a lengthwise thread, lay the sleeve and follow with the collar, which is placed on the lengthwise fold so that it will be seamless.

On the side nearest the sleeve edge the cuff, pocket, underfacing and front are laid, each placed on a lengthwise thread. If the coat is desired in short length, cut off the lower parts of front, back and underfacing along the indicating small perforations. For a single-breasted coat cut off the front edges of the front and underfacing a small "V" perforation.

The cotton corduroys seem to be established as an all-year round favorite, and the makers of smart suits evidently count upon a continuance of such conditions, for some delightful models are shown for Spring and Summer wear.

Sharing favor with blue for corduroy, coats are brown, white, bright green and red.

As is always the case in the Spring season, the locally belted coat of the Norfolk clan—though often having its belt in common with the Norfolk except its belt—is considerably emphasized. For country and sports wear they are, of course, the correct thing.



FOLD OF 54-INCH MATERIAL WITH NAP. Patented April 30, 1907. Pictorial Review Coat No. 6111. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price 1.00. Skirt No. 6112. Sizes 16 to 20 years.

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

## GOT HIS OWN BACK.

Britt Tells a Good One on Referee Eugene Corri.

"I," says Mr. Eugene Corri, king of boxing referees, in "Thirty Years a Boxing Referee," who tell so many stories about boxers and boxing, cannot complain if an occasion is told about him and against him. That incorrigible wag, Jimmy Britt, the immaculately-dressed and dapper little ex-light-weight champion, got his own back by relating the following to some of my friends, who retailed it to me with delight. This is how Britt told the story. I give it in his own words:

"When I came over to England this last time I met Mr. Corri in the Strand. He looked very hard at me. 'Now, Britt, you have made a lot of money boxing, haven't you?' I said 'Yes, Mr. Corri, and why don't you quit? You're beginning to show signs of what you are—a pugilist on the down grade, looking very old.'

"'Anyhow, Mr. Corri would insist on my lurching with him at the Savoy Hotel. We sat down at a table, and I answered, 'I am a pugilist and a man—such was Britt's expression—came in and sat at the next table and kept looking over at us continually.

"'At last I heard one of the ladies say, 'Who is that at the next table?' The man answered, 'He's a pugilist.'

"The lady said, 'What a brutal face he has!'

"'Yes,' replied the man; 'he's one of the foulest fighters in the ring.'

"A little later on I heard the other lady say, 'He is married.'

"The man replied, 'Yes, that gentleman, clean-shaven little fellow with him is his son.'

**A Witty Attorney-General.**

Sir Frederick Smith's activity in politics has brought back to recollection some of the most amusing "good things" which have helped to make the brilliant reputation that he has won so quickly.

In a debate on the death duties, for instance, he remarked: "One section of the community lives to enjoy old and new laws; another has to die to pay them."

Concerning the Liberals' licensing proposals of some years since he observed that therefore when you would serve a publican a licence you would receive in exchange one pennyworth of whisky and five pennyworth of Lord George.

In reply to an eminent Liberal Minister who had declined to "protect" Lord Milner, he asked: "Does the House recollect La Fontaine's insect which expired under the impression that it had the protection of a lion in whose carcass its life had been spent?"

Respecting Old Age Pensions he got off the following: "The pious Liberals! They give you seven and a pence a week for living with your own wife and ten shillings a week for living with somebody else."

**"Great Expectations."**

Charles Green, one of Dickens' illustrators, had two models, one of whom was a likable fellow, while the other, Gregory by name, was a greedy, self-seeking character, always thinking of himself and his perquisites.

When Green was on his deathbed, Gregory was very officious, and one day Green, noticing this, said to him: "Oh, I haven't forgotten you, Gregory. But you dully in my will, at the funeral, and in a wreath and duly attended to hear the will read.

Green had kept his word, and the model was not forgotten.

"To my dear friend Gregory," ran the document, "leave, for his kindness to me, an edition of 'Great Expectations.'"

**"Miners' Guardian Angel."**

Miners of the North of England this year celebrate the centenary of the introduction of the Davy safety lamp. It was on January 10th, 1816, that the "miners' guardian angel" was first introduced into any pit. Sir Humphry Davy's invention was really the outcome of the terrible calamity at Felling Colliery, Co. Durham, on May 25th, 1812, when ninety-two miners were killed and many injured. Davy began his experiments in the autumn of 1815, with the wire gauze as an "explosive sieve," and on January 19th, 1816, the first lamp was tried by a hardy band of pioneers in the workings of Hebburn-on-Tyne colliery. The actual lamp is now a treasure in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, London.

**A Different Fish Story.**

J. Clarence Harvey, the Lamb's club wit, is telling this story about elimination: The proprietor of a fish store had a new sign: "Fresh Fish For Sale Here." Why say "here" if you can't get it? "It's unnecessary," he painted. "Here" only sold the second customer: "Why for sale?" Of course they're for sale. "Why 'fresh'?" said a third customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?" At last the sign read just "Fish." Along came a fourth customer. "What's the use of having that sign," he asked, "when you can smell them a block away?"

**Checker Champion Didn't Like Titles.**

The late George Buchanan was a typical "Glasca callant," whose managements and ready repartee occasioned much hilarity among his admirers and boyish appearance retaining his title of "boy champion" long after his years of maturity. A stormy outburst against a well known reporter who persisted in using the title is recorded: "Here, James," he exclaimed, "Drop that confounded 'boy champion.' It mak's the wife and bairns feel varra sma', and I wadn't have it!"

**Princess Mary's Pets.**

Princess Mary's tastes resemble those of the Queen, but in one she follows tradition, her father, she has a dog. She keeps a small menagerie of pets at York Cottage.

Two examples of foolishness: The young lady who knows she is handsome and the young man who thinks he is both handsome and witty.

A diplomat is one who fools you and betters himself.

## PRINCE LAID CORNERSTONE.

King Edward VII. When in Canada Officiated at Parliament House.

Probably not in a single instance has the destruction of the Parliament building in Ottawa been referred to with any detail, either in Canada or in the United States, without incidental mention of the fact that the corner-stone of the structure was laid by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who became King Edward VII. This may be put down as a circumstance not altogether due to the ambition of Canadian and United States newspapers to print, or to the desire of their readers to learn, all the historical details, but, fully as much, if not a great deal more, to the interest that has always attached, and that down to the present hour continues to attach, to everything related to the visit to America's shores of that popular heir apparent to the British throne.

When the Prince visited Canada, in 1860, he was a mere lad. Landing at St. John's N.F. on July 24, his progress through the Canadian country was one long, unbroken succession of enthusiastic greetings. He was a handsome boy, cheery, affable, ever ready to meet his entertainers half way, and, while disposed to be democratic in his contact with the populace, was always mindful of his station, capable of maintaining the dignity of his position, and of rising to it intellectually, in the presence of the many official bodies and delegations from which it became necessary for him to receive addresses. In the functions of the most august and august corner-stone of the Canadian Parliament building (the founding of the Dominion was still seven years away), he performed his part with that grace which characterized all of his public activities in later years and made him the most sought after and the busiest figure in the social life of the British Empire.

He crossed the boundary line, not as the Prince of Wales, but as Baron Renfrew. Before leaving British territory he made this neat little speech: "My duties as representative of the Queen cease this day, but in a private capacity I am about to visit, before I return home, that remarkable land which claims with us common ancestry and in whose extraordinary progress every Englishman feels a common interest. The United States, especially, has not only literally taken him immediately in its arms. From the moment he touched the soil of that republic until he took his departure, to use an Anglo-Americanism, "there was nothing too good for him." It was not simply deference to his rank or inheritance, or a mere manifestation of conventional courtesy, or an ordinary expression of national hospitality, but a genuine American "liking for the young fellow" that at once aroused the enthusiasm of the country and maintained it at a high level to the end of his visit.

## A PARLIAMENTARY SHOWER.

The Story of How George Taylor Discovered the Deluge.

"W. J. H.," whose "Heliograms" column in the "Manitoba Free Press" is one of the most entertaining and instructive features of that well-edited paper, was prompted by the destruction of the Parliament Buildings to indulge in some interesting reminiscences of the historic structure, in which he acted as correspondent for The Toronto Mail in the "eighties." In expressing his personal sense of loss, he went on to say: "But to get back to the interior of the old Commons chamber, or, rather, to the place where the old Commons chamber stood, and where members cluster thicker than the forest of the Breckage, let us lighten up thoughts by recalling one of the most amusing things that ever happened in that chamber—a thing that has never been recorded in print. It was, indeed, witnessed only by a few.

The hour was along about two o'clock in the morning, and the House was in committee of the whole, with no more than a quorum present, and several of the quorum asleep. Sir Mackenzie Bowell—he was Mr. Bowell then, and Minister of Customs in Sir John Macdonald's cabinet—was in charge of the government side. Estimates were being pushed along. It was a scene of deadly dullness and weariness. Behind Mr. Bowell slumbered peacefully the late Mr. Robertson, of Hamilton—he was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Robertson—a large, handsome, very dignified and benevolent man, and very bald. His arms were crossed on the desk, his head rested on his arms, and he slept like a child. If Mr. Bowell had looked over his right shoulder he would have seen the stark visage of Mr. Robertson's baldness, not more than fifteen or twenty inches from him.

"But Mr. Bowell did not look back. He was busy pushing item along after item, until at last came an item which the late Mr. Robertson afterwards Minister of Customs in the Laurier Government—pounced on. In his large Bonavere voice, 'Billy' Paterson said something that annoyed Mr. Bowell, who is the kindest-hearted and quickest-tempered of men. The temperature of both honorable gentlemen rose rapidly, until at last Mr. Bowell grasped the glass of water before him, as if to hurl it across. George Taylor, the chief Government whip, who was sitting next him, but a restraining hand on Mr. Bowell's wrist, with the result that the water shot back over his shoulder and doused the baldness of the slumbering Mr. Robertson, who, thus startled from sleep, raised his blameless, benevolent, and dripping countenance in wonder at what all the laughing was about."

## The Wesleyans' 100,000.

The Rev. Owen Evans, president of the Welsh Assembly, states that the Wesleyan Conference has furnished the army with more than 100,000 men.

One calamity bowler in the count-minty will make more noise than half a dozen earnest civic improvement advocates.

"If" and "but" are among the little things that count.

## ALWAYS A FIGHTER.

Col. John A. Cooper Has Ever Been in Thick of Trouble.

If you find a man who loves a controversy, and who will see it through to the end, then you have discovered a soldier. Doubtless that is the qualification of which Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, was thinking when he chose Lieut.-Colonel John A. Cooper to head the 19th Battalion, whose organization is already under full swing at the headquarters on University Avenue, Toronto. In this crisis of recruiting, when strong men must be chosen to lead battalions, men who possess a natural bent for organization and who may be relied upon to think out new wrinkles for getting soldiers, Canada's War Lord cannot afford to make mistakes. He hasn't done it this time, if a successful journalistic career may be accepted as a criterion of the merits of a man.

The recruit of to-day is a reasoning man. The time is long gone since the hot-head and the first-enthusiasm-entitled. Those left are the workers, men who must make sacrifices to do to the best of their ability what they do the final plunge they want to be shown that the man who takes them into battle knows his business. Lieut.-Col. Cooper does. As a matter of fact, he has made a study of soldiering for years. That is because his military career has been among his friends as a man with a number of hobbies. And the pet hobby of his hobbies was soldiering. While friends were golfing Colonel Cooper, then a captain, was soldiering, and though acquaintances laughed at him for his dabbling in the military, he kept it up.

It is twenty-six years since he enlisted as a private in the Queen's Own Rifles. He was then a student at "Varsity" and "K Co." was still a University company. He rose to be lieutenant in his company, and in 1896 he gave over command of lieutenant. When he decided to retire to private life in 1911, he was transferred to the reserve of officers with the rank of captain. Then came the call to arms. Captain Cooper's name remained on the list of reserve officers, and when Gen. Logie suggested that there was a vacancy for him, a Captain Cooper found a place for himself with the 114th Battalion of Haldimand County. He had quite made up his mind to go to the front with the troops from Haldimand, and he had settled down to an energetic recruiting campaign for Colonel Baxter when the War Lord started casting his eye about for the successful. More battalions were to be raised. Leaders were needed. That is why a telegram told Captain Cooper one morning, in laconic terms, that he was a lieutenant-colonel, just for the accepting. Now, if there is one thing which Col. Cooper cannot be accused of—and it is lack of decision. He knew right away that he would be a lieutenant-colonel, and he would raise a battalion. And that is his record as a soldier, without any family instinct to urge him on, unless you count his father-in-law, Col. James Massie, of the R.C.A., Kingston.

## SUCCEEDS LA PLANTE.

Arthur Beauchene, New Assistant Clerk of House of Commons.

Arthur Beauchene, B. A., K. C., the new assistant clerk of the House of Commons to succeed the late Arthur La Plante, was born in the life in the Parliament Buildings here, was born at Carleton, Bonaventure County, P. Q., on June 15, 1876. He is the son of P. C. Beauchene, notary, who represented that constituency in the local Legislature from 1874 to 1876 and also in the House of Commons from 1879 to 1882. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, in New Brunswick, where he graduated with highest honors in classics in 1895. From 1896 to July, 1897, he was private secretary to Hon. P. G. LeBlanc. In the fall of 1897, a few months on the Montreal Star and La Presse, which, however, he left to go back to his old love, Le Journal, of which he subsequently became the chief editor. He had no notable controversies, the most remarkable having been against La Presse and lasting over one month's publication of daily articles from each side. He also had discussions on historical subjects in the press with Dr. Benjamin Sulte and Senator Pascal Poirier.

In 1903 he disagreed with the archbishop of Montreal and the directors of Le Journal as to the support which the Conservative party was to accept from the clergy in a campaign against the Laurier Government on the Manitoba school question. He then resigned, left Journalism, read law, and was admitted to the bar of the Province of Quebec in January, 1904.

In 1905 he founded L'Opinion, a Sunday newspaper which he published for two years in the Conservative interest. Meanwhile he practiced law, and in 1908 he stood as Conservative candidate in Bonaventure against Charles Muriel, but was defeated. In 1912 he ran for the local house in the same county, but was again defeated. In 1913 he was appointed legal officer in the department of Justice.

He was made a K. C. by the Quebec Government in June, 1914. Mr. Beauchene, besides being equally proficient in French and English, is also a stenographer of some ability in both languages and an expert typewriter.

## Flax Mill for Sarnia.

A large flax mill will be erected in Sarnia this spring, and contracts with farmers are already being signed up for their crop. The growing of flax in this section has been greatly stimulated recently by the introduction of the water-ranting process. Local parties are interested in the new concern.

## Feed Cows Well.

By real starving and badly sheltered calves their future milking powers are diminished.

In making economy the road to wealth we sometimes do ourselves and those who have claims upon us the rankest kind of injustice.

The people in this old world are legion who are short in fulfillment characteristic.

Then they have only the sweet, natural, delicate, fresh egg taste; the same as when boiled or poached; they are as good to look at as to eat—no burnt edges or black specks; and they are easier than ever to digest.

Use Crisco the next time you fry eggs, and you will be so agreeably surprised that you will be eager to try it for other foods.

No matter where else you use it, you will secure remarkable results, for Crisco embodies all the qualities which a cooking product should have to be equally satisfactory for frying, for shortening, and for cake and bread making.

Crisco is purely vegetable, absolutely clean in origin and manufacture. It stands a very high temperature without burning. It is sweet, delicate, delicious and wholesome.

It is for these reasons that you can use it for frying doughnuts, croquettes, etc., for shortening pastry and for making cake, and secure as remarkable results as when frying eggs.

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Doctors declare that cough-cures containing opium, morphine, or paregoric should never be given to children, save under medical directions. Most cough mixtures contain those things; Veno's Lightning Cough Cure does not. Veno's is guaranteed poison-free, and the ideal children's cough remedy. All kinds of children's coughs yield to Veno's—even whooping cough, however violent.

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Ask your English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh friends about Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. They know. Veno's is a British remedy, made in Britain by British capital and labour, and used wherever the grand old British flag flies. Give it your children, take it yourself; it is the remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchial Troubles, Price 30 cents. Difficult Breathing, Whooping Cough, Blood Spitting, Hoarseness.

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