

Good Night Stories

By Black Silver

Doris Finds A Queer String of Jet Beads.

Doris stooped down and from the pond picked up a wood with a pretty main on it.

"Now who in the world lost these, I'd like to know?" she mused to herself. "They certainly look like a string of fairy beads to me. I wish—"

"So they do," laughed a merry voice, and Squadee, the little elfin from Joyland, hopped out from behind the bushes and looked at the queer little string. "And I'd say that they are jet beads, if I didn't know better."

"Oh, Squadee!" exclaimed Doris, shaking the little elfin's hand. "Of course, I know it isn't a real—"

"Folk's seeing them at a distance would think them jet beads, all right. Maybe Mama Hoppy Toad knew that and thought she was fooling some one."

"Indeed, I did think so!" croaked a hoarse voice, and Mama Hoppy Toad, herself, hopped out on the edge of the bank. "But I didn't make them like that to fool little boys and girls, but to fool the water fowls, never dreamed they were yours! I

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

"I wish—"

You see, if Mrs. Turtle, for instance, knew they were my eggs—

"Your eggs!" exclaimed Doris. "I thought they belonged to Mama Green Frog."

"These eggs aren't Mama Green Frog's. They're mine," replied Mrs. Hoppy Toad proudly. "I've been laying my eggs on those weeds ever since I've been some time—ever since I was four years old."

"My goodness!" laughed Doris, who couldn't believe her ears. "How old are you now?"

"Well," mused Mama Hoppy Toad, who never enjoyed anything better than when talking about herself. "I've soon and braved ten years of storms in this garden. And every year for the last six years I've laid my string of bead-like eggs on those weeds."

"I really didn't think that you laid your eggs—"

"Well," Mama Hoppy Toad croaked, "that's one way you can always be sure whose eggs they are. I am the only mother who lays jet eggs in strings like this. Mama Green Frog and I have to lay our eggs differently or we never could tell the little ones apart. You see, all frogs and toads—both in meadow and tree-tops—hatch from eggs dropped among the weeds. They all have to go through the same stages."

"Oh, I knew they all started out as tadpoles," laughed Doris, "and I've often wondered how any one could tell the difference between Mama Green Frog's children and Mama Hoppy Toad's."

"Pooh!" Mama Hoppy Toad croaked. "They soon find out for themselves when they're old enough to grow legs. Those who are to become soldiers of the land forces can't live under water after their breathing apparatus begins to work properly. Then they hurry up on land, while the frogs—who belong to the marine army—never know any difference. But whenever you see a string like that, you can always rest assured that they belong to some Hoppy Toad." And with a merry goody Mama Hoppy Toad hurried away to dash her work in the garden.

Squadee cast a magic spell over the string of beads and Doris put them back on the weeds and went on with her play.

Lawyers occasionally make mistakes, but the seldom bring suit against one another.

WATCH YOUR FEET

Important Matter Pertaining to General Health.

Experts Advise Walking "Indian Fashion" in Preference to the "Toeing Out," Which Has Hitherto Been Considered Proper.

(Short Talks on Health, by the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.)

Well-directed feet are now considered to be quite as important to general health as a well-poised head or an erect carriage. Few people seem to realize that many troublesome ailments are caused by flat or weak feet, and attributed to the nervous depression, pain in the legs and back and general fatigue to some other cause, when the feet are really at fault, says the United States public health service.

Actual "flat foot" is much less common than is ordinarily thought. On the other hand, "weak foot" is very common, and if not remedied gradually leads to flat foot.

Recent investigations have established the fact that "toeing out" in walking, or standing, puts an added strain on the arch of the feet. Instead of standing and walking with the feet forming an angle of about 45 degrees, as formerly advocated in military and athletic manuals, experts now advocate standing and walking with the toes pointed straight forward. This has been found to be of great assistance in remedying weak and flat feet, and constitutes what is known as walking "Indian fashion."

"Toeing straight" should be practiced for a little while, and it will come easy. Make two parallel lines on the floor, about six inches apart, and walk on them with the toe and heel touching the outside of the line. Follow this up with an exercise such as the following: Stand with the feet parallel, with about two inches between the feet, and rise on the toes anywhere from 20 to 40 times each night and morning. In standing acquire the habit of placing the feet a few inches apart, with the same distance between heels and toes. Keep the body weight equally supported on both feet.

Do not make the mistake of believing that flat feet can be cured by the shoemaker, or by the ordinary arch that is sold in shoe stores. The condition is one that should be treated by an experienced physician when it fails to respond to the measures outlined above.

It is comparatively easy to remedy a tendency to weak or flat feet in children by teaching them the proper walking and standing posture. Parents would do well to teach their children to walk Indian fashion.

Wives' Work.

Neither Mr. Hamlin nor Squire Heaton is noted as a worker, but their wives are very industrious, and nothing gives either gentleman more pleasure than to boast of the wonderful things that his wife accomplishes.

"I don't know what the Red Cross would have done without my wife," said Mr. Hamlin one day. "She knit twenty-five sweaters, seventy-four pairs of socks and one hundred and fifteen wristlets."

"That's not a bad record," admitted the squire. "In fact, I call it a real good record for an average knitter. Now, I don't know how many articles my wife turned out for the Red Cross; she didn't count them. She started to count them, but when she had knit several hundred articles of every kind she said counting tired her, and she quit. After that she estimated her output by needles."

"By needles?" asked Mr. Hamlin, a little baffled.

"I mean the needles my wife wore out," explained the squire. "She wore out three sets of needles knitting for the Red Cross; and the fourth set was so near worn out when the war ended that they wasn't no thicker than horsehairs."—Youth's Companion.

Lived Days in Sealed Box.

Joseph Barcroft, a reader of physiology at King's college, England, has lived for six days in a hermetically sealed glass box. The experiment arose out of a 20-year-old controversy as to whether it is possible to calculate the amount of oxygen in the blood from a knowledge of the amount of oxygen in the breath. The test was also made to demonstrate whether it was necessary that airmen should have oxygen apparatus when flying at great heights. It proved that oxygen was necessary to flying men, but it did not show to what height they could fly with safety. While in the box Barcroft kept a record of his sensations and made scientific observations. He said he suffered from sleeplessness, but otherwise did not experience much inconvenience except on the last day, when the atmosphere became extremely rarefied. He then had headaches and nausea.

Suddenly Famous.

Maj. Hugh Thomas, O. D. E., the Englishman who recently bought the complete town of Milford Haven for a quarter of a million sterling, had probably never been heard of by the man in the street before. Another incident in which a "surprise millionaire" figured occurred some years back when China wanted a loan of \$50,000,000. A lender turned up in Mr. Birch Crisp of whom practically no one had ever heard, but who soon became famous when seven great powers, including Great Britain, took immediate steps to prevent him advancing the money.

If we could see ourselves as others see us we might not care to take a second look.

In taking refuge behind a falsehood you have a poor place for absolute security.

The night should put to flight the little trouble you had with your neighbor during the day.

ODD CONTESTS, OLD AND NEW

Belgium Cock-Crowing Matches and English Lark-Singing Contests—Turtles in Exciting Races.

From the dawn of time man has delighted in contests, whether between individuals who match their strength and skill, or between animals.

Some of these contests are decidedly quaint, or, for instance, the cock-crowling matches of Belgium, where specially bred and trained fowls are matched to see which will crow the greatest number of times within a certain time limit.

The lark-singing contests of England are far more musical, these contests being promoted and conducted by an association having a good membership. The birds are kept for some time in a dark room, and then placed before a mirror in the light. Imagining his own reflection to be a rival, the bird at once bursts into song, a careful record being made of the length of the song.

There used to be in Hamburg a famous collection of wild animals which included a number of giant tortoises, each weighing several hundred pounds. Children would mount upon the backs of these strange steeds, and, holding a lettuce leaf on the end of a stick just beyond the reach of the tortoise, coax them into an amusing race toward a fixed goal.

Much more exciting are the turtle races which may be witnessed in some of the South American countries. Turtle fishers select a number of the great sea turtles, and, attired in bathing costumes, mount their backs, grasping the forepart of the shells with both hands. The turtles are then released and at once make for the sea.

Ordinarily the turtle would plunge with his rider to the bottom of the sea, but this the jockey would prevent by throwing his weight on the back part of the shell and at the same time pulling the forward part up with his hands, which keeps the animal's head above the surface. By pulling the shell to the right or left, the rider is able to guide his mount, and a circle is made about a boat anchored off shore, and so back to the starting point. These turtles cover a course of eight or nine miles in an astonishing short time.

In Siam is found a particularly warlike fish, and fish fighting is almost a national sport in that country. When a contest is to be staged, two of the fish are placed in large glass bottles, and these natural gladiators do the rest.

Infinite Variety at Geneva.

Those who had the rare pleasure of looking in on a plenary session of the International woman's conference at Geneva were, in a few instances, unconvinced that out of such a variegated group unity of action and opinion could be possible, writes Alice La Maziere in Figaro. There were delegates from all parts of the world—blonde and heavy Scandinavians, robust and energetic Americans, frill and brunette Spaniards, Italians and Greeks, expressionless and saffron-colored Japanese and Hindus in over-embroidered gowns. And there were Frenchwomen despite the fact that though France has marched at the head of so many movements of emancipation, it will be a long while before she enfranchises her daughters. And we must not forget the delegate from Iceland, who journeyed for 80 days to be with us and came dressed in festival costume.

But Lady Astor, our good colleague from England, was the charm and grace of the conference. What will come of it all? Notwithstanding the opposition the women are meeting in certain countries—Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, France—the day is not far distant when we will act as a body in moral, political, educational and domestic questions. And our voice shall be heard when the specter of war threatens to arise.

The War Horse.

Mud-pattered, high power motorcars, careering along military roads, replaced foam-flecked chargers in the work of carrying generals and their staffs in the World War when it came to the actual business of a campaign. No panting charger carried a Wellington from a town 20 miles away—a motorcar did the work in 20 minutes without exciting comment. But the horse was not entirely robbed of his glorious place in the war. Motorcars might do the work better in actual campaigns, but when it came to the pump and panoply the horse was not entirely robbed of his glory. An army headed by a fat general cuddled in the deep upholstery of a mere machine would not stir the imagination. He must sit on a prancing, arch-necked steed and return the cheers with sharp salutes while handling his mettlesome mount. So it was that the high officers of the allies had horses for ceremonial occasions.

Warning to Airmen Who Smoke.

An airman who drops a lighted pipe from his plane is responsible for any damage his pipe may cause. This was decided at a moot, or discussion, in Gray's Inn hall, London, recently, at which Justice Darling presided.

Mr. Justice Darling, in the course of his judgment, said that for an airman to take a lighted pipe and smoke it when flying at a point where if it fell it would fall by gravitation to the earth instead of to the moon, to allow it to fall or not to prevent it to fall—that was in itself prima facie negligence. If the pipe fell to earth and set fire to a haystack or did any other damage the person injured was entitled to an action to recover damages for negligence.—Brooklyn Eagle.

People who try to be conspicuous generally are so-called by their foolishness.

I hold that if more wishers were workers this old world would be much better.

When a man does the best he can he is not far from being a good citizen.

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

You Will Simply Revel in
"JUST LIVE A RAINBOW"
75c

The wonderful Fox Trot played especially for Brunswick Records by Gene Rodemich's Orchestra. On the reverse side is "Cry Baby Blues"—another fascinating Fox Trot.

Here's another of the famous "Isham Jones" Dante Records (Fox Trot) from the Brunswick January list.

"WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN"
On the reverse side is the Fox Trot "DREAM OF ME."

2164—Canadian Capers, Fox Trot—Selvin's Orchestra, Sai-o-May, Fox Trot—Selvin's Orchestra.	2153—Who'll Be The Next One (To Cry Over You)—Tenor with Male Trio—James Craven and Male Trio.
2158—Tuck Me To Sleep in My Old Turkey Home, Fox Trot—Carl Fenlon's Orchestra, It's You, Fox Trot—Carl Fenlon's Orchestra.	2161—Love's Ship—Tenor—Joseph O'Hara, Little Crumbs of Happiness—Tenor Duet—Joseph O'Hara and James Craven.
2162—Monastery Bells, Waltz—Castlewood Marimba Band, Silver Sands of Love, Waltz—Castlewood Marimba Band.	2160—Washington Post March—Walter B. Rogers and His Band, El Capitan March—Walter B. Rogers and His Band.
2157—Somewhere in Naples, Fox Trot—Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians, When Buddha Smiles, Fox Trot—Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians.	2155—Wedding of the Winds—Waltz—Miniature Concert Orchestra, Over the Waves, Waltz (Sobre las Olas), Miniature Concert Orchestra.
2151—Everybody Steps, Fox Trot from "The Music Box Revue"—Bennie Krueger's Orchestra, How Many Times, Fox Trot, Bennie Krueger's Orchestra.	2163—Asleep in the Deep—Baritone—Wilfred Glenn, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep—Baritone—Wilfred Glenn.
2152—Fancies, Fox Trot—Gene Rodemich's Orchestra, Gypsy Blues, Fox Trot from "Shuffle Along"—Gene Rodemich's Orchestra.	13630—Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing—Tenor, in Italian—Tino Pattiera, Irish Girl I Love—Tenor and Male Trio—Theo Karle and Male Trio.
2156—Pianissimo Lullaby—Hawaiian Players, Frank Perera and Anthony Franchini, Sweet Hawaiian Girl of Mine, Hawaiian Players, Frank Perera and Anthony Franchini.	10047—Last Rose of Summer, Introduced in Plotow's "Martha"—Soprano, Virginia Rea.
2154—Birds of a Feather (McGowan Moran) Tenor and Baritone, Chas. Hart and Elliott Shaw, I'm a Sentimental Dreamer—Baritone and Female Trio—Ernest Hare and Female Trio.	10048—Reconita Armonia (Strange Harmony), from Tosca Act 1—Tenor, in Italian—Tino Pattiera, 30022—My Chiamano Mimi (My Name is Mimi), from Boheme Act 1—Soprano, in Italian—Claire Dux.

SPECIAL—NEW BRUNSWICK ARTIST
Lovers of the violin will derive intense enjoyment from the wonderful mastery of his difficult instrument by the new Brunswick Artist—Bronislaw Huberman. Hear his "Nocturne in E Flat" on Brunswick Record No. 30023.

Treadgold's Goods Co., 88 Princess Street.
The Song, H. A. Stevenson, Prop., 216 Princess Street.
J. M. Greene Music Co., Limited, 166 Princess St.
THE MUSICAL MERCHANDISE SALES CO., Toronto.
79 Wellington Street West

PLAYED ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

Special Reduction on Briscoe Cars

The Briscoe Motor Company of Brockville had a hundred standard Black Cars, Model 4-34, which they decided to dispose of at a sacrifice price. As a test, these were advertised on the Toronto market and in two days 60 of them were sold. Toronto absorbed altogether about 75 of these cars and the remainder were kept for distribution in other territory.

We were allotted only three. These three are now on exhibition at our Garage on Bay street, and will be sold to the first buyers for \$995.00. This is the biggest drop in automobile cars that we have heard of. It is a chance to get a brand new car for the price of an old one.

This Model has proved itself to be a great success in every way. It is light, powerful and speedy, very strongly built and very durable; possesses a wonderful motor. PRICE ONLY \$995.00.

ANGLIN BROS.

BAY STREET KINGSTON, ONTARIO

PROVINCIAL BYE-ELECTION 1922

NOTICE OF SITTINGS OF REVISING OFFICER

Take notice that sittings of the REVISING OFFICER for the purpose of hearing complaints or appeals with regard to the voters' list to be used at the election of a member of the Assembly pending for the Electoral District of Kingston, will be held at the following times at the places, viz.:

CITY OF KINGSTON, at the Court House
Jan. 17-18, 1922, from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.; and from 2.00 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.

January 19-21, 1922, from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.; from 2.00 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., and from 7.30 p.m. to 9.00 p.m.

VILLAGE OF PORTSMOUTH, at Town Hall.
January 16th and 17th, 1922, from 7.30 p.m. to 9.00 p.m.

To hear complaints as to list of voters for all polling subdivisions in the City of Kingston and Village of Portsmouth, respectively.

That Judge Lavell will be the Revising Officer for said City of Kingston and Village of Portsmouth, and his Clerk for the City of Kingston will be W. W. Sands, Esq., M.D., whose address is City Hall, Kingston, Ont., and his Clerk for the Village of Portsmouth will be James Scally, Esq., whose address is Portsmouth, Ont.

And further take notice that any voter who desires to complain that his name or the name of any person entitled to be entered on said list has been omitted from the same, or that the names of any persons who are not entitled to be voters have been entered thereon, may on or before the 10th day of January, 1922, apply, complain, or appeal to have his name or any other person entered on, or removed from the list.

And further take notice that such appeals must be by notice in writing in the prescribed form, signed by the complainant in duplicate and given to the Clerk of the Revising Officer for said City or Village as the case may be, or left for him at his address as stated above.

H. A. LAVELL,
Chairman of the Election Board for the County of Frontenac.
Dated this 4th day of January, 1922.

HARTINGTON HAPPENINGS.

A Valuable Holstein Bull Drowned in an Unused Well.
Hartington, Jan. 3.—The Methodist Sunday school had a very successful Christmas tree. Over forty dollars was realized. Much credit is due to the committee in their untiring efforts to make it a success. Capt. J. E. Freeman and wife have gone away for the winter, visiting their children. J. G. Walker a ill. Mrs. C. Moore is able to be out again after her illness. Leslie Patterson returned to his school, near Venenachar, after spending the holidays with his parents.

The annual business meeting of the Sunday school was held Thursday night at the home of the superintendent, Earl Leonard. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. Hartington is to have a skating rink. The hockey team want some of the county laurels. Mrs. J. Carleton and Mrs. Goslin are home from the Hotel Dieu. Dora Campsall has returned to Peterboro. Mr. and Mrs. Sproule, Westbrooke, have been visiting M. Cloakey, Sandy Barker, wife and children, Arden, at Benjamin Campsall's.

Elijah Sigsworth had a family reunion in the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith were home from near Toronto, and the other sisters from Cataragui, Kingston and Sydenham.

William Wood and family, Stoco, are at Ernie Botting's; Harold Wartman is at Fred Denison's. Mr. and Mrs. J. Walker and children, Sydenham; Mrs. Cook and daughter, Sydenham; Mr. and Mrs. Snider; Out Flat's, were at J. G. Walker's for Christmas.

Benjamin Campsall lost a valuable Holstein bull, which was drowned in an unused well. School re-opened, with Miss Campsall, Verona, teacher.

A girl thinks the wisdom of Solomon insignificant when compared with the smart sayings of her first beau.

Paddle your own canoe and later on you may own a steamboat.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

10 for 18¢
20 - 35¢

And in tins of 50 & 100

Superb Quality
Finest Workmanship
Greatest Value
in the World