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All fault-finding that does no good is weakness. If not sin. When it is directed against conditions that we have no power to change, it is a folly, when it is directed against persons it will hurt and discourage, it is far worse.

DECEMBER'S DAUGHTERS



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Of course the world is made up of all sorts of folks who are just the same in December as they are in August or May, but isn't there something about this month which intensifies characteristics? For who can approach Christmas without some degree of difference? There's the girl who thinks only of herself. Pretty and vain, always eager for attention and avid for

gifts, she is even more vain and eager as the season of giving draws near. But, thank goodness, there's the other type! She's usually beautiful because beauty is reflected from her heart—she thinks of what she can give others, and, Oh, the joy she finds in knitting some gift which is all the more lovely because she makes it.

SOME PEOPLE IN PORT MORESBY

"If he died—who is it careth? If he lives—it's just the same. No one saaketh how he fareth. Few there be who know his name."

"When one gets to the wild ends of the Empire, Uncle, I suppose," said Teddy, "that the white people are very glad to see one another and they keep together as much as possible? I am sure that I should feel terribly lonely unless I had a lot of friends."

"Well, Teddy, I do not know what people think, but the men and women who go to Papua do not go there for fun, and the residents are constantly changing. Just before I left there was a gold-rush, and I do not think you would have cared for the splendors, who followed the rush. They were just sharpers and confidence men. They were amusing to watch if one did not have anything to do with them. Then there is the prospector and miner, who occasionally drifts into Port Moresby from some place in the wilds. If he really remembers his original name, he is doing well. I have seen them come in with a sack of gold; one man I remember in particular. He spent his time in getting drunk and making preparations to be away for another few years in the wilds. The first thing he did was to buy a suit of pink pyjamas and a solar topee, as they call hats in Sunny Lands. It was his outfit of new fashionable clothes. He bought things for his boys, and when he had drunk all his cash away, he started out again on the trail. Like many others in Papua no one cared what became of him, and no one was in any way interested. I do not suppose that he had a friend in the world. Besides the store-keepers and government officials, who are a steady going set and

rather uninteresting, there are missionaries, traders, planters, who are the real live people of Papua. They come into Port Moresby every once in a while, and when they can be persuaded to talk, they have usually got something to tell worth listening to. When I lived there, Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, who writes such stunning books, lived with a very fine little missionary and his wife, on the beach I have been telling you about. The Rev. Septimus Carr was a Seventh Day Adventist, and we used to have a row every Sunday because I would not work on Sundays.

"Tell me some more about the natives, Uncle. They are cannibals aren't they? Do they ever eat anyone in Port Moresby?"

"The only cannibals loose in Port Moresby restrain their appetites, Teddy, but one can see plenty of them for there are few of the older generation that have not tasted human flesh. There are so many different sets of natives in Papua that it would take me a year to tell you all about them. Boys come into port on their way to work on plantations from all over British New Guinea. They are so very different in manner and appearance that I will have to describe just a few of them to you. There are several million natives in Papua and just a handful of whites. I am going to tell you about some coast natives tomorrow so I will close for tonight."

"Their spears are made of sugarcane. For no hostile thoughts they know. And they will not commit again The deeds of the long ago."

"It was a few days after I landed in Papua, Teddy," said Uncle Frank, "that I was present at the storming of Hanuabada, the big native village near Port Moresby. I afterwards saw what a real raid looked like, and it was not pleasant. In some cases not even a baby is left alive after a raid, but on this occasion it was different. All the white ladies and gentlemen in Port Moresby were present at this battle, and they thoroughly enjoyed seeing the capture of the big fort that had been erected to defend the village. It was quite worth seeing. There were prisoners taken, but I am glad to say that they were not eaten."

The Battle Royal.
 In Hanuabada a fort of poles and stieks had been erected, which was covered with palm leaves. The ammunition was stored on a raised platform about ten feet above the ground. Native girls clung to the sides of the upper part of the fort, shouting and waving their grass petticoats from side to side. They

appeared to be jeering the approaching enemy. The warriors were armed with spears and bows and arrows made of sugar cane. Presently the enemy came prancing into view in the most approved war dance. They held sugar cane spears over their heads as if about to hurl them, and they faced first to the right and then to the left as they came prancing along. They were chanting a war song. When they came within engaging distance the noise was deafening and the men rushed out of Hanuabada to hold long sugar-cane across the way. The enemy danced underneath them and then with a mighty yell—rushed the fort. They threw their spears in good earnest, and the defenders of the fort replied with a hail of oranges, bananas, and even an occasional coconut. It seemed quite like the real thing for a time, a regular free for all Donnybrook fair style of fighting. Some of them got beautiful snacks from the oranges and bananas, and I saw one woman get a sugar cane spear between her shoulder blades, which would have killed her if the spear had been a real one. She only shouted and wagged her petticoat. Finally the enemy climbed up the sides of the fort, covered in orange and banana.

Had Bad Pains In Her Heart
Nerves Were Very Bad
 Mrs. John Case, R. R. No. 4, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "I wish to say that I have been bothered very much with my heart and nerves. I doctored with two different doctors, but did not find much relief. I would have such bad pains in my heart, at times: I would be almost afraid to move or breathe, and at night I could not sleep. If the pains in my heart were gone, my nerves would be so bad I could not lie still and would only get a little sleep by being tired out. My stomach was also very bad and I could eat but very little, and then only certain things or I would have so much distress which always made my heart worse."

I had been suffering for nearly two years until one day I was talking to our druggist about the way I felt. He advised me to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair trial. I have now taken five boxes and am feeling so much better, I am able to do my own work, and can eat anything I wish. I cannot praise

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills
 too highly."

Price 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

and the faithful defenders were thrown down. The chief was made prisoner.

"I should have loved to have been in that fight, Uncle," said Teddy, "but I do not know whether I should have cared to face a coconut. Was anyone really hurt?"

"No, Teddy, no one was hurt, or if they were they did not say anything about it. They went and brought out yams and a lot of native food for a big feast. The chief was ransomed, and the young bloods kept up a dance for about three days and nights afterwards. They only stopped to eat."

"Some dance," said Teddy.

Tomorrow Uncle Frank tells about a man who wanted "Kuku."

Wedding at Bancroft.
 Bancroft, Dec. 9.—Bancroft was the scene of a pretty wedding in St. Paul's Methodist Church on Dec. 4th, at 10 a.m., when Miss Dorothy Lindsay, daughter of J. A. Lindsay, Bancroft, and R. H. Burley, Deseronto, were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Cook, of St. Paul's Church. The church was prettily decorated with ferns and cut flowers, constituting an archway above the altar. The bride looked very pretty as she entered the church on the arm of her father. Lohengrin's Wedding March was played by Mrs. W. T. Nugent, Madoc.

After the ceremony a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents on Bridge st. east. Immediately after the bride and groom left for a motor trip for points east, after which they will be at home to their many friends in Deseronto.

Late S. B. Stevens, Morton.
 Morton, Dec. 11.—There passed away on December 6th a highly and respected resident of Morton in the person of Seth B. Stevens, aged eighty-six years and seven months. Deceased was born and spent his whole life on the farm where he died. N. A. Johnson had charge of the funeral, which was held at his late home and was largely attended by relatives and friends, who showed the high esteem in which he was regarded as a friend and neighbor, and whose sympathy goes out to the bereaved widow. Friends were in attendance from Westport, Newboro, Delta, Seesley's Bay and surrounding country. The pall-bearers were life neighbors, Edgar Niblock, Eli Wing, George White, and D. Wiltse. The body was placed in Seesley's Bay vault and later interment will be made in the family plot in Morton cemetery.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

A Trying Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass

Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow

Detroit, Michigan—"During the Change of Life, I had a lot of stomach trouble, and was bothered a great deal with hot flashes. Sometimes I was not able to do any work at all. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in your little books and took it with very good results. I keep house and am able now to do all my own work. I recommend your medicine and am willing for you to publish my testimonial." Mrs. J. S. LIVERNOIS, 2051 Junction Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Queer Feelings at Middle Age
 Sheboygan, Wisconsin—"I was run-down, tired and nervous. I could not even do my own housework, could not sleep at night and all kinds of queer thoughts would come to me. Finally, I gave up going to the doctor and a friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After the first bottle I could sleep better and I have kept on improving ever since." Mrs. B. LANIER, 1639 N. 3rd St., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Knightsington, Ontario—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the Change of Life for a troublesomen often have at that time. I had not been well for a year and was not really able to do my work. A friend who had taken the Vegetable Compound herself recommended it to me, and I highly recommend it to all women with troubles like mine." Mrs. DANIEL J. TRACY, Knightsington, Ontario.

Let the Compound Help You
 The critical time of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 50, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia. Heat flashes or waves of heat appear to pass over the body, cause the face to be very red and often bring on headache, dizziness and a sense of suffocation.

Another annoying symptom which comes at this time is an inability to recall names, dates or other small facts. This is liable to make a woman lose confidence in herself. She becomes nervous, avoids meeting strangers and dreads to go out alone.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women at this time. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. Let it help carry you through this time of life. It is a splendid medicine for the middle-aged woman. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

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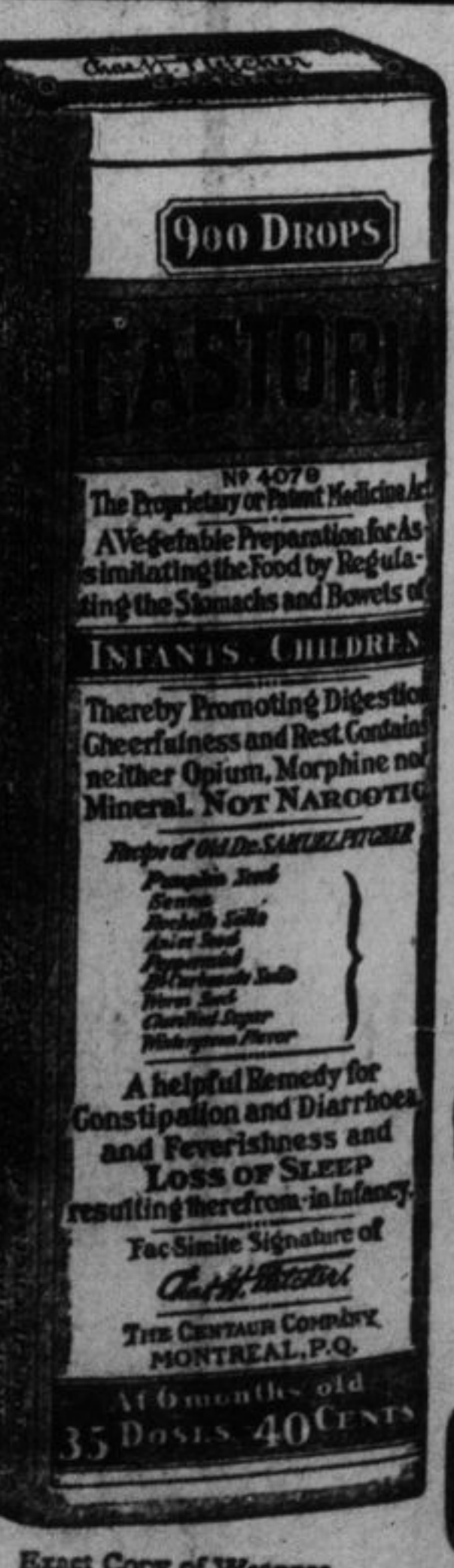
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WHEN INDIANS CONFERRED WITH HON CHARLES STEWA RT.
 Above are shown the members of the committee from the Six Nations Indians who conferred with Hon. Charles Stewart at Brantford in regard to the situation on the reserve. From left to right they are: Chiefs Dave Hill, Jacob Lewis, Albert Hill, Charles Stewart Yarrow, Levi General, and William Johnson. Below are Gordon J. Smith, Indian agent; Duncan C. Scott. Hon. Charles Stewart and W. G. Raymond, M.P., of Brantford.