

...of over 5 1/2 cents; common 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 cents.

each. 5 cents.

heavy 7 1/2 to 8 1/2

...of

...FORCES

July 20 Given as 30,995.

...Navy's Share is 9,106.

...The casualties in y and navy have reas 20,996, according to nt issued by Premier

...casualties up to July and the military casual- were 321,889. The naval ided as follows:

409
87
20
7,430
797
276

...losses are divided as

...ILLED.

3,398
40,373

...including naval divi-

597
7,597

...of operations, exclud- th-west Africa:

145
1,445
4,000
57,394
61,394

...OUNDED

6,503
156,203

1,379
28,835

243
3,247
8,430
188,190
196,520

...SSING.

1,163
50,369

198
10,992

22
441
13,913
62,508
63,398

...ounded and miss-

321,889

...ALTIES BY WAR

...ATRES

11,254
256,649

2,144
47,094

415
5,332
13,913
308,076
321,889

...th announced in the ns on June 9 that the alities, excluding the ad been 258,069 up to ounded and missing, alities in the army between May 31 and

...made in London June number of killed, ssing in the British 31 as 12,547, evidently in the face of Premier ent.

H. J. Tennant, Under ar, announced the to- losses since the begin- ing as 139,347. If his rect, the British have in the last fourteen e of 13,000 a week, is the only one of the in the war which has time to time her total

...DAMAGED

ent. Loss in Ontario d by Smt.

...Damage estimat- cent has been caused in Ontario by the pre- at, according to Infor- by the Department of mut has also caused wheat, barley and a serious extent.

...received are a striking preventive value of ment of seed. Where reated the fungus has the damage. On the in connection with the tutions where seed required practically no encountered

...that the average oat crop from smut about \$1,300,000, and to rley and corn, \$2,270,-

...ow a secret. Miss An- she told me so yester- Hub! That's no sec- that four years ago

CHERRY JELLY

From a recipe of Charles Fran-
cettelli, Chief Cook to Queen
Victoria. Photocopy in 1865.

Clean 2 lbs. cherries and a
handful of red currants, and
bruise stones and kernels in a
mortar; place in small pres-
suring pan with 1 lb. lemon
juice, 1/2 lb. sugar, 1/2 lb. corn
starch, 1/2 lb. spring-water; boil on the
stove-fire about five minutes,
taking care to remove scum as
it rises; pour into a beaver
bottle and filter in usual way.
This juice with two ounces
clarified tincture, and pour
two jars or mould.



Choice Fruit Deserves
Redpath
EXTRA
GRANULATED Sugar

to preserve its luscious flavor for the winter days to come.
For over half a century **Redpath** has been the favorite sugar in
Canada for preserving and jelly-making—and with good
reason. Because it is absolutely pure and always the same,
you can use it according to your recipes, year after year, with
full confidence in the results.

Fruit put up right, with **Redpath** Extra Granu-
lated Sugar, will keep as long as you wish, and
when opened a month or a year hence will
delight you with its freshness and flavor.
"Let **Redpath** sweeten it."

Get your supply of sugar in Original **REDPATH**
Packages, and thus be sure of the genuine—
Canada's favorite sugar, at its best.

Put up in 2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons and in
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags. 140
CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

FOR HER HAPPINESS

The "pitiful tired salesgirl —
shop early" cry had aroused Bennett
to a sense of his great responsibility.
He could think of no greater task
than to select a gift for the little
woman who had become his wife just
six months before. All good hus-
bands no doubt remember
their own feelings at such a time, so
will sympathize with him. During
the three years he courted Miss Eve-
lyn E. Thompson, he sent her each
Christmas the very gift she had been
wanting for years—she had told him.
And he certainly did not want to blun-
der now in these early months of
their happiness. How terrible to
choose something she did not want!
He, therefore, began to listen for
some modest hint of some "dear"
thing she had seen that was perfectly
lovely.

It came in the morning just two
days after the young husband had
been listening. He had finished his
prunes, oatmeal, bacon and coffee and
was folding his newspaper, preparatory
to a dash for a car when an idea
struck him.

"These Christmas ads. sure do ham-
mer home the early approach of the
holidays," he ventured. "I don't want
my little girl to tire herself out
shopping, so why don't you try to get
it out of the way early before the
rush comes on and the wild crowds
mob the stores? I notice the Quaker
Jewelry shop announces a fine list of
gifts this morning. All the latest
styles, too. Why don't you drop in
and see them?"

"Oh, you dear! How kind you are
to think of me in that way," ex-
claimed the bride. "I shall make every
effort to follow your advice and
will go downtown this forenoon. But
it won't be necessary for me to take
the Quaker Shop's display, as I
saw their first announcement a week
ago, and the very same day I spent
an hour there. Really, Stewart, dear,
I never saw such pretty pendants in
my life. There were two patterns
Mr. Quaker especially wanted me to
see, and they are perfectly lovely. In
the one a cluster of small pearls, and
the other a brilliant little diamond
in the centre. The one set with the
diamond is priced fifty-five dollars,
and the other is but twenty-five.
There was but one with the diamond
setting and two of the other style.
Either kind is simply great."

"All right, dear, I'm glad you have
been down there, for now you will
have more time to spend in the other
stores and there are loads of special
announcements in the department
store advertisements to-day you will
want to look up. But it is almost
8.30, so I must be off. Good-bye,
dearest, and don't forget to take care
of my little girl for me to-day."

A hurried hug and a kiss, and then
Bennett dashed to the street, and
by a beautiful flying tackle, managed
to connect himself with a car as it
was making full speed near the cen-
tre of the block. When the car reach-
ed the business section the young man
called at the Quaker Shop and left
a five dollar deposit on a pendant set
with a large opal and several small
pearls, before he went to the bank.
Neither of the two Mrs. Bennett had
seen were sold and the one with the
diamond setting was there also. He
felt that he would have liked to buy
it, but, since it was necessary to use
extreme care to make his meagre sal-
ary as a bank teller meet his neces-

sary expenses, he could not figure out
a way that would make it possible for
him to save the fifty dollars necessary
before Christmas eve. Of course the
young wife had spoken of both, so
that he might choose the one he could
best afford, for she was a sensible
girl.

Less than an hour after Bennett had
left the cottage on Hazel avenue, Eve-
lyn and Mrs. Joseph Haggerty, an-
other young Hazel avenue bride, were
on their way to the shopping dis-
trict.

"Oh, Elsie, before we go to the busy
department stores you must come with
me to the Quaker Shop. I want to
show you what Stewart is going to
give me for Christmas," smiled Mrs.
Bennett, when the two women had
finished some hot chocolate, and were
ready for shop-seeing.

Sure enough. Just as she had ex-
pected. One of the three pendants was
gone. The one with the diamond set-
ting remained in the tray. Therefore,
she told Mrs. Haggerty that her gift
was to be like the other one. And El-
sie assured her that the opal setting
was by far the prettiest of the two.

The busy shopping season passed rap-
idly, but Bennett was preparing for
its end. Each Saturday night he placed
a crisp five-dollar note under his col-
lar case in a bureau drawer, and when
the last Saturday before Christmas
was gone his heart was very light. All
was well now, and Evelyn would have
the very gift she had wanted so much.
Then he turned to a little calendar by
the side of his bed where he kept his
daily memos, and checked off Decem-
ber 24. It had been a difficult task
to save five dollars each week from his
small spending fund, so he was
exceedingly happy and the next three
days were joyous indeed.

When he arose on the fourth day
and looked at the calendar, the young
man took the four bills from their
hiding place, folded them neatly and
tucked them in his vest pocket. At
luncheon time he would run over to
the Quaker shop and get the gift.

Just as he left the house and was
waving a farewell to Evelyn, Mr. Hag-
gerty stepped down off his porch and
the two men started downtown to-
gether. Something told Stewart that
his companion was worried. He was
sorry for him, for never had he spent
such a happy morning, and he always
wanted to see others happy at the
gay Christmas time. He handed Hag-
gerty a perfect habana, but it did no
good. Yes, surely there was some-
thing distressing, for never before
had one of those cigars failed to win
a broad smile of appreciation. Bennett

could stand it no longer.
"Say, Haggerty, old man, for the
love of Mike, what has happened to
you? You're not your ever cheerful smile!"
he questioned. "Is there anything I
can do for you?"

"Well, yes, I-I-I'm in hard luck,
Stewart," the neighbor stammered.
"We received word last night that my
brother-in-law is very ill at his home
in Monroestown, and I'm so badly
broken that I can't make ends meet
until I get my pay envelope this after-
noon, if Elsie starts away to see him
this forenoon, as she desires. Since
you have offered to assist me, I trust
you will not be offended if I request
a loan of \$20 or \$25 until this after-
noon. As soon as I receive my salary
you can count on me dropping into
the bank and returning the money. If
you will do this for me, it will greatly
relieve my anxiety, and I can then
get a gift I had selected several days
ago for Elsie before she leaves town.
I'll follow to Monroestown on the ear-
ly morning train so we can be together
for Christmas."

It was the first time Haggerty had
ever made such a request, so Bennett
had no reason to doubt his promise.
He reached into his pocket, for a mo-
ment hesitated as his fingers touched
the bills, and then handed them over
and told Joe he was glad to help him
out.

Haggerty thanked him several times,
and then the two men parted, and
Bennett began to whistle as he walked
toward the bank. He was happy be-
cause he had made Haggerty happy,
and because as soon as the doors of
the bank were closed he would go to
see Mr. Quaker and get the prized
pendant.

But his joy was short lived, for upon
his return from luncheon Stewart
found a brief note on his desk from
Haggerty that drove him into a fit of
despair. It read:
"Just a line to tell you that Mrs.
Haggerty insists that I go with her to
Monroestown. On my way to the
train I am writing this note to tell you
that, as I couldn't get back, to the
office for my salary, I'll have to post-
pone returning that little loan until
Dec. 26, when we will return. You
sure did me a good turn, old chap,
and I wish you as merry a Christmas
as you have made mine. Sincerely,
Joe Haggerty."

For a moment the young teller
stared at the note and then at the
pad on his desk, where he read the
notation:
"Get gift at Quaker's."
"Merry Christmas" he blazes!" he
blurted to himself. "Fine chance I
have for a 'Merry Christmas' now.
What in the Sam Hill can I do? This
humanitarian game is O K in some
cases; but never again will I play it
so near to Christmas."

During the afternoon scores of de-
positors with drew gold pieces for gifts
and stacks of currency to use on their
last shopping expeditions. And when
Stewart counted out thousands of dol-
lars, and added up long columns of
figures, many of his friends, with their
arms full of bundles, shouted a "Merry
Christmas" to him as they hurried
away with their fat rolls. Although he
tried to be agreeable and return the
season's greeting, it was with great
effort that he smiled even faintly, and
frequently he failed to hear the words
of cheer called to him through the bar-
red window. His thoughts were with
that dear little woman who seemed so
happy when he left her, when he knew
was planning to make his Christmas
happy by presenting him with a
house coat she had made with her
own pretty hands.

"What in the world will she say or
think?" he asked himself as the hands
of the clock neared the hour of 3 and
the last rush of depositors crowded
into the bank.

Several time he was tempted to ask

some of his friends to help him, but
he could not think of borrowing money
to pay for Evelyn's gift, and, besides,
it was a rule of the bank officials that
none of the employees should either
borrow money or carry charge ac-
counts with any of the merchants in
the town. He had never broken this
rule, and, although never in the habit
of borrowing money, he had never
only a small sum left of Bennett's
savings after their home had been
furnished, they managed to scratch
along, and, by care, make their money
reach from week to week, always
living in anticipation of the days to
come when Stewart's honesty, careful
work and courteous service would be
rewarded with a position that would
make saving possible.

After the depositors had gone the
bank doors were closed, cash was
struck and all the coin and stacks of
bills were in the vault. Mr. Clark, the
cashier, wished Bennett a jolly Christ-
mas, the clerks filed out in to the hol-
iday crowds, and the young teller threw
himself into a chair and buried his
head in his hands. On the steps he
could hear the janitor whistling an old
love song as he swept away the day's
accumulation of paper and dirt. The
merry music of sleigh bells drifted
through the transom. But all the joy
sounds filled the young man with great
despair.

Finally he arose and walked over to
set the time lock and to close the
heavy doors. Never had they seemed
so heavy before. Never had such a
stack of green backs seemed so large
before nor did money seem to have
such a great value. Stewart would
have cut off his right hand for 20
of those crisp one-dollar bills. He had
swung one of the big doors into place
and was just about to close the other,
when a thought struck him.

Yes, sure, this was his last chance.
Cold drops of perspiration formed on
his forehead. For a moment he leaned
against the steel door, his head hang-
ing down, his heart thumping and his
hands so tightly clenched that the
nails sank deeply into the flesh.

Suddenly he threw back his head,
looked toward the outside door, scan-
ned all the corners of the building and
then grasped the knob of the partly-
closed door and moaned. He hesitated
for a moment and then began to
laugh. But the sound of his laughter
seemed to mack him. So he became
silent once more, but quickly stepped
into the dark corridor behind the
doors.

Thousands of gold and silver dol-
lars were on either side of him. The
sickening smell of the paper money
was anything but pleasant. Reams of
it filled the upper drawers of the
vault. With a single grab he could
have picked up ten thousand dollars.
For a second he hesitated, his hand
resting on a drawer holding a good-
sized fortune, and looked through the
door into the dimly-lighted counting
room. From the vault Bennett could
see his desk, and, as his eyes wander-
ed around the room, they lingered for
a moment on a little motto she had
sent him the Christmas before:
"Honesty and Courtesy Always Win
Rewards."

His head dropped and his thoughts
drifted back to the day he had re-
ceived that card, and he remembered
how happy he had been because Eve-
lyn had always been so confident of
his honesty.

"No! Not for a minute will I be-
tray that confidence!" he exclaimed to
himself, and then he left the vault
and closed the heavy door with a
bang.

He was happy for the moment as
he heard the time lock snap and all
that temptation was shut out forever.
Again he threw his tired body into
his chair, and, with his head resting
on his hands, stared at the motto. The
telephone bell aroused him, and, on
lifting the receiver, he was surprised
to hear his wife's voice.

"Hello, Stewart, dear! What has
been keeping you?" she asked. "It
is almost 3 o'clock!"

"Oh, I've been busy, girly," he re-
plied. "But I'll be up at once. Don't
worry, dear, and she drew a deep
sigh as he turned from the phone."

A second later he was surprised to
hear a rap on the door, and peeping
outside under the drawn blinds, he
saw one of the customers waiting
with a bank book filled with bills. It
was not unusual on Saturday after-
noons, or on afternoons previous to
holidays for depositors to leave with
the bank a forgotten deposit for the
sake of safety, so Bennett went to
the door and took the book inside. Af-
ter throwing the bills into the cash
drawer with the deposit slip, he cre-
dited the amount in the book, and
handed it back. Then he hurried into
his coat and started to go out. He
must not keep Evelyn waiting longer.

As he passed the cash drawer an
idea suddenly came to him. Why not?
He could take \$20 from the late de-
posit, and, as he usually received a
gift of \$25 from President Newcomb
by mail on Christmas, he could re-
turn it when the bank re-opened early
the morning after Christmas. He was
now in a hurry to get home, so, with-
out thinking long, he put four five-
dollar bills into his pocket and left
the bank.

Not wanting to keep Evelyn wait-
ing longer, for it was now after 5
o'clock, he went to his home, planning
to go to the Quaker shop for the
pendant after dinner. It was evident
that something had displeased the
young wife. She seemed distressed
and talked but little while the meal
was in progress, and Bennett thought
he could see a faint stain of recent
tears on her cheeks.



After they had finished eating and
he told her that he was going down-
town, but would return in an hour,
she leaned against the door sill and
asked if Mr. Haggerty had told him
that he was going away. Upon being
told that he had, she sighed and then
said: "Dear Bennett:

"Before they left Mrs. Haggerty
came in to show me the Christmas
gift Joe had bought her. It was one of
Quaker's opal-set pendants I told you
about." Then she sighed again, and
Stewart understood why she seemed
sad.

When he had started down the
street he began to think of the terrible
chances he was taking and what a dis-
honest thing it was. And to think
that Mrs. Haggerty had been mean
enough to make Evelyn unhappy by
having her husband select the only
pendant in the town that was a dupli-
cate of the one he had bought. Well,
maybe he could select another pattern
himself that Evelyn would like, and
she could yet be happy. But somehow
he could not persuade himself that as
quaker's opal-set pendants I told you
about." Then she sighed again, and
Stewart understood why she seemed
sad.

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street he began to think of the terrible
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she could yet be happy. But somehow
he could not persuade himself that as
quaker's opal-set pendants I told you
about." Then she sighed again, and
Stewart understood why she seemed
sad.

Stewart dropped the bills into the
cash drawer the second he stepped
behind the counter, and at the same
stant was startled by a noise in the
directors' room behind him.

"Hey Bennett, is that you in there?"
came a voice that was none other than
President Newcomb's.

Stewart was struck dumb with
fright and for several seconds was un-
able to utter a sound as he walked
back toward the room. Not until he
opened the door and stood in the
bright glare of the electric lights was
he able to speak. Then he saw that
Mr. Newcomb was not angry, and had
not noticed the shortage in the drawer
as he had feared.

"Sit down, boy," urged the old man
in a kindly tone, as he pointed to a
chair by his side. "You look all tired
out and not a bit happy, and this the
right before Christmas, too. You've al-
ways been a good, honest boy, Stewart
(the young man's face quivered as
he heard these words) and you have
worked hard. It's a shame to think
that you had to come down here to
work out Christmas eve. But I give
you my word, boy, for I have
good news for you. I think that you
will agree when I tell you that Mr.
Clark is giving up his position as
cashier at the end of the month, and
you shall fill his place and receive his
salary of three thousand dollars a
year."

Bennett tried to express his thanks,
but he got no further than "If you
know—" when the aged president
laid his hand on the young man's head
and said:

"Never mind that now, Stewart.
You've earned the place and we need
you more than ever before. Here's a
little gift. I was just going to mail
you—" And he handed Stewart a fifty-
dollar note.

Never had the trolley run so slow as
it did a half-hour later while the
young husband was hurrying to the
side of his bride. When he arrived and
Evelyn laughed and cried with joy,
she leaned on his arm and whispered:
"Any how I don't care a little bit if
Elsie Haggerty has a pendant
like mine."

But the next morning when she
opened the little plush case Stewart
handed her, she gave a happy shout of
surprise, and, placing a sweet little kiss
on the young man's lips, exclaimed:
"Ah! you dear, honest boy!"

In her hand she held a pendant with
a diamond setting.

Only Something.
"It is extravagance to buy such
dress lining, Mrs. Bargains."

"It was real cheap, hubby, dear—
only a dollar something a yard."

"How much is 'something'?" What
was the price?"

"It was \$1.93 a yard."—New York
Herald.

Bobbe—Here comes Talkalot.
Slobbe—Do you know him to speak to?
Bobbe—No; merely to listen to.

Their Amazing Speed and Endu-
rance in Flight.

It is impossible for one who has seen
only the common mute swan floating
about in the artificial lake of any
park to imagine the grandeur of a
flock of the great swans in their
wild state. In "Wild Life and the
Camera," Mr. A. R. Dugmore says the
sight is one of the most impressive in
nature. As the huge birds rise into the
air it seems as if an aerial regatta
were being sailed overhead, the swans,
each with a wing spread of six or
seven feet, moving like yachts under
full sail.

Once the swans are fairly under way
their speed is amazing, nearly a hun-
dred miles an hour, and that, too, with
no apparent effort, for the slow wing
motion is very deceiving. Their en-
durance is as surprising as their speed,
for they are said to travel a thousand
miles without alighting.

The flocks are usually led by an old
and experienced swan, and it is said
that as one becomes tired of leading,
or it might be called aerial trail
breaking, his place is taken by an-
other whose strength is equal to the
task, and so they continue until they
reach their destination, the southern
feeding grounds of the winter or the
northern breeding places of the sum-
mer. Occasionally they stop to rest in
the region of the great lakes. Not
many years ago, while on their way
north, a large number stopped above
Niagara Falls, and more than a hun-
dred were by some extraordinary mis-
chance carried over the falls and killed
in the surging waters.

Whether the swans prepare in any
special way for their southward jour-
ney is not known, but before starting
north they indulge in the curious habit
known as "ballasting"—that is to say
they eat great quantities of sand, for
what purpose no one knows.

In the faraway Arctic Ocean is their
breeding place, and it is believed that
they mate for life. And with so many
of the water birds, the swans protect
their eggs with a covering of down
scratched from their own breasts, so
that when the birds leave the nest the
two to six large, yellowish eggs are
hidden from the eyes of possible
thieves and protected against any sud-
den change of temperature.

It is many years before the swans
are clothed in the feathers of immacu-
late whiteness that make them such
conspicuous objects of beauty. Not,
indeed, until the fifth year does all
trace of gray disappear. Their first
feathers are entirely gray. Gradually
they lighten, becoming mottled with
white, the neck and head remaining
gray until after the body is completely
white.

PANAMA HATS.

How the Colombians Make the
Costly Headgear.

The Panama hat industry is con-
stantly growing, and the manufacturers
of that country are becoming anxious
to protect their expanding industry.
Toquilla straw, from which the Panama
hats are made, is obtained from five
or six species of the palm. The most
important of these is known as Car-
lucho's palm, and grows in the
warm, moist regions of the Pacific
coast of Colombia and Ecuador, and
also in the forests of Peru along the
headwaters of the Amazon. This
palm attains a height of six to ten
feet. The leaves are fan shaped, and
quilla straw is exported to the United
States and other countries where the
hats are made by machinery.

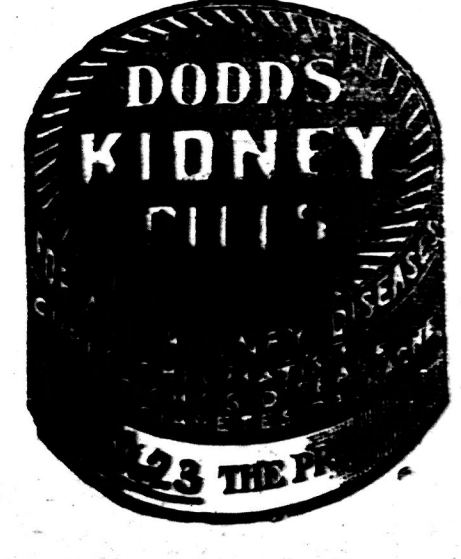
The way Panama hats are made in
Colombia is interesting. When the
palm is about five feet high the most
tender leaves are cut and the veins
taken out, submerged in boiling water
for several times and placed in the
sun to dry and whiten. Further to
whiten the straw lime juice is added
to the boiling water. Then the
straw is moistened to make it flex-
ible and split with the finger nail into
strips of the required width. A bunch
of the straw is tied in the middle and
placed in the centre of a wooden
mould. The fibres are placed in equal
distant pairs and weaving is begun in
the upper part of the circle, and con-
tinued in circular form until the hat
is finished. The audience of fibres
white weaving the crown is carefully
a oided, and the number of fibres is
increased to make the trim and edge.
The beauty and durability of the hat
depends largely upon the degree of
exactness with which the fibres are
interwoven. Once completed the hat
is washed in clean, cold water, a coat
of gum is applied, and the hat is fin-
ally polished with dry sulphur.

A Panama hat of the finest quality
is an expensive proposition. To
weave it requires from three to six
months with four or five hours of
work each day. Two inferior hats of
ordinary straw can be woven in one
day. First quality hats of Toquilla
are sold in the foreign retail markets
at prices varying from \$25 to \$100
each.

The Panama hat is very generally
liked in this country, both by men
and women. It is expensive at the
start, but it is a good factor and be-
comes quite a substantial friend. It
can be cleaned over and over again.
But the plain American straw hat,
cool and light, retains its popularity,
and will continue to be worn as the
most advantageous summer headwear
for men.

Explaining Gravitation's Law.
If you ask a scientific man why a
stone falls to the ground he will tell
you that he doesn't know. Not long
ago he would have replied that it fell
to the ground because the earth and
stone attract one another. This is
very much the same as saying that an
unsupported stone falls to the ground
because, as has been ascertained by
frequent experiments, an unsupported
stone falls to the ground.—Scientific
American.

Hub (looking up from newspaper).
My dear, have you seen any of those
invisible suits yet? Wife—Invisible
suits? What are you talking about?
Why, heres a New York firm which
advertises "Suits made to order with
or without material.—The Owl.



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The most efficient and economical Stove made.
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