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LET a woman ease you suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of the best method of home treatment, and you ten days free trial, post-paid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell you my method for doing for it.

"BELA"

Some appeared trudging through the sand, bareheaded, countless, tight-lipped. His eyes likewise were fastened curiously on the dead goose. Reaching to his knees, he smelled of it. So far so good. Presently he discovered the cause of its death, a wing shattered by a bullet.

Seeing no tracks anywhere near, he concluded that it had fallen wounded from the sky. As such it was treasure trove. He set to work to gather bits of driftwood, and started a fire. His bright eyes and the color of his movements testified to his hunger.

From her hiding place Bela watched him wide-eyed. No mask on her face now. The eyes brooded over him, over the fair hair, the bare throat, the pale, hard young face that showed the lassitude following on violent anger.

Her whole spirit visibly yearned toward him, but she was learning self-control in a hard school. When he began to pluck the goose she set her teeth hard and stole silently away up-stream.

In the Indian village beside Hah-wah-sep little, crooked, Musq'oois was squatting at the door of his tent, making a fish net. This was work his nimble fingers could still perform better than any in the tribe. Meanwhile, he smoked and dwelt on the serene reminiscences of a well-spent life.

When he worked and meditated nothing in the surrounding scene escaped the glances of his keen, old eyes. For some time he had been aware of a woman's figure hiding behind the willows across the stream, and he knew it must be Bela, for there was no canoe on that side, but he would not give her any sign.

In Musq'oois, as in all the other persons make the first move was his guiding maxim.

"What for you do that?" he demanded.

"You hate him, but you go put food in his trail."

"You got to do what I tell you. Cryin' won't get him. Mak' a dry face and let on you don't care 'bout him at all. All t'm l'ugh at him. You can't do that, I guess. Too much fool!"

"Well, w'at you waitin' for?" demanded Musq'oois.

"Sam walkin' this way," she said with an inscrutable face. "Got no blanket. Be cold to-night, I think."

"Let him shake a little. Cure his hot mad maybe."

"White man get sick with cold," persisted Bela. "Not lak us. What good my waitin' if he get sick?"

"There is nothin' lak a woman!" he cried. "Go to your mother. I will paddle by the lake and give him a rabbit robe."

"Bela's eyes flashed a warm look on him. She got up without speaking, and hastened away.

The tobacco was unexpectedly fragrant. "All right," exclaimed Sam with a glance of surprise.

"Imperial Mixture," said Musq'oois complacently. "I old. Not want much. So I buy the best tobacco."

They settled down for a good talk by the fire. Musq'oois continued to surprise Sam. On his visit to Nine-Mile Point the old man had been received with good-natured banter, which he returned in kind. Alone with Sam, he came out in quite a different character.

Sam made the discovery that a man may have a dark skin, yet be a philosopher and a gentleman. Musq'oois talked of all things from tobacco to the differences in men.

"White man lak beaver. All t'm work don't give a damn!" he observed.

"I got noter pipe," said Musq'oois. From the "fire-bag" hanging from his waist he produced a red-clay bowl such as the natives use, and a bundle of new red stems. He fitted a reed to the bowl, and passed it to Sam.

"A gift," he stated courteously. "If s'ay, objected Sam, blushing. "I haven't anything to give in return."

"The old man waved his hand. "Plaintee tam lak' Musq'oois a gift some day," he said.

"You can search me!" muttered Sam.

CONDURIA HEALS EZEEMA ON BABY

Spread Covering Body. Awful Disfigurement. Itched and Burned. Had to Scratch.

"My baby was troubled with ezeema which began on her face and spread all over her body. It was in a rash and was very sore and inflamed, causing awful disfigurement. The rash itched and burned making her scratch terribly and she was cross."

"Then I used Cuticura Soap and Soap-an-Ointment. Baby was healed with six cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Henry Richard, Murray Harbor, P. E. I., April 2, 1917.

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which connects Beaver Bay with the lake proper, and was the first establishment reached by the traveler from outside. It consisted of two little houses built of lumber from the mission sawmill; the first house contained the store, the other across the road was known as the "kitchen."

Mahoolley pointed to them with pride as the only houses north of the landing built of boards, but they had a sad and awkward look there in the wilderness, notwithstanding.

Within the store of the French outfit, Mahoolley was anxiously toting up his accounts in his little box at the rear, while Mahoolley, his associate, sat with his chair tipped back and his heels on the cold stove. Their proper names were Henry Stiff and John Mahool, but as Stiffy and Mahool they were known from Milwaukee Landing, Fort Debre.

"I'd give a dollar for a new newspaper," growled Mahoolley.

Two Dudes Who Came to Stook

The following letter was written by a farmer near Yorkton to a friend in Winnipeg in reference to a couple of youths who came down from the city to help with the harvest.

Dear John—I take my pen in hand to let you know we are all well and safe in the midst of the harvest, but the main thing I want to tell you is about the two dudes from Winnipeg that came down to help with the stooking. I rec'd word from the employment bureau in Winnipeg that they was coming at \$2.75 a day and I was down to the station to meet them. Well, the first was two kids got off—long about 18 or 19 years old they was. They was wearing white shirts with big white collar over their coats, and button boots with cloth tops on 'em and nifty suits and checked caps.

One of them he was the freshest guy of the two come up to me and he says Hello Rube, how is the little old alfalfa this fall flippin his fingers end of my whiskers. The other lad says to me stand right where you are kiddo and let me feast on you—Oh Alfred, isn't that makeup perfect all that? Well, he step right onto the stage now without ever going near the dressing room. I didn't know what he was talking about cause I only had my working clothes on. I said are youse young guys looking for work. They said they has come down to pick up a little easy money and secure some relief from the strain of the city. Do you think you can stand stookin I said and they told me they thought they were in pretty good condition as they had been playing pool all summer. Each of them had a nice new suitcase and I thought they was a little tight when I was throwing them in the democrat. Afterwards when they were at work the misus looked in them and all there was was all kinds of cigarettes, a safety razor and a sweater. When we was driving out to the farm they was asking all kinds of foolish questions about the work. The Smart Alex one said it ought to be pretty good sport, heid tennis all to nothing. He asked me what was the name of the gee gee on the Starboard side and he had the goal to ask me if he could have \$50 salary in advance.

"I'd give a dollar for a new newspaper," growled Mahoolley.

"That's you, always growlin' for nothin' to do!" said his partner. "Why don't you keep busy lak me?"

"Say, if I was like you I'd walk down to the river here and I'd get in the snow and I'd push off, and when I got in the middle I'd say, 'Lord, crack this nut if you can! It's too much for me!' and I'd stop off."

"Ah, shut up! You've made me lose a whole column!"

"Go to hell!"

other fellow says when do we take our siesta. I says what do you mean and he says when do we hit the hay for an afternoon nap. I says right back you hit them oats and hit them in a hurry too, it looks like rain. Oh very well Carlos, very well, do not be peeved I pray of thee.

Well Sir they went at it again and I could a put up more stooks in half an hour than those two did in the next two. After a while I stopped, to fix the binder over in one corner and I heard the two lads talking. How would you like to be up to your neck in water down at the beach one said. And how would you like to be swingin' in the hammock out on the veranda on Carlton street with the maid bringing you out long cold ones in thin glasses said the other. Think of sitting in one of those ice houses over in Norwood. Yes or think of being up one the snowfields in the mountains. And all the time they was wrestling with them big sheaves of some transverse bands upon their heads, burrah, burrah, burrah. The lower lad was sure tuckered out. He just raised his head a little and said in a weak voice—Tiger—hurr!—mother was right. And inside of an hour they was on the train going to Winnipeg.

Yours truly, HANK.
P.S.—Send me down two MBN.

Nature's Sanitary Cop.
When an animal dies in a garden or in the woods and decomposition begins, carrion bugs come from far and near. A dead bird, a mouse or a harmless snake wantonly killed by some wanderer, provides a banquet for hundreds of insects. Among these the "grave-diggers" are found, embracing 42 species, 12 of which are found in Europe, the rest in America.

You can identify those beetles, says the Popular Science Monthly for July, by the two jagged yellowish-red or reddish transverse bands upon their black wing covers. Their scientific name (Neoporus) means no more than "buriers of the dead." As undertakers, the insects have legs especially adapted for digging.

A grave-digger beetle has a most extraordinary sense of smell. He can detect the peculiar odor of decomposition a long distance away, and flies to the dead thing as straight as an arrow. His remarkably keen nose is situated in his club-like feelers.

As a rule several grave-diggers are found near a dead body. They crawl under it and scratch the supporting earth away, so that the body soon lies in a hollow. Gradually the body is lowered until it sinks below the surface. Then it is covered with earth. The female lays her eggs around the interred form, thus insuring for the newly-hatched larvae a plentiful food supply.

Worth Knowing.
Tomato catsup, a correspondent says, must be eaten hot to get its flavor." Nobody knows how good it is who pours out cold from a bottle. Heat a small quantity and serve it in a small syrup pitcher.

Bright, Clean Knives are the sure result of using Old Dutch because it quickly removes stains, rust, sticky unyielding substances, and restores the original luster.

The Real "War Bread" must contain the entire wheat grain—not the white flour center—but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast and ends with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruits. Made in Canada.