

is rests
 at is of use in polishing, thereby
 saving in checking the formation of
 rust.
 Good tooth-pastes usually contain
 ingredients which tones up the
 mouth and a paste is easier to handle
 in a powder. There are numerous
 excellent tooth-pastes on the market,
 but it pays to buy a good brand. The
 best come in tubes and if carefully
 used, a tube of paste will last a
 long time.

Family Portraits.
 The players—of whom there
 are any even number—sit in two
 light lines, facing each other. Give
 each player a pencil and a piece of
 paper and tell him to draw a picture
 of the person opposite him. No mat-
 ter whether he can draw or not, he
 must make an attempt. Of course if
 the players were an artist there would
 be no fun. It is often the pictures
 that are drawn by those who know
 nothing about art that are the most
 interesting.

Caring for Your Piano.
 The most people try to take
 care of their pianos, especially
 those of high prices, they do
 not succeed. Pianos, like law-
 suits, are very sensitive to their
 surroundings, and must be
 "placed" in order to retain
 their volume of tone.
 It is common, although pardon-
 me, to regard an instru-
 ment as a beautiful piece
 of furniture, quite overlooking the
 fact that its chief function is to pro-
 duce musical notes, chords,
 and nuances.

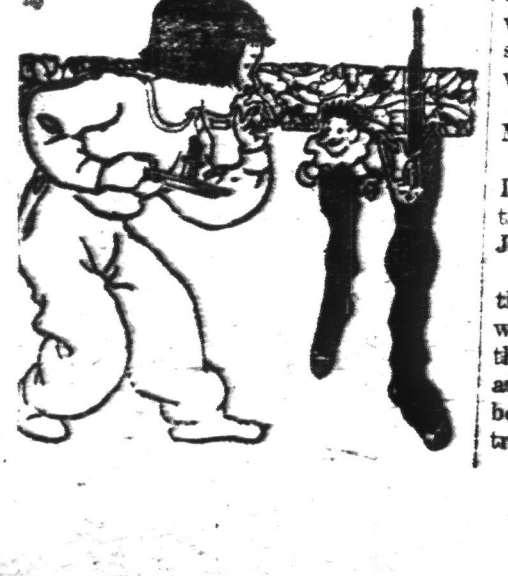
Materials used in making
 pianos are highly-seasoned wood,
 brass, and various kinds
 of cloth, each having its
 own relationship to the instrument.
 In consequence, a piano
 should be in an atmosphere of
 uniform humidity, he avoided
 "drying" in the room.
 A piano should be in a damp
 place, but not near a window or
 door. Avoid draughts; a draught
 is nearly always bet-
 ter than a wind.

The chief reason why a piano
 should be in a damp place is
 that the rest can be left to
 the owner or taste of the owner.
 I should every one be taken
 care of your piano from damp,
 and be occasionally ventila-
 ting the top. Condensation
 can take place inside a
 piano, and the metal parts
 will rust. Always follow that your
 piano is in a room of
 uniform humidity. Very often
 pianos are placed in the room
 with a window, with certain
 results. The air left in
 the piano will give such
 a piano a "dry" sound, and
 it may be due to the
 piano not being properly placed.

Flower-bowls
 should never stand on a
 light-colored surface, only
 on a piano-top, and
 should stand on a soft mat,
 because if they are placed
 on a hard surface, the
 bottom of the piano will
 be scratched.

It is best to have your
 piano tuned at regular intervals
 and often it is used
 in a room where you
 are. More often than
 not the tuning-pins so
 tuned will never again
 be in tune.

Belina
 White
 Cream Jelly
 for relief when
 cuts, burns,
 etc.



Mackellar and Son

By Louise Richardson Rorke.

It was Christmas Eve and snowing
 great feathery flakes that filled the
 damp air and outlined every branch
 and twig of the apple trees in the
 orchard, and made wonderful the tall
 sentinel spruces guarding the gate-
 way of the lane—that even clung in
 the soft wind to the fences and the
 walls of the gray frame house and of
 the outbuildings, and cast a robe of
 ermine over the southernmost wall of
 the big red barn, making quite indis-
 tinct and unreadable, the glaring,
 white legend painted across its face,
 "Mackellar and Son."

It was early twilight and the
 struggling lights from the farmhouse
 windows were quite lost long before
 they could have shone upon the big
 barn; nor, since the sign was on its
 roadward side, could they possibly
 have illuminated it, had they done so.
 Yet it was this sign which was at
 present the topic of conversation in
 the kitchen.

"I wish you'd get that stencil
 changed, Archie!" Mrs. Mackellar
 had been down cellar, hunting out
 some good apples to eat. She spoke
 querulously of the brand on the bar-
 rel head. "And on the barn! I never
 did like it! It looked too conspicuous,
 even when Fred was alive. And now
 —now it's terrible. It must look
 dreadful to the Almighty lookin' down
 on it. Him takin' away the only son
 you had, an' you persistin' in paint-
 ing up in great big letters over every-
 thing 'Mackellar and Son!' And it
 certainly must look mighty queer to
 the neighbors."

"I can't see it that way, mother,
 about God," Mackellar responded,
 after a moment's silence. "An' it
 don't matter much about the neigh-
 bors."

He was a thin, bent, little man,
 well past middle age, with white hair
 and blue-gray eyes looking courage-
 ously out from a face that was clean-
 ly chiseled and smooth-shaven. His
 wife might have been ten years his
 junior. She expressed her annoyance
 by an abrupt lifting of her shoulders.
 The gesture was so marked that he
 continued deprecatingly:

"That sign's been on the barn for
 six years now; ever since the October
 that Fred was sixteen, and it was that
 same year we got our apple stencil
 made. Fred was terrible proud of
 those apple barrels!" Mackellar
 chuckled reminiscently, and then sig-
 nified.

He sat for a long moment gazing
 at the edge of his paper.
 "Seems as if I just couldn't pack
 apples without that old stencil," he
 said.

Mrs. Mackellar did not answer. She
 had used up all her common-sense
 arguments long ago.

"It just makes me cold and sick
 whenever I get a glimpse of that big
 sign, just as if I read the letter again,
 an' knew again he was dead an' never
 comin' back. I don't see how you can
 bear it. I never look near the apple
 barrels when I can help it. It just
 looks as if you didn't care enough to
 bother buying a new stencil!"

She paused, shocked at her words.
 "Of course, I know it isn't that," she
 hastened, "but it must look so to the
 neighbors."

To her surprise, he made no retort.
 "I wish I could get you to know
 how I feel about it," he answered pa-
 tiently. "Fred and I were to be part-
 ners—we were partners. Of course,
 now he's dead—I don't know anything
 about the new life he's livin' now."
 "The Bible tells you about it. He's
 with the angels in Heaven praising
 God, and far more happy and content
 than we be here."

Mackellar rose slowly.
 "I guess I'd better be lookin' after
 the furnace," he said.

He went slowly down the cellar
 stairway, pausing for a thoughtful
 moment at its foot. Then he turned
 into the apple cellar. The Mackellar
 farm had won a reputation for its
 orchards. The apple cellar was three-
 quarters filled with new barrels, shin-
 ing faintly golden in the light of the
 lamp which the old man held. Black
 and plain across every barrel-head
 ran the legend, "Mackellar and Son,
 Grade I." From the ceiling rafters
 above, depended the stencils, made of
 cardboard and heavily shelled, in all
 the razed stages of long wear.

It was more than time for new ones.
 They broke too easily. The next
 would better be of wood, or tin. Fred
 had helped him make these—that rainy
 day out in the drive-barn, just after
 the boy was sixteen. Ah, well! He
 took them gently from the nails, his
 clumsy old hands grown strangely
 tender. For a long minute he stood
 gazing straight into the blackness in



front of him. Then, lifting the lamp
 from the barrel-head, where he had
 placed it, he moved resolutely to the
 furnace. He watched the flames leap
 up for the crackling shellac, watched
 them run hungrily over the shining
 surface, watched them die leaving
 only a blackened mass, through which
 the words "Mackellar and Son—and
 Son" glowed brightly. lit by the coals
 beneath, watched even this fade and
 fall into gray ashes, and, forgetting
 his real errand, closed the door and
 came softly back upstairs.

"I'm going down for the mail, An-
 nie," he said, after a hesitant moment.
 Someway the house seemed stiflingly
 close. "Yes, I'll walk down. 'Tain't
 worth the trouble of harnessing. The
 storm ain't bad yet, an' it looks like
 we'd be snowed in to-morrow."
 " 'Tain't likely there'll be any mail,"
 Mrs. Mackellar insisted.

"No. But I guess I'll go. I—well,
 I kind of want to see Barton about
 them new shoes—he hasn't fitted
 Jarry like Thompson did."
 "Men are all alike," Mrs. Mackellar
 thought as he went out. But she
 was glad he had gone. She went into
 the cold front room and stood looking
 at Fred's picture. "It would be a
 better world for people who are in
 trouble," she thought, "if there were

no Christmas times to make them re-
 member." Yet, there was a sort of
 heart-breaking comfort, too, in re-
 membering.

By-and-by, because she was shiver-
 ing with cold, she came out again to
 the kitchen. She was knitting when
 the door opened to admit Mackellar,
 white with snow. He had some let-
 ters and papers in his hand. Some
 weariness in his face arrested her,
 even as she reached for the letters.
 "You're tired out, Archie?"
 "Oh, no."

He took off his overcoat, and hung
 it on the row of nails behind the door,
 brushing the snow carefully from his
 cap and boots. Then he went over
 and sat down by the table, his hands
 on his knees.

"Ain't you going to read the pa-
 pers?"
 "I guess not; there doesn't seem
 to be any news these days, nothing
 worth botherin' over."

Mrs. Mackellar opened the two let-
 ters which were hers. They contain-
 ed Christmas messages and she pored
 over them with interest holding them
 close to the lamp. She looked up at
 last to inquire of Mackellar: "Did you
 get any mail, father?"

"Nothin' but a circular. I didn't
 bother to open it. Probably a price
 list. It's from the Brockman Apple
 Company." He glanced toward a
 large business envelope lying on the
 table. "I'll look at it to-morrow," he
 added.

The Mackellars were early risers.
 It was barely half-past six on Christ-
 mas morning when Archie Mackellar

all the long day, and others—
 others stretching on interminably. He
 dreaded something to begin this long
 stretch of unending days without the
 thought of Fred. He had a strange
 hesitation about taking up their
 simple tasks, as if, thus doing, he, in
 some way, bound himself to them.
 Aimlessly he reached for the circular
 which he had brought home the night
 before. It was at least something to
 do—a feeble barrier raised with the
 last remnant of courage against the
 overwhelming flood of despair.

It was not, after all, a circular. The
 business envelope enclosed another
 addressed simply to "Mackellar, in
 care of the Brockman Apple Com-
 pany." He opened it listlessly, but as
 he read, his face changed, and when
 he had finished, still standing by the
 lamp-lit table, he went back, sheet
 after sheet, over its closely written
 pages. This was how it ran:

"Dear Sir:—I am visiting a friend
 of mine in Toronto, who has two bar-
 rels of apples bought from the Brock-
 man Apple Company, and marked
 with your brand. I had seen that
 brand once before, and somehow I
 want to tell you about it. I think you
 would want to know this, but if I'm
 wrong and my letter only makes you
 sad, I hope you will forgive me."
 "I thought perhaps you'd like to
 know that 'Mackellar and Son,' just
 as it looks in your stencil, is carved
 into the shattered trunk of a huge
 tree well up into what was then the
 enemy's line, near the little village of
 St. Onge, in France. It is close be-
 side a sacrifice position, which was

held by two sections of the Third Bat-
 tery of the Fourth Divisional Artil-
 lery. They had waited all day long
 hidden there, for the engagement to
 begin. I was sent up with a message
 for their major, and as I crept for-
 ward through the trees—we were
 within a few hundred feet of the Ger-
 man line—I came across a boy crouch-
 ing beside a huge tree, cutting initials
 as I thought with a jack-knife. I
 stopped to ask him a question and
 glanced at his work, half expecting
 to see a girl's name. He had just
 finished, and was closing his knife.
 It wasn't very usual, a thing like that,
 and I asked him about it.

"His father and he were partners,
 he said, back on the Ontario farm,
 which was his home. The day he was
 sixteen, his father had had the name
 of the firm painted up on the barn—
 'Mackellar and Son.' I guess the boy
 had been mighty proud of it. At any
 rate, he'd carved 'Mackellar and Son'
 over the half of France.

"It seems he had another thought
 about it, too. He tried to tell me in
 a shy, boyish way. Soldiers grow con-
 fidential while they wait like that, and
 I was so much older, he seemed to
 like to talk with me. He and his dad
 were partners even now, while he was
 away. He's putting through my end

of things on the farm," he said, "and
 I'm putting through his end here. He'd
 jolly well be here, if he was younger,
 he said. 'He backed me up splendidly
 when I wanted to enlist—to mother
 and all of them. It's 'Mackellar and
 Son' back home where he's running
 the farm alone, and by Jove, it's going
 to be 'Mackellar and Son' up here
 where I'm fighting alone for both of
 us. I've stuck the sign up every-
 where we've been,' he said, and laugh-
 ed. 'I'll bet he made it good, too. He
 had the look.'

"I had to come away then, but we
 heard next day that none of the men

power and telephone systems and
 signs, with some cases of barns and
 houses being unroofed.

At the life-saving station, Toronto,
 the wind velocity was gauged at 52
 miles an hour. The telegraph compa-
 nies report as much damage through
 Quebec as there was west of Montreal.

A car ferry on Lake Michigan made
 port after battling the storm for some
 hours. Some Ontario towns were
 without light for some time, but, gen-
 erally speaking, the supply of electric
 power and light was well maintained.

The cold in the storm area was not
 severe. The lowest temperature in
 Toronto was 29 degrees. Western
 Canada is having zero weather.

Detroit, Dec. 18.—At 11 o'clock to-
 night indications were that the storm
 inflicted no damage to Great Lakes
 shipping. No boats are reported
 overdue anywhere.

who were with those guns escaped.
 "I thought you might want to know
 this about the sign. When I saw your
 stencil, I saw why couldn't help writ-
 ing it to you.
 "Yours, with truest sympathy,
 "Arthur L. McLeod."

BLIZZARD SWEEPS QUARTER OF CON- TINENT, HEAVY PROPERTY LOSS

From Lake Michigan to Atlantic Coast 80-Mile Gale Wreck-
 ed Buildings, Uprooted Trees and Lashed the Lakes Into
 Fury—Man Killed in Buffalo—No Damage to the
 Great Lakes Shipping.

Toronto, Dec. 19.—Following the
 rains of Saturday, one of the most
 terrific gales in years swept across
 lower Canada and northern United
 States from Lake Michigan to the At-
 lantic coast Saturday night and Sun-
 day morning. The heaviest part of
 the storm hit Lake Erie, and on its
 shores the major part of the damage,
 estimated at hundreds of thousands
 of dollars, was done. The wind velocity
 from points on Lake Erie is reported
 as having been more than 80 miles an
 hour.

Buffalo suffered the most severely,
 and the only death from the storm is
 reported from that city. There was
 some damage to shipping in the ports,
 so high were the waves running. Sev-
 eral big steamers are reported to have
 broken from their moorings and were
 more or less damaged.

In most localities the high wind
 was accompanied by snow, and the
 storm took the form of a blizzard.
 Lowering temperature saved west-
 ern Ontario rivers from the freshets
 like those of the spring break-up. The
 greatest damage is to the wires of

power and telephone systems and
 signs, with some cases of barns and
 houses being unroofed.

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 ing it to you.
 "Yours, with truest sympathy,
 "Arthur L. McLeod."

Mackellar read it again and again.
 Mrs. Mackellar tired of keeping
 breakfast hot, after half-an-hour of
 waiting, went down the narrow drift-
 hedged path to the red barn. At its
 corner, she met her husband plowing
 through the drifts with the long lad-
 der over his shoulder.

"What you been doing, Archie, in
 the snow, with that ladder?" she
 asked in surprise.
 "I was just trying to knock the
 snow off the south side o' the barn,"
 he answered. "It's fairly coated."
 He stooped suddenly and kissed her.
 "Merry Christmas, mother!" he
 said.

But Mrs. Mackellar's mind was on
 the barn.
 "Why should you be doing that?"
 she remonstrated. "It can't do any
 harm there."
 "No, no, it can't," Mackellar an-
 swered contentedly.
 After breakfast, he went whistling
 about the cellar, breaking now and
 then into snatches of song.
 "What you doin', Archie?" Mrs.
 Mackellar asked curiously. She pen-
 dered a moment over his answer be-
 fore she went back again about her
 work.
 "Just makin' us some new stencils,"
 he had said.

Little House of Christmas

Little house of Christmas, in your
 white lane set,
 Halfway twixt the highways of re-
 member and forget,
 Once a year your windows wake with
 welcome taper-glow.
 Once a year your gate swings wide
 to feet of long ago.

Little house of Christmas, at your
 fragrant feast,
 All are bidden to the board, the
 greatest and the least;
 Silk and velvet-mantled hopes rub
 elbows side by side
 With little, tattered, beggared dreams
 that crept in wistful-eyed.

Little house of Christmas, all drifted
 deep with snow,
 Holly-decked, and sweet with fir and
 hung with mistletoe.
 All the roads of all the world cheer-
 less were and drear
 Were your blazing Yule-logs quenched
 that beckon once a year.

Hands stretch welcome at your sill
 the years have thrust apart,
 Memories clasp tender arms about
 each lonely heart,
 Long-lost faces gather close, voices
 loved of old
 Ring across the holly-boughs beneath
 the taper-gold.

Little house of Christmas in your
 white lane set,
 Half-way twixt the highways of re-
 member and forget,
 May each storm-bound wanderer
 weary and alone
 Hear some voice call cheer to him
 across your lintel-stone.



Monday, December 26th, is a Dominion Holiday

Ottawa, Dec. 18.—Christ-
 mas coming on Sunday this
 year, Monday, December 26th,
 will be observed as a holiday
 throughout the Dominion. An
 Order-in-Council providing for
 this has been passed. It is
 probable that provision will be
 made for the observation of
 the Monday following New
 Year's as a holiday also.

Faith never fails; it is a miracle
 worker. It looks beyond all bound-
 aries, transcends all limitations, pene-
 trates all obstacles and sees the goal.
 If we had perfect faith—the faith
 that moves mountains—we could cure
 all our ills and accomplish the max-
 imum of our possibilities.