

Don't Be a Grouch

Keep Regular
Dr. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JANUARY 7th
MAT. 2:13-24
Golden Text—Gen. 28:15

Joseph Is Warned
At the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, Wise men from the east came to worship the new King. Following their departure an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, warning him of Herod's intentions to slay the child, and directing him to take the babe with Mary the mother down to Egypt where they would be safe from the hands of Herod.

In fleeing to Egypt with the Christ child, Joseph was not only finding a place of safety, but was fulfilling words of prophecy spoken over seven hundred years previously by the Prophet Hosea, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." Before he could be called out it was necessary for Him to go into Egypt.

Lamentation and Weeping
Herod had commanded the Wise men to bring him word once they had found the new born King, with the pretence that he, too, would go and worship him. God knew the intent of his heart, and warned the Wise men not to return to Herod but to travel home another way. Upon realizing that the Wise men had bypassed him on their return home, Herod was exceedingly wrath. In his rage he sought to slay the Christ Child, and sent forth and slew all the children in Bethlehem and vicinity of two years old and under. It was a dreadful act and little can we imagine the sorrow to the mothers whose children were slaughtered. Jeremiah had told of this event many years before. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."

Jesus, The Nazarene
It was not God's will that His son should be raised in Egypt, and after the death of Herod, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream telling him to take the child with its mother back to the land of Israel. As directed Joseph returned to his native land with Jesus and his mother, Mary. When Joseph heard that Herod's son Archelaus was reigning he was fearful lest the new king seek the young child's life. It does not mention where Joseph had intended living in Israel, but it may have been near Bethlehem, the former home of Mary. However, because of his fear of what Archelaus might do, he turned aside from his original plan and settled in Nazareth. Here, too, we can see the hand of God, for it had been foretold "He shall be called a Nazarene." And behold, I am with thee, and keep thee in all places whither thou goest.

Bread Stays Fresh For Two Weeks

One thing to look forward to after the war is bread that won't go stale. It will stay fresh for two weeks — just as fresh as when it came out of the oven. Girls in the British Army are already making this new kind of processed bread. In fact, it was supplied to invasion troops who landed in Normandy.

Warning—Watch out for sniffling Head Colds!

Head colds can cause much suffering. To promptly relieve the sniffly, sneezy, stuffy distress—put a little V-A-TRO-NOL under each nostril. V-A-TRO-NOL works right where trouble is to soothe irritation—reduce swelling—make breathing easier. Try it! Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS V-A-TRO-NOL

THEIR GOAL: HOMES IN U. S. A.



Here are a few of the 1200 Australian wives and children of American fighting men who hopefully await the day when they can come to America. Jamming Australia's port cities in hopes of obtaining early passage, many of the wives will have to wait a year before they will be able to see their future homes in U. S. A.

The Jade God

By MARY ILMAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER III

They were in the house now, it was so tiny; there was a buzz of conversation, the alluring sound of distant music, beautifully gowned women, distinguished looking men. Mark suddenly perceived the girl who stood beside the stately, white-haired hostess. There are moments when the rush of an emotion makes a man change color. Mark Grant—knowing how he came there and why—went white when he first saw Pamela Rodney. The next moment Landon was reluctantly presenting him to Mrs. Lynn. Mark noticed that he omitted the words, "my friend," he said only: "Stewart Byram," the name Teddy Banks had given him. "One of the Ulica Byrams, I presume?" she said.

Mark bowed; he was only conscious of the presence next to her, and that he hated the whole business. "I know one of your aunts, I think," said the suave voice, and Mark cursed Teddy Banks for playing some trick on them. Then he heard Mrs. Lynn again. "Pam, dear, let me present a friend of Archie's, Stewart Byram. Mr. Byram, my niece, Miss Rodney. Again Mark bowed.

Pam had just passed Archie Landon on to a young girl in pink, and she turned with a radiant smile for the newcomer. Mark scarcely heard the words of her little conventional greeting; he was listening to her voice; it seemed as lovely as her face. He had been too long in prison to turn his tongue easily to social inanity, but he found something to say to her.

"I've been out of the gay world so long I feel dumb," he told her, "but Italian's Art spoke when the angel stood in the way." His bluntness caught her; she laughed delightedly. "I wonder where you've been?" she said; then she caught the fire that played in his eyes and flushed prettily. "You look romantic; as if you'd journeyed far—in strange lands and done—" she laughed again softly—"strange deeds!" "You're right," said Mark, "I've been to Nonnansland and lived in a castle there."

the tide had caught them both. Madress leaped up in his arms, and he would have kissed her, for he knew she was in a dream, carried away, then, suddenly, his sanity cried out within him: "Thief, thief! You can't steal her love—you're a convict, let her go—you fool, you fool!" He heard the voice and he let her hands drop. But he was swaying on his feet, sheer madness had him. After fifteen years of misery he loved—loved at first sight! "I'm mad," he said, "mad mad"—then he bent humbly and crushed her fingers against his lips—"forgive me!"

"You're not angry; he felt that as he looked up at her. Her eyes were clear and bright, her face had softened, her lips curved; she looked at him a moment, silent, and then, softly:

"You've been unhappy—there's a mystery about your life. I can see it! Suddenly she laid her soft fingers lightly, a touch like thistle-down, on his short crisp hair. "Some time you'll tell me, won't you?"

Mark mastered himself. He dared not take her hand again then. "Yes," he said bluntly, "I'll tell you some time and then, perhaps, you'll hate me for coming here today!"

She did not in the least understand; he had swept her off her feet; there was something about him that fired her imagination; his suddenly huge strength, his healthful disregard of the conventions, the hint of unhappiness and proud endurance in his face: all these things captured her fancy. That half hour in the conservatory, twilight and fragrant as his ailes, was a kind of dream. She was still in a dream when someone came to take her off for a dance. In a dream she saw Mark, standing there in the ballroom door, watching her. His eyes followed her wherever she went, and there was that flame of life in them. The girl, young and romantic, was carried away with it; she had never seen quite such a man. Outside the ballroom dancers he towered like a giant.

"I wonder who he is?" she thought, and could not keep her eyes away from the corner where he stood. She was angry with herself; she was caught like a girl of sixteen! Caught by the mystery about him.

"He'd be a wonderful lover!" she thought, and she blushed softly. Archie thought the bluish was for him, but an instant later, whirling around in the dance, he saw that he had been passing Mark Grant. Landon set his teeth. "I'll get him out soon now!" he thought.

Quality You'll Enjoy "SALADA TEA"

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Well, it's the day after Christmas "and all through the house, not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse." Partner and John are out at the barn; the homeowners are sleeping as only city folk know how to sleep. Mitchie is contentedly licking her paws in satisfactory reminiscence of yesterday's Christmas fare—and no doubt hoping for more to come. The tree is still pretty with its tinsel and gold but its base is conspicuously bare. An array of cards adorns the mantelshelf and here and there a gift card or a piece of ribbon betrays an unswept floor.

Outside the sun is shining clear and cold on what has been very much "a white Christmas." We didn't have to dance around the mantelshelf and here and there a gift card or a piece of ribbon betrays an unswept floor.

Did you have a good Christmas? I sincerely hope so. But maybe it was like ours—quiet but happy. We missed our soldier son, spending his first Christmas away from Canada. Our thoughts were often with him and we hoped he managed to get leave so that he could at least spend the day with some of our numerous relations in England.

Meeting this one and that before Christmas I thought so often how different this Christmas and New Year will be for so many. There was the young English wife with her baby—her first Christmas in Canada with her returned airman-husband, another, a Canadian bride, first Christmas in her married life—and her husband already overseas. The family of a young mother so pitifully young—once reported missing but now known to be a prisoner of war in Germany. The happy mother with her soldier son home on furlough from the Seven Seas. And also, the saddened family of a young mother who for the second time—"We regret to inform you..." There are, too, families spending their first, second or perhaps third Christmas with the hope that the age for miracles is not yet past and that the "underground" will eventually emerge those reported missing. Truly, we should be very

She looked frankly incredulous. "Why, Archie, he's just accepted! I sent him to tell Pam just now, so she wouldn't invite another person. We're twelve as it is."

"You sent him—?" Landon prudently choked down the words; he was raging at the thought of Grant again with Pam. "The fellow's mad! He'll make her his wife! But, I shall let him off," Mrs. Lynn replied coldly. "There's the telephone—he can cancel his engagement," and she turned to speed a parting guest.

SNOWY SEASON

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120

And now it is time to say "Happy New Year to you all!" I am sure we all hope that we will see the turning of the tide to bring victory and peace to Allied nations and thereby the oppressed peoples of the world. A happy new year—it is a word that we express so glibly, but it is a word that we should follow by action. I mean, a happy new year is a happy year in which we wish each other well enough to pass on a new year's greeting that is a sincerity in our greeting they will be quick to recognize of sympathy, encouragement, just cherry goodwill. I can know which applies to each of who read this column—I can repeat that I wish the best to you—and only you can know that "best" should be.

And so, until next year's bye and good wishes.

Children of Burma Keep Routes Open

Hundred of Arkansas children armed with tin cans, kept their routes from blowing away the A-24s, prepared for the Burma mother with her soldier son home on furlough from the Seven Seas.

The main supply road on Burma Peninsula is deep in this time of the year, and the winds sweeping across the Peninsula there was danger of the being blown away. The children, however, sprinkled the road with water laboriously hauled from paddy fields.

They made a game of it but Army gives them credit for keeping the trucks rolling in the pre-offensive period when supply had to be stored up forward.

Get quick relief from HEADACHE this way...

When you suffer from an annoying, aggravating headache, get quick relief just by taking a fast-acting prescription-type Instantine tablet. This tested and time proved remedy is specially compounded to ease your headache fast!

1. Speedily eases pain.
2. Prolongs relief from pain.
3. Reduces "depression." Gives mild, stimulating "lift."

Take Instantine for other pains, too: rheumatic, neuralgic, neuritic, neural, or the misery of colds. All drug stores have Instantine. 10 tablets per box.

Instantine
a product of The Bayer Co., Ltd.

CROSSTOWN

By Roland Coe

"I guess she got the sock and sweater measurements mixed!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

WILKINSON
IF YOU STOOD ON THE EQUATOR TODAY AT LONGITUDE 60° WEST AND POINTED TOWARD THE ZENITH, WOULD YOU BE POINTING UP OR DOWN?

FITTING NAMES
TINY COTE OWNS A DRESS SHOP IN BEATTYVILLE, KENTUCKY.

ANSWER: Straight up directly over you.

MUTT AND JEFF

By BUD FISHER

THE LITTLE GUY, JEFF, IS STILL AS DUMB AS EVER. HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT BILL SHAKESPEARE IS DEAD! (IT'S DENSE! TELL PROVERB IT TO HIM!)

JEFF: "GIRL, GIRL AND I SAW HARLETT TONIGHT AND THEY HAD DINNER AT THE ELDOCKO!"

JEFF: "GIRL, GIRL AND I SAW HARLETT TONIGHT AND THEY HAD DINNER AT THE ELDOCKO!"

JEFF: "GIRL, GIRL AND I SAW HARLETT TONIGHT AND THEY HAD DINNER AT THE ELDOCKO!"

POP—Pop's a Bit Cautious

By J. MILLAR WATT

ANYONE WHO WOULD LIKE A NICE CHOP STEAK FORWARD!

REG'AR FELLERS Try and Hit Him!

By GENE BYRNES

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS BOY! HE'S GOT TO GO TO HANDBLING FOR THE SMELL OF GASOLINE!

WHAT TH'—!! IT'S BOMBARDMENT!!

I ALWAYS DID THINK THESE THINGS WAS BUILT INSICENTIFIC!

OKAY, BOY—LETTUM COME!

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

HE'S SORT OF A PRISONER OF WAR, I HAD TO FIGHT OFF TWO W.A.V.E.'S TO GET HIM!

GLADYS PARKER

FUNNY BUSINESS

"It must be fun when you uncork those on New Year's Eve, Admiral!"

By J. MILLAR WATT

By J. MILLAR WATT

LAMB, PORK OR WOOD?

By GENE BYRNES

By GENE BYRNES

OKAY, BOY—LETTUM COME!