

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JANUARY 7th MAT. 2:13-23 Golden Text.—Gen., 28:15.

Joseph Is Warned At the birth of Jesus in Bethl hem. Wise men from the east came to worship the new King. Follow ing 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

In fleeing to Egypt with the Christ child, Joseph was not only flinding 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 colled my Son", Before he could be called out it was necessary for Him to

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 intents of His heart, and warned the Wise men not to 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 exceeding wroth. 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 ot 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 on 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

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 Bethienem, 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 Naz-arene". "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 get stale. It will stay fresh for two weeks — just as fresh as when it 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-



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

.MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER III | eyes shining. She was small and

They were in the house now, it

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 Isrus and his mother, Mary.

When Joseph heard that Herod's way reigning he way referring to the land with Isrus and his mother, Mary.

When Joseph heard that Herod's way reigning he way reigning he

ram, 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 inani-ties, but he found something to say to her.

"I've been out of the gay wolld so long I feel dumb," he told her, "but Balaam's Ass 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 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 Nomansland and lived in a castle there."

Pam laughed back at him, her

now, alone in the sweet scented aisles, and something in his look, in the tense hardness of his face seen in this light—gave her a de-licious thrill of fright. She was young, and the touch of mystery about him intrigued her fancy. He was so different!

"We've only just met, you know!" she said as lightly as the

know!" she said, as lightly as she could, but her lip trembled; she was caught too in the tide of an emotion that swept them together like two chips in a torrent. "I've known you all your life," Mark answered, with a deep note

servatory. Come, let's go and look at the banana tree!"
"Is Mr. Burleson your uncle,

all eager to greet the girl.
"No, his wife—she died three

* : *

They were in the conservatory

years ago-was my aunt; he's my

in his voice.

The aisles of the conservatory tively, and Mark's hands closed on

hers and held them. Her warm, soft hands trembled in his; he knew why her dark lashes swept her flushed young cheeks;

The moth of the silkworm has lost the ability to fly and is completely dependent upon man for survival.

the tide had caught them bota.
Madness leaped up in him; in a
moment he would have kissed her,
he would have dared even that, for
he knew she was in a dream, carried away; then, suddenly, his san ity 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 sway-ing on his feet, sheer madness had him. After fifteen years of misery he loved—loved at first sight! "I'm mad," he said, "stark mad"—then he bent humbly and crush-

-then he bent humbly and crushed her fingers against his lips"forgive me!"

She was 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

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 to-

She did not in the least under-stand; he had swept her off her feet; there was something about him that fired her imagination; his evidently huge strength, his heathenish 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 its aisles, was kind of dream. She was still in a dream when someone came to take her off for a dance. In a 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. Among the that flame of life in them. The girl, young and romantic, was car-ried away with it; she had never seen quite such a man. Among the ballroom dancers he towered like

a giant.

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 Utica 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 that he save voice, and that he hated the suave voice, and that he hated the whole business!

"I know one of your aunts, I think," said the suave voice, and that he hated that he hated the whole business!

"I know one of your aunts, I think," said the suave voice, and that he hated that he hated that he hated the whole business!

Aunt Henrietta would keep me here! You haven't seen the con-

"Why, Archie, he's just accepted then?" Mark asked, as they thread- so she wouldn't invite another perthrong; stopped here and there by first one guest and then another, was raging at the thought of Grant again with Pam. "The fellow's mad; he'll make love to her!" Bu: years ago—was my aunt; he's my guardian, that's all," Pam ex-plained, "but he's good to me— oh, wonderfully! He's always good, you'll like him." aloud: "I'll speak to him about it."
"I shan't let him off," Mrs. Lynn replied coldly, "there's the tele-phone—he can cancel his engage-

"Shall I?" Mark pondered, smil-ing down at the dark head below parting guest, ment," and she turned to speed a him. Then he caught Landon's eye across the dancers in the ballroom Landon, caught in the throng about her, could not at first disand read wrath in it. In a flash he understood. Landon was jeal-ous! engage himself Then he saw Mark Grant leaning over Pam, his elbow rested on the high mantel, his fine head was bent. Landon could not see his face, but hers was flushed and intent; she was drinking in Mark's words, whatever they a child, Landon raged again. "Curse him!" he said to him seli; "I'll have to get him out of

> (To Be Continued) No Harpy Homes To C'me Home To

Permission by the ministry of home security for evacuees from Britain's "Shellfire Corner" around Dover to return home brought no plans for happy h-mecomings. "There is no place for the 18,000 The aisles of the conservatory were tropical; tall ferns and palms waved their fronds about them; lights shone like stars in the high arches overhead; a fountain played amid the full blown blossoms of the lotus, its heavy scent filling the air with the opium of madness. Music came to them softly, seductively, and Mark's hands closed on the lotus, its heavy scent filling the air with the opium of madness. Music came to them softly, seductively, and Mark's hands closed on the softly seductively.

The moth of the silkworm has

Quality You'll Enjoy

And now it is time to sa

Happy New Year to you all.

I am sure we all hope that will see the turning of the tie

to Allied nations and liberat

A happy new year-it is a

that we express so glibly, I wonder how often the

haps you will say—Tha culous—we can't take part life of every person we mee is true to a certain extent,

who read this column—I car repeat that I wish the be

you—and only you can knot that "best" should be.

Children Of Burma

Keep Routes Ope

bye and good wishes.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

Well, it's the day after Christmas | thankful if we can say "We s "and all through the house, not a | a quiet, but happy Chris a mystery about your life. I can see it!" Suddenly she laid her soft fingers lightly, a touch like thistledown, on his short crisp hair. "Some time you'll tell me, won't sleeping as only city folk know how to sleeping as only city folk know how to sleep to content the lighting her can see it." edly licking her paws in satis-factory reminiscence of yesterdays 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 dream of one—it people to whom we specified the content of the co

We missed our soldier son, spending his first Christman and the control of the co Did you have a good Christmas?

I sincerely hope so. But maybe it

Meeting this one and that be-

fore Christmas I thought so often "I wonder who he is?" she thought, and could not keep her eyes away from the corner where he stood. She was angry with her-Christmas in Canada with her returned airman-husband . . . an other, a Canadian bride, the first Christmas in her married life and her husband already overseas. The family of a young soldier so pitifully young — once reported missing but now known to be a prisoner of war in Germany. The happy mother with her sailor son home on furlough from the Seven Seas. And alas, the saddened family to whom word has come for the second time - "We regret to inform you . . ." There are, too, families spending their first, second or perhaps third Christmas,

> miracles is not yet past and that from the "underground" will evenpaddy fields.
>
> They made a game of it be tually emerge those reported mis-sing. Truly, we should be very the trucks rolling in the



good, all-purpose shirtwaist frock. Pattern 4508 has time-saving front Fattern 4508 has time-saving front buttoning. Note wide size range.

Pattern 4508 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 33/8 yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly size, name, address, style number. neadache fast:

igarettes PIPE TOBACC IGARETTE TOBACCO

56 Astral body.
58 Jungle lord.
61 Sharp sound.
63 Graceful bird.
63 Graceful bird.
63 Graceful bird.
63 Graceful bird.
64 Corderiv

measure. 12 Feline. (pl.).
75 Cooking 15 Narrow path. 66 Fresh.
17 Tardy. 69 Thus.
76 Swirl. 20 Short letter. 71 Hypothetical*
77 Participated in a water 24 Authoritative 73 North Amerstandard 10a (abbr.). standard.

FE'S LIKE THAT

armed with tin cans, kept the the Allies prepared for the The main supply road of this time of the year, and winds sweeping across the P being blown away. The ch however, sprinkled the route water laboriously hauled from

OLD EVERYTHING

got to hankering for the smell of gasoline!"

SPORTING THING

0



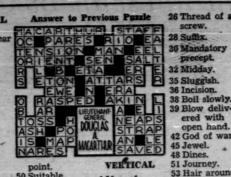
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SNOWY SEASON



61 Sharp sound.
63 Graceful bird.
64 Famous
author.
68 Like.
70 Reverberate,
72 Paradise.
74 Chinese
measure.
75 Cooking
1 Famous
1 Part of 59 Inert gaseous
element.
60 Touch gently.
62 High college
degree
(abbr.).
9 Golf mounds.
64 Pronoun.
12 Feline.
9 Golf mounds.
64 Pronoun.
15 Narrow path 66 Fresh.
15 Narrow path 66 Fresh.
17 Tardy.
69 Thus.

ica (abbr.).

By Fred Neher



warm house."



ANYONE WHO WOULD LIKE A NICE CHOP STEP ! FORWARD!













By GENE BYRNES

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

By Roland Coe

By William Ferguson

CROSSTOWN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

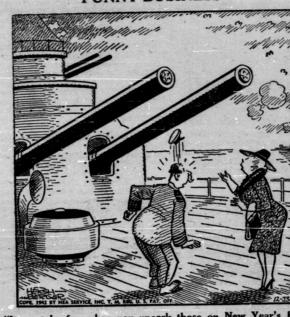
"Fittenames"

directly over you

MUTT AND JEFF-



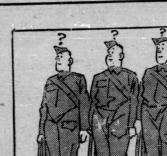
FUNNY BUSINESS



ANSWER: Straight up The zenith is that part of the heavens By BUD FISHER HE'S NOT THAT DUMB-OR IS HE?

POP-Pop's a Bit Cautious





REG'LAR FELLERS Try and Hit Him!







