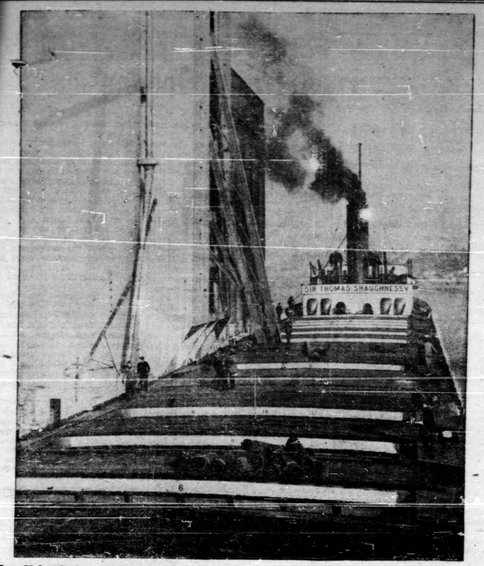
Canada's Wedding Gift to Princess Elizabeth—This wedding gift of silver was presented by Prime Minister King on behalf of Canada to Princess Elizabeth. Learning that Princess Elizabeth had desired antique silver for a table service, selection of the silver was made, for Canada, by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. The service consists of a George I plain, two-handled siver cup and cover, made in London in 1720 by Paul Lamerie; four silver salvers, made in 1734 by Paul Lamerie; two single silver candlesticks; four silver candlesticks and three silver candelabra, reproductions of Paul Lamerie; 24 silver-gilt dinner plates; a case of table silver.



Most Valuable Cargo to leave Port Arthur this season—306,554 bushels of flax valued at $2,250,000—is unloaded from 480-foot lake carrier Sir Thomas Shaughnessy at Owen Sound as she ended her record navigation season. Shaughnessy came through heavy snowstorms using her radar equipment.

HAPPY HOLIDAY

By MARY NELSON

"Happy new year!"

The cry echoed and re-echoed down the street as Penny made her way toward the bus stop. Everywhere about her people were light-hearted and gay and busily wishing their friends good fortune for the coming year. She buttoned her coat at the neck and turned up the collar. It was a bitterly cold day and she told herself she would be happy to reach home and stay in for the night. Let those with pioneer blood go out and stand in the raw wind down at Dayton Circle just to blow a silly horn at midnight ostensibly to usher in the new year.

Penny had always been known at home as a sensible girl with good common sense. She was proud of that reputation and now that she lived in the city alone she was more determined than ever to live up to it. She didn't want to become a sophisticated, worldly wise city girl. Thus, she summed up sentimentally, it was just as well she didn't.

"Going out tonight, Penny?"

The words interrupted her thoughts and she turned to greet Ruby, a fellow worker who was always going out with someone she called "Beanie." You could always tell the status of Ruby's romance by her mood. If she was exuberant to the point of being giddy, she was

"But her foot missed and came down on a sheet of ice."

going to see Beanie that night; if she was quiet and petulant, she was downright rude with a sarcastic twist to every remark she made, then they had quarreled.

Penny smiled. "No, I'm not, Ruby," she replied. Odd that she should feel such emptiness within her as she said the words. She noted Ruby's quick glance of sympathy and it irritated her. "I don't know anyone here," she defended herself. Then added curtly, "And anyway, I wouldn't dream of going out in such ghastly weather."

Ruby shrugged. "Oh, well, if you feel that way about it . . . happy new year, Penny." She hurried away before the wretched girl could make any response. "Now why did I act so nasty?" she asked under her breath. Ruby hadn't meant any offense—she was simply so wrapped up in her own little world that she felt sorry for anyone who had no Beanie to whom to belong. She was essentially a generous person and now Penny had deliberately hurt her.

As she stood in the middle of the sidewalk, angry and discouraged, she saw her bus speeding recklessly down the street and without another thought to anything else she hurried toward the corner. "Wait, oh, wait!" she called, running breathlessly. No one else was waiting, however, and he careened sharply off the curb, hurrying on his way. "Oh, dear!" She burst into tears at this new dissappointment and reached blindly for the curb.

But her foot missed and came down on a sheet of ice sending her into an astonished heap in the street.

For a moment she was too stunned to move. She heard footsteps hurrying toward her and managed to sit up dazedly. A man knelt down beside her but his face was a blur of features. "Take it easy," he admonished, placing an arm across her back. She tried to focus her eyes upon him and hadn't quite succeeded when he cried. "Penny! Why, Penny Lindsay! What in the world are you doing out here?"

And then everything cleared and she saw the handsome, blond features of a former school friend. "Oh, Alan!" Tears tumbled over each other in hasty exit. He helped her to her feet. "Gee, it's good to see someone from the old home town. I've been so doggone lonely," he told her, manipulating a handkerchief around her nose and eyes.

"I'm lonely, too," she gasped. "I've only been here a month."

"Say! What are you doing tonight? Anything?"

"N-nothing." Her heart skipped a beat in anticipation.

"Then why don't we go somewhere and talk over old times? Gee, I'm dying to hear some gossip about the Turners and the Mitchels and all the rest. Will you Penny?"

And Penny smiled happily this time. "Yes, Alan. Even this ghastly weather couldn't stop me from talking over old times with you."

★

As Interpreted

A young wife, wishing to announce the birth of her first child to a friend in a distant city, telegraphed:

"Isaiah 9:6" Which passage begins: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

Her friend, unfamiliar with the Scriptures, said to her husband. "Margaret evidently has a boy who weighs nine pounds and six ounces, but why on earth did they name him Isaiah."

★

SHORT STORY

A Haven For Mannie

By ANNA E. WILSON

Wind, broad-shouldered Joel said, was just air in motion; all wind was the same. But Mannie, putting a tired hand to her head, pressing it against that spot of pain above her eye, decided that Joel must be wrong. There were all kinds of wind; but the worst was this wind that blew for days until it got into your head and burned a tight band about your forehead.

Joel came in to dinner. "It must let up soon, Mannie. It's never blown this long before."

"It'll never stop, Joel."

Joel's kind, blunt face looked worried. "We've got a good start here, Mannie. You like it here when the wind doesn't blow. Maybe running away isn't the solution. Maybe any other kind of life would have drawbacks too, Mannie. Seems like we might find a better way."

"You can't stop the wind, Joel." When Joel had gone, Mannie washed the dishes, the pain above her eye becoming each moment more unbearable. She reached for an aspirin, thinking of Joel, and stopped. It did no good to say the wind wouldn't blow tomorrow, there'd be the next year and the next.

Joel could sell the ranch and get work in a factory. She could see him in 15 years, his shoulders stooped, his hair thinner and the swing gone from his walk.

Joel wouldn't blame her, but he wouldn't be happy. Joel would never be happy anywhere away from the prairie. That was what made it so hard, so impossible for her.

She looked out and nowhere was there anything but sameness, nowhere except that old bluff, bordering Dead Man's canyon, a deep cleft sheltering a slough.

* * *

Roanie was surprised at being saddled so early in the day. He jumped as spurs dug into him and he swung around and headed into the wind. When Mannie came to the bluff she reined in Roanie and sat looking down into the canyon. It was narrow, steep with few footholds.

She slid down from Roanie and looked down to where a thin sliver of light, water, was barely visible—it was quiet down there — the wind could never reach you. She began to climb down, her feet slipping on the shale and stone. She rolled down the last 20 feet ignominiously.

She lay quiet on a tiny beach, relief seeping through her. The sun was warm and she relaxed and slept, like a limp rag on the sand.

When she woke clean-eyed clear-headed, the sun was slanting against the wall. It was time to get back. She could stand anything. She glanced upwards and caught her breath. Nowhere was there a single foothold.

She proceeded cautiously, examining the walls, coming at last to a shelving cave. Above the entrance was printed in rough letters: Windhaven.

Windhaven. Someone had been here before her. Someone had come here to escape from the wind, just as she had come.

She advanced farther into the cave and her foot struck a light object — a comb that some woman might have worn. If a woman had come here years ago, she must have had some way of getting back. Mannie hunted furiously.

It was simple when she found it. A rough hair rope, hidden by the side of the boulder, exactly the same color as rock and shale. She seized it eagerly and began to climb. She reached the rope's end and found it anchored securely by a huge rock, invisible to those above. She pulled herself over the rim of the canyon. She heard a nicker farther along and rounded a curve to find Roanie grazing.

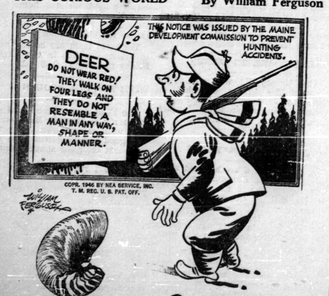
She rode him with the wind behind her—but it was no longer a fearsome thing, something from which there was no escape but in flight. Windhaven—she had only to climb down the canyon to sleep securely on the small dry beach. Why they could spend whole days there, she and Joel.

Dampened salt can be restored by the addition of a little cornstarch. One teaspoon of cornstarch to six of salt is about the right proportion.

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



Looking Odds

"A SIGN PAINTER CAN PAINT SLOW FAST," Says JACK KENTTA, Austin, Minnesota.

MUTT AND JEFF—And What D'Yah Know? So Soon After Christmas

By BUD FISHER

Sports — And One Thing or Another

By FRANK MANN HARRIS

("A Sixbit Critic")

Following a custom dishonored by time we drag out the old binoculars — incidentally wishing a certain famous camera-man who borrowed the only good pair we ever owned 15 years ago would get around to returning them—to take our usual peek into the future, trying to discern what the year has in store for lovers of sport.

* * *

Here we might reiterate that a cagey plan for readers is to slip all such expert annual predictions and carefully save same as a guide to future wagering. We don't like to boast—not if we can persuade somebody to do it for us—but over the years a man could have become wealthy by placing a flat bet on all our personal forecasts. That is, of course, with a copper on, or in plain language, to lose.

* * *

So we foresee that the first big feature of the year will be the Winter Olympics, and have no hesitation in prognosticating that a flock of new records will be set. Among the old ones due to be shattered are the marks for back-biting, alibi-heaving, conversation - endurance, bull-tossing and official wrangling. International relationships will be so improved that the papers are bound to be full of talk advocating compulsory military service for everybody above the age of eight. (And why not? When they get that age they know everything—why not let them do it?)

Barbara Ann Scott either positively will or positively won't win the figure skating title. If she does, it will be simple justice. If not, suspect dirty work at the crossroads and look for the Mayor of Ottawa to jump off the Chateau Laurier roof. Canada may, or may not be represented in hockey. If not, no doubt it's all for the best.

* * *

During February and March there will be a lot of games and some hockey played in the "Big League." Frank Selke, Dick Irvin, Frankie Boucher, Jack Adams, Conn Smythe and a few other shrinking violets will be regretfully compelled to accuse one another, and their respective teams, of every crime on the calendar, or in the dictionary. They will be greatly abashed at all the space these squabbles get in the papers.

* * *

When playoff time arrives it will be discovered that there is a three-way tie-off for fourth position. Somebody will come up with the bright suggestion that they start afresh — all six of them — from scratch, and continue their search for the champion all summer. This will be properly frowned upon as too revolutionary—as yet.

New York Rangers will find themselves in the finals and the dignity of The World's Fastest Sport will get another huge boost through being heard out in favor of Ringling Brothers' elephants before the series is over. When the final audit is made The Maple Leafs will have retained the Stanley Cup, or maybe not. If they do, simple justice again. If not, lousy officiating.

* * *

Baseball, by this time or even several weeks before, will be in full swing; and about now the Brooklyn fans will be wondering why they ever hollered for the reinstatement of Leo Durocher. This holler is liable to become more and more chronic, if the pitching they showed in the last World's Series was on the level. When the All Star Game is played the same Mr. Durocher will reluctantly yield to terrific public pressure and consent to lead the National League Representatives, although we do not think they will have to twist his arm to the fortue-point. About five thirty that evening he will be wishing he'd let Shotten do it.

* * *

But we are getting ahead of ourself. In the merry month of May, horse racing comes back—officially, that is, the "winter tracks" being beneath the dignity of any real lover of The Turf; although somehow or other we notice exactly the same steeds running on them as perform on the more haltered oval.

* * *

If a horse entitled KING MIDAS should happen to win the classic Kentucky Derby do not be too much surprised—although we will, as we only mention him because his is the sole name among the entries we can recall. Nor can we remember the name of the steed that is sure thing for the Classic King's Plate—as a matter of fact we can't remember the name of the one which took the last one, and doubt if you can either.

* * *

Along about knee deep in June a gentleman named Jersey Joe Walcott will find the cure he has long been seeking for his insomnia — in fact he will find himself asleep so suddenly that he'll wonder how he got there. The next morning Mr. Walcott will be telling folks he was shamefully misquoted when reported, this December, as saying he could lick a gentleman named Mr. Louis any time, any place. Mr. Louis will sink back into his habitual state of semi-coma until the next time somebody tags him too rudely.

* * *

There's a lot more coming in 1948, which we can clearly foresee but haven't the time to tell you about. Maybe we'll do so later! but, if not, don't let it blight your life too much. One thing, however, we are certain of coming to pass. Sport broadcasters will get a greater quantity of excitement from watching sport than anybody else—or anyway sound as though they do!

★

Be a Sport

Take a chance! Even a turtle gets nowhere until he sticks his neck out.

★

Prophets Made Bad Guesses Even Then

Back in the year 1883 there was an English clergyman, The Rev. F. Barham Zincke, one of the "chaplains in ordinary" to Queen Victoria. He published a pamphlet in which he gave his views of what the world would be like a century from then — that is to say, in 1983.

By that time, according to his calculations, there will be a thousand millions of English-speaking people in the world — 800 million in the United States, 64 million in Canada, 48 million in Australia, 16 million in South Africa and 70 million in the United Kingdom.

Among these thousand million, he thought, there will be no savages, no serfs, no slaves and very few drones or Sybarites. All will be able to read and write and inclined to turn such knowledge to good account. They will all occupy their own land and manage their own political affairs. They will have a high standard of morality and have women occupying a far higher position than they did at the time he wrote. Competition between nations will be intellectual, not military.

Almost 65 years have passed since he made these prophecies; and if the shade of the Rev. Mr. Zincke is hovering around, we would say that — with a mere 35 years or so to go — time is rapidly running out on them. Still, we have prophets of our own, these days, whose "batting averages" aren't much better.

Rain and Snow In Ontario

Rainfall during the growing season for most crops, April-September, during 1946 was 13.56 inches. This was 8.17 inches less than the preceding year, and in comparison with a 65-year period, 1882-1946, this was 2.28 inches below the average One month was above normal and five below. May with 0.55 above and July 0.93 below had the greatest departures during the growing season.

The total amount of rainfall from November 1946, to March, 1947, inclusive, was 5.17 inches, 0.53 below average for 65 years. In this period there was a snowfall of 88.5 inches or 19.9 above normal.

Saboteurs in Canada Cause Untold Ruin

Saboteurs are at work undermining the foundation of thousands of Canadian homes. While they are seldom detected, their sabotage goes on day and night.

They are not hirelings of a foreign power, however, but are the destructive fungi which cause wood rot responsible for losses amounting to several million dollars annually in the Dominion alone.

The ravages of these unseen enemies is evidenced everywhere—the rotting foundations of wooden houses and barns, sagging mine timbers, crumbling porch pillars and steps, bulging well casings and shaky bridge planking. But the losses do not stop here. Numerous accidents and even deaths are caused each year by the collapse of rotten structures.

It took a war and the clever hand of the chemist to find something to combat this insidious foe. The weapon was copper naphthenate—hailed by last war troops as a wonder chemical which added many years of life to ropes, netting, tents, boats and wooden barges.

Pale green in color, copper naphthenate solution contains two per cent copper. When applied on wood or canvas, it appears as a light green stain which can be covered over with ordinary house paint if desirable. While it may be brushed or sprayed on, it is best applied by dipping—allowing the wood to soak in the solution for two to three minutes.

According to paint chemists, the preservative is also highly effective in prolonging the life of tarpaulins, canvas chair coverings, binder canvases, awnings, tents and nets. It is safe to handle, harmless to livestock and poultry, and does not affect plants and seed grains stored in treated bins or granaries.

The popular impression is that wood rot is confined solely to high humidity southern countries, but a survey has shown it is equally destructive in the Dominion and per capita loss to Canadians is as much as anywhere in the world.

The fungi which cause wood rot and mildew are invisible organisms carried in the atmosphere in great numbers. When they come to rest anywhere and are given sufficient moisture, they immediately set to work feeding on the cellulose in wood, rope and fabrics of vegetable origin. Destruction is quick and sure—unless the fungi are killed. Copper naphtenate does this very effectively.

★

Stumped

A member of the Baker Street Irregulars declared confidently at the clan's annual meeting that good old Sherlock Holmes could find anything "Hmpf," grumbled a more skeptical brother. "I'd like to see the old coot find an apartment in the city today."

★

Home For Christmas—This little lady arrived at the Canadian National Railways station in Montreal with a ticket almost as long as herself. The camera caught her exchanging a happy Christmas smile with the Red Cap who helped her with an armful of gifts.

Classified Advertising

ATTENTION FARMERS

FOR SALE—Tractor Tires, made of rubber, suitable for bolting on steel wheels. $15.00 each, rear wheels; $7.50 each, front wheels. When ordering state diameter and width of wheels. National Rubber Co. Ltd., 5 Wilshire Ave., Toronto, Ont.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AN OFFER to every inventor—List of inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsay Co., Registered Patent Attorneys 279 Bank Street, Ottawa.

BABY CHICKS

We believe 1948 is going to be a banner year for the production of summer and fall eggs and the most important business decision you as a poultryman has to make each year, is the source from which you buy baby chicks. Yes, it's the chick and you that will write the poultry history for 1948. You will need every assurance that the one production of your flock will more than assance the cost of feed and labour for the year. Top Notch chicks have been making profits every year for our customers. Free catalogue and 1948 price list. Also laying pullets.

Top Notch Chick Sales, Guelph, Ontario.

FIG Rock Farm Chicks are still the best bet on the farm because they lay plenty of big eggs and make a good profit. They are strong liveable chicks sired by high egg record males. Discount on early orders. Write today for free calendar and price list. Fig Rock Farm, Mills Hachey, Ont.

It is an old saying among successful farmers that "the time to stay in any line of farm production is when the other fellows are going out." 1948 is the year to buy chicks. Start them early in January or February. Our prediction is that eggs will teach a new high before 1948 is out. Before ordering elsewhere send for our catalogue and 1948 price list. For 24 years Tweddle chicks have been making profits for farmers all over Canada. Also laying pullets.

Tweddle Chick Hatcheries Limited, Fergus, Ontario.

Monkton Poultry Chicks—You buy baby chicks for one reason. To receive dividends on your investment, you must be certain where your money is invested. We offer you baby chicks from a Poultry Farm with every breeder pullorum tested and government banded. Take advantage of our early discount. Write for our 1948 catalogue and price list. Monkton Poultry Farms, Monkton, Ontario.

Chicks—Day old and started for prompt shipment. Write for List. We suggest you get the chick question for 1948 settled by ordering Bray Chicks now for delivery in 1948. Contact nearest agent, hatchery or direct. Bray Hatcheries, 120 John North, Hamilton.

BUY WAY'S CHICKS

Lucky number with every order before January 15th. Folder, prices on request. Way's Hatchery & Farms, Stratford, Ont.

DYEING AND CLEANING

HAVE YOU anything needs dyeing or cleaning? Write to us for information. We are glad to answer your questions. Department H. Parker's Dye Works Limited 791 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

FOR SALE

HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

Parts and Service Box 9 Kennedy 2 5m. 619 College St. Toronto

RECORDS. Free catalogue of favorite hillbilly and dance artists. National Radio Ltd., Dept. O. 419 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

BATTERY operated Radio Set for sale. De-Forest Crosley Corsia model, 8 tubes specially equipped with Homaco Eliminator for use with either storage battery or dry cells. New cost over $300. Make offer. A fine and lasting Christmas gift. Box 151, 73 Adelaide W., Toronto.

JOHNSON Iron Horse engines, ¾ H.P. $51.45 1.34 H.P. $70.00 Immediate delivery. Currey Bolmer, Eglinton & Bathurst, Toronto

LARGE sweater Lilybulbs each 75c 3 for $2.10, Postpaid. Culture notes enclosed. Kuyper's Bulbs, Hatzic, B.C.

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PATENTS

FETHERSTONAUGH & Company Patent Solicitors. Established 1890, 14 King West, Toronto. Booklet of information on request.

PERSONAL

LONESOME? Romantic Correspondence Magazine contains photos, descriptions, 10c. With addresses 50c. One year $2. World Federation Club, Parkerview, Sask.

"ELIJAH COMING Before Christ", wonderful book free. Scandido Mission, Rochester 11, N.Y.

WANTED

EGGS Wanted. Poultry farm white eggs preferred. High prices. Write, Player Produce, 951 Dovercourt, Toronto.

WHITE HOLLAND Turkey Body Feathers wanted. Particulars on illustrated folder. K. P. Hollander, 707 Read Bldg., Montreal, Que.

STAMP COLLECTION, largely Canada and United States, describe. Box 157, 73 Adelaide W., Toronto.

Wetter Water Puts Fires Out Faster

Fire-fighting scientists offered a "wet water" as man's newest weapon in fighting disastrous forest fires and other blazes.

The new agent, described as a chemical "penetrant" increases the extinguishing action of water 200 to 400 percent.

The substance, known as "unox," is a concentration of organic chemicals of "extremely fast penetrating action" and is added to water in small amounts. Five gallons of unox added to 1,000 gallons of water quickly extinguished a fire in a small woods.

The fire control experts said that in tests by municipal fire departments it was indicated that "on the average building, fire extinguishment can be effected more rapidly with three to five times less water. In every case there was a marked reduction in smoke generation and water damage was practically eliminated."

Australia has put millions of dollars into fences, the longest of which is 1,100 miles, to barricade rabbits and dingoes.

How COLDS affect Your KIDNEYS

The kidneys are very delicate organs, easily affected—especially by a cold. Their duty is to filter impurities and excess acids from the blood. When you have a cold extra work is thrown upon your kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills help your kidneys clear your system of excess acids and poisons caused by colds, and give you a chance to shake infection sooner—feel better faster. If you have a cold get and use Dodd's Kidney Pills. 139

Dodd's Kidney Pills

PILES—Modern medical science has overcome ailments formerly thought impossible. Piles were considered one of them. That's nonsense today. The new Pyleze treatment has proven itself in thousands of the most stubborn cases. It gets results because You first locate the source (same by mouth) shows you the difference, or it goes direct to the internal cause, that's price refunded at once. All modern Druggists.

POP—Literally Speaking

By J. MILLAR WATT