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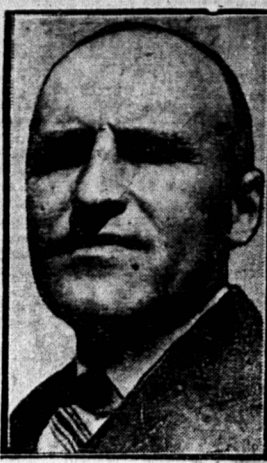
Books Worth Reading

(Continued from page nine)

there are some books which everybody should read, as well as some which certainly should not be read, at least by those of us who set value on character and ideal. A book which presents evil in such a way as to lead to wrongdoing, one in which physical courage and resourcefulness, in evading the law are exalted and moral cowardice is ignored, one in which there is no sharp line between right and wrong, one which gives false ideas as to the values and relations in life—all these should be avoided. Think for example of the Alger books. Their motto seems to be, "Be good and you will be lucky." The author pictures the hero as plucky, persevering, honest, a model in every way. So far, very well. But it is always, not because of that heroes' uprightness that he succeeds, but because of some lucky chance which leads him to vast worldly wealth and which is absolutely the only success that these books take into account. Is not that a very false ideal to set before you? Or there are the Elsie books with Elsie Dinsmore, a morbid little girl who is always instructing her elders; as one small reader said, "If I talked to my mother the way Elsie Dinsmore talks to her father, I should be spanked." Apart from that, her goodness consists merely in an effort not to be bad, and she never accomplishes anything more and therefore gives her readers absolutely no incentive to follow her example. Add to these the vast majority of so-called girls' books. Few of them are any real contribution to literature, and most of them would be better left out of our libraries.

But I did not intend to put time on what we should not read, but to mention some of the books everybody should read. At the head of the list, you will agree, stands the Bible, the most majestic thing in our literature, and the most spiritually living book in the world. There was a time when the Bible was habitually read aloud in the majority of homes, whether rich or poor for people realized they could find no book more full of interesting stories, more exquisitely written, more nowadays we are in too big a hurry. We have forgotten our Bibles in the never ending attempt to keep up with the other fellow who always seems to be getting a little ahead. Apart or together from the religious side of the question, we ought to read our Bibles in order to develop our taste for what is best in literature. There is scarcely a really famous writer who does not acknowledge his debt to the Bible, no student of English Literature, worthy of the name, who has not studied the Bible carefully. Bacon has said, "some books need to be chewed and digested," read carefully and pondered over, and the chief of these is the Bible, the book that even one who does not care for reading generally, will find a delight in.

Another part of our literature that seems sadly neglected by the present generation is poetry. Out of side of what is required by our school courses a very large proportion of us read practically no poetry, though from no other source can we fill our lives with so much beauty. From the splendor of the Psalms and Songs of Solomon right down through the various classes of poetry, till you come even to the nursery, you will find a worth while message. Those of you who have not met Ellen Douglas, Scott's beautiful Lady of the Lake, who have neglected Tennyson's Idylls of the King, in Memoriam, and his short poems, who have not revelled in Wordsworth, Keats, and then worked up to Milton and Shakespeare, have missed a part of their birthright. It is not too late for you to start now, and whenever you come to a part which impresses you particularly, memorize it. Make your minds storerooms for beautiful thoughts and then there will be no room in them for the sordid and the mean. Poetry plays its part in developing the imagination and it gives able assistance in the fairy tales that interest us in childhood and that even sometimes grip the grown-up. Do not listen to the person who tries to tell you not to read fairy tales. In this material age we are too apt to lose our vision, and for that very reason this age does not produce so many deep thinkers as did former ages. Imagination blazes the trail of progress, and no great scientific discovery has been made by a person who is not a dreamer. All advancement is the result of some person's having vision enough to see things, not as they are, but as they ought to be. The fairy tales of yesterday find their answer in the new inventions of today. Centuries ago wizards, like Michael Scott, were supposed to have the power of flying on their winged horses from Spain to Scotland in a few hours. Today such a trip is easily accomplished by airship. In the last generation Jules Verne delighted the hearts of his readers by his fantastic tale of what happened "20,000 Leagues under the Sea" and today the submarines disclosed truths even more wonderful than the fictions of Verne. So one might go on with the marvels of electricity, the telephone, the telegraph, the radio. What we need is not to leave fairy tales out of our library, but add more and more fairy tales. Read Anderson, Grimm, Aesop, if you are not beyond that stage and various books of folk lore, and mythology if you are. Dr. Cyrus MacMillan's contribution to this kind of literature, the folk-lore of the American Indians, will repay your careful study. Those who can keep a childlike faith in stories of magic and



To have been recommended for the Victoria Cross "for valor" and distinguished conduct on the field of battle, but instead of receiving this outstanding award to have been reprimanded by senior officers, was the unusual experience of Colonel the Honorable James L. Ralston, C.M.G., D.S.O., and bar, present Federal Minister of Militia, it has become known Col Ralston, who was four times wounded while with the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders, crawled out of a devastating enemy fire with the help of another officer and carried in a wounded junior officer, instead of getting the V. C. he was told it was not the duty of a commanding officer to risk his life in such a way.

contribute more to human progress than does the cynic who sneers at these stories as silly. For those of you who have an interest in natural history—and it is well for you if you have—there are many good books to be had. Two of our Canadian authors in particular have given us much that is interesting and instructive. The stories by Charles G. D. Roberts and those by Ernest Thompson Seton, particularly the latter's "Wild Animals I have known" will hold your interest. These are the author's actual experiences and give you an insight into the habits of animals. Kipling also, particularly in Rikki-tikki-tavi, the story of a fight between a mongoose and a cobra, excels in this kind of a tale. And do not forget his Jungle Book. A story taken from natural history and produced by a well-known author is sure to be the right kind of a story.

History, too, ought to claim its fair share of our attention. Unfortunately our school texts on this subject are not calculated to instill in us a love for the subject. If we could just get the emphasis off the dates, the wars, the kings and the parliaments and put it on the lives our ancestors lived, on their struggles and their triumphs, more of us would be filled with a desire to read history. Get a volume of Parkman's history down at the Public Library, any one of them will do for a beginning, and read there, told in a more novel, the hardships and the difficulties, the accomplishment and the reward of those who made this wonderful Canada of ours out of the savage wilderness. Even if you have been up to this time trying to persuade yourselves you do not like history, you will soon change your minds, if you persevere and read a little each week from the larger histories.

Then there are the biographies of famous men and famous women we cannot all win the prominent place held by these men and women, but in our own small way we may seek to imitate them. Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," the lives of Tennyson, of Jane Austen, of George Eliot, of Florence Nightingale, and of many others.

Among the good novels of the past you will find much to help you. I hope you know already by heart Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Gilver's Travels, Scott's novels ought to be of special interest to girls of your age. If you have not done so already, read at least Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, and Quentin Durward, and even then you may have only a beginning. You may at first be a little discouraged by the length of some of Scott's descriptions. But do not skip a single sentence. It is all of great value in painting a beautiful picture for you. And do not leave Charles Dickens out of your library. You will miss much of David Copperfield does not introduce you to Peggotty and Barkis, and the humble Irish Heep, if you do not strike up a friendship with Little Nell, her old grandfather, and even the notorious Quilp in the Old Curiosity Shop, if Oliver Twist's fortunes have not claimed your attention. Thackeray's books provide somewhat heavier reading, but if you really get into the spirit of them you may prefer them to the works of Dickens. Probably Vanity Fair would be most interesting for a start, then Pendennis and Henry Esmond. The works of Jane Austen give you a picture of earlier times, and form a marked contrast with modern conditions, those of George Eliot, particularly "The Mill on the Floss," Adam Bede, and Silas Marner are really good stories. Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Kingsley, any of the standard writers of the ages just before ours or farther back, are surely contributions worth keeping, worth making your own by careful reading.

If you ask me what about the new books, the modern novels, I must confess that I do not feel competent to judge. The court of last appeal for a writer is the opinion of those who read his books in succeeding generations. It is childlike faith in stories of magic and

author who is the most popular author. We are too near the conditions described by the living author, really to judge of his worth. "Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of the ages through which they have passed." The very book people in general like best now, may never be heard of in the next generation. But there are some which are at least not harmful. The stories about children are generally clean and wholesome. Anne of Green Gables, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Sowing Seeds in Danny, Daddy Long Legs, and some of Gene Stratton Porter's books are good. The last mentioned author is a little too prone to put into her stories on account of something impossible like the Harvester's cure of his "dream girl", but she puts at least pictures of the better, not the seamy side of life. We cannot, in so short a time, discuss many novels. Just try in your choice of reading material, to look only for the book that is well recommended, not merely by someone who

likes the sensational, but a person who reads thoughtfully and is capable of judging. Since we have such a wealth of really good books, why should we wreck our minds and destroy our brains with trash. We may once in a while be led by the advice of an incompetent judge, to read a poor story, but if we do not repeat the offense, we shall suffer little more than the mere loss of time. It is, of course, practically impossible for a person to read all the books of all the good authors, yet we should each make a hobby of one particular author and set before us as our objective the readings of all that author has written. We may never be able to reach this objective, but we may be able to reach it and go a little beyond, take up a second author, or perhaps the whole period of reading which he represents. Let us may think we put all the emphasis on the past to the neglect of the present, we had better call your attention to the reading of current events. You feel very badly out of it if you are unable to talk intelligently of what is going on in the world today. Our newspapers put such stress on the news of every day in a way that it is difficult to glean from them the real news, but we should spend some time each day on reading about international affairs so as not to become narrow and provincial. The World's Work, World Wide, The Geographical Magazine, will help you here. The better class of magazines, such as Harper's, the Century, also help the reader; but do not be satisfied with the stories only, read the articles as well, that you know what other people are thinking about, and that you may have food for thought, too.

May I ask you, then, to set aside a part of each day to be devoted to reading the things that are profitable? It is all very well to fill in the odd moment of idleness with a good book, but this is too uncertain. If you have a fixed time for reading, and let nothing but the gravest necessity interfere with that time you will accomplish great things. Spend that time in diligent, careful reading of some of the books I have mentioned. A portion of it every day in reading your Bible, and I have little fear that you will ever be bothered with the worthless book. There is naturally, in every one of you a healthy desire for and a critical judgment of what is good, and when you have allowed that desire to be choked by continued contact with stories that are unclean is there any danger of your choosing reading matter of the harmful type. If our Canadian Girls in Training would start a Crusade, not against the poor books, but for the good books, I believe that in a generation or so there would be very few question-bags about such books, and there would be no demand for such books, such books would not be written. We blame not the author who produces them, but the public who reads them.

Remembering Milton's opinion, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond," let us start on a Crusade for the reading of only the best in literature; till we find with Wordsworth,

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Four 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified honey, instead of sugar syrup. Thus you make 16 ounces—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of cough medicine. And as a cough medicine, it is really nothing better to be had at any price, gives right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid, too, for bronchitis, whooping and bronchial asthma.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with directions. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

The Three Musketeers

(Continued from page nine)

"It is in the character of D'Artagnans, that we must look for that spirit of morality, which is one of the chief merits of the book, makes one of the main joys of its perusal, and sets it high above more popular rivals. Athos, with the coming of years, has declined too much into the preacher, and the preacher of a spleen creed; but D'Artagnan has mellowed into a man so witty, rough, kind, and upright that he takes the heart by storm. There is nothing of the copy-book about his virtues, nothing of the drawing-room in his fine natural civility; he will sail near the wind; he is no district visitor —no Wesley or Robespierre; his conscience is void of refinement whether for good or evil. But the whole man rings true like a good sovereign. Readers who have approached the Vicomte, not across country, but by the legitimate first volume avenue of the Musketeers and Twenty Years After, will not have forgotten D'Artagnan's ungentlemanly and perfectly improbable trick upon milady, what a pleasure it is, then, what a reward, and how agreeable a lesson to see the old captain humble himself to the son of the man whom he had persecuted! Here, and throughout, his aim to choose virtues for myself or my friends, let me choose the virtues of D'Artagnan. I do not say there is no character as well drawn in Shakespeare; I do say there is none that I love so wholly. There are many spiritual eyes that spy upon our actions—eyes of the dead and the absent, whom we imagine to behold us in our most private hours, and whom we fear and scruple to offend: our witnesses and judges, and among these, even if you should think me childish, I must count my D'Artagnan—not D'Artagnan of the memoirs, whom Thackeray pretended to prefer—a preference, I take the freedom of saying, in which he stands alone, not the D'Artagnan of flesh and blood, but him of the ink and paper; not Nature's, but Dumas'. And this is the particular crown and triumph of the artist—not to be true merely, but to be lovable; not simply to convince but to enchant."

A Great Tribute

This is the tribute of a great lover of literature, himself an outstanding figure in the literary world. But I would just utter this word of caution about his estimate of Porthos. When he wrote his criticisms he was in his twenties, an age when little allowance is made for the experience of life. Porthos, his especial bete noir, had become tamed to domesticity and reconciled to religion and its disciplines, and acted accordingly. Stevenson had yet to undergo that experience; and yet he followed pretty much in Porthos's footsteps, making due allowance for the change of times and conditions. And, irony of ironies, a biographer, J.A. Stewart, also a young man has just published Stevenson's life in two volumes, criticizing him very severely, and I maintain equally unjustly for being a hypocrite in his religious life at Valima. It is one of the dangers of youth that it assumes to know and to judge a man by his struggles and apparent failures, and not to make sufficient allowance for the unconquered spirit which is persistently and insistently resisting the onslaughts of his meaner nature. Porthos, with all his failings had struggled valiantly and ultimately "reached the harbor of all true philosophers; Stevenson, unwittingly, was passing through the same experience and landed similarly in the harbour of Good Content with the religion of his fathers. Nevertheless he always despised goody-goodism, and his latest biographer though attempting to unveil spots on his sun, has to admit that like his hero D'Artagnan, he lived a wholesome upright life according to the light vouchsafed him. With this, I may safely conclude. The summary I have given will convey some idea of the amazing cleverness and powerful influence of the story and I hope will induce those of you who have not read it to lose little time in doing so.

The wit, the glorious spirits, the brilliance of the swagger, the movement, the genuine morality, the ingenious narrative is all its own, and has never been surpassed. Read the "Three Musketeers" and its two sequels; and not only will you not regret it, but will long for more of the same healthy, vigorous, enchanting literature.

STANLEY BRIDGE SCHOOL.

The following is the report of Stanley Bridge School for January Grade X Margaret Quinn Grade VII Elmore McKay, Verna Tarrish Grade VII Ida Davidson, Paul Fleming, Myrtle McKay, Preston Bennett (Gerardine Queen and Urban Walsh) equal, Queen V Levisa Fleming, Fernie Reid, Marion Walsh, Clara Quinn, Edna Brown, Lorne Bulman, Grade IV Alban Bolger, Tom Reid, Annie McCaigan, Grade III Hilda Hiscott, Lillian Coles, Kenneth McKay, Freda McCaigan, Charlie Queen, Grade H Louis Reid, Louisa Reid, Grade I Nora Reid, Ralph Phillips, Louis Walsh, Francis Fleming, Frank McEwen, Marie Reid.

Cyril A. Horton (Teacher) (Patriot please copy)

New York Radio Fans Praise Dog's Singing



JACK
DOG MUSIC
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New York City.—Jack is the most popular radio soloist in New York City. Jack is a dog—a heraldic bull. He sings weekly at Station WNYC and can carry any tune. The talented dog belongs to Doctor and Mrs. Edwin Griffin, of Brooklyn. He has won many blue ribbons and silver cups at kennel shows all over the country. Nowadays, though, he hasn't time to bother with such trivial things. Besides, he has to take care of his voice. Jack's talent for singing was discovered and cultivated by his master. He is an exceptionally intelligent dog and appears to understand everything that is said to him. When scientists, interested in his unique talent, come to visit him, he puts on a wise and comradely air as he goes through his paces. When he has finished a selection for them, he looks at them as if to say, "Well, now do you know how I do it?" Jack gets fan letters from all over the country. Children often write to him, telling him about their own dogs and invariably ending up, "I wish he were as smart as you." Jack has several favorite tunes, but a new one called "After I Say 'I'm Sorry'" is thought to be his favorite because of the vivacity and energy he puts into the rendition of it.

EGG LAYING CONTEST

Notes on the 9th. P. E. Island Contest for the 15th. Week Ending Feb. 13th., 1927.

The production in the contest was down one dozen eggs from the previous week. The total laid for the week being 482. The total laid to date is 5,540.

Mrs. Alex. Hamilton's B. R. lead the contest for the week with 44 eggs (54.2 points); Mr. Clifford McEwen's B. R. were second with 44 eggs (44.2 points); Mr. Bert Brown's B. R. were third with 30 eggs (33.4 points); Experimental Station W. L. were fourth with 38 eggs (32.8 points); Mr. Everett Howatt's W. L. are fifth with 34 eggs (30.4 points); Mr. John L. Clark's B. R. are sixth with 35 eggs (29.5 points); Mr. H. C. Muttart's B. R. were seventh with 26 eggs (27.2 points); Mr. M. Cutler's B. R. were eighth with 23 eggs (24.2 points) and Mr. Glen McLaren's B. R. were ninth with 26 eggs (23.4 points).

Mrs. Alex Hamilton's B. R. hen No. 206 passed her competitors and now leads with 60 eggs (65.3 points); Mr. H. C. Muttart's B. R. hens number 63 and 64 are second and third with 51 and 56 eggs and 63.2 and 62.9 points respectively. Mr. Harold Laird's hen No. 106 is fourth with 62 eggs (60.2 points); Mr. John L. Clark's hen No. 103 is fifth with 67 eggs (59.3 points); Mr. Harold Laird's hen No. 102 is sixth with 52 eggs (57.3 points); Mr. Muttart's hen No. 68 is seventh with 49 eggs (54.6 points); Mr. Clifford McEwen's hen No. 125 is eighth with 66 eggs (54.5 points); and Bert Brown's hen No. 181 is ninth with 50 eggs (52.8 points).

Mr. H. C. Muttart's pen of B. R. leads the contest to date with 454 eggs (469.6 points); Mrs. Alex. Hamilton's B. R. are second with 327 eggs (351.3 points); Mr. Clifford McEwen's B. R. are third with 387 eggs (346.4 points); The Experimental Station pen of Leg-eggs (24.2 points) and Mr. Wm. Coughlan's B. R. are fifth with 350 eggs (304 points).



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It is only natural to become alarmed at any irregularity of the heart's action. But in the majority of cases the cause is found in an exhausted condition of the nerves. The muscular action of the heart in pumping the blood through the body is entirely controlled by the nerves. So when the nerves are weak the heart's action becomes weak. As a result you find yourself easily tired, you have shortness of breath, digestion fails and you become downhearted and discouraged. But there is relief for you by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great restorative treatment has no rival as a means of enriching the blood, building up the nervous system and strengthening the action of the heart and other bodily organs. You are never in greater danger than when the nervous system gets run-down and for this reason you should lose no time in beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

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This country has turned out some great men, observes a wise bird in Windsor, and there are quite a few others not so great that it ought to turn out.

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