

The Private Life of Henry the Eighth And His Six Wives

(Courtesy of the Capitol Theatre)



HENRY THE EIGHTH AND FOUR OF HIS WIVES

CHAPTER I

Through the long corridors of Hampton Court, Henry, the King, went swaggering, and whistling as he went, like any boy. It was a day to stir the blood. The whole of England wore the lovely green of spring. The sweet May sunshine poured down upon old stone velvet lawn. A day for life and loving. Living and loving. The King sighed gustily. A day to make the impatient bridegroom's heart sing in his breast.

In the Tower of London, Anne the Queen—she who had been Anne Boleyn—looked curiously, "What is that noise?" "The crowd, Madam," they told her, and she smiled, a pale proud smile. "Just like my wedding day!"

In the Great Hall at Hampton Court a group of ladies gossiped over their embroidery. Gossiped with bated breath, for it was not wise to speak loud. Only one, Katharine Howard, bolder perhaps, more careless than the rest, troubled less to lower her voice.

"If the King were not a King," she said, "I'll tell you what I would call him—"

Anne looking into the mirror, smiled a piteous smile. "Isn't it a pity to lose a head like this?" said she. "Still—they will easily find a nickname for me. Among the Queens of England I shall be 'Anne Sans Tete—Anne Who Loses Her Head.'"

In Hampton Court a sudden, awed hush descended upon the Great Hall, silencing Katharine. How nearly she had put that bright, rash head where Anne's now was! For Henry the King, coming soft-footed upon the chattering group, had overheard and stood before her as she curtseyed with the rest.

"If I were not the King, what then? Come! You were saucy enough a moment ago...."

He had caught her small, soft chin between finger and thumb, forcing her to look him in the eyes. Desperately the girl rallied her quick wit and meeting that kingly stare with eyes that had subjugated lesser men she told him audaciously—

"I should call you—a man!"

The subtle flattery told. Well pleased, he laughed and let her go.

"Pearls for a pearl, my sweet!" quoth the right gentle prince, catching his new love in his arms, bishops and ministers dismissed, "Off with you now—the Bishop waits."

Into the quiet air that hung round Hampton Court came the loud crashing of a gun. The ladies crossed themselves. The Bishop made himself ready.

On Tower Green the onlookers dispersed. "She died like a Queen," they said among themselves. And now, the show being over, they must be getting on with the day's work.

And, even as they dispersed, in Hampton Court, some fourteen miles away, Henry the King was taking a new wife to his heart.

The Queen is dead.... long live the Queen!

Henry, the King, was hawking. A heavy hand shaded the royal eyes as they peered skyward, following the hawk's flight through the air.

"Good bird! She has him! She has him for a deuce!"

He had not heard the thundering of hooves. The gentlemen about him glanced anxiously at one another. It is not well to disturb a king at play. And yet, undaunted, the horseman in the royal livery swept on, heedless of Henry's patent irritation. Pulled his horse to his haunches, leapt to the ground and swept it with his cap.

"A boy, your Majesty!"

No wonder that, for once, he had not feared the royal scowl. The King, the man, gave a great shout of joy.

"A boy! By God, a boy!"

Wrench round the horse, and strike your spurs—the heavy royal purse is not too much reward for one who brings such news.

They need not have been so afraid to tell him the Queen was dead. Queens can be got aplenty. Nevertheless, he spared her a moment's tenderness, the gentle, stupid child who had not set lost his fickle heart.

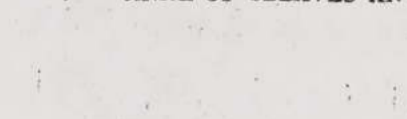
"Poor, pretty little Jane! God rest your sweet soul!"

And then, with sudden eagerness: "Where is the Prince?"

An heir to England. A small pink scrap of newly born humanity. Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. Unusual tenderness lurked in the heavy face as Henry, the King, looked down upon the son in his arms.

"One day you will rule England!" he said slowly. "A greater England than mine, if you are strong enough to hold the sceptre firmly. See, here it is!"

He held a finger to the child, and



ANNE OF CLEAVES AND HENRY THE EIGHTH

the small hand closed on it blindly. There was delight in the King's laughter.

"Bravely done, my little Prince!" he exulted. "That's the way of it. That's the grip! You smile do you? Smile while you may, then, for you'll find that the throne of England is no smiling matter!"

A son can bring a man a strange content. For some long time thereafter Henry, the King, showed no desire to take another wife. Yet, all the while, young Katharine Howard dreamt her dreams and kept her faithful suitor, Culpeper, at bay. Henry, as she herself had told him, was—a man.

CHAPTER II

There was an atmosphere of gloom and apprehension in the great Dining Hall at Hampton Court. Henry, the King, sat scowling over his dinner and a small page carried the amicus news to the kitchens.

"God save us all!" exclaimed the aproned cook apprehensively. "Is the King in one of his black moods?"

"Black as ink!" the page told him warningly. "They have been at him to marry again. The dinner had best be good to-night, or some of you will suffer!"

And yet, for all their endeavours, there was no pleasing the King.

"Call this a capon," he growled, scowling (and eating voraciously the while). "Tis all sauce and no substance—like one of Cromwell's speeches! And just as difficult to swallow. Too many cooks, that's the trouble—above stairs, as well as below!"

Silence fell on the board.

"Marry again?" he burst out with suppressed fury. "Need more sons! Coarse brutes, there's no delicacy nowadays! No consideration for others. Why can't they mind their own business, and leave me to mine! Marry, marry MARRY! Am I the King, or a breeding bull? God's pest on marriage!"

Only that morning he had kicked his barber out of the Royal presence for tactlessly insinuating that one heir to the Throne of England was not enough. He'd have done as much to the Minister, who had been hinting the same thing, but he couldn't kick the idea out of their thick heads and he knew it. Irritably he refused a suggestion that the Court Jester be summoned. "We are dull enough as it is!" he growled. "Have we no singers at the Court?"

"Oh, Katharine, Katharine Howard, you had done well to hold your tongue! That vaulting ambition of yours will bring you yet to ruin. But you are young and reckless, and it is a triumph to soothe the Royal rage with your soft voice. The king is but a man and you know it. What subtle flattery to sing the song for which Henry had composed both words and music, calling it your favourite! He had forgotten you but you will stick in his memory now...."

They are to hate you yet, but for the moment they are grateful to you, those perplexed Ministers, since your voice, the sound of your guitar, have soothed their Royal master back to a better humour. So good a humour, indeed that he gives way to them. Sends Master Holbein to paint for him a portrait of Anne of Cleves, the lady they would have him marry, since such an alliance means not only a wife for Henry, but powerful support for England....

Did that ambition of yours take check when the marriage contract was announced? Far better for you if it had done, but you were still blind, still dazzled by the radiance which surrounds a throne. You must have thought that the very elements were fighting in your favour, when the great seas kept Duchess Anne stormbound at Calais.

How your heart must have beat when it became clear that the Royal eyes were on you, and not fixed longingly on Dover!

"I am a lonely man," he told you,



CHARLES LAUGHTON AS HENRY THE EIGHTH

"and you never sing for me my more!"

And you—oh, loyal and obedient lady! "Any time Your Majesty orders—"

"To-night? In my room." Tread wily now, daughter of the House of Norfolk! You are gambling for great stakes. Smile, so that your smile may contradict your words.

"It is not the right place for singing, Your Majesty!"

"Of course!" It is Henry the man, his eager eyes fixed on her fresh young face. "Your room! I'll manage things so that not a soul shall see me. Is it agreed?"

You may deny the agreement. You may plead your reputation—but—in spite of discipline, sentries on duty may nod when night is upon them, but a glimpse of the King brings them to startled life. The halberdier who, in stentorian voice, proclaimed "His Majesty, the King!" presenting arms, felt that he had done his duty; thanked his lucky stars that he had not been found napping—he little knew how near to strangling him those Royal fingers were!

One sentry—two—and yet another, the last silenced in time, and Henry the man is knocking at a door.

"Unlock!"

Did your heart flutter, your pulses drum?

"Is it a command? To the King then—not to the man!"

He was in high delight. She curtseyed to the floor, but his great hand went out to raise her.

"I left my crown outside!" She eyed him slantwise.

"My reputation with it?"

"Forget the crown, the King and everything!" he told her passionately. "You told me once I was a man—what would you say if I were not the King?"

She wrenched her hand away. He could be moved, she knew who had studied him so closely, by boldness.

"Out of my room!" she flared, then paused a moment, while he stood stock-still, dumb with amazement. After, more gently, "That is what I should say if you were not the King. But, since you are—I await the King's command—"

"To command!" he told her vexed, "is a poor thing in love!" There was unwonted appeal in the gruff voice. "Could you not love me, Katharine?" Softly now, softly, and he is yours. Play your cards right and you may yet be Queen.

"I could not love a man who had a wife!"

"I have no wife!"

"The Lady Anne of Cleves?"

"That woman? She is a portrait—a mere picture—"

"She is much more!"

Keep your eyes veiled, lest they betray the triumph in you! You are mad for the King, and the Man is mad for you. You have shown him the road by which his desire may be achieved—let him have something now to whet his eagerness. Be shy and maidenly, with that great arm about you. Yield to his kisses. And, when he wants to know if you are still afraid, flatter him more....

"Of you—no. But—of myself, perhaps!"

It is unkind of Fate that she should send Tom Culpeper hastening in search of the King with tidings that cannot be delayed. It is not too good, even in the midst of triumph, to see the agony in Tom's face, as, kneeling, he announces great news. The Lady Anne of Cleves has crossed the Channel, and is on her way to Rochester!

Is all undone, and all your scheming gone for naught? How you must have dreamed and wondered, left alone at last, with the King's parting words still echoing in your ears:

"You were right, little Katharine. She seems to be—much more than a portrait!"

CHAPTER III

Henry, the man, rode heavy of heart to Rochester.

A day's life this, being King. A man may take what wife he will to

led, but Kings must marry where policy dictates. He cursed the day he had ever given way to his ministers' pleading and consented to this marriage with Duchess Anne. No callow youth was ever madder for his mistress than was thrice-married Henry for his "little Katharine."

Into the ante-room. Four frightened German ladies made their curtseys, the while the royal scowl grew blacker. Each one of them was uglier than the last.... where was the Duchess?

This plain-faced gawk? Body of God, but Cromwell, who made the match should suffer!

The King took counsel with his ministers. It was done—but could it be undone? Could they not pack her off back to where she came from? That would mean war, they told him—and war with all of Europe against England. And so, in the same chapel at Hampton Court where he had taken his pretty, stupid Jane to wife, Henry, the King, took Duchess Anne of Cleves.

He might have wondered, had he thought less of himself, just how his new bride felt; have seen, had he not been blind to all save his own desires, that she made little effort to please him. But, as he gloomily allowed his gentlemen to make him ready for the night, Henry, the King, was lost in his own troubles.

"The things I have done for England!" he said heavily. "You are lucky, all of you, that you are not the King!"

And surely never bridegroom sought his marriage bed with more reluctance!

He was so sure that she was dull and stupid that he never sensed the lively wits in that small head. He was so sure that she was plain and gawky he never saw how cleverly she contrived to make herself appear so. He sat dismally by the bedside, trying to make conversation, while her eyes were like saucers under the white frills of her night-cap.

"Do you sing?" he asked despondently. And she, primly:

"In Chermany respectable women do not sing!"

"You do not play?"

"Oh, yes, I do!"

He rose. "I'll get you a guitar." Maybe this fearsome creature had a charm about her somewhere. In the depths of his soul Henry had a real love for music. But she stayed him.

"Oh, no! I play cards!"

He brightened a trifle.

"That's something. Do you play Agincourt?"

"Yah," she said placidly. "I like him very much."

Agincourt be it, then. Better play cards with her than play at love with her! Ring against ring they matched, dealt, drew—

She might be as plain as a Flanders mare, but she could play! Steadily she won, until, with sudden suspicion, he caught her wrist.

"You're cheating!"

She was unabashed.

"What am I going to do with you?"

"Chop my head?"

"Probably!"

"You haven't!" she told him, these stupid, innocent eyes alight with wit and mischief, "because I will wake in Europe such a scandal! Henry, der wife butcher, that's what they call you!"

"They can call me what they like," he told her sulkily, "but I'm not going to live with you."

There was all the smile of the serpent in the slightly guttural voice as she suggested,

"Why not—divorce me, like a chentleman?"

Divorce her? As a drowning man clutches a straw he asked her eagerly.

"Would you consent?"

Oh, yes. On terms she would. He would have given the realm of England to be free of her, and all she asked was a couple of manors, four thousand crowns a year, and one of

his gentlemen as master of her household. A moment later and they were shaking hands on their bargain.

"And now," quoth he, in high good humour, "confess you cheated, or back you go to Germany!"

"I cheated!" she admitted, unashamed, "and—you also! Did you not hide a Katharine Howard to play against my Queen?"

And—he had thought her a fool!

"You knew?"

Like a small boy caught in the jam cupboard, he eyed her, half apprehensive. She nodded, undisturbed.

"I knew! And, yes, after a little I shall you to marry her, no?"

His expression changed. The liking which was to endure between them to the end of their days sprang into being as he kissed her.

"You are," he told her gratefully, "the nicest woman I've ever married! Good-night!"

But now that he was hot for marriage no one urged it. They were slow in reading the royal mind, and after the last fiasco none dared breathe a word about another queen. He would sit at dinner in the Great Hall at Hampton Court, stealing sly, hungry glances at his Katharine, and fuming like a boy for eagerness.

"Your Grace is lonely," they told him one night, "it is the penalty of greatness!"

And he, breaking out with what was in his heart.

"To Hell with greatness! I would forego it all to be my lowest groom, who sleeps above the stable with a wife who loves him!"

A wife who loves him? They were quick now to take their cue. Before an hour had passed they were all at him to marry again, and he, royally gracious, had undertaken to consider the matter. You may well believe that it was not long before he sought out Katharine.

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sweet sake the greatest tyrant in the word went on a silken leading rein.... a silken leading rein—and silken blinkers?

For a king in his fiftieth year is still a king, but a man of forty-nine is rarely a match for a maid of eighteen summers. Katharine had snatched at wealth and power. She had tossed her beauty and youth—and love—on to the board to win them. She could not have guessed, poor child, how soon they would turn to dust and ashes.

He did not see the growing horror in his eyes. Never noticed how she shrank from his tenderness. Never dreamt how frantically she wished the thing undone.

Tom Culpeper had told her—was it years ago, or was it a matter of months?—that love was the only thing that mattered. She had laughed at Tom, but she wished to God she had listened. Splendour and power were glittering toys, but—to be tied to an old man, gross in person, diseased in body—an old man who doted on her! Terror grew in her daily. She could not go on.

Was it malice of fate that kept Culpeper at Court, though he struggled to get away. Malice of fate that threw them together?

Did you smile in the shadows, Anne Boleyn, as you saw her lover steal to their secret tryst? Or had you a thought of pity to spare for the mad young queen? For you knew—who better?—the price she must pay for her folly!

Henry, the King, sat sipping his wine in the Great Hall at Hampton Court, peevish because an impending Privy Council kept him from dancing. At his own desire his "brilliant young man," Tom Culpeper, danced with the Queen. Presently, albeit with great reluctance, he went to his duty.

There was an atmosphere of suspense in the Council Chamber, but he did not notice it. Get the thing over. "Anything important?" he asked casually. "Let us finish as soon as possible. I have promised the Queen...."

There was a shuddering silence round the table. No man would speak. Only, as the royal anger rose, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury found reluctant words.

"Your Majesty—history teaches—and even the Scriptures tell us—that—that—" (he knew not how to go on) "bad women—at all times—even if they wore a crown—"

Stuttering confessed—but his meaning stood out stark and clear. The Royal lover's face grew slowly livid with rage. He sprang at Cranmer's throat with a roar.

"Man! Do you dare—!"

But even his rage must break before their stubborn facts. They had not dared to take such a step without full, damning evidence. They had their witnesses—Lady Rochford, who had conducted Culpeper to the Queen—her maids.

They thought for a moment his wrath would give him a seizure; but it broke and it seemed that the man broke with it, for he fell back in his great chair and wept, laying his head on his arms....

An English girl who loved him... his little Katharine.... his fond, pretty child....

Had you a pang of pity to spare her, Anne Boleyn, as she trod the road, you had trodden before her, on Tower Green. Had you a moment's regret for the man you once had loved, as he sat, shaken with agony, waiting for news of her death? She had paid with her head for her folly; he had paid with his pride and his wounded love, and his wound was more cruel than any the headman's axe could inflict....

Henry, the King, roamed aimlessly about his room in his great Palace of Hampton Court; an old man, a sick man, a lonely man—and still a King. Maybe there were ghosts at his elbow. The pale, accusing ghost of his first Katharine, the proud, laughing ghost of Anne Boleyn, who had prayed on the scaffold for her right gentle prince, the wide-eyed, desperate wraith of his "little Kate." He was half minded to refuse admittance to Anne of Cleves, but his mood changed, and he bade them bring her in.

"Well, little brother, how's life?" The smile with which he had greeted her faded.

"Rather sad, little sister. Everything's gone. No friends—no wife—no love—no hatred. Life's lost its meaning—"

He could speak his heart to her, somehow, the "nicest woman he had ever married." She was a plain creature, the Lord knew; there was nothing about her to set a man afire, but she had that strange gift for friendship.

"What you need," she said, greatly daring, "is a good wife!"

That jarred him out of his melancholy, but his scowl did not scare (Continued on Next Page)



HENRY THE EIGHTH AND KATHERINE HOWARD

CHAPTER IV

Henry, the King, dwelt in a state of rapture. It had a mellowing, softening influence that made men wonder.

"Sir Thomas Wyatt is in the Tower," he said one day. "He wrote beautiful love poems—send word that they release him." And, again, "Cancel all death sentences—!" The white kingdom should rejoice with him in his new-found happiness.

"Love is a drunkenness when one is young," he said. "At my age it is wisdom...."

"Love is a drunkenness when one is young." His "little Katharine" was but eighteen, and he in his fiftieth year—but what did that matter? The child confessed she loved him, and he was mad about her.

Did you laugh in the shadows, Anne Boleyn, as he poured his love at her heedless feet? As he heaped his gold into her small eager hands?

He never dreamed that the splendour of royalty had tempted his little Kate. He thought she had married the man. He must strut and posture, like a lad in his first love-sickness, to win, to keep her admiration. He must throw the champion wrestler of this Court to show her the strongest man in England sat at her side. The strongest man—yet her lightest wish was his law. For love's

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"The Proof of the Pudding is in The Eating."

By Minnie McHolm

I am going to tell you another story connected with the "Old House" of which I have written before.

The events of this particular story took place in and around the Christmas season so it will be quite in keeping with the present time. My youngest Aunt was at Salisbury Training College and was expected home in good time to help with the last preparations for Christmas.

As a rule the Christmas puddings were made well in advance of the time; this year, however, Mary had written from College asking that the making of these puddings may be postponed as she very much wished to make them herself that year, and of course as there was really no reason why they should not be left, Mary had her wish.

Christmas was on Friday that year and on the Saturday before, Mary arrived home from Salisbury in great glee, and, no doubt, feeling several inches taller at the responsibility of making the time-honoured puddings. So early, Monday morning Mary started in to work wearing a big white cooking apron and protectors to match over her sleeves.

Everything was ready—suet chopped, raisins stoned, beef cut, currants and sultans ready washed, sugar, spices, breadcrumbs and all the other goodies waiting for the big mixing. Sophia, the maid, buttered the inside of all the basins, seven in all, then went about her usual work. My Grannie was busy elsewhere and was supposed to come into the kitchen until Mary called her. Mary mixed and stirred and stirred and stirred and mixed until by and by seven plump puddings were ready to be gently dropped into the huge copper full of boiling water in the back kitchen.

It was always the custom for each person around the house at that time to come and stir the last mixing and to make a wish at the same time—which was supposed to come true. But Mary had been so engrossed over her task that she forgot all about that detail and remembered only when it was too late. Sophia said these puddings boiled and boiled all day until ten o'clock that night.

Christmas Day dawned at last, a real "Green Christmas" warm and sunny.

"It was about six years old at that time but I remember what a large party we were, Aunts and Uncles, were all there, even my father and

mother with a new baby were there much to my intense delight, my attention that morning was divided between the baby and the "spit on Jack" on which was hung a huge joint of beef and which kept slowly turning round and round. Now this way, now that, I was supposed to "toast" the joint every few minutes but I am quite sure I forgot lots of times to do so. Dinner time at last and such a dinner! Small wonder they say—that they day following Christmas is one of the busiest for doctor, in England and Scotland, too, I guess! Roast beef, turkey, dressing, gravy, potatoes, two kinds of greens, bread, sauce and so forth, at last came the famous pudding, the largest of the seven with a piece of holly stuck in the top.

As a rule the men called for a second helping—yes, and the women too, but to-day one helping sufficed—something was wrong with the pudding! Very little was said because of hurting Mary's feelings. No one could make out what really was wrong with it, some suggesting this and some that, anyway it passed over and the rest of the day was spent as usual.

The day following Christmas was always Sophia's day off, so very little was done in the way of cooking, indeed there was always a supply on hand and I think it was an "off day" for most of us. However, just before noon my father suggested that we have fried potatoes browned on both sides for dinner—he being specially fond of that dish.

Grannie said that would be alright but there were no cold potatoes. "Plenty mother, plenty—why there is a big platter full on the top shelf in the pantry, I'll get it," and away he went to the pantry to return in a second or two with the said big platter—not of potatoes but chopped suet!

Mary had forgotten to put the suet in the puddings!

Nat for many years was Mary allowed to forget her mistake. When she returned to College in the New Year one of the first things her class had to do was to write a composition on something connected with the Christmas holiday and so Mary wrote the story of the puddings and received full marks. Many and many a laugh have we had since over those puddings, even yet in my Christmas letter to her I can't resist a sly dig.

MINNIE McHOLM.

Greekian history is a poem; Latin history, a picture; modern history a chronicle.—Chateaubriand.

DON'T ABBREVIATE WORD 'CHRISTMAS'

'Christmas' Is Constantly Misspelled — Offensive Habit

It's with us again! Every year it crops up, in spite of protest and correction. We refer to the misspelling of the word "Christmas". In the old days, says the Hamilton Spectator, when illiteracy was prevalent and the cross was universally accepted as one's "mark", there was, perhaps, not such valid ground for complaining about "Xmas". In fact, it could then have been justified on the score of scholarship, the Greek representation for "Ch", the abbreviation of Christ, being generally familiar. Name abbreviations, in fact, were then "the thing." For instance, Jno. for John, saving a single letter, but producing a monstrosity.

To-day there is absolutely no excuse for the careless, irreverent practice. "Christmas" is the only suitable form of the word in writing and printing, as well as speech. In fact, "Xmas" is quite meaningless when pronounced, as it sometimes is by ignorant people. So let this really be a merry Christmas by abolishing such a crude and lazy habit. There is, happily, some indication that the annual onslaught on the offense is having some effect. It is not so frequent, but it is not yet extinct, and that is what makes a continuation of the campaign necessary.

If you have friends you can endure anything.—Helen Keller.

"A man who understands the full use and enjoyment of leisure is a far better worker than one who does not."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"The whole secret of life is to be interested in one thing profoundly and in a thousand things well."—Hugh Walpole.

The Season's Greetings



On behalf of myself and the members of the Municipal Council of the Town of Port Hope, I desire to extend to every citizen Best Wishes for a joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

The year which is fast drawing to a close has shown improvement over the twelve months preceeding but even yet a large number of our citizens are still in straightened circumstances owing to unemployment. It is the firm hope of the Council as a whole and the citizens of Port Hope that the next year may see a more marked improvement in our economic status and a rapid return of more normal conditions.

The Council has been faced with serious problems in the financing of the Town's affairs and rigid economy has been a necessity rather than a choice. Let us hope at this time, as once again we say, Merry Christmas, that next year holds many improvements in store.

WALTER J. CROWHURST, Mayor.

"After Many Years"

By Minnie McHolm

Joe Miller stood alone on the station platform of the little home town he had left so many years ago. Then he had been young and full of life and ambition and had gone West to seek his fortune as so many other young men have done and still will do until the end of time.

It had taken Joe thirty-five years to gather enough money to return East when he hoped to live another thirty-five in peace and comfort with the sweetheart of his youth.

Joe never doubted that she would still be waiting for him even though they had not written to each other for years, neither did Joe realize the many changes that would have taken place during so long a time. Joe gripped his shabby old valise and made his way to the main street of the town, not one familiar face did he see—it was as though he was in a land of strangers, even the names over the stores were different and for the first time since he had left his little log cabin far away in the West, Joe began to have doubts and fears as to his chance of finding his old sweetheart, Amy.

"What if she were dead, or had got tired of waiting for Joe's return and had married? But no, Amy would never do that, they had both promised so faithfully to wait," but the more Joe thought things over the worse he felt until finally he decided it was useless to keep walking aimlessly around and the best thing he could do was to get a good meal and a place to sleep and then to-morrow he would start out bright and early to the little village where he had lived as a boy and where he had promised to return years ago.

Joe awoke the next morning feeling much refreshed after a good night's rest and also in a happier frame of mind and having eaten a hearty breakfast, Joe hired a taxi to take him the few miles to Sunny Bank village.

It was a lovely November day with still a touch of Indian Summer in the air. Here and there apple pickers were still at work picking the last of the fall apples, in some fields the last of the ploughing was being finished while all around signs of approaching winter. Joe's hopes rose high as he recognized different places along the road. There was the old swimming hole where many sunny days were spent, yonder was the bridge where the boys of the village were wont to gather on a summer's

evening to discuss the events of the day, or the coming election and so, forth, here was the church and school where he and Amy had gone as children years ago, away on his right was the wood where the Christmas trees were cut, what fun the boys had bringing it home and setting it up! Yes, those were the happy days, how quickly they have passed and the boys and girls of yesterday were the men and women of to-day. With a jerk and much grinding of brakes the taxi stopped at the end of the lane by a dreary looking cottage, and Joe, after one glance at the untidy garden and broken fence told the taxi driver to wait for perhaps the person he had come to find had moved elsewhere.

Surely this was not Amy's home? Not this shabby dirty looking house, the garden gate being on one hinge, weeds were everywhere, the only sign of life was a large black cat asleep on the doorstep.

After knocking two or three times the door was at last opened by a dirty looking old woman leaning on a stick, at once Joe knew this could not be Amy and after many fruitless questions as to the late occupant of the cottage and how long its present owner had lived there, Joe in despair returned to the taxi and so to town.

For days Joe walked around the little town trying to find one familiar face—very few could remember Joe or tell him any news of the family he sought. At last Joe decided to ask help of the minister in whose church he had worshipped that first Sunday in his home town. Mr. Carr, the minister, was much interested in the story told by Joe and promised to help him all he could.

As the days went by Joe grew more and more disappointed but he sought every day for some news of Amy with that singleness of purpose that will persist even when there is but little hope of its fulfilment, day in and day out Joe was always searching and at last one stray bit of news came his way—Amy had married and gone away only four years ago—since then all trace of her was lost.

Poor, faithful Joe! How he hated himself for not coming home years ago—but he was always so busy—just a few more dollars and then he would quit and so the time had slipped away and, at last, when it was too late Joe had returned and now all

his hopes were shattered and all he could look forward to now was—in spite of all his money and the years of hard toil—a lonely disappointed life.

And then the thought came to him, "why not return to his old cabin in the West where he was known and loved and would be welcomed again with all the friendliness that is only met with in the far West?"

No! That would acknowledge defeat and just as long as Joe lived near his old home town he would be always waiting, through sunshine or rain, summer or winter for his old sweetheart, and deep in his heart was a feeling that somewhere or other, how or where he could not tell, but he knew one day his wish would be gratified.

After many talks with Mr. Carr it was arranged that Joe should enter the Old Folks Home, paying his way, at least until the summer, by which time Joe would have time to look around and find some little cottage where he could putter around in his garden and in so doing gain a certain amount of pleasure and something to take his attention from his sorrow for as time went on Joe blamed himself more and more for not coming back years ago.

How different everything might have been if only he had returned say, five years ago? But it was no use making others miserable and so Joe entered into the life of the Home and mingled freely with his companions trying his best to be happy. Christmas was now drawing near and many plans were being made for the pleasure of the inmates of the Home.

Joe was lavish with his gifts and although the matron remonstrated with him Joe had his way and many, both within the home and outside were all the happier by his gifts. Christmas Day dawned bright and fair with just a sprinkling of snow to cover the dark and dirty places around and as Joe looked out his window at the beauty of the sun and the clean sparkling snow and listened to the sweet music of the church bells there came to his heart a great joy and peace and he resolved that come what may he would spend the rest of his life in making others happy especially his friends within the Home.

After a real Christmas dinner the matron of the Home informed the old people that a party was to be given in the Town Hall for them and also for the members of another Home in the next County, and they were all to put on their best "bib and tucker" and be ready by the time some kind friends came in their cars to convey them to and from the hall. The old folk were quite excited by the thought of a party and were

ready and waiting when the cars arrived.

They were the first at the Town Hall and were ready to greet the guests on their arrival.

Supper was served rather early for it is not good for old folks to be out too late.

Music and singing was given by a party of young people, and then all joined in community singing and the thin quivering voices of the old people joined in sweet unison with the fresh young voices in singing the old Christmas hymns and carols.

All this time Joe's attention had been given to a gentle faced woman wearing a grey dress and white lace collar and something in the way she carried her head made him think of Amy and just as soon as he could do so without attracting attention he quietly made his way to a vacant chair by her side and began to talk. At first the woman was rather distant answering only in monosyllables, finally, however, she awoke as though from a trance and putting out a hand said "Joe, Joe, is it you, don't you know me?" and Joe with all the years of yearning in his eyes knew that at last he had found Amy.

Oblivious of everyone and everything and still holding each other's hands they talked and talked and only when the matron came and told them it was time to go were they aware that they were the only occupants of that big room.

Explanations were given and the matron, who knew of Joe's story, made arrangements for Joe and his friend to return to the Home where they talked far into the night, explaining everything and forgiving everything.

It was true, Amy had married, but the man she married had only a very short time to live and had begged Amy, as he had many times before, to marry him and give him the comfort and attention he so craved of her in his last days and Amy, out of pity and knowing he had not long to

live and said "yes" and married him and gave him all the care and devotion two and a half years and after his death Amy, not having much to live on had gone to the Old Folks Home—and so all things had "worked together for good." Joe and Amy were married very quietly a few days later and as Amy had never been to the States, it was decided to spend a few weeks there.

Came a day when Joe said they would go home and when Amy asked where that home was she was told to wait and see as this was Joe's surprise, and so trusting Joe, she waited.

Again we see Joe at his little home town depot, this time with his bride and once again the taxi is hired and, the same old road is taken to Sunny Bank and so at last they reach the end of the lane and there stands the little cottage, no longer dirty and drab, but shining and bright with new paint, new fences and clean crisp window curtains, the weeds are all gone from the garden and the trees are pruned and tidy and as Amy stands and looks around in joy and wonder the door is opened and the Matron and Mr. Carr stand there smiling a welcome to the old couple.

So we leave them happy in their late found love in the home they both knew and loved years ago, and may God's blessing rest on them as they enter into their kingdom "after many years."

MINNIE McHOLM.

Because experiments showed a white exterior produced an interior about 15 degrees cooler, Canadian National Steamships have painted the liner "Prince David" white, for the Miami-Nassau run, which commences early in January. All Canadian National ships plying tropical waters are now painted white outside. This includes the "Lady" liners and the passenger-carrying freighters "Colborne" and "Chomedy," sailing from Halifax and Boston.

Thrifty Gifts

THE MAYFLOWER ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

The Christmas Gift That Keeps On Giving All Year.

The Mayflower contains all the modern improvements; cold control, noiseless, no vibration. Large roomy boxes, more ice cubes in faster freezing time.

REFRIGERATION AT A VERY LOW COST EACH MONTH

We have a few models on hand to clear at very much reduced prices. Come in and inspect these models. A Mayflower is the most practical and most appreciated Christmas Gift money can buy.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY AT VERY LOW PRICES

L.H. GIDDY & SON

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"The Gift That Satisfies"

10c CIGARS OF ALL MAKES
Boxes of 10 - 90c - Boxes of 25 - \$2.40

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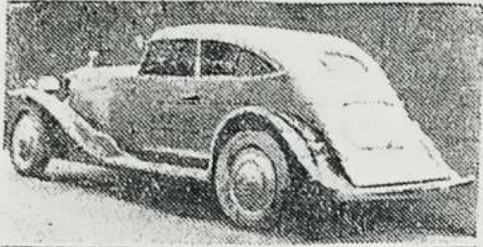
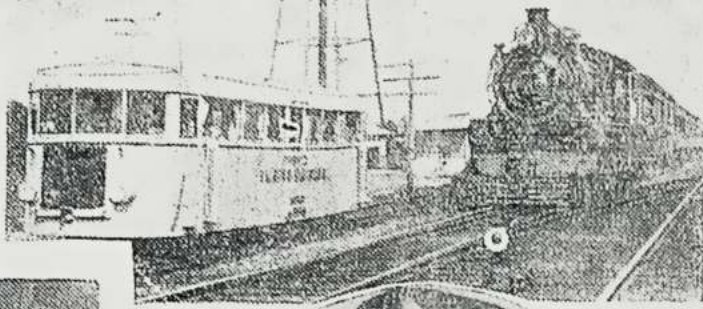
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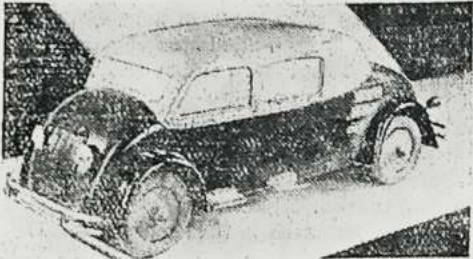
A Tobacconist Exclusively
Phone 615 Walton St.

AUTOS, TRAINS, EVEN HATS GO STREAMLINÉ

(Right)—While not completely streamlined, in accord with the more advanced engineering, the new Austro-Daimler car, recently tried out on the Long Island Railroad, made speeds of around 80 miles an hour travelling almost twice as fast as the conventional type trains. This car has a much lower operation-cost per passenger.



This car illustrates one of the first definite breaks with the old horse-and-carriage tradition in design.



Design for a sedan representing a complete streamlined revolution. The chassis is re-engineered from the ground up. Notice from the window spacing that passengers no longer sit over the rear wheels—important improvement in riding comfort. The blunt nose is another advance in streamline design.



Professional model showing the new winter, 1933 streamlined hat, along with the short nosed car with sweeping tail which inspired the hat designer. The hat is said not to blow off in a wind of 60 miles an hour.

Engineers are now declaring that every train and automobile of any design familiar to the public is obsolete. Aviation, which has been unhindered by designing conventions because it was developed only in the last 25 years, has benefited by the new engineering progress most rapidly.

But trains and automobiles also are now beginning to show the influence of the laboratory. Experts

now freely predict that the automobile especially is due for swift, radical change and development.

Streamlining of autos, already begun, will continue until the long radiators will disappear; short blunt noses will in the future be the symbol of the new car's power and speed; the front will be broad and the whole car will taper to the rear somewhat like an inverted cone. Such a shape travels through

the air with least resistance. A complete weight redistribution in the car will then be possible, resulting—say experts—in a riding comfort previously unknown.

Notice that in the new car model held by the girl that back seat passengers sit in front of the rear wheels—not on top of them. Such rebalancing of the automobile promises a completely new riding experience.

CROP REPORT

Extracts From Reports Submitted By Agricultural Representatives

WESTERN ONTARIO

BRUCE—Roots practically all harvested but turnips in particular of rather inferior quality, lacking flavour. While returning from Lion's Head Tuesday morning, one farmer was noticed topping turnips.

DUFFERIN—There is considerable demand for Irish Cobblers suitable for seed at prices varying from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per bag. Dooley table stock is moving in small quantities at around 65¢ per bag for Canada No. 1.

HALTON—During the past week, with the frost drying up the surface, a considerable amount of plowing has been done and at the present time there is no frost in the ground deep enough to cause any hindrance of this work. Threshing of small seeds, alfalfa, red clover, alsike and timothy is proceeding but at the present time there does not seem to be any definite price level set for these commodities. Alfalfa in this district will be scarce as will red clover. Alsike is very favourable and, with some exceptions, of fairly good quality.

NORTH SIMCOE—Quite a number of farmers are selling off a few head of stock so as to balance up their winter carry-over with the limited amount of feed available. In most cases veal calves are bringing a better price per head than fair 2-year-old steers.

WELLINGTON—Turnips are going to market at 20¢ per bushel.

SOUTHERN ONTARIO

BRANT—Heavier movement of hogs during week. Prices closed at \$5.80 per cwt. for bacon. Poultry moving freely, prices easier. Egg prices steady at 40-45¢ for better grades.

HALDIMAND—The egg market took a very severe slump on Wednesday last with prices dropping to—extras 27¢, firsts 25¢, seconds 20¢.

KENT—The fine weather has permitted the clean up of sugar beet operations. Despite the drought in the early part of the season, the average crop yield will exceed ten tons per acre. There has been increased activity in the purchase of feeder and stecker cattle during the month of November. Notwithstanding this fact, the feed lots will carry fewer steers than has been the case for several years. The water supply on many farms is still a serious problem.

LAMBTON—The weather last week was very favourable for those who found they had some plowing to complete. Receipts from sale of eggs are about the most satisfactory returns the farmer is receiving, 13, 11 and 8 cents a pound is being paid for dressed poultry to be shipped to the British market. A considerable quantity has gone forward for shipment. Clover seed has been the salvation of many farmers this fall. A fair price was obtained, together with a fair return in bushels per acre.

LINCOLN—Well fleshed and fitted cockerels are selling at 20¢ a pound retail, dressed on the St. Catharines market. Yearling hens are 2¢ a pound less; turkeys 20 to 22¢ a pound; geese 12 to 13¢ a pound; ducks 15 to 18¢ a pound; eggs 30¢ for pullet extras; 35¢ for firsts; 40¢ for extras; 45¢ for specials; hogs \$6.00 per cwt.

MIDDLESEX—Beef cattle prices have firmed somewhat both on finished cattle and feeders. Fairly heavy deliveries of hogs are being made at around \$6.00 per cwt. Marketings of poultry have become heavier as season advances though prices are rather low. Best chickens are being bought at from 11 to 17¢ pound, depending on weight and quality. Turkeys are quoted at around 14¢ wholesale and up to 18 and 22¢ dressed retail. Egg prices have declined quite sharply and are now selling on the London market at 33¢ to 36¢ per dozen for best grades. Wholesale quotations on Grade A eggs range from 18 to 25¢ per dozen. Potatoes are 90¢ per bag; apples, 50¢ to \$1.50 per bushel. With

SONG OF CHANGE

Never twice the same comes day,
Dawn, sometimes a wisp of gray;
Then again, in amethyst,
Veiled with rose and amber mist;
But no dawning, gold or blue,
Like to any past morn's hue.

Never comes day twice the same,
Not as any other came
In whatever bygone year,
Does the brave to-day draw near;
Change to subtle none can trace
Greet us surely on time's face.

Twice the same? Ah, never so,
For each day the soul must grow
Greater, wiser, stronger still,
Better armed against an ill;
Sky and time and life must change,
So each day dawns, fresh and strange.

—Aline Michaelis.

cooler weather, dressed meat is being offered more liberally.

WENTWORTH—Eggs have taken a slight drop in price. They are now ranging from 30 to 40¢ per dozen according to size. Dressed poultry is holding about the same, around 18¢ per pound for spring chickens. There seems to be a good supply of potatoes on the Hamilton market, bringing between 75 and 90¢ per bag. Quite a number of these are brought in from the Hillsburg District.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

HASTINGS—Hay is selling locally at \$12 to \$14 per ton.

PETERBORO—Farmers are maintaining their interest in the hog industry and there is a very active demand for good breeding stock. During the past week 4 young boars were placed with local farmers. Egg production is increasing and consequently, prices are beginning to decline. On Saturday's market prices ranged from 35 to 40¢ per dozen.

PRINCE EDWARD—A very heavy rain fell on Wednesday afternoon and evening, this has helped out the water supply very materially. A carload of purebred Holstein springers was shipped to Massachusetts this week. Prices paid were even lower than last year. The apple market is showing a little improvement. All cheese factories closed for the season.

EASTERN ONTARIO

FRONTENAC—The last heavy rain drove off all the snow from the fields and left them unprotected from the heavy frosts that followed. Although it is too early to definitely state the loss, no doubt the fall wheat and clovers have been affected. The prices paid for dry cows have been around \$4 and \$5 at recent sales in the county. Ordinary run of beef cattle only bring around \$5. Quite a number of the poultry raisers have patronized the poultry pool and turkey sale held at Napanee. There is still, however, a large quantity of poultry to be marketed in the county prior to the Christmas season. Hay dealers are bringing hay in from outside points and farmers who are in need of this feed are paying around \$14.00 a ton for mixed hay.

GLENGARRY—Livestock have been stable for over a month now, which is considerably earlier than a year ago and as a result the situation as regards feed will likely be serious before spring. Many wells are dry at the present time and the water shortage may also be serious.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

RAINY RIVER—Several thousands of pounds of alfalfa seed of the second cutting sold at 11½¢ per pound at huller. Several thousand pounds of alfalfa sold at 8 and 9½¢.

TEMISKAMING—The live stock of the district all went into winter quarters in first class condition and with the ample supply of feed it is estimated that more stock will be fed this winter than last. More farmers have received work in the bush this winter than has been the case for a number of years. Many are taking in their teams while others are going in as cutters.

More Baking Champions



Mrs. George White Parry Sound

Mrs. S. W. Croxall Uxbridge

Miss Agnes Campbell Parry Sound

"I never tried Five Roses Flour for cake until this contest," said Miss Agnes Campbell, who won the Parry Sound County Prize for Cake in the Five Roses Baking Contest, "though I've used Five Roses for 15 years for bread and rolls."

And, judging by reports from a number of other prize-winners, she's not the only one who has made the pleasing discovery that Five Roses Flour makes excellent cakes.

Mrs. George White, winner of the Parry Sound County Prize for Bread, knew beforehand of the all-purpose value of Five Roses, she says, as she has used it for 15 years for cakes, bread and all forms of home-cooking and considers it "the best on the market".

Mrs. S. W. Croxall, of Uxbridge, Ontario County prize-winner for bread, had used it in her home for the past 10 years, for bread, biscuits and cake.

Other County Winners

(Judged from Nov. 15th to 25th)

VICTORIA—Cakes: Mrs. Jarvis Soddart, Woodville; Bread: Mrs. Orley Brimwell, Woodville. **ONTARIO**—Cake: Mrs. Art. St. John, Uxbridge. **MUSKOGA**—Cake: Mrs. Wm. Cockford, Fraserburgh; Bread: Mrs. Will Draper, Gravenhurst. **SIMCOE**—Cake: Mrs. E. Jeremy, Hawkestone, R.R. 2; Bread: Miss Mary Guthrie, Shanty Bay. **DUFFERIN**—Cake: Mrs. T. Reid, Waldemar, R.R. 1; Bread: Mrs. W. L. Johnston, Orangeville, R.R. 3.

County Champions decided from Nov. 28th to Dec. 6th, will be announced later. Judging ends this week for the Christmas season. It will resume in January in Essex, Kent, Lambton, etc.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

Milled by LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO. Limited
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SUDBURY SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.; and MONTREAL, P.Q.

PLAN TO CHECK JUVENILE HABIT

Hamilton Police Commission Blame Women Smoking For Increase In Juvenile Habit

Smoking by women in homes was blamed by Chief Coulter at the Hamilton police commission meeting for the increase in the use of cigarettes by juveniles. He said when "lads" saw father and mother and sister puffing away they naturally considered it was the thing to do and saved their pennies until they could buy a box.

Magistrate Burbidge thought the manufacturers were to blame and suggested that they were catering to the trade in selling a few cigarettes in five cent packages. Judge Thomson said the commission should do all in its power to keep tobacco away from juveniles and said licenses of those who violate the regulations respecting sale, should be cancelled.

LUXURIOUS RETREAT IN ROCKY MOUNTAINS

One of the most luxurious mountain retreats on the continent of America is being built in the Canadian Rockies by the Davison family, partners in the banking firm of J. P. Morgan, New York. It is situated near the Yellowhead Pass by which the Canadian National Railway crosses the Rockies into British Columbia. Over \$100,000 has been spent on this summer retreat, which will command one of the most magnificent views of mountain and valley to be found in the Dominion.

HENRY VIII AND HIS SIX WIVES

(Continued from Page Three)

her. "I said a good wife!" she counted them off on her fingers. "Not a spiteful one—not an ambitious one—not a weak one—"

"With a spark of his old humour he took up the tale. "Not a cheater at cards!"

She laughed, well content. "No! Nor a very young one. Just—a good one—"

Her glance strayed over his shoulder into the garden where a serene young woman was moving about among the adoring royal children. Not such a very young woman, since the Lady Katharine Parr had passed her thirtieth year, and was twice a widow already.... but—a good woman.

Henry, the King, sat in his dining hall, his rueful eyes on the dish that had just been whisked from under his nose.

"And—no more drink!" said Queen Katharine Parr, with gentle severity. "You can have a little nap instead—"

Wifely, devoted, she tucked the wrap round the ageing Henry's knees. Left him, eyes closed.

And the moment her back was turned he was up like a schoolboy and across the room to the board, his blanket kicked to the ground. A snatch at the dish, a draught from the glagon, with humorous gusto.

"Six wives!" he said solemnly wagging his greying head, "and—the best of the lot is the worst!"

THE END.

ROOTS FOR BEEF CATTLE

When roots are fed to beef cattle, turnips are invariably used, as it is fairly generally recognized that turnips are more suitable for fattening purposes than mangels, the latter being better suited for milk production. Experiments in the feeding of roots to beef cattle conducted at the various Experimental Farms and Stations of the Dominion Department of Agriculture have proved that roots have a high value for this purpose. Roots are particularly valuable when no other succulent feed is available. Pulped and mixed with cut or chaffed straw, or poor quality hay, they improve the palatability and feeding quality of these coarse roughages very much.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

