



HEALTH BEGINS AT HOME

. . and health is maintained at home! It's a wise family who always has a bottle of WINCARNIS in the house. For an occasional glass of WINCARNIS works wonders in keeping you in the pink of health. You see, WINCARNIS is a fine, full-bodied wine to which is added other nourishing ingredients.

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SHORT STORY

(continued from previous page)

The pinkelephant subsided. "Hoobahooba-hooba!" it said in injured tones.

"You've got to make your choice," declared Sid. "Either marry me, or say goodbye to your dogs."

"You brute!"

"I won't leave you so much as pekingese!"

Kay was almost in tears, "Oh Sid!" "You will?"

"I suppose so," said Kay in a small voice.

"Darling!" cried Sid rapturously.

"Not because of your threats, mind you. I just like a masterful man."

"I'll make you happy! I'll do anything for you!"

"Will you get rid of the pinkelephant?"

"I'll make grandfather sign the pledge," declared Sid.

"Hooba-hooba-hooba!" said the pinkelephant reproachfully. :14

T took Sid some time and threats and argument to persuade his grandfather to stop drinking french polish, and to take up some milder spirit, such as kerosene. Because, as his grandfather protested, he was within his rights, and french polish was a rattling fine drink. Moreover, he had not given the pinkelephant to Sid-Sid had taken it. Sid really had no right to it at all, and his protests about its appearance were not in the best of taste.

Gradually, however, the pinkelephant began to turn blue at the extremities, and fade away. First it got to the stage when people rubbed their eyes when they saw Sid coming, perceiving something shadowy just behind him, and then it disappeared altogether. A few days later Sid and Kay walked the aisle of the church. "Where's your grandfather?" whispered Kay. "I thought he was coming to the wedding."

Sid whispered back. "As a matter of fact . . . he's celebrating."
"Drinking?"
"Uh-huh."

"French polish?" hissed Kay.
"Afraid so," whispered Sid apologetically. "Don't look now, but I think we're being followed."

There were screams from the congregation. Kay pressed her lips tight as she walked the aisle. From behind her came a voice in howdy-pal accents, and aren't-you-glad-to-see-me-again?"

"Hooba-hooba-hooba," said the pinkelephant.

As Others Hear Us

MANY people who have heard their own recorded voices with horror will sympathise with this recent letter written by a clergyman to a London newspaper: "I have recently had the experience of having part of a sermon re-corded by the BBC. This gave me the opportunity of hearing the voice that my congregation hears Sunday by Sunday. I would never have recognised it as my own. All sorts of queer solecisms and odd pronunciations fell upon my astonished ears, and the experience was both interesting and humiliating. I shall do my best to correct the more obvious faults. Would it not be an excellent thing for every clergyman to hear one of his own sermons?"