

Coughs

Power is Weak
Often Follows.

terrors of old age is
chronic cough. Colds
are wrongly treated
and chest-weakening
high syrups, and from
year to year the condi-
tion has grown worse.
Immediately when the
cough comes, when the
weather makes it
and fits of rack-
ing, coughing
become a life burden.
Because you are old is
reason for suffering
from everlasting cough-
ing—those terrible chest
aches and difficult
breathing can be thor-
oughly cured with
Catharhose. You simply
take the healing cap-
sules of Catharhose and
suddenly its rich bal-
neum fumes are carried
into your breath into the
recesses of the
throat, chest,
bronchial tubes and
lungs. You think of it—a
breathable medi-
cine, full of soothing
pine essences
reaches every cov-
ered membrane in
seconds. No drugs
take nothing to
the aged or the
Catharhose is the pur-
est and cold rem-

Walford, the wife
in a grocery in East
For three years
a hard rack-
ing irritation which
at night I could
not sleep, catarrh
of the nose, etc., but they
shortly Catharhose
wonderful comfort
gave me a long frock like mamma's
and dear Santa Claus I am send-
ing you four kisses. X X X X
FLOESSIE MACDONALD.

If you can't bring all I have
said please bring a doll to open
and shut her eyes.

leads down into the furnace in the cellar,
that Santa, who is getting more portly
as the years advance, has found it neces-
sary to put up at the various depart-
ment stores in the city, and distribute
his favors from those stores by thor-
oughly up-to-date methods.

Naturally, this has made shopping
more popular than ever, and it has not
detracted in the least from the mys-
tery surrounding Santa Claus, for if he
no longer performs the wonderful feat
of coming down the chimney, he appears
in a dozen stores at the same time, and
looks different in every one of them.

He arrived in most of the local stores
this morning and it has been one of the
most popular to see him. Santa Claus,
says the manager with relief after ex-
tricate and wondering charge from the
throne. A good, kind Santa
he is, with lots of presents for the
little ones, which he distributes in
person, and heaps and heaps of toys
which father and mother may buy at
the cheapest market rates.

Also, in nearly every instance, he has
a post-office near his home in the store,
into which the children may drop their
letters to let him know what they want,
with a sign over the post-box
telling the children to be sure and give
their names and addresses, Santa Claus
being very anxious that none shall be
disappointed.

The snow came in good time this
year, and nipping Jack Frost followed
hard after. These are the forerunners
that Santa Claus loves. An early win-
ter makes Christmas business hum.

Claus was in the store at such a
time afternoon this week, when
a newspaper reporter came across him,
and told him that he wanted to inter-
view him.

The old chap leaned back his head
and out a big fatstuffed bellow, his
red face growing redder and red-
der as he laughed himself almost out of
breath.

"Interview me," he said. "Why, my
young fellow, you must be crazy.
Have never been interviewed in my
life."

"No; let us go somewhere and have
cup of hot beef-tee!"

"Beef-tee?" he answered, laughing.
You don't suppose I drink beef-tee,
do you? Ha, ha, ha! Here, you must
come with me, and I'll show you some-
thing new in the way of drink."

He winked elaborately, and led the
reporter to his temporary store, in one of
the department stores.

He and the interviewer sat down to-
gether in his cozy little parlor, and
Santa Claus poured out two glasses of
something that looked like tea and smelt
of roses, and steamed like a kettle.

"That is polarisus," he said. "Made
from the lichen that grows on the North
Pole."

He took a long drink, leaned back
reclining in his bearskin chair, and
sat on with the interviewer.

SANTA CLAUS
HAS ARRIVED

Dear Santa Claus—I want a bicycle
and a shock and a day with a nice new
pony in it what I can ride and a real
gun to kill bears and don't let mamma
see the gun cos she is very afraid of
guns but she likes bears skins and ples
put a big box of candy in the day and a
train with a real engine and never mind
about the bicycle if you do that, and
ples not to bring a doll I am a boy but
my little sister that came here last year
is not a boy if you want to bring a doll
for her all right. Good by and I hope
you will get there safe and don't forget
the candy and the train and some bullets
for the gun and the day with a pony in
it that is real and then I shall love you
as much as mamma and please put in
the witness if your hair is red this year,
I am loving Willie Jones.

The above is a sample of thousands
of letters addressed to Santa Claus,
which are being received at the big
department stores—letters which go to
show that old Father Christmas is as
popular as ever. There was a time when
the children had patiently to wait until
Christmas Eve in the hope of seeing San-
ta Claus when he came down the chim-
ney, but tenement houses and the new
system of heating have changed all that.
So many houses are heated with steam
nowadays, with a chimney that only

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO
SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus—I hope
you are quite well. I want to
write you a long letter, but I
don't speak I can for the baby is
crying so very loud poppa says he
is enough to drive anybody crazy
and he is so I thought I would
write and ask you if you could
change him for one which don't
cry. Please Mr. Santa Claus I
should like a kitchen stove with
fry pans to it and sawsaws and
a little table and chairs to play
keeping house with and could you
give me a long frock like mamma's
and dear Santa Claus I am send-
ing you four kisses. X X X X
FLOESSIE MACDONALD.

If you can't bring all I have
said please bring a doll to open
and shut her eyes.

the North Pole. I said "Certainly."
He said, "Where is it?" I said, "That's
the question." He said, "Sir Wilfrid
wants to know." "Oh, does he," I said.
"Yes," he said, "Sir Wilfrid Lumsden
says it belongs to him." Ha, ha And he
says I'd better find it quickly, or Can-
ada will know the reason why." Ha,
ha, ha!

Santa went off into another of those
floor-shaking laughs of his, and then
stopped very suddenly, saying, "Why,
blimey me, I was forgetting all about the
little children! Curious thing, y'know,
but the way children love me is some-
thing too great f'words. Can't explain
it at all. Now, there was a sweet lit-
tle angel in blue and white, in
Here he coughed, looked across the
table, and winked.

"Never mind where," he said. "She
was all blue and white, and had just
the sweetest baby face peeping out of
one of those woolly caps. So much
prettier than our children at the North
Pole."

"What are there children at the
North Pole?" exclaimed the astonished
interviewer.

"I should jolly well think there were,"
said old Santa. "But don't interrupt
me, or else I shall forget which child I
am talking about, there are so many.
About this little girl in the store yes-
terday. She pulled me by the coat,
and 'Please, are you Mr. Santa Claus?'
she asked. 'The same, my dear,' said
I. She looked up at me, puzzled. Then
she turned round to another little girl
who was with her, and said, trium-
phantly, 'There, I told you Mr. Santa
Claus had nice brown eyes.' 'Pon my
word, I was quite flattered. Yes, I
was. I filled her pockets with choco-
late creams, and packed away three
dolls for the two of them to have on
Christmas Day."

"Some of your boys here are very
fresh very fresh indeed. Several of
them have been making fun of my
beard. They must have been badly
brought up, but I have got even with
them by striking their names off my
free list. The little girls are sweeter
than ever, y'know. And the sidewalk
here are just as bad in another way.
If only they would keep their clear, like
they do outside—" Again he winked,
and then went on: "Outside some stores
it would be all right. With all your up-
to-dateness you are very much behind
with your sidewalks and streets. We
never allow any lumps to stay on the sid-
ewalks up at the North Pole. They are
always levelled down by our tame seals
lying on them and melting the lumps
off."

"And I notice, too, that here in
Montreal you have a very bad habit of
pushing one another in the stores. We
never allow that at the North Pole.
People who push each other and who
do not apologize immediately, are fined
two bear-skins, or in default thirty days'

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER TO
SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus, North Pole—I
want 14 soldiers with 3 of them
dead with their heads off to
make a battle with last year I
told you this and you brought a
trolley car and at first I liked
that but, one of the wheels broke
and then I didn't like it and if
you could bring a cannon two
kill the other soldiers with it
wood do fine also I want a toe-
beggan as big as Willie Grants
only bigger but not with a peeco
broke of like his and I want a
dogg reel reel one that can bark
like anything so good by dear
Santa Claus.

PADDY BROWN.

hunting for worm-bait. That soon
stops the rudeness, I can tell you."

"There, now you must go, because I
have to see to the dear children. But
I should be glad if you would just put
a few lines in the paper to say if there
are any children who haven't written to
me yet, they'd better do it straight away
if they have anything to tell me, be-
cause I am not going to read any let-
ters after a certain date. I shall be too
busy delivering goods."

"Young man," he called out, as the
interviewer was leaving. "There's just
one question I want to ask you. Do
you ever stop to think what a lot of
love there is in the world? Just you
take a walk round the stores and see
everybody buying something for some-
body else, and then go home and think
it out—Montreal Witness."

Softly then Night is Sleeping.

Softly the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent 't is shepherds watching
The gentle flocks are still.
St hark! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff resound
Glory to God on high!

Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God! It rings again,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

Day in the East is breaking;
Day o'er the crimsoned earth;
Now the world is waking
Glad in the Savior's birth:
See where the clear star beareth
Over the manger blest:
See where the Infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast!

Come with the glad some shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men pouring
Incense and myrror and gold:
Come to Him, poor and lowly;
Around the cradle throng;

Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song.
Weave ye the wondrous unfolding
The fir tree and the pine:
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the holy shrine;
Bring ye the happy children:
For this is Christmas morn;

Jesus, the children's Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.

She—I saw the prettiest glass to-day.
Gives where I saw her? He (galantly)
In the mirror.

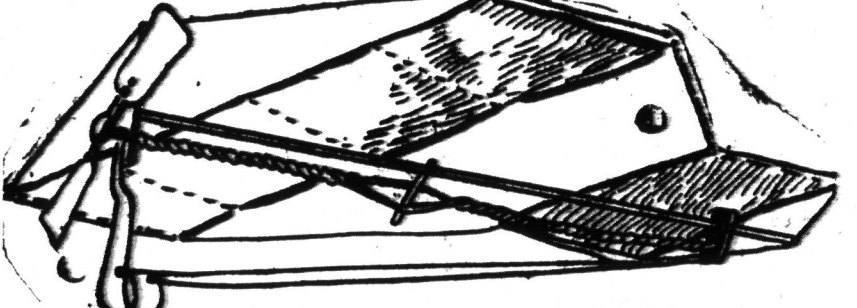


Oh, Kids! Listen! Old Santa
Is Up To Fine New Tricks

22 Dec 109
P. 3-6
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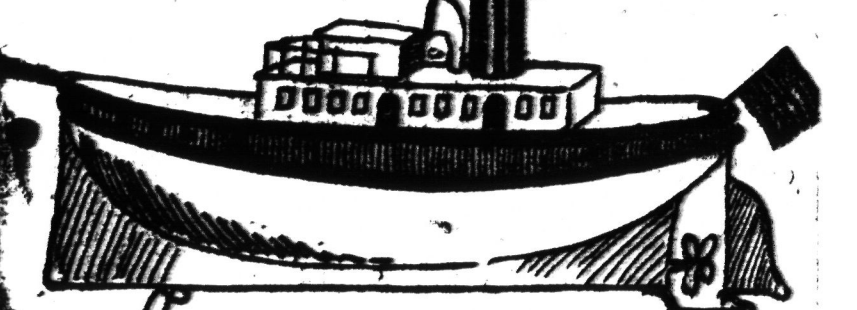
Dr. Cook says that because Santa Claus he was going to give away every blessed
fellow said he was thinking of using an airship to get his toys onto the roofs of
houses this year, because his reindeer had such a big load that he was afraid
they couldn't pull it.

The explorers won't tell of all the things they saw in the shop, but Dr. Cook
says he did see a lot of little airships like this:



They are made of silk and wire, and they really fly through the air. The
propeller wheel is made to go around like lightning by a piece of twisted rubber
or a spring.

Pearry says he saw a little steamboat that really floats, and is also driven
by a propeller which is made to go around by a spring. Just like this:



Dr. Cook says that because Teddy Roosevelt is hunting big game in Africa,
Santa thought it would be nice to give some of the children lions and tigers and
other wild animals. And because Dr. Cook and Peary both got to the pole,
Santa has fixed up quite a lot of polar bears. Here's the pictures of a bear
and lion:



Pearry said he saw a lot of dainty, dimply, darling dolls, but he remembered
only one well enough to make a picture of it. It was a funny little Dutch boy
with a checkered cap. Peary also saw a fine elephant, very big, and made of
leather, with black beads for eyes. He says it didn't have any tusks.



But these are only a few of the things old Santa has for his good children.
Say, children, what do you suppose he's going to bring to you?

THE CHILD'S STORY

Outline of a Human Life as Viewed in the Glory
of the Christmaside.

By Charles Dickens.

Once upon a time, a good many years
ago, there was a traveler, and he
set out upon a journey. It was a magic
journey, and was to seem very long when
he began it, and very short when he got
half way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path
for some little time, without meeting
anything, until at last he came to a
beautiful child. So he said to the child
"What do you do here?" And the child
said, "I am always at play. Come and
play with me!"

So he played with that child, the
whole day long, and they were very
merry. The sky was so blue, the
sun was so bright, the water was so
sparkling, the leaves were so green, the
flowers were so lovely, and they heard
such singing-birds and saw so many but-
terflies, that everything was beautiful.

This was in fine weather. When it rained,
they loved to watch the falling
drops, and to smell the fresh scents.
When it blew, it was delightful to lis-
ten to the wind, and fancy what it said,
as it came rushing from its home—
where was that, they wondered!—whis-
tling and howling, driving the clouds be-
fore it, bending the trees, rumbling in
the chimneys, shaking the house, and
when it snowed, that was the best of
all; for they liked nothing so well
as to look up at the white flakes fall-
ing fast and thick, like down from the
breasts of millions of white birds;
and to see how smooth and deep the
drift was; and to listen to the hush up-
on the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys
in the world, and the most astonish-
ing picture-books; all about acrobats
and slippers and turbans, and draws
and giants and genii and fairies, and
blue-birds and forest-stalks and riches
and caravans and forests and Valentines
and Orsons; and all new and all true.

But, one day, of a sudden, the
traveler lost the child. He called
to him over and over again, but got
no answer. So, he went upon his
road, and went on for a little while
without meeting anything, until at
last he came to a handsome boy. So,
he said to the boy, "What do you do
here?" And the boy said, "I am al-
ways learning. Come and learn with
me."

So he learned with the boy about
Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks
and the Romans, and I don't know
what, and learned more than I could
tell—or he either, for he soon forgot
a great deal of it. But they were
not always learning; they had the
merriest games that ever were played.
They rowed upon the river in sum-
mer, and skated on the ice in winter;
they were active afoot, and active on
horseback; at cricket, and all games
at ball, at prisoners' base, hare and
hounds, follow my leader, and more
sports than I can think of; nobody
could beat them. They had holidays
too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties
where they danced till midnight, and
real theatres where they saw palaces
of real gold and silver rise out of the
real earth, and saw all the wonders of
the world at once. As to friends, they
had such dear friends and so many of
them, that I want the time to reckon
them up. They were all young, like the
handsome boy, and were never to be
strange to one another all their lives
through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all
these pleasures, the traveler lost the
boy as he had lost the child, and,
after calling to him in vain, went on
upon his journey. So he went on for
a little while without seeing anything,
until at last he came to a young man.
So, he said to the young man, "What
do you do here?" And the young man said,
"I am always in love. Come and love
with me."

So, he went away with that young
man, and presently they came to one
of the prettiest girls that ever was
seen—just like Fanny in the corner
there—and she had eyes like Fanny,
and hair like Fanny, and dimples like
Fanny's, and she laughed and colored
just as Fanny does while I am talk-
ing about her. So, the young man
fell in love directly—just as Somebody
I won't mention, the first time he came
here, did with Fanny. Well! He was
tossed sometimes—just as Somebody
and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it
up, and sat in the dark, and wrote let-
ters every day, and were happy asunder,
and were always looking out for one an-
other, and pretending not to, and
other, and engaged at Christmas-time, and
sat close to one another by the fire,
and were going to be married very
soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't
mention, and Fanny!

But the traveler lost them one day,
as he had lost the rest of his friends,
and, after calling to them to come
back, which they never did, went on
upon his journey. So he went on for
a little while without seeing any-
thing, until at last he came to a mid-
dle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the
gentleman, "What are you doing here?"
And his answer was, "I am always busy.
Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with
that gentleman, and they went on
through the wood together. The whole
journey was through a wood, only it
had been open and green at first, like
a wood in spring; and now began to be
thick and dark, like a wood in summer;
some of the little trees that had come
out earliest, were even turning brown.
The gentleman was not alone, but had a
ladly of about the same age with him,
who was his wife; and they had chil-
dren, who were with them too. So, they
all went on together through the
branches and the fallen leaves, and
carrying burdens and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long
green avenue that opened into deeper
woods. Then they would hear a very
little distant voice crying, "Father, fa-
ther, I am another child! Stop for me."
And presently they would see a very
little figure growing larger as it came
along, running to join them. When it
came up, they all crowded around it,
and kissed and welcomed it; and then
they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several
avenues at once, and then they all
stood still, and one of the children
said, "Father, I am going to sea,"
and another said, "Father, I am going
to India," and another, "Father, I am
going to seek my fortune where I can,"
and another, "Father, I am going to
Heaven!" So, with many tears at part-
ing, they went, solitary, down those av-
enues, each child upon its way; and the
child who went to Heaven, rose into the
golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened,
the traveler looked at the gentleman,
and saw him glance up at the sky above
the trees, where the day was beginning
to decline, and the sunset was turning
gray. But, they never could rest long,
for they had their journey to perform,
and it was necessary for them to be al-
ways busy.

At last there had been so many part-
ings that there were no children left,
and only the traveler, the gentleman,
and the lady, went upon their way in
company. And now the wood was yel-
low; and now brown; and the arms,
even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was
darker than the rest and were pressing
forward on their journey without look-
ing down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am
called."

"They listened, and they heard a voice
a long way down the avenue, say,
"Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who
had said, "I am going to heaven!" and
the father said, "I pray not yet." The
sunset is very near. I pray not yet."

But, the voice cried, "Mother, moth-
er!" without minding him, though his
hair was now quite white, and tears
were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already
drawn into the shade of the dark av-
enue and moving away with her arms
still round his neck, kissed him, and
said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and
I go!" And she was gone. And the
traveler and he were left alone to-
gether.

And they went on and on together,
until they came to very near the end
of the wood; no near, that they could
see the sunset, shining red before them
through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his
way among the branches, the traveler
lost his friend. He called and called,
but there was no reply, and when he
passed out of the wood, and saw the
peaceful sun going down upon a wide
purple prospect, he came to an old man
sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to
the old man, "What do you do
here?" And the old man said with a
calm smile, "I am always remembering.
Come and remember with me!"

AT THE BIRTH-PLACE OF
CHRIST.

At last I am come to the market place,
at one end of which stands the Church
of the Nativity, marking the holy, lowly
birthplace. There is only one entrance
from the street, and it is so low that in
entering one is forced to bow the head,
and assume a posture of reverence.

Down the dark and winding stairs, slip-
pery with the drippings of countless can-
dles, I make my way to that lowly place
into which first came the Light of the
World. The Grotto of the Nativity is a
cavern beneath the church, low, narrow,
and low ceiled, with pendant lamps of
precious metal and rare workmanship
lighting the gloom. The floor is marble,
and wonderful oil tapestries, pictures
and silk hangings cover the walls. A
marble cradle in one corner commemo-
rates the manger; and in a recess on one
side, a dozen or more hanging lamps are
ranged around in a half circle. Before
the altar there, all men bend low and
kiss the ground for Christ's sake; for it
is here a silver star is set to mark the
birthplace of Him whom His mother called
"Jesus." The centre of the star is glass,
and through it one may see the original
rocky floor of the stable.

I close my eyes for a moment, while
mind and heart rebel against the present,
until it vanishes; and the atmosphere of
the past, in all its deep and wondrous
mystery, returns to envelop my soul. "I
am here—in Bethlehem!"—I whisper to
myself—and beyond closed lids I see the
Virgin mother, with her gentle face as
the old masters loved to picture her, and
a light that never was on land or sea
in her beautiful mother-eyes; while the
glory from one low-hanging star touches
a Baby's hair—Letter in Army and
Navy Life.

Twins Night When the Lord Was
Born.

It was not in the glow of noontide high,
Or the tender grace of morn,
But shadows were over our way
"Twins night when the Lord was born."

This is ever the way God moulds his deeds,
In silence and out of sight;
They hide in the dark like precious seeds,
Then suddenly arise in light.

So whenever a night with shadowy wing
Folds darkly over our way
We must listen to hear God's angels sing
And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say, when we sit in darkness long,
With aching heart, forlorn,
"It was night when the angels sang their
song."

"Twins night when the Lord was born."
For all the glad that had fallen in Night
Since the first glad day had birth,
Were not half so bright as the one dark night
When the Savior came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly
glow,
With a finished life in view,
That our darkest nights in the path of sin
Were the brightest days.

REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.