



# The Princess of the Violin

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.



In spite of the light whirl of snow, which everyone said was seasonable, considering that Christmas was only three weeks off, there were a score of people waiting before the ticket window of the Thompsonville motion picture house.

MARY JENNINGS THE PRINCESS OF THE VIOLIN He read the sign a second and a third time. Then he went quickly into the box office and opening the window, began to sell tickets.

Mary Jennings had played the violin since childhood and she could make the instrument laugh and sigh, weep and sing and dream.

To-night she played three semi-classical melodies and then, with friendly smile and words, asked her audience to tell her what they would like. The first two "request" pieces came quickly and then with a joyous clamor they called for Home, Sweet Home—old-fashioned, forever beloved Home, Sweet Home.

"Yes, he's been waiting to see you says that he has something very important to say." Higgins spoke almost eagerly.

"I know," she interrupted him, "I know that you have this theatre and there's the farm that has been such a paying proposition but, John!"

numbers and they're providing the speakers. There's sure to be a crowd and if you get across with that crowd—well, you'll be able to go with any crowd."

"I average a hundred dollars a week, though, of course, I seldom get an engagement in the summer—that is, July and August."

"I'll give you fifty dollars and expenses to play in Ottawa. You'll only right, I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week and travelling expenses to be more."

"I'll have to think about it," she said softly. "I—it sounds wonderful!" "Yes, that's right—think about it. Show up at the Auditorium in Ottawa about three o'clock on the twelfth. I've got to run now for my train. Good-bye!"

The applause was as generous as usual, but it had lost flavor.

"What did he want, Mary?" he asked quickly. "He said that he was a concert manager. Does he want you to work for him?"

"Yes, he said that I was a good player. He said that I might have an engagement with one of his bands making a world tour. I'm going to play at a concert for him next Monday, the twelfth—to try me out."

"Money! It doesn't seem right for you to have to be earning money—why—" "I know," she interrupted him, "I know that you have this theatre and there's the farm that has been such a paying proposition but, John!"

"I understand that there are always great houses when you play," Heim said as the door closed.

"Yes, they seem to like my playing." The woman motioned her visitor to a chair and seated herself on the top of her trunk.

"That's what I came about—your playing. One of my advance men heard you in Pembroke last week. He sent word to me and I followed you here. I heard you play this afternoon."

## Christinas Carol

Hovering o'er with their snowy wings unfurled, When all the earth seemed sleeping, Their voices drift to the weary world, Where shepherds their watch were keeping. And the shepherds heard those bright angels sing, The song that proclaimed a Babe a King.

See the great star shining, so wondrous bright, So pure in its radiant glory, Go follow its journey and mark its flight, (So the angels told the story), To you glad tidings of peace we bring, Go hasten now to your Christ and King.

So they left their flocks and they went their way, As told by those angel voices:— The manger they reached where the man child lay, (Hark! the wise men now rejoice), Then their precious gifts at His feet they fling, They knew that the Babe was their Christ and King.

It was long, long ago, in Bethlehem, In a manger He was lying, But He died for us; as He died for them, His atonement satisfying, And His voice now bids all His angels sing, Come, hasten now to your Christ and King.

—Christina W. Partridge.

but you've got something that gets them and that's what counts." "Then you really think that I could play for big audiences—in big cities?" He nodded emphatically.

"I have always wondered," she said quietly, "and now—" her eyes sparkled.

"Well, you've had your answer. You got across. You're staying at the Palace Hotel, aren't you? I'll call you up in the morning and we'll talk contracts."

He turned and started from the room but suddenly stopped. "Say, by the way, I've got a couple of open concert dates that I've got to have someone to fill. There's one in Kingston next week, another in Belleville and—" he stopped, looking at her keenly as if weighing his own wisdom.

The little woman clasped her hands before her. To play at the Christmas festival in Montreal was a dream that few ever realized.

It was several minutes before she moved. She stood there, thinking, thinking, her brain almost numbed by the glory that had befallen her.

And for through the rain and the street cries My homesick heart goes forth To the pine-clad hills of childhood, To the dark and tender North.

And I see the looming pine-lands, And I thrill to the Northland cold, Where the sunset falls in silence On the hills of gloom and gold!

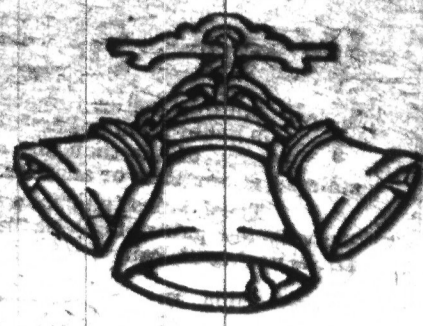
And the still dusk woods close round me, And I know the waiting eyes Of my North, as a child's, are tender, As a sorrowing mother's, wise!

—Arthur Stringer.

We are so constituted, so truly "members one of another," that it is impossible to injure another without injury to ourselves.

That, through the gross material bar, Through earthly mists that ever rise, We glimpse to-day in clearer skies The Guiding Star!

How much pleasure we could give and how much unhappiness many of us would be spared if instead of struggling and straining to give silly, useless Christmas presents which we really cannot afford to buy we would give freely of what Christ gave—love!



The Shepherd's Song. We be silly shepherds, Men of no renown, Guarding well our sheepfolds Hard by Bethlehem town; Baby Jesus, guard us all, Cot and sheepfold, bower and stall.

Wild the wind was blowing, Sudden all was still, Laughter soft of angels Rang from hill to hill. Baby Jesus, Thou wast born Ere that midnight paled to morn.

Seek we now Thy presence With our gifts of love; Felix brings a lambkin, I will give a dove. Baby Jesus, small and sweet, Lo, we lay them at Thy feet.

With all good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

from a fitful slumber her telephone rudely aroused her. It was a telegram from John Higgins. "Cannot release you from engagement Christmas Eve. Have made all arrangements for gala performance. Will release you all the rest of the week."

The message angered her. How dare he! When Heim later called her on the telephone, she told him of Higgins' message.

"Did you sign any kind of contract with him?" "Yes, a little slip of paper." "H-m! That probably constitutes a contract. Perhaps I can buy him off."

Mary Jennings said that she hoped that it would be possible. "Well, don't worry about it," Heim assured her.

It was ten days before she returned to Ottawa and Carl Heim's office. She had not heard from him for several days and was anxious as to whether she was to start for Montreal or, if by any chance, she would be forced to play the Christmas date at Thompsonville.

There seemed to be nothing else to do but go back to her hotel room and put in the long afternoon.

As she stepped on to the stage that night, a chorus of "Oh's!" mingled with the thunder of applause.

"Come, All Ye Faithful!" A thought filled the brain of the "Princess" How faithful they were, these "common people"—in their daily lives—in their love for her.

hard to rest even when one travelled in luxury. She would play no more to-night.

"Mid pleasures and palaces—" the simple strain of the music flowed from her violin, and then, "Home! Home! Sweet Home!" and so on to the finish of the melody.

It was after noon when she arrived, and she went at once to the theatre to find what part she was scheduled to play in Higgins' gala program.

"Crying? What's up? You were more wonderful than ever," he said. "I don't wonder the big world calls you. When you played that Holy Night piece, I almost cried—and—" "Dear?"

"It's nothing," she smiled wanly. "I'm just tired." "That's all? Sure?" "They all love me so, John! It's been wonderful playing in the big cities but—there is no place like home," and she sobbed outright.

John Higgins understood. Through the silence of the little, barn-like room came to him the glorious message that Mary's heart had won home—she was giving him the best Christmas gift in his life, a true woman's love.

Everyone should regard Christmas as an occasion for clearing his heart of all grudges, for forgiving all offenses and all enemies. It is a good time to forget and to forgive, a good time to forget self and think of others.

## Northern Pines

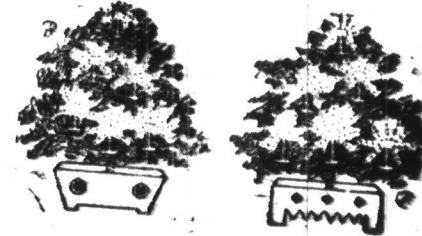
I pass where the pines for Christmas Stand thick in the crowded street, Where the groves of Dream and Silence Are paced by feverish feet.

And far through the rain and the street cries My homesick heart goes forth To the pine-clad hills of childhood, To the dark and tender North.

And I see the looming pine-lands, And I thrill to the Northland cold, Where the sunset falls in silence On the hills of gloom and gold!

And the still dusk woods close round me, And I know the waiting eyes Of my North, as a child's, are tender, As a sorrowing mother's, wise!

—Arthur Stringer.



WINTER I The winter so the baby. He is so stuffy, badly so often gets into as often as the colds which rack stomach and bowels and he becomes p and guard against the heap a box of Ba the house. They ach and bowels. They are sold by Dr. Williams' Meills, Ont.