

THE QUEEN OF ALL CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

BY CULLEN GAIN.

It seemed to me that I had never seen so many people on a city street before. I had been in the city for a long time, but I had never seen so many people on a city street before. I had been in the city for a long time, but I had never seen so many people on a city street before.

But try as I would I could not make a sad and pathetic picture of this woman, and about her I cannot weave a sad tale. For I was sure that, in spite of her poverty and misfortune and weariness she was happy. I cannot tell you why I knew, but I did. She had a grand and gorgeous present for that little boy at home. He would have a fine Christmas with that little red wagon, with its slow wheels and tongue already askew.

Say, it seemed to me that that boy was the luckiest kid in town. Honest! Did he not have a mother who had spent more for that little wagon than any magnate or matron in Ontario would ever spend for the finest, fastest automobile in the world? It would ruin a capitalist to spend as much of his visible working capital as she had spent for a Christmas present. She was a queen in her own right, this tired, middle-aged woman with only traces of youth and beauty, for she was taking a splendid gift home to her boy who had waited all day alone for her coming. He will have a great Christmas, that boy. Who knows but he may hitch that toy wagon to a star and ascend to great heights? I say, who knows! The children of such a woman as this reach every state that mortal's desire. Yea, but it is so. This lad's heritage of that mother and that little red wagon is a thing not to be lightly considered.

Maybe I was dreaming all the way home that night, but I still affirm and declare unto you that I had the honor and the privilege to see at close hand and to ride with the Queen of All Christmas Shoppers.



Sir Geoffrey Archer who has been appointed as governor-general of the Sudan. Previously he was governor and commander-in-chief of Uganda.

Friendship.
The season whose apex is reached with Christmas and the New Year is valued especially for the emphasis it puts on friendship. In the year that elapsed since the last festival perhaps some among us had forgotten the influx of intense and genial feeling which the Yuletide brings with it, even as we forget the spring, so that each new May is a green miracle and a fresh wonderment.

There are many things for which to give thanks at the threshold of 1925, and for nothing should we be more grateful than for friends. We are not poor till we have lost them. The loss of his throne to a king, or the loss of his fortune to a millionaire, or the loss of health to one who rejoiced in his physical well-being, is not so great an affliction as the loss of a friend to one who greatly cares for those who share the human scene with him.

Friendship is imperishable even on earth, for its quality and its influence inevitably pass into our character. If we choose to be friends with the mean and malignant (not to raise them but to adapt their ways), we shall become mean and malignant too. If we by preference consort with greatness of soul and essential nobility, we must, though imperceptibly to ourselves, absorb something of these qualities into our own beings. As we touch pitch and are defiled, so we communicate with beauty and partake of it. Habitually to dwell with truth and decency and dignity must almost certainly mean a lasting bias in favor of these lovely things. The child who is brought up among ruffians will be fortunate to avoid having his character permanently soured and blasted.

We choose our friends, our friends choose us, because we mutually find congenial impulses and aspirations. The same end must be proposed and the same means approved if friendship is to be fond and lasting. In that greatest friendship of all which subsists between husband and wife there cannot be permanence unless both partners have the same ideals in the planning of a home (which is a personal rather than an architectural thing) and the training of a child. Life is said to be, at best, a very unexciting business. We are reminded constantly of approved walls through

THE FIRST GIFT TREE

"How cold it is!" said little Marie, as she drew her thin shawl round her shoulders. The snow was very deep in the woods, and Marie had been gathering sticks for a fire.

Somewhat the snow gave the little girl no joy this year, for her parents were very poor indeed, and Santa Claus would never visit so poor a cottage as theirs.

Suddenly Marie caught sight of an old man hobbling towards her in the distance, bent beneath the weight of a large bundle of faggots. He looked so tired and old that Marie ran forward to him.

"May I help you?" she said kindly. "That bundle must be very heavy!" The old man smiled and allowed her to relieve him of his burden.

"You are very kind, little maiden!" was all he said. They plodded along through the snow for a long while in complete silence. Every moment the bundle that Marie carried seemed to grow heavier, but she never once complained. At last they reached the outskirts of the forest.

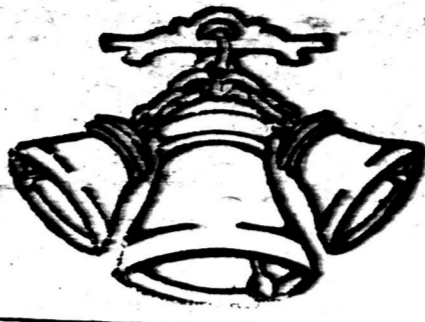
ONLY A SNOWBALL.
Here the old man stopped suddenly, and gathered up a handful of snow. He rolled it neatly into a small snowball, and handed it to little Marie, at the same time taking his bundle of sticks from her.

"Thank you, child!" he said. "Accept this gift from me in return for your kindness!" Then he turned, and in a few moments was lost to sight, leaving Marie staring in astonishment at the snowball in her hand.

"What a strange gift!" she thought. "Why, I could make a hundred such myself!" Nevertheless, she took it home with her, feeling that there must be some meaning in it.

When she had told her parents of her adventure, they laughed very scornfully. "The old man was mad!" said her father. "Throw away the snowball, child!"

But Marie would not do so, and, crossing over to the fireside, melted the snowball on the hob.



Suddenly she gave a cry, and picked up from amid the melting snow a tiny seed.

"See! The old man's gift was not worthless!" she cried. "A seed!" laughed her mother. "And what use is that to you?"

"I will plant it!" cried little Marie, not heeding their laughter, and she planted the little seed just outside the cottage.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.
Then very sadly she went to bed, for it was Christmas Eve; but it was no use hanging up her stockings. Santa Claus never came to their cottage.

But the next morning, when Marie went to her window and looked out, she gave a cry, and, running downstairs, called her parents outside the cottage.

There, on the very spot where she had planted the seed the evening before, had grown a tall, beautiful tree, hung with all sorts of toys, gifts, and lovely things to eat and wear! "This is magic!" cried her father, as they gazed at the wonder tree. They had never seen a Christmas tree before.

"Isn't it beautiful?" cried Marie joyously. "You see, the old man was not mad after all. This is his gift to me. Why, perhaps he was even Santa Claus himself in disguise!"

And I shouldn't wonder if he was!

When to Plant Pine.
Pine trees grow better if planted in the fall.

Pictures of robins, holly, and so on came into use on Christmas cards in 1862.

The greatest pack of Alaska salmon was in 1917 and 1918 when a total of 12,400,000 cases were packed.

Two Thousand Years of Yuletide Hymns

Although the Christmas carol can look back on nearly two thousand years of history, its story in England only seems to open in the days of the Plantagenet Kings.

At the British Museum you may see a time-stained parchment on which is written by a monkish hand the first carol of which we have certain knowledge. It was penned in Norman-French in the thirteenth century, and is better fitted for a convivial gathering than for a religious service.

SONGS OF GAIETY.
This was the type of many of our earliest known carols—songs of gaiety and good cheer such as might form a spirited accompaniment to the steaming wassail-bowl and the flames of goodly logs roaring up spacious horizontal chimneys. Such was the character of that "set of carols" which Wynkyn de Worde gave to a jolly-loving world in 1521, from his rude press at the "Sign of the Sun" in Fleet Street, London.

As we look through these carols of the days of chivalry we see in imagination the yule-log drawn in triumph from its forest-home, to be greeted at the door of hall or castle by minstrels singing:—

Welcome be thou, heavenly King,
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome for whom we shall sing,
Welcome Yule!

or, in later years, to be welcomed by Herrick's more appropriate lines:—
Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids we all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

BETHLEHEM AS A SHAPOT.

Such songs would have been little to the taste of the Franciscan friars, who are said to have originated carols in England about the time of Henry III., mating old ballad-melodies to holy themes—grave and solemn Christmas chants such as "The Sons of Levi":—

For we are the true-born sons of Levi,
By the bright and the glorious star,
But with the Reformation came a chastening of high spirits and a return to the carol of more pious days. No more should the holy season be profaned by such a Bacchanalian ditty as:—

Lordings, Christmas loves good drinking,
Wines of Gascongne, France, Anjou,
English ale that drive out thinking,
Prince of Liquors old and new.

In England carollers were to choose among "Certayne goodly Carowies to be songs to the glory of God," published by John Tysdale in 1562; and in Scotland, from a similar selection of "Gude and Godly Ballades," all influenced by the same dismal piety.

We doubt whether the Puritan's approval would have been extended to the carol which describes the vagaries of the three ships which "come sailing in on Christmas day":—
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
A carol with a goodly swing, in spite of its crude conceptions of geography; or that ancient but evergreen carol, "God rest you, merry gentlemen!"

A POET'S PRESENT.
Happily the best of the old carols have come down to us, such as "The First Nowell," "The Holly and the Ivy," and "What Child is This?"—haunting melodies with an irresistible swing, allied to quaint words which add the charm of story to the spirit of praise.

And to such survivors from ancient days, composers and poets of more recent years have made many welcome additions. Such are "Christmas, Awake!" written by John Byrom as a Christmas gift for his little daughter, and first sung at the doorway of Byrom's House, Kersal Cell, near Manchester, on Christmas Eve, 1750; and Gounod's "Glad Tidings," the air of which is so simple that a baby might lip it; and yet it was presented to a London audience with all the pomp and dignity that a great orchestra and choir could give it.

CHRISTMAS.

How shall we come to the Christmas of 1924? Shall it be with despair in our hearts of the final triumph of good over evil, or dare we, despite the voices of the present and the dark fears for the future, declare our faith in the words of Browning's innocent child, and say,
"God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world!"
The answer is simple. Leave Him out of His heaven, and out of His world, and Christmas, with its "glorious song of old," is little less than a mockery. But hold to the faith that has stayed and steadied unnumbered multitudes of earth's finest spirits in days when those about them were saying, "Where is now thy God?" and you will greet the dawn of the new Christmas with a deep and satisfying peace. Here is an optimism that will hail the coming Christmas not because it ignores the facts, but in spite of the facts; an optimism that knows that, though mighty empires have come and gone, and darkness settled over many a nation like an impenetrable gloom, the world has steadily, if slowly, rolled out of darkness into light. This is not the only era in human history when civilization has seemed to be drifting toward the rocks, with no watcher at the bow and no hand on the helm.

Would any of us like to go back to the days when man was emerging from his arboreal life? Do we pine for the civilization of Babylon or Egypt, or Rome, with the world mostly slaves? Have we made no progress even through nights of French Revolutions and Russian horrors? Look back over human history and trace the upward climb, and mark the larger world into which humanity has come since that first Christmas day, and despair will give place to hope, and the song of Browning's little maid will not seem so mad a dream.

Merry Christmas to All.

To our readers—a Merry, Merry Christmas is our holiday message to you. It is a message of love and faith and charity, as befits the Yuletide season. Love unbounded, in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem; faith, unscathed by the hands of time, and charity, inspired by a true spirit of unselfishness.

May you have a stockingful of blessings to help brighten each cloudy day.

Moravian Carol.

Hail, thou wondrous infant stranger,
Born lost Eden to regain;
Welcome in thy kumbe manger,
Welcome to thy creature man.
Hail, Immanuel,
Thou who wast ere time began.

Big Inside.

During the Christmas holidays the chief guest in the Jones household was a little nephew. The aunt was frankly amazed at the astonishing exhibition of his appetite.

"Heaven!" she exclaimed one day. "I hope you don't mind my saying so, Louis, but, for a little chap, you certainly eat a whole lot!"

Louis, however, was not in the least taken aback.

"Remember this, Auntie," he said solemnly, "I ain't so little as I look from the outside."

Christmas Candies

for good little boys and girls

The genial smile of old St. Nick apparently has a psychological connection with our sweet tooth. No sooner do we see his genial smile, or hear his jolly laugh, than we think of candy canes, lollipops, sugared animals, and many other sweets that are found in the Christmas stocking.

During the holiday season nothing is more pleasing to the children, and I will include the grown-ups, too, than to have a handful of candy to munch while enjoying their Christmas stories. These recipes for home-made candy you will find to be accepted in high favor.

FONDANT.
1½ lbs. sugar, ¾ cup water, ½ tsp. cream tartar, flavoring.
Cook sugar and water slowly and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When boiling, add cream of tartar and cease stirring. When syrup forms soft ball in cold water, pour onto a moistened platter. When cool, stir with a knife until creamy. Form into a large ball and place in earthen jar and cover with damp cloth. This will keep a long time. When ready to use, work in the desired flavoring, coloring and nut meats, or candied fruit, and mold into small pieces.

COCOA CARAMELS.
Two cups sugar, 1 cup molasses, 2

tbl. butter, ¼ cup cocoa, 1 tsp. vanilla.
Cook all together except flavoring, until the hard ball stage is reached. Do not stir after sugar is dissolved. Add flavoring and pour into buttered pans. When cold, cut in cubes and wrap in waxed paper.

LOLLIPOPS.
One cup sugar, ¾ cup light corn syrup, ¼ cup water, 8 drops oil of cinnamon, coloring.
Cook sugar, syrup and water, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then continue cooking until very brittle when dropped in cold water. Add flavoring and coloring, stirring as little as possible. Pour into greased molds and when the lollipops begin to harden, insert the sticks.

CHOCOLATE DIVINITY.
2-3 cups sugar, 2-3 cup light corn syrup, ¼ cup water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 eggs whites, 1-3 cup cocoa, 1 cup nut meats, ½ tsp. vanilla.
Cook the sugar, syrup, salt and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Then cook to the soft ball stage. Gradually pour the syrup over the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff, stirring constantly. Add cocoa and beat until candy will hold its shape. Add vanilla and nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper, well as in public wash rooms.



The Hem.

The earth had sinned, and she had slain
Her flower children fair,
And leaved tribute on the trees
And stripped the gardens bare.
Deserted by the neckle sun
And shivering dismayed
Beneath the norther's stinging lash,
Disconsolate, she prayed.

"Lord of the seasons, unto deeds
Of evil I confess—
But I am poor, take pity now
Upon my nakedness.
Hide with thy mantle's spotless hem
My withered breast," and lo!
The earth was covered with the white
Compassion of the snow.
—Mina Irving.

Towels are often responsible for the spreading of a cold in the family. Paper towels are becoming more and more popular for use in the home as well as in public wash rooms.



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