

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Love and a Christmas Tree
By Ursula Bloom

The man was standing on the kerb and looking in on the Christmas tree. He watched it as it stood there in the big uncurtained window with the shadows of a man and a woman moving about it. A tree which every minute was becoming more lovely. Sparkling strings of tiny silver stars, a huckle which glittered bravely in the half light, a doll with a cherubic face.

The man on the kerb turned numb fingers into his coat pocket, for he was cold. A few flakes of snow lay in the London gutter; all the moon was on the hard light. It was a long time since the man had known a warm fire, and good food, and a woman who had had all three. He smiled a little grimly.

He had been a violinist. He had played in a theatre, and in a thin pit with twenty others, and above them had been enacted a play they had never seen. He had heard vibrant words, songs, the patter of feet in a dance, but never more. Then he had heard her voice.

John had fallen in love with Linda Harris's voice. Later, when he had got to know her, he had fallen in love with the girl. He had been amazed at the complexity of her nature, for she seemed to believe the worst of people, the worst of the world. She blinded herself to so much beauty, and instead mercenary motives were only love and kindness were meant. It had been the cynicism of her which had literally stabbed into John's heart. Of ten she was right; mercenary motive was there, but he himself had the idealist's love of holding fast to a beautiful faith, proof against the tarnishing of a cruel world.

He had told Linda that he loved her. It had been in the little coffee shop which was behind the stage door, and she had scorned him. "Money," she had said. "That is all I want. It is all I want. I want to be rich!" "But love?" "Love won't take you far when you are hungry. No, money counts every time."

Gold-digger! Yet with those eyes which he could not bear to meet, he had not touched it. He had cut his job at the theatre for the simple reason that he could not hear the rising note of clear voice, could not bear to be in the presence which attracted him so much and yet hid a heart that was so hard. He had said goodbye to her on such a Christmas Eve, and she had not even recognized it as his. After that they had been to the coffee shop. A poor enough little shop, and the proprietor had been standing on his head, making festive noises, and giving paper streamers to the ceiling.

John had said down irresolutely, "So good," she had said. "I want to rise above all this." The proprietor mulling up his decorations with such care; the general air of simplicity. There had been a certain happiness over it all, a carol, joy allied with the filling of a baby's sock, the singing of a carol, the last Christmas spirit.

"Are you quite sure you have set your standards right?" he had asked. "Yes." "Linda should matter a lot." "She has shaken her head gravely." "Poor fool! One never gets far in life on those principles. One hares." So Linda had said goodbye. The years had passed, and in fact she had starved. But he had clung to his principle, and a dogged constancy of purpose. He could still afford to be glad. The talkies had cut him out of a cinema orchestra and had left him stranded. It had been a hand to mouth existence, but in some way to-morrow always provided for itself. There is a joy in idealism that few people understand.

Now, as he watched the two Christmas trees, he remembered again Linda's peace and his joy allied with the filling of a baby's sock, the singing of a carol, the last Christmas spirit. "Are you quite sure you have set your standards right?" he had asked. "Yes." "Linda should matter a lot." "She has shaken her head gravely." "Poor fool! One never gets far in life on those principles. One hares." So Linda had said goodbye. The years had passed, and in fact she had starved. But he had clung to his principle, and a dogged constancy of purpose. He could still afford to be glad. The talkies had cut him out of a cinema orchestra and had left him stranded. It had been a hand to mouth existence, but in some way to-morrow always provided for itself. There is a joy in idealism that few people understand.

The two people had finished dressing their tree. A silver tree, with fairy lights standing on its apex. A tree garlanded with brass tinsel and glass globes of emerald and blue and ruby red. There was always now in the deserted little room, a brainless silence full of the coming joy of Christmas.

Still John waited; he did not know why. The tree meremed him. In watching it, he seemed to forget that he had been cold and hungry. He stood in the shadows as still that he was almost a shadow himself, and the first light now powdered his cap and shoulders. Then he saw what was happening and he became tensely still. Another man, with an ugly, furtive face, was nearing the window. He stepped silently to the ledge and jerked the window upwards with a quick movement. He stepped within.

A repulsive-looking man whose business could only be sinister. John crossed forward. Through the uncurtained window, with the shadows of a man and a woman moving about it. A tree which every minute was becoming more lovely. Sparkling strings of tiny silver stars, a huckle which glittered bravely in the half light, a doll with a cherubic face.

The man on the kerb turned numb fingers into his coat pocket, for he was cold. A few flakes of snow lay in the London gutter; all the moon was on the hard light. It was a long time since the man had known a warm fire, and good food, and a woman who had had all three. He smiled a little grimly.

He had been a violinist. He had played in a theatre, and in a thin pit with twenty others, and above them had been enacted a play they had never seen. He had heard vibrant words, songs, the patter of feet in a dance, but never more. Then he had heard her voice.

John had fallen in love with Linda Harris's voice. Later, when he had got to know her, he had fallen in love with the girl. He had been amazed at the complexity of her nature, for she seemed to believe the worst of people, the worst of the world. She blinded herself to so much beauty, and instead mercenary motives were only love and kindness were meant. It had been the cynicism of her which had literally stabbed into John's heart. Of ten she was right; mercenary motive was there, but he himself had the idealist's love of holding fast to a beautiful faith, proof against the tarnishing of a cruel world.

He had told Linda that he loved her. It had been in the little coffee shop which was behind the stage door, and she had scorned him. "Money," she had said. "That is all I want. It is all I want. I want to be rich!" "But love?" "Love won't take you far when you are hungry. No, money counts every time."

Gold-digger! Yet with those eyes which he could not bear to meet, he had not touched it. He had cut his job at the theatre for the simple reason that he could not hear the rising note of clear voice, could not bear to be in the presence which attracted him so much and yet hid a heart that was so hard. He had said goodbye to her on such a Christmas Eve, and she had not even recognized it as his. After that they had been to the coffee shop. A poor enough little shop, and the proprietor had been standing on his head, making festive noises, and giving paper streamers to the ceiling.

John had said down irresolutely, "So good," she had said. "I want to rise above all this." The proprietor mulling up his decorations with such care; the general air of simplicity. There had been a certain happiness over it all, a carol, joy allied with the filling of a baby's sock, the singing of a carol, the last Christmas spirit.

"Are you quite sure you have set your standards right?" he had asked. "Yes." "Linda should matter a lot." "She has shaken her head gravely." "Poor fool! One never gets far in life on those principles. One hares." So Linda had said goodbye. The years had passed, and in fact she had starved. But he had clung to his principle, and a dogged constancy of purpose. He could still afford to be glad. The talkies had cut him out of a cinema orchestra and had left him stranded. It had been a hand to mouth existence, but in some way to-morrow always provided for itself. There is a joy in idealism that few people understand.

Now, as he watched the two Christmas trees, he remembered again Linda's peace and his joy allied with the filling of a baby's sock, the singing of a carol, the last Christmas spirit. "Are you quite sure you have set your standards right?" he had asked. "Yes." "Linda should matter a lot." "She has shaken her head gravely." "Poor fool! One never gets far in life on those principles. One hares." So Linda had said goodbye. The years had passed, and in fact she had starved. But he had clung to his principle, and a dogged constancy of purpose. He could still afford to be glad. The talkies had cut him out of a cinema orchestra and had left him stranded. It had been a hand to mouth existence, but in some way to-morrow always provided for itself. There is a joy in idealism that few people understand.

Lady Luck Visits Winnipeg Family



Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ganley of Winnipeg won \$122,400 in the Manchester handcap sweep. Mrs. Ganley's parents had bought a half share in the ticket for 50 cents. Result, \$421,200. But the rest is a family.

ing up at it shyly. "Kissum tree. Oh, Auntie!" John's eyes turned sharply and met Linda's. She nodded. "This is my brother here, she said. 'I came to live here last year when his wife was ill—'. John hid his face. He felt the comfort of her hands on his, and of her cheek against his own. "I thought you were married," he whispered. "I didn't understand that is why."

She received him into her arms, singing God King Wenceslaus. The little, though defeat-clutching with wedding fingers. His face was hollowed and pitted, his mouth sagged; there were caverns about his eyes.

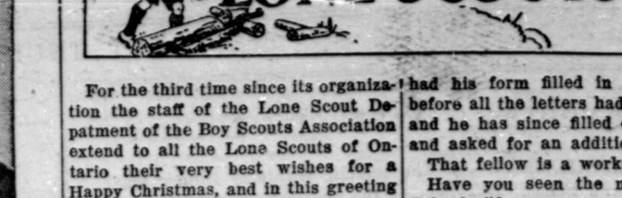
Christmas Customs which we all like to keep. But how few of us know the way in which they first came into being. Christmas Eve—On the occasion of a festival, it is always the proper thing to feast on the richest and most delicate viands. This is why we have so many good things to eat at Christmas in every country. The name Santa Claus is really a corruption of St. Nicholas, the guardian and patron saint of children, who gave secret presents to needy youngsters.

Crackers—It has long been the custom in France to seal packets of sweets in colored wrappers twisted at the end and keep the contents from falling out by tying the ends in the shape of a knot. They were introduced into England about 30 years ago, and from then the cracker was developed. Some millions of crackers are made every year and sold all over the world.

New "Pocket Edition" Plane This new pocket plane only requires 15 yards landing place. Furthermore it folds up neatly and can be parked in a garage. Average speed 90 miles an hour.



WITH THE LONE SCOUTS



For the third time since its organization in 1880 at Christmas, 1929, the Boy Scouts of Canada extended to all the Lone Scouts of Ontario their very best wishes for a Happy Christmas and in his greeting they are joined by "Lone E" and the editor and staff of this paper. They hope that you have done your best to help Lone Scout Santa Claus to perform his gigantic annual "Good Turn" and in return you may be assured that "Santa" will not get you as he goes his rounds.

It is quite an interesting comparison to note that the Lone Scouts of Ontario Department sent a Christmas Card to all Lone Scouts of Ontario on the back of which was printed the name of all the Lone Scouts in the province, and the total number of Lone Scouts in Ontario. This number was 125, including 73 Scoutmasters. We note that four of the Lone Scouts mentioned in that list are now Regular Troops at Paris, Saint Ste. Marie, Cobalt and Beamsville.

Subdivision Love Oh, my with me to Boomsdie Heights, my Larry to your flight. And we will close an option on a villa by the sea; To a careful restricted sales allotment we will try.

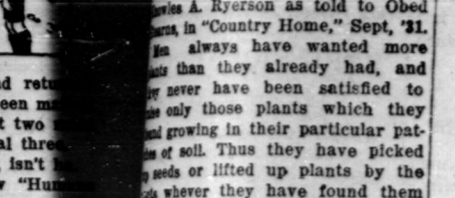
Constitution in Spain Soon to Go Into Effect Madrid, Dec. 20.—The Cortes Constitution is rapidly approaching termination of its task of drawing up a constitution for the Spanish Republic, and it is possible that the new regime shortly have its organic law as a president. It is a step towards the creation of a republic in Spain.

Buffalo Increase Rapidly in Dominion Parks The increase of buffalo in Canada's national parks since the establishment of the main herd in 1908 has been little short of phenomenal. From an original herd of less than 500, the total increase has reached more than 20,000 animals.

"Dime" Derived from Latin To Denote Tenth of Dollar "Dime" is derived from the Latin "decimus" meaning ten or "decimum," one-tenth. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries "dime" was applied in England to the tithing, or tenth, part of one's income paid to the Church.

New Life-Saving Suit A life-saving suit, resembling a pair of overalls or a one-piece outfit of cloth, is being put on the market for those who like to sport or hydroplane and are subject to their dangers. It is made of proof tissue and constructed of a system of waterproof compartments.

Treasure Hunters Of Agriculture



The Service Must Not Suffer The Bell Telephone Company has been at work since the opening of the winter season to replace broken poles and wires which had been damaged by the weather. The company has been successful in its work, and the service has been restored to normal conditions.

Hospital for Sick Children The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, has been successful in its work of caring for the sick and suffering. The hospital has been a great help to many families, and the staff of doctors and nurses has been most efficient.

A Mender You came to me world-weary and weary, Rumbled and tattered of feather, Whimpering and broken of spirit, Trying to be stout together.

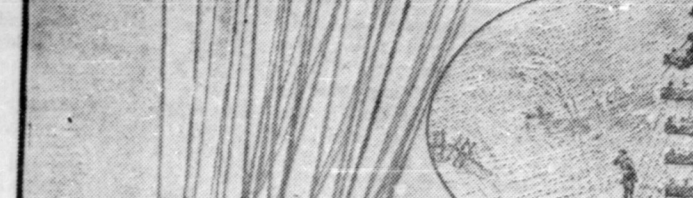
Threecore Years and Ten Quick, Sir, help me up—and bring my cane! "T'is cold tonight, but then I like it so. I heard a sudden tapping on the pane; Grey Winter's here again, and so I go.

Common-Sense and Cleverness. C. E. Lawrence in the Quarterly Review (London).—The Inordinate confusion of affairs everywhere now manifest over the wide earth is the result of civilized man's passion for "improving and straining" and of his infinite capacity for mismanagement.

Banished by Kruschen "I had acute neuritis in the shoulder and left arm, due to exposure in bad weather," writes the Rev. H. E. T. "It was impossible to lift the arm to dress or to sit in my way, and, of course, the pain was dreadful. All external applications were useless. I got it completely normal again by keeping the parts affected warm and taking daily, early in the morning, Kruschen Salts in a tumbler of hot water. It took nearly a month, but every vestige of neuritis has gone." Neuritis is typical of a dozen other complaints—some minor, some very serious— which all result from impurities in the blood. And it is impure blood, circulating all over the system and setting up inflammation in the tissues, that causes these irritating ailments.

Terribly Embarrassed "I had acute neuritis in the shoulder and left arm, due to exposure in bad weather," writes the Rev. H. E. T. "It was impossible to lift the arm to dress or to sit in my way, and, of course, the pain was dreadful. All external applications were useless. I got it completely normal again by keeping the parts affected warm and taking daily, early in the morning, Kruschen Salts in a tumbler of hot water. It took nearly a month, but every vestige of neuritis has gone." Neuritis is typical of a dozen other complaints—some minor, some very serious— which all result from impurities in the blood. And it is impure blood, circulating all over the system and setting up inflammation in the tissues, that causes these irritating ailments.

MACDONALDS Fine Cut



Canada's Finest Cigarette Tobacco with ZIG-ZAG papers attached In 10's, 15's and 20's Packages Owl Laffs

Classified Advertising An offer to every inventor. List of wanted inventions and full information sent free. The Business Company, World Patent Attorneys, 215 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Female Help Wanted Addreses Wanted to Do Light Sewing at Home, Good Pay. Free Postage. No Charge. Stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

Wanted LBS. PRINTS, SILK OR VELVET. Ladies' Clothing, Corsets, Hats, etc. Mrs. A. McCready, Co., Chatham, Ontario.

Wanted STANDING ROCK, ELM, TIMBER. 100 to 150 feet in width and 24 feet in height. In course of erection. A second airport, at Bassin, will have a hangar. Landing fields are to be made available at Tavoy, Mergul and Victoria Point. A field at Akhay is available and has been used by Australian-bound flyers. The Department of Commerce reports.

HIDES - FURS HIGHEST PRICES PAID TRY US William Stone Sons Limited Ingersoll, Ont. As Every Mother Knows A growing girl has a real need of SCOTT'S EMULSION of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil Rich in Vitamins A and D

The Soap That's Known and Sold The World Around Cuticura Nothing Better for Daily Use Price 25c. Banished by Kruschen "I had acute neuritis in the shoulder and left arm, due to exposure in bad weather," writes the Rev. H. E. T. "It was impossible to lift the arm to dress or to sit in my way, and, of course, the pain was dreadful. All external applications were useless. I got it completely normal again by keeping the parts affected warm and taking daily, early in the morning, Kruschen Salts in a tumbler of hot water. It took nearly a month, but every vestige of neuritis has gone." Neuritis is typical of a dozen other complaints—some minor, some very serious— which all result from impurities in the blood. And it is impure blood, circulating all over the system and setting up inflammation in the tissues, that causes these irritating ailments.

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS



For the third time since its organization in 1880 at Christmas, 1929, the Boy Scouts of Canada extended to all the Lone Scouts of Ontario their very best wishes for a Happy Christmas and in his greeting they are joined by "Lone E" and the editor and staff of this paper. They hope that you have done your best to help Lone Scout Santa Claus to perform his gigantic annual "Good Turn" and in return you may be assured that "Santa" will not get you as he goes his rounds.

It is quite an interesting comparison to note that the Lone Scouts of Ontario Department sent a Christmas Card to all Lone Scouts of Ontario on the back of which was printed the name of all the Lone Scouts in the province, and the total number of Lone Scouts in Ontario. This number was 125, including 73 Scoutmasters. We note that four of the Lone Scouts mentioned in that list are now Regular Troops at Paris, Saint Ste. Marie, Cobalt and Beamsville.

Subdivision Love Oh, my with me to Boomsdie Heights, my Larry to your flight. And we will close an option on a villa by the sea; To a careful restricted sales allotment we will try.

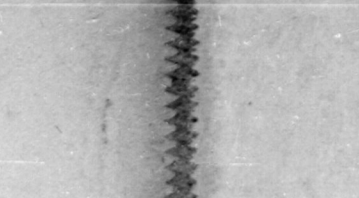
Constitution in Spain Soon to Go Into Effect Madrid, Dec. 20.—The Cortes Constitution is rapidly approaching termination of its task of drawing up a constitution for the Spanish Republic, and it is possible that the new regime shortly have its organic law as a president. It is a step towards the creation of a republic in Spain.

Buffalo Increase Rapidly in Dominion Parks The increase of buffalo in Canada's national parks since the establishment of the main herd in 1908 has been little short of phenomenal. From an original herd of less than 500, the total increase has reached more than 20,000 animals.

"Dime" Derived from Latin To Denote Tenth of Dollar "Dime" is derived from the Latin "decimus" meaning ten or "decimum," one-tenth. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries "dime" was applied in England to the tithing, or tenth, part of one's income paid to the Church.

New Life-Saving Suit A life-saving suit, resembling a pair of overalls or a one-piece outfit of cloth, is being put on the market for those who like to sport or hydroplane and are subject to their dangers. It is made of proof tissue and constructed of a system of waterproof compartments.

Treasure Hunters Of Agriculture



The Service Must Not Suffer The Bell Telephone Company has been at work since the opening of the winter season to replace broken poles and wires which had been damaged by the weather. The company has been successful in its work, and the service has been restored to normal conditions.

Hospital for Sick Children The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, has been successful in its work of caring for the sick and suffering. The hospital has been a great help to many families, and the staff of doctors and nurses has been most efficient.

A Mender You came to me world-weary and weary, Rumbled and tattered of feather, Whimpering and broken of spirit, Trying to be stout together.

Threecore Years and Ten Quick, Sir, help me up—and bring my cane! "T'is cold tonight, but then I like it so. I heard a sudden tapping on the pane; Grey Winter's here again, and so I go.

Common-Sense and Cleverness. C. E. Lawrence in the Quarterly Review (London).—The Inordinate confusion of affairs everywhere now manifest over the wide earth is the result of civilized man's passion for "improving and straining" and of his infinite capacity for mismanagement.

Banished by Kruschen "I had acute neuritis in the shoulder and left arm, due to exposure in bad weather," writes the Rev. H. E. T. "It was impossible to lift the arm to dress or to sit in my way, and, of course, the pain was dreadful. All external applications were useless. I got it completely normal again by keeping the parts affected warm and taking daily, early in the morning, Kruschen Salts in a tumbler of hot water. It took nearly a month, but every vestige of neuritis has gone." Neuritis is typical of a dozen other complaints—some minor, some very serious— which all result from impurities in the blood. And it is impure blood, circulating all over the system and setting up inflammation in the tissues, that causes these irritating ailments.

Terribly Embarrassed "I had acute neuritis in the shoulder and left arm, due to exposure in bad weather," writes the Rev. H. E. T. "It was impossible to lift the arm to dress or to sit in my way, and, of course, the pain was dreadful. All external applications were useless. I got it completely normal again by keeping the parts affected warm and taking daily, early in the morning, Kruschen Salts in a tumbler of hot water. It took nearly a month, but every vestige of neuritis has gone." Neuritis is typical of a dozen other complaints—some minor, some very serious— which all result from impurities in the blood. And it is impure blood, circulating all over the system and setting up inflammation in the tissues, that causes these irritating ailments.