JOYOUS AND HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON

Jig, Folk-Song In Old Quebec

This Is By Tradition The French - Canadian Farmer's Merry-making Season

They've dusted off the fiddle and rolled back the parlor rug in French-Canadian homes in the back concessions, for it's the season of jig and folk-song.

The Quebec farmer's merry-making season by tradition is the last week of the old year and the first week of the new, when winter has brought a lull in his hard work of squeezing a living from the soil.

Though the period is one of gaiety in the remote, snow-bound villages, always it starts with solemn celebration of midnight Mass in the parish church Christmas Eve.

Every resident of every parish turns out for the Mass with its blazing candles, the Christmas hymns and the sermon of the cure, in the little stone church that is the hub of rural French-Canadian life.

REVELRY AFTER MASS

The revelry starts after Mass, once the farm folk have returned to their homes and piled wood high in shiny black stoves. There's the dancing and singing, little glassfuls and good things to eat from laden kitchen tables.

But in the village homes no presents are given Christmas Day. That's reserved for New Year's. And all the gifts are useful — a new fur cap for the husband, a coat for the wife, blue suits for the sons and dresses for the daughters.

FEAST WITH RELATIVES

The farmer's holiday ends with a round of visiting and family gatherings on the Feast of the Epiphany. After that it's back to work — time to start threshing grain sheaves stacked in the barns since the autumn.

The Christ Child

(15th Century "Nativity" by Francesco di Pietro Santa, Rome)

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed . . . And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them,

"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Legends From Fifth Century

Many Traditions of This Season Are Traceable Back to the Time of the Romans

The growth of Christmas tradition and legend has never ceased since the Fifth Century, when the birth of Christ was first generally celebrated. Each nation has had its own native customs and has added those of other countries as well as subtracting and modifying until the complex ritual of our traditional Christmas has grown up, perhaps now less religious observance than could be wished, but with a holiness of a sort in the universal happiness and feeling of good will.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus, for example, the deity of the child and the symbol of the adult, bears the name he does in Canada because this is the British version of the Dutch Saint Nicholas. The original Saint Nicholas was Bishop of Smyrna during the Diocletian persecutions and after his death became the patron of little children, merchants, sailors, travelers, thieves, pawnbrokers and maiden ladies. The gifts that this kindly soul brings find their origin in a legend about him which tells how he gave dowries to three daughters of a poor tradesman, whence grew the custom of hanging up the stockings of little children on the Eve of St. Nicholas on December 5, the custom later being transferred to Christmas. The exchange of gifts between persons arises from the gifts of the Three Wise Men.

CHRISTMAS TREE STORY

The Christmas Tree, decorated with its glittering tinsel and shining lights, is a more recent addition to the stock of tradition, probably originating in Germany.

HOLLY AND BERRIES

Holly with its thorns and blood-red berries its thought to symbolize the crown of thorns worn by the Saviour; another belief is that the use of holly comes from the pagans.

Wassail bowl, so named from the Saxon "waes hael" (lit. "be in health," according to our "to your health"), carried by the children singing carols, owes its origin to the custom of drinking the health of friends in the spiced wine drunk at Christmas time in mediaeval days. It was a spiced and sweetened drink served in huge bowls with roasted apples floating in it.

A Decorated Tree Serves Two Aims

If Set Outdoors at Holiday Time—Lends Air of Gay Festivity and Provides Food Source for Birds

In decorating the outdoor Christmas tree for holiday festivities, home-lovers might consider combining artistry with usefulness by having the tree also serve as a source of food for the birds. Decorations which cover both these points may be made by scooping out a drying half orange and then filling it with melted suet to which have been added sugar or honey and one or more of the following ingredients: sunflower seeds, millet, hemp, coarse cornmeal, oatmeal, chopped nuts, chopped raw peanuts, bread or cake crumbs and peanut butter.

STRINGS OF CRANBERRIES

Brightly painted halves of English walnut shells, scooped clean, fastened to a string or wire and filled with a combination of two or more of the above ingredients also make pretty decorations. The same filling may be used in pine cones after they have been expanded by placing near the heat.

Strings of cranberries, popcorn and raisins used as garlands, as well as pieces of apple fastened to branches, all lend color and relish.

Christmas Windows

Night roofs lie stiffly, row on row;
The songless earth is black,
And yet these homey squares of glow
Spread joy across my track.

The muffled street is widely seethed
With chilling snow-whirls dart,
But lighted windows, Christmas-wreathed,
Warm carols in my heart.

—Alan Creighton, in "The Crucible".

'Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads,
Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid, on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot.
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack;
His eyes — how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses; his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf.
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

Christmas Turkey: How to Carve It

All Minority Claims In the Family Must Be Satisfied—Here Are Some Pointers

To big problems face pater familias at this time: How to scrape up enough money to get a turkey or a goose for the Christmas dinner and how to go about carving the festive bird so that all "minority" claims are satisfied and without any embarrassing incident due to awkward manipulation of the carving instruments.

Carving the turkey is quite an easy matter, says a chef in giving explicit instructions on the proper procedure, if one goes about it the right way, especially a very large turkey, for the breast suffices for a number of persons when carefully carved. When this is not sufficient, the tops of the wings, holding it firmly with a fork and then the legs severed and carved should be served.

SMALLER BIRD, GREATER CARE

A smaller bird of lesser proportions requires greater care. Here the advice is to insert the fork firmly in the breast of the bird, and downwards between the body and thigh. Turn outwards to sever the legs. Keep the fork in the breast while the wings are carved off, cutting widely to keep the shape of the wings. If the bird is fairly large the breast should be carved; otherwise it should be separated from the back by cutting the ribs. The breast should be cut across into halves, and the legs should be cut lengthwise. Then turn the bird right over and dislocate the back with a knife.

To obtain the delicate dark meat around the side bones, the thigh joint sockets should be removed, while the bones on either side are cut off. Carve the forcemeat across in thin slices and cut the apron across if the bird is stuffed.

Plum Porridge

The original plum-pudding was known as "plum porridge." It was always the first course at the Christmas dinner.

Plum porridge had the place of honor at the Yuletide banquet of George III. One can hardly imagine Farmer George's favorite dish appealing to the modern palate, for it was compounded of boiled beef or mutton, brown bread, raisins, currants, prunes, mace, and gingerbread.

Wassail Bowl

Hot Spicy Drinks Belong in the Holiday Season

Drinks that warm the heart and take the chill off the night belong to the Christmas season. Try these simple and satisfying beverages to the tune of traditional Christmas carols.

HOT CIDER PUNCH
(Serves 12)

Two pieces stick cinnamon, 1 tablespoon whole cloves, ½ gallon sweet cider, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, lemon peel.

Place spices in a bag and add to cider with sugar and salt. Bring slowly to boiling point. Cool. Remove spice bag. Just before serving, reheat until very hot. Serve with piece of lemon peel in each glass.

MULLED GRAPE JUICE

One pint grape juice, 1 pint water, 6 egg yolks, ½ pound sugar, 1/3 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 6 egg whites.

Bring grape juice and water to boil. Beat egg yolks well and add sugar and nutmeg. Beat egg whites to a froth and stir into egg-yolk mixture. Hold boiling grapejuice and water high above bowl and pour slowly into eggs, stirring constantly. Pour this mixture from one pitcher to another until thoroughly mixed. Serve hot or cold.

SPICED TEA

Six teaspoons black tea leaves, 6 cups boiling water, 3 slices lemon, 8 teaspoons whole cloves, 6 sticks of cinnamon, sugar to taste.

Use 6 glasses. In bottom of each glass place sugar and a slice of lemon studded with cloves. In a tea kettle, pour boiling water over the tea leaves and stand for 5 minutes. Then pour the hot strong tea into glasses and stir with cinnamon stick.

Cattle in the Stall

I hold no place of high import,
Where roars the thronging mart—
One of the little ones on earth
I do my humble part.
With fork and pail and stable broom
As evening shadows fall
In common tasks I tend for Him
The cattle in the stall.

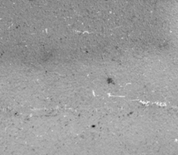
I love the knotted dark along
The heavy rough-beamed roof,
The cleanly crackle of the straw
Beneath the shifted hoof;
The woven chorus of contrast
That drones from wall to wall—
Because I love for His dear sake
The cattle in the stall.

For since of old a stable knew
That wondrous Baby's birth,
Methinks He loves the cattle best
Of all the beasts of earth.
Their kind eyes gave Him welcome there—
They heard His first faint call—
Oh, proud am I to tend for Him
The cattle in the stall!

Now comes once more the glorious night,
The Christmas of the year!
They watch in reverence and awe
The miracle draw near.
The Child Divine is born again—
His love is over all—
It rests in benediction on
The cattle in the stall!

—Nina Moore Jamieson.

TIPTOE... TONIGHT!



If God has blessed you with a little child, tiptoe to the bed-side tonight. Study the expression on the little face. See the restling flicker of a smile of content . . . and confidence. Little ones seek safety in the protective care of sympathetic loving parents.

Such contentment comes to children only when they are warm, well-fed and free from the ailments and misfortunes which harass so many.

But there are other less fortunate little ones and it is for these that we appeal.

Each year the Hospital for Sick Children provides medical attention and hospital care for thousands of children. Last year 9,009 occupied beds in the Hospital and 79,410 treatments in the Out-Patient Department.

Most of these youngsters are from the homes of parents unable to pay for proper medical and hospital attention. They are treated in our Public Wards, where the average cost per child per day is $1.00 MORE than the revenue received from Government and Municipalities, plus all payments made by parents who can afford to pay.

Thus we render efficient hospital service, yet do it below cost, and that is why we must ask generous citizens to help make up an unavoidable deficit each year.

Won't you please send a donation to help us in this great crusade — to this fight to provide sick and crippled children the — fair chance for a healthy and happy future!

IMPORTANT!

This hospital does NOT share in the funds collected by the Toronto Federation for Community Service because Patients are served from all over Ontario.

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NO FINER MADE
DOBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET
ISSUE 51—'40

DANGER

● SERIAL STORY

ROMANCE AHEAD

BY TOM HORNER COPYRIGHT, 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHARACTERS

[illegible] — newspaper [illegible] murderers of [illegible]

[illegible] — wealthy [illegible] about auto [illegible]

Larry's car is [illegible] but undamaged. [illegible] Harris, gets [illegible] smugglers' operations around town, [illegible] by a speeding [illegible] as a stop sign. [illegible] driving of the other [illegible]

[illegible] the driver is a girl, [illegible] daughter of Col. Taylor. And it was on the Miles [illegible] that Hugh was killed!

[illegible] was there that Larry found Colonel an hour later. Larry read the sign when he met the [illegible] truck, heading for town, [illegible] miles from the ranch. Three [illegible], warbags and a saddle. [illegible] be at least one job open [illegible] Miles' Place. Larry was [illegible]

Larry looked for Monnie as he [illegible] near the bunkhouse, but [illegible] was no evidence of her nor her car. A houseboy answered [illegible] and told him he'd find [illegible] Colonel at the corral. "He'll be [illegible]," the boy added.

The Colonel was cussing. Larry [illegible] him a hundred yards away.

[illegible] possible and [illegible] great purpose they have resolutely [illegible]

"[illegible] the Colonel demanded. [illegible] will fire him. If he's some chasing out here after you."

"Met him—" Monnie's anger flared. "Met him?—He almost wrecked me this morning. Drove through a stop sign, right in front of me—Almost crashed a filling station trying to keep from killing him—Met him? I'd like to get my hands on him—"

"You didn't wreck anything, did you?"

"Luckily, no, Dad. Can't afford to have any accidents. After that wreck on Dead Man's curve—if I had a smash-up now, people might get to wondering—But Dad, you're not going to keep that fellow around, are you?"

"Have to, for a while, Honey. I already told him he was hired. We need him. But if he's no good, I'll run him off. Go along, now. Change your clothes and we'll drive out to the upper camp."

So he followed me out here, Monnie thought to herself, as she pulled on her boots. "I'll fix that guy—I'll fix him."

The Real Boss

Monnie was sitting on the top rail of the corral fence when Pete Barnes and Larry came from the saddle house.

"Some of the boys have their own stuff," Pete was saying, "but we keep a few saddles around for fellows like you. You can use mine. It's over on that black in the corner"—he nodded toward a black horse tied to a corner post—"try it out, see how you like it."

"Thanks, Barnes." Larry started toward the horse.

"Just a minute, Collins." Barnes halted him. "Want you to meet Monnie—Miss Miles. The Colonel's daughter, and the real boss around here." Barnes grinned up at Monnie, winked broadly. Larry mounted over to the fence.

"Miss Monnie, this is Larry Collins, the new hand your Dad just hired."

"I've met Mr. Collins, already, Pete. We have met, haven't we, Mister Collins?"

Larry met her challenge with a smile and an apology. "I'm awfully sorry about that, Miss Miles. All my fault. If Miss Miles hadn't been such a good driver, Barnes, they'd be picking tin out of me. I'm [illegible] know you, Miss Miles."

Ignored Larry's outstretched hand and his apology. "A cowpunk can't ride any more than he can drive a car, you get him a burro, Pete."

Larry turned, walked into the corral. He hadn't been so angry, he hadn't noticed the horse. He felt the muscles as Larry swung his leg over his neck, twisted his body around to mount. But he almost missed the saddle, too. Instant Larry's weight hit the stirrup, the black jumped—Larry and away. Before Larry regained the other stirrup, the black's head was down between his knees and he was bunching his muscles for a pitch.

Larry pulled with all his strength to get that black head up, but failed. The horse bucked—hard. Larry grabbed the saddle horn—pulled leather . . . He could only find that right stirrup. . . .

Up—up — then that crashing, spine-jarring smash as the horse hit earth. Once—twice.

Barnes' voice came to him faintly—"Ride him, kid!" And Monnie's laugh tinkled beyond a haze of dust and moving landscape.

Larry's hand was jerked loose—He was up in the air, like a diver off a springboard—Something fell on his head. . . . Blackness.

Barnes was running to Larry, swinging his hat to drive the black still pitching, away from the thrown rider.

"We shouldn't have done that, Miss Monnie. . . . Maybe we broke his neck."

(To Be Continued)

On "Courage"

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fears subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

GAY, YOUTHFUL COTTON FROCK

By ANNE ADAMS

Doing your "homework" is FUN—in a fresh and spirited frock like Pattern 4605. The round neckline, curved yokes and tuck-and-button trim are well decorative, yet so quick to do. See how the darts just above the waistline hold in the graceful softness of the bodice. There are two sleeve choices: one puffed and tucked, the other a short, comfortable flare. Optional pockets set at a new "hand-angle" are both decorative and convenient. The simple two-piece skirt has a slight flare: a front-tying sash makes a crisp finish.

Pattern 4605 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3¼ yards 35 inch fabric.

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'Reap Divorces Like Asparagus'

Divorces in New Brunswick are being "worked as a racket," Chief Justice J. B. M. Baxter said at Fredericton recently, while presiding in the New Brunswick Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes. More than thirty cases, the largest number yet scheduled for one sitting, were on the docket when the court's October term opened.

'Several solicitors are going about the Province reaping divorces like a field of asparagus," said the Chief Justice.

Heat Expense Is Reducible

Size of Fuel Bill Lowered by Proper Care of System

With the relentless harrying of winter, home owners again find themselves facing the climate bill.

There are several effective ways of reducing winter heating costs, the Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau advises.

Increasing the efficiency of the heating plant, eliminating the possibilities of heat losses from the house, lowering the comfort zone temperature range, and better control of combustion are among the most important methods of effecting the desired economy.

KEEP PLANT CLEAN

For efficient operation, boilers and furnaces must be clean and free from accumulations of oil, sludge, scale and sediment. Every heating plant, new or old, requires at least one thorough cleaning a year, after which it may readily be kept in good condition with little effort or expense.

INCREASED EFFICIENCY

While some plants may only need a thorough cleaning and checking of the controls, burners, oil supply line, grates and smoke pipe, others may be in need of a new boiler or additional radiation. There are cases in which home owners cannot afford not to have a new boiler installed. New boilers built especially for the combustion of either oil, gas or stoker-fed coal may effect economies of as much as 33 1-3 per cent.

The circulation of gravity hot water can be speeded up by pumps and new air valves will improve the operation of steam heating plants.

Common-sense Helps Beauty

Water Is One of the Best Aids To Your Complexion

Those much common-sense to beauty. Personally we will give loud hurrahs to creams, and when persistingly used they do bring results.

However, there are times when we need special jobs done to our faces and few of us can afford regular salon treatments over a period. But that's no reason why we should simply throw up our hands and bemoan the state of our purses.

If your skin seems lifeless and muddy, just on general principles, why not try an orange and grape fruit diet for one day a week.

If you need a little bleaching, try the lowly cucumber. Press the juice from the cucumber, put on your skin and allow to remain for fifteen or twenty minutes. Repeat for a few applications and you should get results. Lemon juice diluted in water is also a bleaching agent.

DRINK PLENTY OF IT

And foremost among all common-sense beauty aids is water—good, old, tap water. Drink plenty of it. If you aren't a water imbiber make it your business to drink at least two quarts a day for just one week and you can guarantee your skin will improve. Water is especially necessary if you have any signs of an acne condition—whether actual eruptions, blemishes or simply blackheads.

Polar Bear Really Doesn't Like Cold

The polar bear does not like cold weather, Edward W. Clark of the Montain Zoo, Colorado Springs, reports. The warmer water, Clark says.

"If der people don't stop dis worldwide monkey business, we'll soon all be back in der trees."

—Lew Lehr.

For BETTER desserts
DURHAM Corn Starch

Table Talks

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL!

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Grapefruit and Grape Juice Cocktail
Roast Turkey, Savoury Dressing, Giblet Gravy
Creamy Mashed Potatoes — Scalloped Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce
Carrot and Celery Salad
Parker House Rolls
Plum Pudding — Butterscotch Sauce
Coffee
Grapes — Fudge — Salted Almonds

Grapefruit and Grape Juice Cocktail

Peel grapefruit, break in quarters removing all white membrane. Then cut in uniform pieces, sprinkle with fruit, sugar and a little chopped candied ginger. Set away to cool. When ready to serve, place in sherbet glasses and cover with grape-juice. One good sized grapefruit should serve 2.

Scalloped Sweet Potatoes

Bake sweet potatoes, being careful to prick skins with fork before placing in oven. When well baked, remove from oven, removing skins, placing sweet potato in bowl. Mash adding butter, salt and pepper and 2 tablespoons of brown sugar to each cup of potato. In buttered casserole place one layer of potato and then one layer of marshmallows. Alternate potato and marshmallow until dish is three-quarters full, placing a layer of marshmallows on top.

Grated Carrot and Celery Salad

Grated carrots
Chopped celery
Chopped stuffed olives

To every cup of grated carrot add 1 tablespoon chopped olives. Add to the above preparations one-half cup thick salad dressing. Serve on shredded lettuce and decorate pimento.

Butterscotch Sauce

Having had several requests for Butterscotch Sauce of two years ago, I give it as your pudding sauce.

Makes 1¾ cups.

⅔ cup white corn syrup, 1½ cups medium brown sugar, ½ cup water, 4 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 6 tablespoons heavy cream.

Boil the first four ingredients until sauce reaches heavy syrup consistency. Cool. Add vanilla and cream. If consistency is a little too heavy add more cream.

Plum Pudding

1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each of allspice, nutmeg, cinnamon, 1 cup stale bread crumbs, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup seeded raisins, ¾ cup each of chopped figs, dates and of currants, 1 cup chopped mixed peel, 1 cup chopped suet, grated rind of 1 lemon, ½ cup grape juice.

Combine ingredients, turn into buttered moulds or mould. Cover; leave space to expand ⅔ its volume. Steam for 5 hours.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Girl Weds Re[illegible]kin

Walking Sky[illegible] son of Pa[illegible] of the Caughnawaga Fire, Ch[illegible] reservation, has wed Ma[illegible] a white girl, aged 16, marri[illegible] ceremony at a Catholic Th[illegible]rch was preceded by a traditional Red Indian tribal celebration.

People who know good food and excellent cooking, and who appreciate skilful, courteous service, say: "want to eat well? Then go to the Mount Royal! The Mount Royal Hotel table compares favourably with that of the finest hotels in the world.

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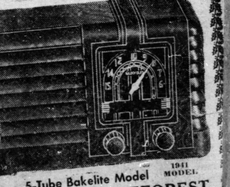

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