

Your chance to have a Piano or Organ In the Home for Christmas!

We have taken as part payment on the well-known Heintzman & Company Pianos and Player Pianos made by

Ye Olde Firme of HEINTZMAN AND CO., LIMITED	1 Dominion Piano, Walnut Case	\$175 00
	1 Williams Piano, Walnut Case	200 00
	1 Williams Piano, Walnut Case	250 00
	1 Wormwith Piano, Mahogany Case	275 00
	1 Gerhard Heintzman, Oak Case	285 00
	1 Mason and Risch Piano, Mahogany Case	350 00
	1 Mason and Risch Piano, Walnut Case	425 00
	1 Mason and Risch Baby Grand	375 00
	1 Bell Piano, Black Case	225 00
	1 Steinway Square Piano	150 00
	1 Karn Piano, Mahogany Case	225 00
	1 Small Organ, Black Case, 5 octave	35 00
	1 Bell Organ, Walnut Case, 5 octave	65 00
	1 Dominion Organ, Walnut Case, 6 octave	75 00
	1 Thomas Organ, Walnut Case, 6 octave	100 00

The above instruments are all in good repair, and easy terms of payment can be arranged. These prices are f.o.b. Calgary.

HEINTZMAN & CO., LIMITED (Dept. S)

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Serviceable Christmas Gifts

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Fur Lined Coat

Mother or daughter would show true appreciation for such a gift. These coats are a special line of high grade Fairweather quality upon which we have placed a special price for Christmas Mail Order trade. They have good broadcloth shells in either blue or black and a strong durable fur lining, Russian Otter or Western Sable Collars and Lapels. They are 50 and 52 inches long and regularly priced \$55, but specially marked now at

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Other gift suggestions we might make are:

Ladies' Mink Marmot Coats	\$65.00, \$75.00, \$90.00
Ladies' Muskrat Coats	\$60.00, \$75.00, \$100.00
Fur Trimmed Slippers	\$0.75, \$1.50
Fur Slippers	\$1.00, \$3.00, \$6.00
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the holiday as best we could. With this end in view, we decided to have a picnic on the Kongo, and asked a little Russian girl and her mother—for months the only other whites in Emali—to go along. Considering that neither of us knew much of the other's language, we got on better than one would think. We would have had quite an enjoyable float up the river, the guide telling many things in Pigeon-English, were it not for the heat and mosquitos. Dear! If you consider the Long Island or New Jersey mosquitos mosquitos, why simply row up the Kongo!

About five miles up, we saw a beautiful spot, just ideal for picnickers. There we disembarked and had our luncheon, after which all almost simultaneously produced books and, resting comfortably, began to read.

But we were not to have peace long. Soon we heard an awful rustling in near-by bushes, and on jumping up, beheld, not forty feet away, a wild elephant!

How we scrambled for the boats, nearly throwing one another into the water, and how we made off, can never be told!

But we did, and—well, wasn't that a queer Christmas?

CHRISTMAS IN POLAND

By Helenka Adamowska (Age 11)

In Poland, the greatest holiday of the year is Christmas eve, and it is a joyous day to all the children.

About a week before, we gather in the sitting-room, and, seated before a merry-fire, make different pretty things.

That night, father comes home with packages full of colored paper, nuts, apples, and oranges.

In a second, we surround him, and each takes some of these materials to make baskets, chains, or to gild the nuts.

All this time, the parlor is closed, and, as the days are nearing, great excitement reigns among us, while parents decorate the tree and lay the presents around.

At last the great day arrives; then everybody is in a bustle, mother directs the setting of the table, children fly around to get ready, and the family gathers at twilight.

We wait for the appearance of the first star, and then walk into the dining-room.

The table is richly laid with candles and silver, looking unusually pretty.

Under the table-cloth we lay some hay, in memory of Jesus being born in a manger.

After having partaken of a wafer blessed in church, we begin supper, which consists of soup, various fish courses, and dessert.

Finally, father goes to light the candles on the tree, the music starts a carol, and we march in.

We circle around the tree, singing the carol, after which we unfold our presents.

Suddenly the door opens and some peasants enter, bringing a little theater, like Punch and Judy, and make the dolls, dressed in national costumes, act pretty scenes, and sing national songs.

Before we know it, it is ten o'clock, and our parents send us off to bed.

We say good night, and, rather tired out by this exciting day, we go to dreamland, to dream of the day and to live over its pleasant scenes.

THE LEGEND OF LADY ST. OSYTH

In a little English village called St. Osyth, situated on the Essex coast, stood the home where my mother was born, and her ancestors had resided for many generations.

Thirteen miles from this village was the old Roman town, which is now called Colchester, but was named by the Romans Camulodunum. In the centre of St. Osyth was the village green, bordered on two sides by the high walls which enclosed the grounds of the ancient priory.

On the other side of the triangular shaped green stood the old Norman church, moss-grown and ivy-mantled.

Deep down in the vaults of the priory was the secret entrance to a subterranean passage leading down below the green. Around the churchyard it coiled its mysterious length,

and down under meadow, green and verdant, where the breezes sighed as they heard the stories whispered to them by the trees of tragedies which had once been enacted in the darkness below. The passage terminated at a farmhouse about half a mile distant from the priory.

Legend says that in early ages, a powerful and wicked Norman Baron married a beautiful Saxon lady.

He soon grew tired of her, and sent her to the priory to spend her life in enforced seclusion among the nuns. While here her goodness endeared her to all around.

But not content with this, her wicked husband gave orders that she should be beheaded. So one night the Baron sent soldiers and she was taken into the subterranean passage and there beheaded. The country people mourned her loss and named the village after her. The village people believed that her spirit still haunted the subterranean passage, sometimes appearing in the churchyard or the meadows near.

One moonlight night grandmother sent one of the servants on an errand into the village. While Jane was gone mother, who was then a little girl, sat in the window seat watching for Jane's return and listening to grandmother playing the piano.

It was a beautiful night and the moon shone as if nothing ever had or could ruffle her tranquil surface, or disturb her peace of mind, and beneath her gentle beams all nature seemed at peace, until suddenly around the corner of the lane leading from the village rushed a figure distracted and wild.

As it drew nearer, mother, to her surprise, recognized Jane, her hair flying and her face as white as chalk.

Everyone ran out to see what was the matter, and Jane told them that on reaching the village green she had seen a tall, white figure which seemed to glide over the tombstones in the churchyard, and from there out into the fields, over ditches and hedges.

"Jane," said grandmother, "what a vivid imagination you have!" "But I saw it, ma'am," cried Jane, shivering at the very thought. "I saw it as plain as a pike staff. It was the ghost of Lady St. Osyth."

It was vain for grandmother to assure her that a ghost could not be seen by the natural eye.

Next day the little village was in a ferment of excitement. Others declared they had seen the apparition.

These appearances frightened the village folk for some time, until at last it was discovered that the ghost was a substantial and mischievous boy walking on high stilts with a big sheet over his head.

OLIVE YOUNG.
St. Osyth Farm, Seal, Alberta.

THE BEAR, THE PIG AND THE DOG

Once upon a time about seventy-five years or more ago my grandparents came to Ontario. It was all bush and no roads, only signs on the trees. They built a log cabin, for my grandmother had her little ones. Uncle was the eldest and he was about eleven. They had a neighbor who built close to their house, so the women could keep one another company while the men were away helping to build the railroad. The neighbors had a pig in a pen, and my grand uncle had a little black dog. One day the women heard the pig squealing and they went to see what was the matter. There was a bear taking the pig away. My grand uncle ran after the bear with the axe.

The bear would carry the pig a little piece, then the dog would bite the bear. The bear would chase the dog and it would run between the boy's legs. He followed it till it went to the swamp. Then he went back to the house. Next day the men killed the bear. His mother would not eat any, because she said she got enough of the bear while the boy was chasing it.

I could hardly believe this story that my mother told me till about three years ago, when my grand uncle came to our place himself. He is quite old now and still lives in Ontario.

BERT PULFER.
Age 12.

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