

THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

THE ADVENTURES OF BERTHA, PLAIN JANE, AND GOLLIWOG.

"Oh! Dear!" sighed a golliwog, a floor and discussed their adventures and their future prospects.

Throughout the day the bazaar had been crowded with eager children, their mothers, and their aunts. Many of the toys had been taken up, looked at wistfully, and laid down again. Fragments of conversation had been overheard by them.

"No! Mabel! You have one golliwog already. You don't want another." Of course not, Bobbie! You are far too old for golliwogs now.

"It was really rather thrilling, wondering which of the children you were going home with."

"I think it has been a lovely time, and I do hope I shall find someone to love me," murmured a quaint little figure with straight straw-coloured hair, and a broad smile, who, as the

card attached to her indicated, was known as Plain Jane.

The golden-haired doll, who was called Beautiful Bertha, looked down complacently at her silk frock. "I'd much rather be admired," she observed, "I am considered beautiful, and I have lovely clothes."

Here she glanced disdainfully at Plain Jane's frock, and the quaint little doll sighed, for she had only that one dress, while Beautiful Bertha had a trunk filled with smart clothes.

The silvery radiance of the moon flooded the bazaar with light, and it was quite an animated scene when the animals walked out of the Noah's Ark, and the soldiers left their boxes. They grumbled that they were tired of being at the bazaar.

"It's awfully tame, by Jove!" complained an officer to Beautiful Bertha. "I am longing to go on another campaign. We shall all get out of condition, unless we exercise soon."

A diversion was caused presently by a runaway motor car which went by clockwork. The driver had set the car going, but couldn't stop it, so it went careering around the place, and nearly knocked some soldiers over. When it had run down they all went to bed, and were soon asleep except Golliwog, who, not having any eyelids, of course, couldn't sleep.

By Christmas Eve, the Golliwog, Plain Jane, and Beautiful Bertha had left the bazaar, and gone their different ways. The Golliwog found himself that night perched upon a glittering tree crowded with toys, while a bright-faced girl wearing a cap and uniform was trying coloured candles, and boxes of sweets on the branches below. When presently the room was left in darkness Golliwog wondered what was going to happen next.

Beautiful Bertha found herself in a luxurious nursery, with her trunk, a gorgeous teaset, and a handsome pram. She had been brought there in a fine motor car, and guessed she had come to an aristocratic home, and her heart rejoiced.

Meanwhile, Plain Jane had attracted the attention of a sweet-faced woman accompanied by a jolly-looking man. She picked her up with a smile. "Plain Jane!" she read out from the ticket. "Oh! Hush! isn't she quaint? I hope she is not very expensive. I should love to get her for Rosebud!" The two consulted the sales-lady, and shortly afterwards Plain Jane was being carried home by her new friends (who lived in a distant suburb) to Rosebud—otherwise Rose Anne, aged four.

Plain Jane liked the "little house," and felt instinctively she was going to be loved there. She wasn't there, however, for the very next morning she was kissed rapturously by Rosebud, who ran with her into her mother's room, crying "She's a dear, and I do love her!" So Plain Jane was supremely happy.

It was Golliwog who had the most exciting time. On Christmas Day the tree on which he was carried into another room, where a number of children were sitting up in beds arranged all around.

They hailed the appearance of the tree with shouts of delight, and a wonderful time of music and merriment followed. Eventually, Golliwog found himself being hugged by a little boy in one of the beds, who laid his thin face against him, whispering, "You're my very own, and I love you!"

And at the sight of the radiant happiness of his new friend, Golliwog was as content as his grin indicated he was.

Beautiful Bertha wasn't hugged or kissed by her new mistress, but the dainty little person surveyed her with critical admiration on Christmas morning. "She's very pretty, Nannie, and I shall take her out in the pram this afternoon," was her verdict. Then she laid Beautiful Bertha down, and took up a shabby-looking Teddy Bear.

"She's a lovely doll, and has such sweet clothes, too," remarked her Nannie, looking at her in surprise. "Aren't you going to nurse her?"

"No! thank you, Nannie. I'd rather nurse Teddy. I can cuddle him," she replied gravely, hugging the Teddy Bear.

That afternoon, however, Beautiful Bertha was taken out in the pram by her small mistress, and duly admired

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by other little girls so, presumably, Beautiful Bertha too was quite happy.

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Trains to Change
Time to Sydney

Unofficial Report of Alterations in Time.

SYDNEY, Dec. 18.—The Sydney Record to-day says: "Unofficial report has it that under the new C. N. R. time table that will become effective early in the coming year, the express trains to and from Sydney will do 'local work' on the Halifax end of the road and that their starting times will be considerably changed."

"No information on this point is yet available at the local C. N. R. station. 'I'm sorry,' Andrew Dunn, of the C. N. R., told the Record on Thursday afternoon, 'but I can't give you any information because no official word as to new schedules has been received by us yet.'"

"The report as to the proposed changes, however, comes from a reliable source and will probably be found not to be very far astray."

"What is planned, it is said, is that the night train from Sydney is to leave about two hours later at present and arrive in Halifax about 11 o'clock next morning, instead of at nine. On the other end of the run it would do 'local work' which is now done by another train in this way the management would be enabled to cut down the number of trains in service."

"The Sydney train which now leaves Halifax in the evening, is understood to be slated to start several hours earlier, under the new schedule, and by doing 'local work' on the Halifax-Truro end make possible the with-

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It's such a happy world to-night—A world of laughter and delight. The glow in little eyes aroars. The twinkling stars, and all the bells Of Christmas-time, world-wide, are, drowned.

By childhood's happier, sweeter sound. And even hearts, long used to grieve, Grow brave again on Christmas Eve.

Wherever little children glow, Is perfect joy this happy hour. The time has come! and now they race With laughter to the chimney place To hang their stockings up with glee. In all the pomp of pagantry There is no ceremonial rite Like this glad scene of Christmas night.

Here is a lovely drama played By innocence and faith unswayed! This is the long-awaited day. When every doubt is put away! This is God's ceremonial night. When children world-wide glow With love and happiness and mirth Each nook and corner of the earth.

Age long-grown weary by distrust, Doubting at times that God is just, And often wondering if the care And pain which it is asked to bear Are all worth while, forgets its fears, And all the burdens of the years; Ceases in bitterness to grieve, And comes to peace on Christmas Eve.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

May the blessed peace of Christmas break upon you with the day, May the spirit of this morning sweep your sorrows all away.

May the light which filled the stable Shine upon you at your table And above your happy roof-tree may the Star of Bethlehem stay.

May you find that consolation which to earth He came to bring, May you catch the happy chorus Which the angels came to sing.

May the skies above you lighten And the place you cherish brighten With the story of His presence as the bells of Christmas ring.

Here's another Christmas morning, may it glow with love and mirth. May your lives catch up the beauty and the glory of His birth. May his face so fair and tender Shine upon you with its splendor. May you know that peace He talked of when He lived upon the earth.

drawal of some local train hitherto in operation. The time of arrival in Sydney in the morning would be approximately the same as at present."

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The Three Days of Life

Knowest thou Yesterday, its aim and reason? Workest thou well To-day for worthy things? Then calmly wait To-morrow's hidden season. And fear not thou what hap se'er it brings. Author Unknown.

CONFEDERATION LIFE. nov23.11

Author Misses

Great Offer

LONDON.—(Canadian Press).—A remarkable story of a missed opportunity was told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the annual dinner of the Savage Club. Referring to his association with the drama he said that a young boy who was getting 2 pounds a week in a play of his, had

once laughingly suggested that they should pool and divide their incomes for the rest of their lives. Sir Arthur regretted that he had not accepted the offer, for the boy was Charlie Chaplin.

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