

A Plea for Santa Claus

(By LILIAN M. DENT.)

Poor old Santa Claus is being known under. There is grave danger that by the time the children of to-day are men and women he will be as extinct as the passenger pigeons. "What," you say, "how can that be, when he is seen every November in gorgeous array by thousands of delighted children and holds court in our stores from then until Christmas?" That is just it! I cannot help an uneasy feeling that that elaborate pre-Christmas proceeding is the funeral procession of the real Santa Claus.

For who is Santa Claus? Why, he is a fairy, a dear, jolly old man, fairy who dwells near the North Pole and who loves children so much that every year on the eve of the birthday of the Christ Child, he harnesses his troop of reindeer to his sleigh, and dashes through the world leaving presents for them all.

Of course, he is very seldom seen—you don't have the luck to see fairies very often—but I believe once a very sympathetic father did jump from his bed to see what was the matter, in time to catch a glimpse of the merry old elf, and he has left a record of what he saw. But that does not happen more than once or twice in a generation, for it is perfectly obvious that Santa Claus does not want to be seen. He has no time to spare. It is his children he is thinking of, and



truth that he did come and he did remember you.

Do you remember waking early on Christmas morning when darkness was just changing to dusk, and gazing through the gloom to the stockings hung on a string across the mantel? Do you remember how you looked until you were sure there was something there which was not there last night, and how you lay back awed by the mystery and the wonder of the fact that he had been there in your room while you were asleep? Oh, blessed experience! Who would deny it to the children of to-day?

Who? Why everybody who pretends that Santa Claus is in any way associated with buying and selling, that he is abroad in daylight, that he actually shakes your hand with a flesh and blood one of his own, that he promises you your heart's desire. Surely the delicious sense of mystery is worth preserving, surely the modest request and thankful receiving of what he can spare from all the other children for you are delightful enough and valuable enough to be retained even in the face of the modern so-called progress which would wipe them away. They are milestones in our road of life; they are joys which become a part of our being, affecting the very texture of our lives permanently, and if we live to be a hundred they can never be forgotten.

The Santa Claus of our big cities is elaborately staged and cleverly acted. We cannot get rid of him—perhaps we should not wish to—but we can make sure that the evils at-

tendant on his early arrival and his commercialised environment do not touch our little ones. We can—and I think we should—make it perfectly plain that the funny old man who plays Santa Claus in the stores is not the "really" one. He is a play Santa, not the one who comes on Christmas Eve. Viewed in this light he is just as much fun and he has no false sense about him. His appeal, then, is to the universal love for dramatization, and he may be a good feature of the holiday season. But in the name of all that is sweet and beautiful in the Christmas experience I beg and pray that he may not usurp the place of the charming old fairy who fills children's stockings for love.

There is nothing more true than the real Santa Claus. He is universally appealing because he is a true symbol of the joy of giving. And the transition from fairy tale to reality is merely a transference of his spirit to other people. How easy it is to arouse the feeling in a child's heart that giving is a rare delight, sharing a real pleasure with the merriest of Santa Claus to prove it. No wonder he is so happy—he makes so many other people happy that he is loved wherever he goes. How naturally the question comes up, "Would you like to be Santa Claus?" We cannot all have white beards and reindeer, but we can be Santa Claus for someone. Everyone who gives a "gift of love" is a Santa Claus. And so the transition is made from symbol to truth, as a matter of course and gradually, not by

denying him, but by apprehending his spirit.

I plead for Santa Claus. Sometimes I think he is forgotten in the noisy fun and glaring lights and surging crowds of the Christmas of commerce. Let us, realising how beautiful and pure the real thing is, keep it inviolate, and pass it on to the little ones who are going to be the men and women of to-morrow. He, the real old fairy, who is almost never seen, who loves so much that he gives, and who comes to the world only one night in the year, will give us more, not less, fun, and he will do much to reduce and elevate the characters of all those who come within his beneficent influence.

PNEUMONIA

and other Lung Diseases
Claim many victims in Canada and should be guarded against.

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Is a great preventative, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has relieved thousands of cases of Croup, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma and kindred diseases. It is an enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day. For sale by all druggists and general dealers.

Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd., Yarmouth N.S.

Glastonbury Thorn.

The old legend of the Glastonbury thorn, blooming on Christmas Day was universally credited in the past, and the fact remains that it can boast of leaf buds and tiny emerald shoots long before any other kind. According to tradition, the original thorn formed the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, who found his way to Avelon and there raised for himself a perpetual memorial by driving it into the ground, where it promptly took root and flourished exceedingly. In North Somerset, (Eng.), it was the custom for the young men and maidens of past generations to assemble beneath a thorn tree at midnight in order to hear the buds bursting into flower, for, as it was expressed in the local dialect—"As they opened out you could hear 'em haffer." To "haffer" signifies to crackle, to patter, or to make repeated loud noises. In Cornwall and several other places, both in England and the continent—indeed, the idea was fairly universal—it was believed that on Christmas Eve the cattle in the stalls fell upon their knees, and the bees hummed the hundredth Psalm.

Christmas Was Criminal Once.

It is hard to realize that there was a time in England when Christmas was regarded as evil, and its celebration forbidden by law.

Yet for twelve years this country had no Christmas. In 1544, Cromwell's Parliament passed an Act commanding that December 25th should henceforth be observed as a day of fasting and repentance. The Puritans regarded the feast of Noel not as the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem, but as a survival of paganism.

They declared that on this day the heathens of ancient Rome worshipped the sun, decorated their houses and shops, and indulged in wild orgies. All this blasphemy, together with the feasting on previous Christmas of the Christians themselves, had to be atoned for. Therefore, the edict forbade all church services and festivals that recognised Christmas.

The ban lasted twelve years. It was removed when the merry King Charles II. came to the throne. Then, amid music and revelry, Christmas came into its own.

All Men's Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets and Fancy Vests are being cleared out this week for half price at BISHOP'S.

Wisps of Wisdom.

Luck is pluck's shadow.
Fear pays no dividends.
Don't expect applause. Deserve it.
He who sows courtesy reaps friendship.

When in doubt, mind your own business.
Incompetence springs from indifference.
Sorrow, like babies, grow bigger by nursing.

Triumph is satisfying only if it leads to further victories.

The man who is not afraid of failure seldom has to face it.

Luxuries breed laziness and laziness breeds failure.

The longer you gaze on an obstacle the bigger it becomes.

There's no ill-luck in turning back if you are on the wrong road.

To make a mistake and then wall about it is to make two mistakes.

Unless you conduct your business in a way that profits your character, your other profits won't do you much good.

Stafford's Ginger Wine for sale at Kewling's Store, East West and Central. Price 20c. per bottle—dec 23

Minard's Liniment For Garget in Cows

CHRISTMAS--Here We Are!

Loads of Joy--Bringing Gifts Dear to the Hearts of Men



Joy! Joy! Hear his glad shout, see his happy smile. Christmas presents piled about, each vying for his approval—Your Gift opened with glad eagerness, the centre of his attention. A Smoking Jacket, a Bath Robe, or a beautiful Silk or Wool Scarf—how such Gifts catch his eye, master his approval, and make his Christmas a Merry one! To every man the Gift of Something to Wear is filled with happy recollections. Make your choice now, at this Store where all men buy.

NECKWEAR!

Every man would welcome one or two good ones.
75c. \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

SOCKS!

Welcome! Thrice Welcome!
Jaeger Wool—\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.
Silk—\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

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A half dozen or a dozen of his favorite style; he buys them here \$4.00 Dozen.

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Beautiful Striped patterns, with good looks backed up long wear, sound worth. Timely because he needs one. All famous labels. Emery Shirts, Eagle Shirts, Tooke Shirts

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50.



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One of many useful Gifts. More appropriate, more lasting, because they come from this Store. Dent's & Perrin's, nationally known Lined Gloves \$3.00, \$4.50, \$6.00.

Tan Cape \$2.50

Jaeger Wool Gloves \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50

EVERY MAN LIKES TO BE COMFORTABLE-- GIFTS THAT APPEAL BY THEIR COSINESS

WARM WOOL MUFFLERS with the Jaeger Label \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00.
SILK MUFFLERS \$7.00, \$10.00, \$15.00.

COSY JAEGER WOOL SLIP-SPINNERS

A Gift that will warm his heart and entice his feet.
\$4.00, \$4.50.

A SWEATER COAT or a WOOL VEST

The Jaeger Label will gladden his eye. Cold days are coming; get him one now.

A JAEGER BATH-ROBE

The Gift of Gifts. Here's a Gift of which he won't get a duplicate. It will keep him company Christmas after Christmas.

No Smoker's outfit is complete without a

SMOKING JACKET.

Every time he lolls back in his chair, puffing contentedly, will bring your Gift to his mind.

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Kearney's

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CEREALS.	CHEESE.	COFFEE.
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Nuts.
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Brazil.
Barcelona.
Pecan.
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Salted Jordan Almonds.
Salted Peanuts.
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XMAS STOCKINGS.

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Syrups.
Limo Lemon.
Glass Lemon.
(no sugar required.)
White Rockwater.
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Ginger Ale.

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California Oranges.
Florida Oranges.
California Lemons.
California Fruit.
Tangerines.
Pineapples.
Malaga Grapes.
Emperor Grapes.
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O.K. Apples.
Winesap.
Rome Beauty.
Holly & Mistletoe.

CHOCOLATES!

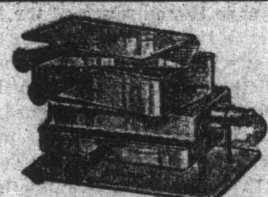
We have a nice selection of Fancy Boxes in MOIR'S, NELSON'S, GANONG'S, LOWNEY'S and CADBURY'S, KING GEORGE, QUEEN MARY (assorted), any of which would make an acceptable Xmas Gift.

Turkeys, Geese, Chicken, Ducks.

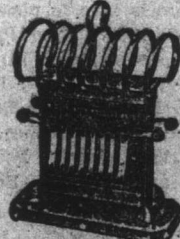
Bowring Brothers, Ltd., GROCERY.

dec 19, 21, 23

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Toasts, Steams, Stews.



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Hot water where and when you want it.

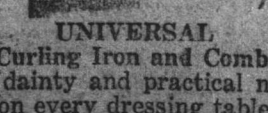
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UNIVERSAL
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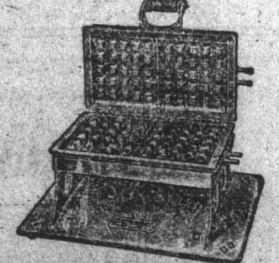
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UNIVERSAL
Waffle Iron makes delicious waffles at the turn of a switch.



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dec 13, 15, 16, 20, 22, 23