

here, for I wanted to ask you some thing. You know what it is, Madge, don't you?"

There was no answer, and he groped about in the darkness till he touched her dress, and took her hand.

"Won't you speak to me? Won't you try to love me a little?"

And Madge found herself suddenly folded in a pair of strong arms, and Tom was kissing her.

That was Madge-Wilding's Christmas.

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Adventures of Peace And Goodwill

Peace and Goodwill were two little spirits who came into existence with a child, who lay cradled in a manger, one night, long, long ago, when a strange and wonderful star gleamed radiantly in the western sky. The child sent them forth into the world as His messengers, but they had not gone very far before they found their way barred by a great giant. This giant's name was Selfishness, and of all the giants they had encountered on their way, none were so formidable as he. Try as they would, they could not pass him, for his hands, swollen with a disease called Greed, were extended on either side. His feet kept treading constantly in the path called Progress, and he grew and grew until his head reached that altitude among the clouds known as Station.

Peace, a sweet-faced little maiden with heart-beating in her eyes, and a voice angelic with songs of everlasting joy and hope, grieved that she could not give her message, and Goodwill, her brother, a merry youth, on whose lips a thousand hearty greetings burned for lack of utterance, racked his brain for a plan by which they could outwit the Giant Selfishness.

And then Christmas, their birthday, came around, and lo! The Giant's hands dropped, his feet stopped their terrible tramp, and his head bent till his face was hidden, and Peace and Goodwill slipped past him unhindered. For a week they held high carnival all over the world, touching with their magic hands the tired hearts of the earth-children, bringing to the sick comfort, succor and joy. In return they heard their own peculiar language spoken and their praises sung in church and street and home, and then, between them and the people, still smiling from their presence, the great Giant Selfishness rose up again, and they, perforce, sat mournfully down behind him, and watched his hands swell out again and his feet resume their old tramp, that ever grew quicker and quicker, and his head lifted until his face was lost among the clouds. Goodwill grew restless after awhile. He stood up and reconnoitred the Giant. "Think," he said to Peace, whose eyes were growing sad, "that if we climbed over so gently up the Giant's back, he might not notice us, and we could stand on top of his head, and look down and see what the world is like when it is not Christmas."

So they began their pilgrimage up the Giant's back. Goodwill leading, Peace following, timidly, behind. After a perilous climb they reached the top of the Giant's head. Before them lay a great bald spot, with a sharp rise in the centre of it. Goodwill, who was a wise spirit, bent down and whispered to Peace: "We must go very carefully here. That hill in the centre of that clear space is the bump of Self Interest. They say it is a very tender spot; if we touch that we are done for."

With care they rounded the hump of Self Interest, and reached the Giant's nose, down which they slid in search of a good point of vantage, which they found at the bridge. They sat down and viewed the world, and the Giant never saw them, for Selfishness is a very short-sighted Giant indeed, and cannot see even as far as the bridge of his nose. And what a funny world it was! Crowds of men and women were going around in a mad whirl. Around and around they went, with their hands full of queer bundles, into which they were looking with eager, searching eyes. Some had bags of jingling gold, which they turned over and over with hasty hands; some turned their anxious gaze up and down scrolls of parchment, some turned the leaves of Knowledge; some reached for something in sceptres and crowns; some tried to unwind gossamer threads of Pleasure and Fashion, which melted away in their fingers; and under their feet, trodden and bruised, lay Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Charity, the last quite dead, the others almost so.

"What are you seeking for, children of the earth?" said the sweet voice of Peace from the bridge of the Giant's nose.

"We search for Peace," we search for Peace," came the piteous cry from the whirling throng below, and yet, no one let his neighbor know that he had uttered the cry.

"I am here," said Peace, gently.

"Come to us, oh, come to us," they cried.

"I will come to you gladly—oh, so gladly—if you will make room for my brother, Goodwill, also. Let him come, and he will help you to lift those poor crushed things that you tramp beneath your feet," said Peace. The people turned and scowled at each other. "We do not want your brother; we want only you," they said.

Peace clung to Goodwill's hands. "Oh, I could not go without my brother," she said. "I never go any place without him; we are always together. You would kill me if I went down there without Goodwill to look after me."

"Then we do not want you. You are an impostor. Peace is hiding somewhere among those things we carry; we will find her." And they fell to searching and waiting more eagerly than ever, and listened no more to Peace.

"I suppose we must go back and wait for Christmas; it seems to be the only time that the earth-children want us," said Goodwill.

"How very, very different the world is then," sighed Peace, as they turned, and crept softly up the Giant's nose.

CHRISTMAS, THE KING OF SEASONS.

Then let us all sing till the roof does ring.

And it echoes from wall to wall; To the stout old wight, fair wench, no tonight.

As the King of the Seasons all.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

Let in the world, as in the school
The plan how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The more not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fail,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before an awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays.)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then;
Glorious to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

SANTA CLAUS.

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
While the little brown heads on the pillow are white.

Are dreaming of babies and drums,
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam
While the flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he surely the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side.

With the sticks sticking under the strings;
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a single drum is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird
And drops to the earth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the bright snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird
And glides to the seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the east and he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He catches the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man
When you find who the little man is.

AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

NORTH POLE PARTY.

Ask the guests to come in white, and have all the decorations white, with the usual Christmas greens, which may be tied with red ribbons. For the table contrivance have a pole about two feet high wound with cotton and sprinkled with diamond dust. Dip the cotton in liquid blue and then in the sparkling dust. Around the base slant late ice and snow with cotton and snow crystals, to be found at the Christmas tree ornament counter. A mistletoe hunt will be fun and artistic bits of this fascinating plant may be used. For every spray found award a wee silvered bell. They may be purchased by the hundred for a nominal sum. I believe they are called costume bells. To the child who has the most bells give a tiny flag to be placed on top of the "north pole" when supper is served.

A jolly stunt will be to play ten pins. Have the "pins" wrapped in white cotton and the ball also. Give each child two or three turns; it is best to have an older person keep score. A filled tarleton stocking may be awarded the winner of the best score. The bells won by the guests in the mistletoe hunt should be strung on a white ribbon and worn around the neck. The tinkling will add to the hours for this party, with the following menu served at 8:

Oyster soup, crackers, creamed chicken with baking powder biscuits, rice croquettes, white grape salad, angel food and ice cream in the shape of snowballs. This is a white menu. The favors may be cotton balls, covered with sparkles, each ball containing a wee gift. A white tissue paper cap may be given each child as he or she enters the dining room.

A Candy Party.

This is one of the jolliest parties imaginable, and it seems worthy of being passed on right now. A young matron, who is chairman of the candy booth of a holiday bazaar, conceived the very clever notion that "many hands make light work," so she invited six girls and their best boy friends to come with aprons for both. On arriving each one was assigned his work by words, which read: "Crack the walnuts and almonds," "Seed the dates," "Pull the molasses candy," "Make French cream," etc. The result was that everyone got busy and by going home time there was a goodly supply of luscious, molasses kisses wrapped in waxed paper, chocolate creams and stuffed dates, not forgetting peanut brittle and popcorn balls. Each couple was given a little bag of goodies to eat on the way home. This proves that work and pleasure may be combined with gratifying results.

A Guessing Contest.

This is a rather interesting contest to use at a splinter party. The girls seem to find strictly feminine affairs quite popular and they are called "kinons," "doves" or "splinter" parties, according to the locality. There is no reason, however, why men should not be invited.

The answers to all the queries hid in gent:

1. A busy gent (diligent).
2. A rebellious gent (insurgent).
3. A selling gent (agent).
4. An acrid gent (pun-gent).
5. An importunate gent (urgent).
6. A luminous gent (effulgent).
7. A needy gent (indigent).
8. A neglectful gent (negligent).
9. A

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gent in pressing necessity (elegant).
10. A gent who deviates (divergent).
11. A gent approaching a certain point (convergent).
12. A knowing gent (insigent).
13. A compliant gent (indigent).
14. A forcible gent (co-gent).
15. A gent seeing for a royal person (regent).
To choose partners for any desired

game, have a basket or plate with cards (one for each person), half of them being of the color of one team guard, the right half back and the left half back, the quarter back and the full back, the centre and the referee, the umpire and the field judge players; for instance, the one drawing "right end" will hunt for the one having



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