

Calendar for Dec., 1909.

Table with columns for Day of Week, Sun, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Includes Moon's Phases and Christmas Eve details.

Christmas Poem

Gloria in Excelsis

Gloria in Excelsis! Sound the thrilling song; In excelsis Deo! Roll the hymn along. Gloria in excelsis! Let the heavens ring; In excelsis Deo! Welcome, new-born King. Gloria in excelsis! Over the sea and land, In excelsis Deo! Chant the anthem grand. Gloria in excelsis! Let us all rejoice; In excelsis Deo! Lift each heart and voice, Gloria in excelsis! Swell the hymn on high; In excelsis Deo! Sound it to the sky. Gloria in excelsis! Sing it, sinful earth, In excelsis Deo! For the Saviour's birth. —From Father Ryan's "A Christmas Chant."

The Electric Seal Coat

The story of an unappreciated Christmas gift and how it brought happiness to its recipient.

Upon that crisp Christmas morning Yvonne tried to be graceful. Usually, no matter what form her sisters' beneficence took she managed to thank them with good grace; but there were times when even her gentle soul was tried.

"You spoil Placide," said Marie, the married sister, who came next to Yvonne. "Do not give her so much of her will."

"But one must sometimes have grace," said Aimee. "Placide crossed the line when she stayed in the house with her."

Yvonne kept house. It was not the least arduous matter of the three, but she did it with a French daintiness which made it a fine art.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is beneficial as to every other thing in the world. It causes troubles in the most delicate figures, and influences the mucous membrane, weakens the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had spots, one which kept growing larger and larger, from going to school for three weeks. Onments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the spots to heal, and the children have shown no signs of recrudescence." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

comfortable always for "the workers in our hive," as she blithely called the sisters who went forth daily to do their share in the workaday world.

"I am of no account, I earn nothing," Yvonne said, and as even our dearest take us over at our own value. Her sisters must be cats, if what the old Canadian said is true.

Then his thoughts turned upon the Christmas Mass and the great Christmas gift upon the altar. He caught a fleeting glance from her brown eyes as they left the church and found himself wondering if it were possible for him to meet her.

"Fortune favors me," he thought as he hurried away. Yvonne too, was hurrying home, and when she had prepared her sisters breakfast she sat down to rest a little.

"Dear, I left my prayer-book in church," she exclaimed in dismay to her sisters. Please look for it when you go to Mass.

"You should go to the High Mass on Christmas day," said Aimee. "It is well to hear a sermon at times."

"But I have your dinner to make," said Yvonne. "And really I have not time to go to church."

"It is the same about clothes, I suppose," said Placide, tartly. "Well, this is what Aimee and I have for your feast. I am sure you will be warm enough in this, and she took from its wrappings an electric seal coat.

Yvonne's expression was one of amazement. "For me?" she gasped. "Yes, why not?" said Miss Aimee. "We wish you to be warm and to look well. You have needed a coat, it is expensive, but then—her tone was one of discreet self approval.

"You are very good to think of me," she said. "Placide, do put on so I can see how I shall look."

wore her old thin one uncomplainingly. One very cold morning she came home shivering from "early" Mass, coughing so badly that even her sisters noticed it, and cautioned her to be careful.

"Not the face of an angel!" he thought to himself, "but of a sweet-tempered woman. A man should live to make some woman happy. Her sisters must be cats, if what the old Canadian said is true."

When she went home she seemed different. Yvonne. She was as usual, calm. There was a certain radiance about her, even with her pallor and fragility, and she seemed gayer than she had ever been in all her quiet life.

"How is my patient this morning?" Are you warmly enough dressed for this nipping frost?"

"I am very well, thanks to you, Dr. Tracy," she answered. "And quite warm. See the Christmas star! Isn't it beautiful?" as through the morning mist one beautiful star rose in the east like the Star of Bethlehem long ago.

"The eyes gave him a startled glance, then quickly fell. "The Mass bell rings," she said, her head bent low.

"Then I'll hear Mass at your dear side," he said. "And my thanksgiving will be because you love me. Give yourself to me, Yvonne, and you shall never be cold or lonely or sad again."

It was only a look she gave him but it held her answer, and she by side they listened to the highest of carols as the Adagio rang through the church, its joyous strains foretelling to their hearts the happiness in store for them.

Aimee and Placide were amazed beyond bounds when Yvonne came in to them, a strangely bent-up Yvonne, with a glorious gleam in her finger and love's radiant beauty within her face.

"My finance awaits you in the drawing-room," was all she said. They found him gravely kind as he told them of his plan to be married with the New Year, and take Yvonne to warm and sunny climes until the cold was passed.

"She has cared for others long enough," he said. "It's her turn now." There was a quiet wedding at the early Mass, a dainty breakfast, and then Yvonne, smothered in seal and satins, his gift, said good-bye to her sisters and turned to go forever with the man of her choice.

"I think it must have been the electric seal coat," said Miss Aimee, but her brother-in-law laughed as he helped his wife into the carriage.

"It was not the coat I fell in love with, Aimee, but the wearer."—Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

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"Can I get the silver service for the fire department?" inquired a young man at the free library.

"The silver service for the fire department—the questions they ask you when you take the silver service examinations, you know."

All mankind has a pose— "Tis a beautiful game, And wherever one goes He will find it the same, Little trouble, I'm sure, To tell which is which: For the rich all talk poor And the poor all talk rich."

A Sensible Merchant. Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George, Ont., writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

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Caught Cold By Working In Water. A Distressing, Ticking Sensation In The Throat. Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. One doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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Pressed Hay WAX. We will buy so good bright Timothy Hay.

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