

# OUR YOUNG FOLK

CONDUCTED BY Cousin Doris.

December

There are snowdrifts by the wayside,  
there is writing on the pane,  
Where Jack Frost has left a message  
about winter come again;

There's that tingling in the blood and  
there are sleighbells in the air,  
There is coasting down the hills, and  
slipping, sliding, ev'rywhere!

There's a stocking by the chimney hung  
on Christmas Eve because  
There's a chance you'll have a visit from  
our old friend Santa Claus.

There's a bright star in the heavens that  
proclaimed a wondrous birth  
When the Chosen Child of Children  
brought His Christmas day to earth;

There are mistletoe and holly in the  
woods to deck the hall,  
Here's the Christmas spirit wishing  
Merry Christmas to you all—

Dear Boys and Girls:—Cousin Doris wishes that every boy and girl who reads *The Canadian Threshesman and Farmer* will be happy this Christmas. Perhaps you may have no coppers to buy presents for those you love. I will tell you what to give. Give love, kind words, helpful acts and smiles. I am sure mother and father and brothers and sisters would be happier with those gifts than anything you could buy. And now for prizes for January. To the boy and girl who sends in the best essay on the following subjects I will send a dollar. The subject is: "What I intend to do this year." Merry Christmas to Everyone.—C. D.

## THE CHIVALRY OF THE BRITISH FIGHTING MAN.

Dear Cousin Doris, —Forming my opinion from the very bright and intelligent letters you get from your big family of boys, I should say that most of them have read some of the very delightful real incidents which have been made public, and which add fresh laurels every day to the fighting quality, the true sportsmanlike ideal and the inbred chivalrous character of our British boys.

I have a big boy of my own in the ranks, but he hasn't got into the scrap yet. He has mastered the details and become an expert in that wonderful Colt machine gun, and is being employed at a certain place on the English channel in training other fellows to handle that terrible weapon, which, as your campers will probably know, is one of the most delicate bits of mechanism employed in the service.

But I'm sending you a picture of a cousin of his, a young man for whom I entertain the very highest regard, and who has been for some months now heavily engaged in the trenches. He is not a chap who cares to advertise himself, so I will not publish his full name. I don't know what John (that is his

real first name) will say to me if you publish this picture of him and his young admirer, but as he is a most forgiving and lovable fellow I am going to take my chances on that and protect you against all unkindly influence from him.

John is a young Scotchman, one of a big family of very big brothers and sisters, most of them quite as tall as himself—if they do not all carry his "fighting weight." His father and mother are among my choicest friends and I am writing about John because he and his home environment are typical of so much of that splendid fighting force of the older "Campers" who have come to fight for all that Canada and Home mean to them.

John enlisted in Winnipeg, and after putting in a whole winter and spring of severe training, he and his battalion (the 43rd—or 79th Cameron Highlanders of Canada) were shipped to England last

I just thought I would give you this to start the boys on this train of thought as Christmas draws near. My message, as you will gather, is to set a model of chivalrous conduct, if I can, in the form of a real and somewhat striking, because picturesque example.

I know a very large number of the men who are fighting side by side with John; God's own splendid men on whom the world can bank under the worst trials that can come to men. These fellows don't talk of what I am writing to you about boys—they live it. They are clean sports, like yourselves. They find a strange appetite rising within them when they see the under-dog in some unequal struggle, and they don't waste moments in identifying themselves with the claims of under-dog. And when it comes to their treatment of a woman; well, they think of their own mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Wherever they meet her—on the street or in the draw-

Her gown was crimson, touched with green  
For cap, she wore a Christmas Bell,  
Her face I knew I'd somewhere seen,  
Her voice my heart remembered well.

A smile for me upon her lips,  
Beneath my bough of mistletoe  
She kissed her rosy finger tips,  
And "Merry Christmas" whispered low.

"What is your name, sweet maid?" I said,  
St ill "Merry Christmas!", laughed the elf,  
And then I saw, all green and red  
She Merry Christmas was herself!

## Songs and Stars

(If too long for single recitation, this may be given by three children.)

'Tis said that thirty-one bright days  
Once put their heads together,  
And each resolved to be a song,  
So glad and clear, so sweet and strong,  
Whate'er the wind and weather.

Then thirty-one dark little nights  
They talked the matter over,  
And each resolved to be a star  
To throw out golden beams afar  
From Florida to Dover.

To old December then they came;  
She, quite delighted, mixed them;  
And so to her the joy belongs  
Of little days like little songs,  
With stars set in betwixt them!

—A. E. A.

## A Christmas Wish

A soldier-boy  
As bold as could be  
On dress parade  
On the Christmas Tree,  
Bent 'way, 'way down  
As far as he could  
And kissed a Dolly  
Where she stood.  
'Twas the thing to do—  
As, perhaps you know,  
She was under a sprig  
Of mistletoe!—A. E. A.

## TABLEAUX REPRESENTING TRADITIONAL FIGURES OF CHRISTMAS

### I St. Nicholas

Saint Nicholas, the reverend,  
Comes as the orphan maidens' friend,  
And leaves without their cottage door  
A marriage portion from his store.  
The children's saint and hero he,  
All meekness and humility.  
The tableau represents St. Nicholas in his traditional dress as Bishop of Myra. He has long white hair, ruddy cheeks, a white beard, and a long, full gown of a dark color. He wears a mitre, and carries a crozier or pastoral staff, while a basket loaded with packages hangs on his arm. (Pictures of mitres and croziers may be found in any dictionary.) The mitre, a tall, tongue-shaped cap, terminating in two points, may be made of pasteboard and covered with gilt tissue or paper, gold cloth or yellow chiffon, and studded with colored beads to represent jewels. The crozier should be a staff about five feet long, gilt, richly ornamented and terminating either in a Maltese cross (crozier of ceremony) or a crook. The basket is supposed to be the celebrated one in which the kindly Bishop bore the wedding gifts for the three destitute maidens.  
The lines accompanying the tableaux are to be recited while each is being shown—or, to precede them, if desired.



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

Our young Scottish Soldier Friend John of Winnipeg, and the little French Maid—"Somewhere in France."

May. Not long thereafter the company to which John belongs was drafted to France, and the picture (a snapshot made by one of his comrades) was taken just after they landed at Boulogne. The moment I saw it, it struck a responsive chord in my heart. Knowing John as I do—a big lump of clean, British manhood, the soul of chivalry and kindness, it raised a lump in my throat as I thought of the untutored instinct of that little French maid, demonstrating in the way you see her doing, a complete confidence in this big, burly young Scotchman, and her gratitude to him as one more of that gallant army of British brothers who have come from the far off Canadian prairie to save her country and all that she holds dear in her heart.

Now, I used to go to France when I lived in England some years ago, and one of the vivid recollections of my visits there is the little band of maidens just like Louise in the picture, who swarmed around the railway carriages as they drew up along the quay offering the wares and innocent refreshments they carried in the baskets you see our little friend holds in her "disengaged" arm. I can hear the rich, musical voice of one just like Louise calling out in her broken English, *o-ran-gais, swe-et o-ran-gais*. I will take English monnaie or French monnaie!

Well, I intended to give you some of John's experiences in the trenches, but I have taken so long to introduce you to him that I fear I must hold these up until next month, if you will kindly grant me the space I will give you some very interesting, not to say thrilling extracts from his letters to mother.

ing room, they regard and treat her just exactly as they would expect any other decent fellow to treat their mother, sister or sweetheart. That is their unwritten code, but there are no laws on any statute book that are held so sacred as those unwritten and unspoken precepts that are the "better angels" of our brave boys on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

With every good wish from  
Uncle Jack.

## At Christmas

Everything shines at Christmas—  
Candles and stars and faces,  
In all the wonderful glory,  
Can there be any dark places?

Everything shines. But I'll add  
One little smile—love behind it;  
The world is so big and so crowded  
Some dark corner may find it.

Sing a song of Christmas—  
Pocket books so slim;  
But heart all full of loving-ness,  
'Way up to the brim,  
When the day has ended,  
Everyone sees clear  
Pennies help, of course, but Love  
Makes the Christmas Cheer!

A. E. A.

## Merry Christmas

With hair of golden candle-flame,  
With lips of holly, warm and gay,  
A little maid this morning came,  
And all the shadows ran away.

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